ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY
A15050001005

A15050 001005

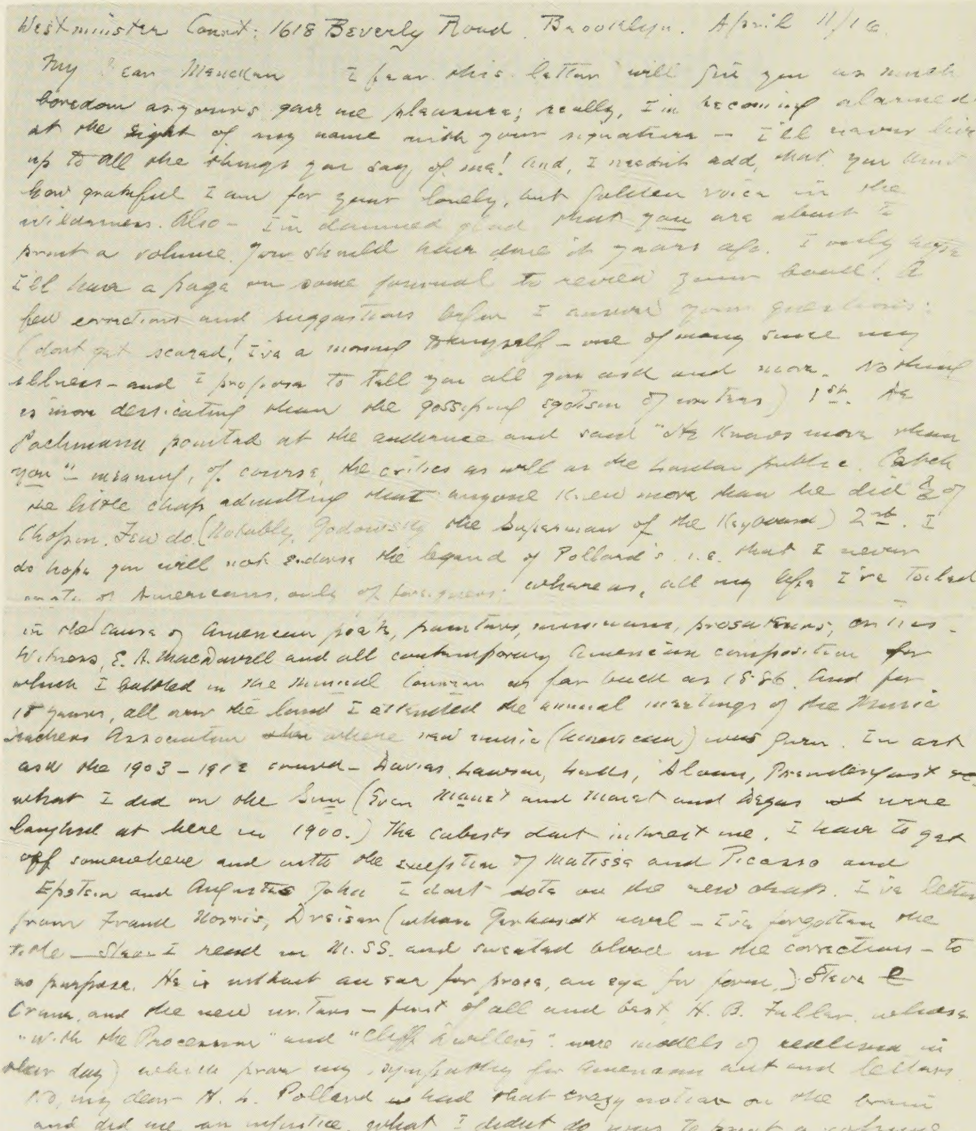
ASU WEST LIBRARY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/americansinarts10000hune

AMERICANS IN THE ARTS

1890-1920



Westminster Court: 1618 Beverly Road. Brooklyn. April 11/16.

My dear Mencken I fear this letter will give you as much boredom as yours gave me pleasure; really, I'm becoming alarmed at the sight of my name with your signature — I'll never live up to all the things you say of me! And, I needn't add, that you know how grateful I am for your lonely, but golden voice in the wilderness. Also — I'm damned glad that you are about to print a volume. You should have done it years ago. I only hope I'll have a page in some journal to review your book! A few corrections and suggestions before I answer your questions: (don't get scared, I've a morning to myself — one of many since my illness — and I propose to tell you all you wish and more. Nothing is more desiccating than the gossiping egotism of writers) 1st. de Pachmann pointed at the audience and said "He knows more than you" — meaning, of course, the critics as well as the London public. Catch the little chap admitting that anyone knew more than he did of Chopin. Few do. (Notably, Godowsky the Superman of the Keyboard) 2nd. I do hope you will not endorse the legend of Pollard's i.e. that I never wrote of Americans, only of foreigners; whereas, all my life I've toiled in the cause of American poets, painters, musicians, prose writers; critics. Witness, E. A. MacDowell and all contemporary American composition for which I battled in the Musical Courier as far back as 1886. And for 18 years, all over the land I attended the annual meetings of the Music Teachers Association ~~that~~ where new music (American) was given. In art ask the 1903–1912 crowd — Davies, Lawson, Luks, Sloan, Prendergast etc. what I did in the Sun (Even Manet and Monet and Degas were laughed at here in 1900.) The cubists don't interest me, I have to get off somewhere and with the exception of Matisse and Picasso and Epstein and Augustus John I don't dote on the new chaps. I've letters from Frank Norris, Dreiser (whose Gerhardt novel — I've forgotten the title — Jennie I read in MSS. and sweated blood in the corrections — to no purpose. He is without an ear for prose, an eye for form.) Steve Crane, and the new writers — first of all and best H. B. Fuller, whose "With the Procession" and "Cliff Dwellers" were models of realism in their day) which prove my sympathy for American art and letters. No, my dear — H. L. Pollard had that crazy notion in the brain and did me an injustice. What I didn't do was to print a volume on American artists. I'll do it some day and date it and you may be surprised. No, I've not a drop of German blood in me. I wish I had for then I would possess more of what [illegible]

Letter of J. G. Huneker to H. L. Mencken dated 11 April 1916 in which Huneker defended his interest in American artists (Courtesy of The New York Public Library)

AMERICANS
IN THE
ARTS

ASU WEST LIBRARY

1890-1920

◆ ◆ ◆

Critiques by

JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER

Edited by

Arnold T. Schwab

NX
503
.H86
1985
WEST

A·M·S PRESS
NEW YORK

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Huneker, James, 1857-1921.
Americans in the Arts, 1890-1920.
(AMS Studies in Modern Literature, ISSN 0270-2983; No. 14)
Includes indexes.
1. Artists—United States. 2. Arts, American.
I. Schwab, Arnold T. II. Title. III. Series.
NX503.H86 1985 700'.92'2 84-45357
ISBN 0-404-61584-8

Copyright © 1985 by AMS PRESS, INC.
All rights reserved

Typeset by J. Moynes & Company, Long Beach, CA 90903

Frontispiece courtesy of
H. L. Mencken Papers
Rare Books and Manuscripts Division
The New York Public Library
Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations

MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To Barry B. Yellen and
to the memory of Erik H. Huneker

CONTENTS

Acknowledgments xix
Introduction xxi
A Note on the Text lxvii

MUSIC

Composers

Maurice Arnold 3
Mrs. H. H. A. Beach 3
Howard Brockway 4
Harry T. Burleigh 5
George W. Chadwick 6
Walter Damrosch 7
Reginald De Koven 9
Arthur Farwell 13
Rubin Goldmark 15
Charles T. Griffes 16
Henry Hadley 18
Victor Herbert 21
Henry Holden Huss 28
Edgar S. Kelley 30
Bruno Oscar Klein 32
Charles M. Loeffler 32
Edward A. MacDowell 35

William Mason 54
Harold Morris 55
Arthur Nevin 55
Ethelbert Nevin 56
Leo Ornstein 57
Ira D. Sankey 60
Harry Rowe Shelley 62
Reginald L. Sweet 65
Arthur Whiting 65
American Piano Composers 68
The American Composer 79

Performers

David Bispham 85
Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler 88
Maggie Cline 93
Walter Damrosch 97
Emma Eames 100
Geraldine Farrar 102
Nahan Franko 103
Olive Fremstad 104
Mary Garden 109
May Irwin 110
William Mason 113
Lillian Nordica 114
Chauncey Olcott 115
Leo Ornstein 115
Rosa Ponselle 116
Maud Powell 116
Frank Van der Stucken 117

Critics

William F. Apthorp 119
Amy Fay 120
Henry T. Finck 121
Lawrence Gilman 125
Philip Hale 126
William J. Henderson 128
Rupert Hughes 131
Henry E. Krehbiel 133

Carl Van Vechten 138
Boston Critics and Composers 140
New York Music Critics 141

Topics

American Songs 149
Ballet 149
The Metropolitan Opera 153
New York Philharmonic Society 162
Opera in English 164
Roof Gardens in New York 168

DRAMA

Playwrights

David Belasco 175
George M. Cohan 195
Rachel Crothers 198
Richard Harding Davis 198
Minnie Maddern Fiske 205
Clyde Fitch 206
William Gillette 219
Sadakichi Hartmann 225
James A. Herne 227
Julie A. Herne 230
Henry James 231
Charles Klein 231
Edward Knoblock 233
C. M. S. McLellan 235
George Middleton 239
Langdon Mitchell 239
William Vaughn Moody 240
Channing Pollock 247
Augustus Thomas 248
Owen Wister 251

Performers

Maude Adams 253
Ethel Barrymore 254
John Barrymore 256

Lionel Barrymore 257
Maurice Barrymore 258
Maxine Elliott 258
Minnie Maddern Fiske 259
Nat C. Goodwin 268
Joseph Jefferson 269
Florence Kahn 274
Richard Mansfield 276
Julia Marlowe 285
Eleanor Robson 290
Frances Starr 291
Francis Wilson 293

Critics

Benjamin De Casseres 295
Archibald Henderson 296
William Dean Howells 299
Ludwig Lewisohn 301
Brander Matthews 302
George Jean Nathan 303
Charles Frederic Nirdlinger 304
William Winter 305

Topics

Anthony Comstock 307
Dress Rehearsals for Critics 307
Endowed Theater 309
New York Hippodrome 311
Washington Square Players 314

LITERATURE

Fictionists

Ambrose Bierce 317
Mary Hartwell Catherwood 318
Robert W. Chambers 318
Kate Chopin 320
Samuel L. Clemens 321
Pearl Craigie 321
Stephen Crane 329

F. Marion Crawford 331
Theodore Dreiser 332
Harry Griswold Dwight 334
Henry Blake Fuller 335
Hamlin Garland 341
Katharine Fullerton Gerould 342
Robert Grant 344
William Dean Howells 345
Rupert Hughes 346
Henry James 348
Owen Johnson 354
William McFee 355
Frank Norris 360
Kathleen Norris 363
Percival Pollard 364
Edgar Saltus 365
Henry Van Dyke 367
Edith Wharton 367
Stephen French Whitman 371
Willard Huntington Wright 371
American Novelists 372
Muckrakers 373

Poets

Thomas Bailey Aldrich 379
Gelett Burgess 381
Olive Tilford Dargan 382
Benjamin De Casseres 385
Emily Dickinson 387
Sidney Lanier 388
Edgar Allan Poe 389
Francis S. Saltus 390
Frank E. Sawyer 391
Richard Henry Stoddard 393
George Sylvester Viereck 394
Walt Whitman 395

Critics and Essayists

Van Wyck Brooks 403
William C. Brownell 404

John Jay Chapman 406
Richard Harding Davis 406
Maurice Francis Egan 407
Robert Cortes Holliday 408
William Dean Howells 409
Henry James 410
Amy Lowell 418
H. L. Mencken 419
Christopher Morley 427
Harry Thurston Peck 428
Burton Rascoe 429
Edgar Saltus 430
Maurice Thompson 431
Vance Thompson 432
Albert H. Tolman 438
Barrett Wendell 438
Willard Huntington Wright 439

Topics

The Arts in America 443
Anthony Comstock 445
The New Woman 446
Puritanism 447

ART

Painters

Clifford Adams 451
Thomas Anshutz 451
Hugo Ballin 451
George Bellows 451
Frank W. Benson 455
August Benziger 455
M. Evergood Blashki 455
Homer Boss 456
Earl H. Brewster 456
Daniel P. Brinley 457
George E. Browne 457
Matilda Browne 458
William M. Chase 458
Edwin B. Child 462

Alfred Vance Churchill 463
Guy Gayler Clark 463
Paul Cornoyer 463
Arthur B. Davies 465
Charles Harold Davis 466
Henry Golden Dearth 467
Joseh De Camp 467
Mathilde de Cordoba 467
Thomas W. Dewing 468
Marius de Zayas 469
Paul Dougherty 470
H. Anthony Dyer 472
Thomas Eakins 472
"The Eight" 472
Ellen G. Emmet 482
Herbert W. Faulkner 482
Anna S. Fisher 483
Frank Fowler 483
Frederic C. Frieseke 483
Maurice Fromkes 484
Charles H. Fromuth 484
Ernest Fuhr 485
Wilhelm Heinrich Funk 485
Daniel Garber 486
Robert David Gauley 487
William J. Glackens 487
Julius Golz, Jr. 488
Albert L. Groll 488
Charles P. Gruppe 488
Alexander Harrison 488
Birge Harrison 490
Childe Hassam 490
Charles W. Hawthorne 492
William J. Hays 493
Robert Henri 493
Adele Herter 496
Eugene Higgins 496
Arthur Hoeber 498
Winslow Homer 498
George Inness 499

John C. Johansen 501
Content Johnson 501
William Keith 501
Rockwell Kent 502
Daniel Kotz 503
Walt Kuhn 503
John La Farge 504
William L. Lathrop 508
Ernest Lawson 511
Jonas Lie 516
Louis Loeb 517
George B. Luks 518
Jean MacLane 526
Elmer L. MacRae 526
John Marin 526
Homer D. Martin 526
Alfred H. Maurer 527
Gari Melchers 527
Willard L. Metcalf 528
Kenneth Hayes Miller 534
Richard E. Miller 535
F. Luis Mora 535
Gustave H. Mosler 536
Hermann D. Murphy 536
Jerome Myers 536
Walter L. Palmer 538
Lawton S. Parker 539
Joseph T. Pearson, Jr. 539
Ernest Peixotto 539
Van D. Perrine 539
Martin Petersen 541
Maurice B. Prendergast 542
James Preston 542
Robert Reid 542
Dorothy ("Polly") Rice 542
Julian W. Rix 543
Theodore Robinson 543
Charles Rosen 543
Albert P. Ryder 544
John Singer Sargent 544

William Sartain 544
Abram G. Schulman 545
Frederick R. Shaler 545
Everett Shinn 545
Walter Shirlaw 545
Edward Simmons 547
John Sloan 547
William T. Smedley 549
Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones 549
Carl Sprinchorn 549
Maurice Sterne 549
Albert Sterner 550
Henry O. Tanner 550
Edmund C. Tarbell 552
"The Ten" 552
Dwight W. Tryon 562
Allen Tucker 562
John H. Twachtman 562
Abel G. Warshawsky 563
Max Weber 563
J. Alden Weir 564
James A. M. Whistler 568
Carleton Wiggins 569
Alexander H. Wyant 569

Large Group Exhibitions

American Water Color Society Exhibition, 1907 571
American Water Color Society Exhibition, 1908 573

National Academy of Design Exhibitions

    Spring Academy, 1908, No. 1 575
    Spring Academy, 1908, No. 2 577
    Spring Academy, 1911, No. 1 581
    Spring Academy, 1911, No. 2 584
    National Academy, 1912 587
New York Water Color Club Exhibition, 1910 592
The Pennsylvania Academy 592

Etchers and Engravers

William Auerbach-Levy 597
Timothy Cole 597

Ozias Dodge 599
Charles W. Mielatz 600
Ernest D. Roth 600
George Senseney 600
James A. M. Whistler 601
Henry Wolf 607

Sculptors

George Grey Barnard 611
Chester Beach 615
Gutzon Borglum 615
Henry Clews, Jr. 615
Jacob Epstein 616
James E. Fraser 616
Augustus Saint-Gaudens 617

Photographers

Edward J. Steichen 621
Alfred Stieglitz 621

Critics

Bernard Berenson 623
Royal Cortissoz 627
Frank Jewett Mather 627
Willard Huntington Wright 628

Topics

American Art 631
Hall of Fame 633
Immorality in Art 633
Appendix: Huneker's Collected Essays on American Subjects 637
Addendum: Three American Operas 639
Index 643
Index to the Addendum 673

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A grant from the Long Beach State College (now University) Foundation paid for most of the copies of the critiques included herein. I am grateful for this practical and indispensable aid.

Copies and services were provided over many years by the Library of California State University, Long Beach. For this assistance I am indebted to the late Charles J. Boorkman, former head librarian; the Interlibrary Loan Division; and the reference librarians in the fine arts, humanities, and social sciences, who have patiently answered endless questions.

Other libraries which furnished photocopies or other materials include the University of California at Los Angeles; California State University, Fullerton; Library of Congress (especially the Music and Newspaper Divisions); Dartmouth College; Long Beach Public; Los Angeles Public; New Orleans Public; New York Public; and Yale University. If I have forgotten to name any institution, after twenty years of collecting materials, I apologize for the omission.

Persons who kindly supplied information directly quoted in the headnotes are generally named therein. I thank them heartily. In addition, I would like to record my gratitude to the following, not all of whom are still living: Mrs. Elizabeth L. Anderson, Professor George Arms, Mrs. Margaret Bensco, Mrs. Algernon D. Black, Philip Evergood, Brice Farwell, Mrs. Eleanor J. Funk, Mrs. Lawrence Gilman, Ira Glackens, Mrs. Philip Hale, Professor Edgar Kirk, Professor Maurice R. King, Professor George Knox, Bertha Krehbiel, Harry Wilson Lawton, Irving Lowens, Margery Morgan Lowens, Addison M. Metcalf, Guy S. Métraux, George Middleton, Professor R. W. Stallman, and Mrs. Amelia S. Zeisler.

In the prosaic but necessay task of ascertaining the dates of graphic artists, I received assistance from far too many institutions and individuals to list here. I must content myself by thanking them collectively and referring anyone interested in further details to my book, *A Matter of Life and Death: Vital Biographical Facts about Selected American Artists* (New York: Garland Publishing, 1977), in which all the helpful parties are named.

Also, many persons not mentioned by name in the headnotes provided

information that enabled me to make generalizations there (e.g., regarding the existence of letters by and to Huneker). Though I cannot thank them individually now, I appreciate their aid.

I would like to express my gratitude to Alfred Rice, the attorney and executor of the estate of Josephine (Mrs. James G.) Huneker, for his long-continued cooperation. Most, if not all, of these writings of Huneker are in the public domain, but past experience indicates that he would quickly grant permission to publish anything that might not be.

My cousin, Yvette Pinsker, obtained for me in New York copies of Huneker pieces published in newspapers or magazines desposited there, thus saving me much time and money. Her services went far beyond the call of cousinly duty.

Equally helpful in Washington, where he did research for me at the Library of Congress, was the late Erik H. Huneker, to whose interest, encouragement, and hospitality (together with that of his late wife Kitty) I would like to pay tribute. He would have wanted to be the first to read this anthology of his father's work, and he would have been.

And, finally, I would like to thank my colleague, friend, and neighbor, Professor Walter B. Crawford, whose advice, especially on format, emendation, and indexing, was invaluable.

INTRODUCTION

H. L. Mencken, preparing an article in the spring of 1916 about his friend and longtime idol, James Gibbons Huneker, asked him for facts about his life.[1] Flattered by this attention from America's brightest young literary showman who had repeatedly acknowledged his own debt to Huneker, the "old man," as Mencken called him, replied at great length. Aware, no doubt, that Mencken had questioned his "Americanism" in *Smart Set*—in 1913 and twice in 1915[2] – Huneker pointedly hoped that Mencken would

> not endorse the legend of Pollard's i.e. that I never wrote of Americans, only of foreigners. . . . All my life I've toiled in the cause of American poets, painters, musicians, prosateurs, critics—witness E. A. MacDowell and all contemporary composition for which I battled in the *Musical Courier* as far back as 1886. . . . In art ask the 1903-1912 crowd—Davies, Lawson, Luks, Sloan, Prendergast what I did on the *Sun*. . . . I've letters from Frank Norris, Dreiser. . . Steve Crane and the new writers—first of all and best, H. B. Fuller . . . which prove my sympathy for American art and letters. No, my dear H. L., Pollard had that crazy notion on the brain and did me an injustice.[3]

Percival Pollard, who died in 1911, did as much to popularize modern German literature in America as Huneker did to popularize modern French. He was snubbed by major publishers, however, and toward the end of his life became embittered by lack of recognition as a novelist, playwright, and critic. Though he and Huneker, colleagues on *Town Topics* from 1897 to 1902, had praised each other's work for years, Pollard charged his friend with having practically ignored the arts in America. Reprinting his *Town Topics* review of Huneker's *Egoists* in *Their Day in Court* (1909), Pollard remarked that Huneker had "abstained most cannily from any such iconoclasm, or such appreciation of home-grown iconoclasts, as might have brought about and upon him the destructive crushing power of all those mighty forces leagued together to make plain speaking perilous"—a reference, Huneker suspected, to his refusal to share Pollard's high regard for Ambrose Bierce.[4] "Aside from the canniness in the adoption of this scheme of criticism," Pollard continued, "apart from the equation of personal success involved, he was quite right in his survey of the home field; there were not enought creative giants here to make brilliant criticism worth while." Pollard admitted that Huneker had supported American painters, but he maintained that since the art criticism had not yet been preserved in book form, it could not be considered evidence of Huneker's Americanism.[5]

Huneker had indeed made himself vulnerable to this charge by including in his books only part of one essay on an American—a section on Henry James in "Anarchs of Art" in *Overtones* (1904). Some of his critiques of native artists probably struck him as too short, too insubstantial, or too ephemeral to be reprinted; he may have been embarrassed by his enthusiasm for early favorites —Whitman is the best example—about whom he changed his mind; or he may have forgotten some of the pieces or where they had appeared over a thirty-year span. But, as any reader of New York newspapers and magazines knew, he certainly had not ignored the artistic products of Americans in his day-to-day work. He therefore resented Pollard's remarks and his tone and *did* ignore *Their Day in Court*. "Some of the dearest friends, like Jim Huneker, kept most cannily silent," Pollard complained to his friend Mencken in February, 1910.[6]

When Huneker's *Promenades of an Impressionist* appeared in 1910 without a single essay on a native painter (it may have been sent to the press before Pollard's review of *Egoists* had come out)[7] Pollard quickly noted the omission. In his *Masks and Minstrels of New Germany*, an excellent study published in the spring of 1911, he revealed that he was still nursing his grievance against the publishers—and against Huneker.

> In America [he wrote] you may be entertaining, but you must be innocuous withal; if you tell ironic truths, declare your personality. . . you risk being disdained by the merchants in control. . . . Those who were shrewd enough played the game, thereafter, as the merchants in charge wanted it played; if they wrote ironically, it was about people and things not American; if they introduced anarchs of art into their pages, the anarchs were European ones; if they appreciated individualism, it was not American individualism, but that of Stirner, or Strindberg, or Henry Becque, or any other great egoist, or melomaniac.

The reference to "egoists" and "melomaniacs" (the titles of two Huneker books) made Pollard's target unmistakable. And if anyone still missed the point, Pollard took another obvious dig at Huneker later when he remarked that the trick of writing about one art form in terms of another, a characteristic of Huneker's method, had "its devotees in Germany as well as London and New York; it is one of the favorite tools with which the more shopworn of the modern world's critics ply their trade."[8] If Huneker saw *Masks and Minstrels* he wrote nothing about it.

Later in 1911 Pollard used the occasion of Théophile Gautier's centenary to write a poem entitled "To Our Canniest Critic: on Gautier's Birthday"; though his name was not mentioned, the epithet clearly pointed to Huneker. The poem was published in *Reedy's Mirror* in the issue of September 7, 1911:

He never wore a scarlet coat
Nor joined a losing fight;
If safety lay toward the wrong,
He did not choose the right.

He never wore his heart in sight,
Nor spilt his youth in song;
Made foes of none, but friends of all
Who to the Powers belong.

The fine Italian hand he wrote
His canny cunning showed,
For though he wrote of Anarch Art,
And for the Moderns glowed,

His Moderns and his Anarchs all
Were never close at home.
But—lived and worked far overseas
In Paris, Zurich, Rome.

High though his shrewdness carried him
In his own native land,
To not one fellow-countryman
He lent a helping hand.

His was the genius of the Jew
With Jesuit craft combined;
A dextrous skill in juggling words,
A grasping, copious, mind.

He will go down to fame as one
On foreign fodder grown,
Who never wrote a stupid word
Nor—any of his own.

He never fought in rebel cause;
No windmill drew his lance;
His pen dripped jewels only for
Cash Down, and In Advance.

He never wore a scarlet coat,
Nor advertised Romance,
His pact, in literature, was with
The Devil, not Dame Chance.

Huneker, who may not have seen this clever but vicious attack until after

Pollard's death later that year, never replied to it though it drew rejoinders from the hypocritical Reedy himself–he, after all, had published the poem–and from Huneker's protégé, young George Sylvester Viereck. ("Was I right in not worrying over what the poor sick chap wrote?" Huneker asked Viereck on January 1, 1912. "All his friends knew and said nothing; all got the same sort of letters.")[9] But the poem, dramatizing Pollard's charge, probably made Huneker sensitive about his Americanism and he included at least one "American" essay in each of the seven collections he published after 1911. "A College for Critics," a slightly disguised spoof of some of his music-critic colleagues and friends–Louis Elson, Henry T. Finck, William J. Henderson, Edward Ziegler, Henry E. Krehbiel, and Reginald DeKoven–is reprinted in *Old Fogy* (1913).[10] In *The Pathos of Distance* (1913) there are essays on four Americans: Whistler, Arthur B. Davies, Thomas Holley Chivers, and William James. Travel articles on New York, Atlantic City, and Newport appear in *New Cosmopolis* (1915). *Ivory Apes and Peacocks* (1915) contains pieces on Walt Whitman, Lafcadio Hearn, and, in part, Edith Wharton, and one, "The Melancholy of Masterpieces," that deals partly with American painters. *Unicorns* (1917), his most "American" book, contains essays on Edward MacDowell, Henry James, Albert Ryder, Cora L. Williams, and "The Great American Novel." *Bedouins* (1920) includes a four-part study of American-bred Mary Garden, an essay on George Luks, part of one on Poe, and one, "Caruso on Wheels," that deals with opera in America. In his last collection, the posthumously published *Variations* (1921), articles on Joseph Pennell and (in part) Oscar Hammerstein and Henry James are reprinted. These writings, however, represent only a fraction of his critiques of American composers, dramatists, novelists, poets, critics, and painters.

In 1917, when Mencken wrote his article on Huneker for which he drew on his earlier reviews of the older critic's books, he had obviously not read all of his friend's uncollected work; instead, he must have relied largely on Huneker's own statement about his efforts on behalf of Americans. In answering what he called the "hollow charge" that Huneker had neglected his countrymen, Mencken stated that Huneker was "in the van of MacDowell enthusiasts," had "fought for the ideas of such painters as Davies, Lawson, Luks, Sloan and Prendergast," and was "among the first to give a hand to Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser, Stephen Crane, and H. B. Fuller." But it was more to the pro-German Mencken's purpose, at a time of rampant patriotism and increasing anti-German feeling, to deemphasize the Americanism of Huneker whose world, he remarked, was "not America, nor Europe, nor Christendom, but the whole universe of beauty." Something about him, Mencken added, was "as exotic as a samovar, as essentially un-American as a bashi-bazouk, a nose-ring or a fugue." Huneker stood for "a *Weltanschauung* that is not only un-national, but anti-national; he is the chief of all the curbers and correctors of the American Philistine; in praising the arts he has also criticized a civilization."[11] All of which was true, but in this context it minimized Huneker's services to Americans in the arts. In a later essay Mencken–who was rather proud of his own efforts on behalf of American writers–stated flatly that Huneker was "very little interested in American letters."[12] And apparently relying on this statement (which he quotes), William H. Nolte, author of *H. L. Mencken: Literary Critic* (1964), makes the astonishing remark that Huneker, whom he rightfully describes as "probably the most discerning and without doubt the most open-minded and hospitable critic" of the 1890s, "rarely so much as mentioned an American artist in his books and articles."[13]

Clearly the matter requires reexamination.

II

When he outlined the highlights of his career to Mencken in 1916, the fifty-nine-year-old Huneker had good reason to mull them over. He had almost died that February from pleurisy and pneumonia, his first serious illness in forty-five years. By then he had heard, seen, lived, and written enough for half a dozen men. He had survived three marriages and five major occupations—piano teacher, music critic, drama critic, literary critic, and art critic—and had produced thirteen books of essays and short stories. A veteran habitué of every concert hall, opera house, theater, museum, art gallery, and library in Philadelphia and New York, he had visited many of the major cities in America and had crossed the Atlantic some twenty times since 1899 in almost yearly excursions to Europe. He had known and corresponded with the most distinguished figures in modern music, drama, literature, and art—Richard Strauss, George Bernard Shaw, David Belasco, Havelock Ellis, Arthur Symons, George Moore, Edward MacDowell, Stephen Crane, Theodore Dreiser, and many others. Most recently, as author of *Puck*'s critical potpourri column, "The Seven Arts," which many persons considered the most authoritative single department of criticism in the country, Huneker was bringing his vast experience in the arts and his light, witty touch to the consciousness of middle-brow readers just as he had to the intellectuals and avant-garde for thirty years.

James Gibbons Huneker was born in Philadelphia in 1857—not in 1860 as some of the reference books still say[14]—the third surviving child (second son) of five children born to a middle-class family of Irish, German, and possibly Hungarian extraction. His father, Philadelphia-born John Joseph Huneker (1817-1893), the son of an organist and composer, was a prosperous house-painter and decorator whose main hobbies were collecting prints, attending concerts and plays, and entertaining at his home the musical celebrities who performed in Philadelphia. His collection of engravings, etchings, and mezzotints was reputedly the second largest private collection in America and, together with the Philadelphia painters who attended gatherings at the Huneker home, it introduced James to the world of art. About the time of the son's birth the senior Huneker was president of the Philharmonic Society of Philadelphia, a group of music patrons, and since he was also an amateur singer his house was full of music-makers and music-lovers.

If James Huneker's love of music, drama, and art was stimulated by his father, his interest in literature was fostered by his mother. Mary Gibbons

Huneker (1825-1891), also a Philadelphia native, was the daughter of James Gibbons, an Irish patriot, printer, and poet. She taught school prior to her marriage in 1849 and was unusually well read and exceedingly pious. Especially interested in Catholic theology and literature, she hoped that her son James, named after her word-intoxicated father, would become a priest and she encouraged his study of languages and his reading, though it soon took a modernistic turn of which she disapproved. An amateur writer herself, she guided —and sometimes polished—his first attempts at criticism. Thus his early work is noticeably more formal and proper, if less distinctive and entertaining, than his later. The most personal and ingratiating qualities of his mature style derived from his waggish, realistic father rather than his high-minded, serious mother.

Growing up in an atmosphere in which artists and writers were not considered "rather queer fellows" as they were in other Philadelphia circles,[15] and accompanying his father to concerts and plays, James probably learned more at home than in the school selected for him—the Broad Street Academy which he attended from 1865 to 1872. It was the only formal schooling he ever had. Here he acquired a taste for French literature and a rather shaky foundation in the fundamentals of English, with the result that his sentence structure, logic, and punctuation were never impeccable. But his flair for language and his sense of humor more than made up for these weaknesses.

After a short hitch in the machine shop of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, where an accident nearly ended his career prematurely, the fifteen-year-old boy was apprenticed to a lawyer. For five years he stuck to the dreary and dilatory study of law though he meanwhile discovered that his chief love was music. In September, 1875, he began a three-year study of piano with one of Philadelphia's outstanding teachers, Michael Cross, not telling his father who, knowing its difficulties, frowned upon a musical career for his son. Mrs. Huneker, realizing by now that James had no vocation for the priesthood but hoping that he might remain at least physically close to Catholicism by becoming a church organist, was in on the secret. In the same year he also started writing unpaid critiques of concerts and other articles for Philadelphia's leading newspaper, the *Evening Bulletin*, one of whose publishers was a family friend.

On May 9, 1878, James secretly married Elizabeth Holmes, daughter of a middle-class Irish-Catholic family and six years his senior. Happily abandoning law, he obtained a clerking job at a piano agency where he practiced the piano every morning before going to work. Some four months later he and "Lizzie" sailed for Paris where he hoped to attend the Paris Conservatoire. Although an audition failed to win him admission he was permitted to audit the piano class of Georges Mathias, Chopin's greatest pupil, which he did in addition to taking private lessons elsewhere. When he was not playing or listening to the piano, he immersed himself in the culture of France—where art and letters were probably more revered than in any other country—and roamed the streets of Paris collecting information for articles he wrote for the *Evening Bulletin* to supplement his small allowance.

He and Lizzie remained in France—where their first child, a daughter, was born on March 6, 1879—until late July of that year when they sailed for Philadelphia. Little is known about Huneker's activities during the six years that followed. He continued studying the piano, trying, not very successfully, to make a living by giving lessons himself. His daughter died January 31, 1880, on his twenty-third birthday. A second daughter born at the end of the year also died in infancy. The couple moved from one boardinghouse to another or, during especially lean days, moved in with their parents.

In the early 1880s, Huneker met Theodore Presser who had founded *Etude*, a monthly magazine for piano students and teachers. By the spring of 1885, if not earlier, Huneker was contributing unsigned articles to this Philadelphia journal. But it could pay him little and money became so scarce that Lizzie had to work at dressmaking to support both of them. Finally realizing that there was no future for him in Philadelphia and hoping still to become a concert pianist or a music critic, Huneker left Lizzie and went to New York.

From that date—February 16, 1886—to the end of his life, New York was to be his home. His activities there for the first two years remain vague. He continued writing for *Etude* regularly until February, 1888, and contributed to other journals: he even played the piano at private homes when he was broke. Free lunches at New York's bars also helped keep him alive. Whether food or beer was the chief attraction is not clear, but he was at first far better known as a prodigious beer-drinker and raconteur than as a writer.

His work for *Etude* had come to the attention of Marc Blumenberg, owner of the *Musical Courier*, who agreed to let him join the magazine on a trial basis (without pay) beginning August, 1887. His unsigned and nondescript contributions passing inspection, he went on salary at the beginning of 1888 and before long became the magazine's star critic and writer. It was an association that was to last fifteen years and to make Huneker's reputation.

In early February, 1889, he started the weekly column called "The Raconteur," filled with news items, gossip, jokes, puns, short stories, fantasies, parodies, and countless critiques of operas, concerts, plays, books, and pictures. Here, too, appeared serious studies of modern composers and witty, pre-Mencken comments on the American scene presented from an increasingly libertarian viewpoint which outraged some readers but amused many others. In "The Raconteur" emerged the style which Lawrence Gilman later described as "flexible, audacious, highly communicative. . . poetic and irreverent, witty and rhapsodical, swift and nervous yet extraordinarily sumptuous and learned and ornate. . . . Uncompromisingly personal, pungent, racy, yet it was sophisticated to the last degree, immensely amusing and stimulating in its verbal virtuosity, its riotous gusto."[16] Buried in this remarkable column were most of the early pieces, especially on music and literature, included in the present collection.

Huneker's career developed relatively quickly thereafter though a decade passed before he published his first book. Day after day he rushed from concert hall to opera house, from office to café, collecting impressions and news for his columns. In theory he believed that critics should not personally know the artists they criticized; in practice he found it difficult to steer entirely clear of them, especially singers and pianists. Sometimes he sought them out, not only as a good reporter but as a kind of amateur psychologist of the artistic temperament, the subject of many of his short stories and his one novel. "I know nearly all the artists, great and small," he remarked in 1898, ". . . and have seldom allowed friendship to weigh for much in criticism."[17] Concluding rather sadly that he himself could not become a top-notch pianist, he stopped taking lessons, but for ten years -1888 to 1898—he gave them at the National Conservatory of Music in New York whose piano department was headed by his friend and former teacher, Rafael Joseffy. Piano teachers, pianists, and composers who wrote piano music always respected his expertise and paid special attention to anything he said about the keyboard. His comments on the pianists of his day are still frequently quoted.

While continuing to write for the *Musical Courier* and teaching piano, he undertook other jobs. In February, 1891, shortly after the *New York Recorder* made its début, Huneker became the newspaper's music critic. During the next four years he covered music in New York for both the newspaper and the magazine, though most of his serious essays on the subject were published in the latter. He needed this second income because he had fallen in love with Clio Hinton, a beautiful young sculptor, whom he wanted to marry. Although not a devout Catholic, he hesitated to divorce Lizzie while his mother was alive. To add to the complications, he was involved with another woman, Josephine Ahrensdorf Laski, a young widow whose husband had committed suicide in December, 1890. In March, 1891, Lizzie sued for divorce, charging desertion, and in January, 1892, some nine months after the death of his mother, Huneker married Clio, the mother of his only surviving child, Erik, born in 1894. This marriage, too, was unsuccessful, and in 1899 Clio divorced him, naming a singer, Georgiana Carhart, as correspondent. But he had never permanently relinquished Josephine, and finally settled down with her for the last twenty-two years of his life.

Huneker, who had long been a theater buff, began to review plays as well as music for the *Recorder*, though his drama criticism, usually appearing in a long Sunday article headed "The Prompter," was unsigned. Temperamentally attuned to the psychological overtones of modern drama, he spoke out on behalf of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Schnitzler, and Strindberg. He also kept an eye on the most promising American playwrights. His work as a drama critic was so good that when he left the *Recorder* in September, 1895, he was engaged by its competitor, the *Morning Advertiser*, as its music *and* drama critic.

This new post put Huneker into even closer association with Vance Thompson, the Princeton- and Jena-educated journalist who was the drama, music, and literary critic of the *Advertiser*'s parent, the evening *Commerical Advertiser*. Huneker and Thompson, close friends during the last five years of the nineties, did not always agree, but they were both admirers of modern European literature, insatiably curious students of human nature, and practitioners of purple prose often lavished on "blue" subjects during the "Mauve Decade." Together they edited the unprofitable but lively *M'lle New York*, a little magazine founded by Thompson and modeled on Parisian weeklies. Its criticism of modern European writers and painters and its biting commentary on American culture were apparently more the work of Thompson than of Huneker who used it rather as an outlet for the whimsical, fantastic sketches and short stories he wrote when he tired of writing *about* the arts. In the mid-1890s he still had hopes of becoming an artist himself–a writer of fiction. Daring for its time–the *Springfield Republican* attacked it as a "vile and sensual sheet" · *M'lle New York* certainly showed Huneker wearing the shocking "scarlet coat" that Pollard had claimed his wardrobe lacked. Anticipating the host of little magazines that sprang up in American a decade or so later, *M'lle New York* railed against the moralistic conception of art, literature, and life and thus helped prepare the way for the Mencken of *Smart Set* and the *American Mercury*.

Huneker worked for the *Morning Advertiser* (the Sunday edition of which was known as the *Sunday Advertiser*) until April 1, 1897, when it was bought by Hearst and merged with the *New York Journal*. Six months later he became music critic of *Town Topics*, a weekly magazine that dealt with high society and dabbled in a lucrative sideline of blackmail. But it also contained excellent criticism of books (by Pollard) and plays (by Charles Frederick Nirdlinger). Huneker's column, "Crotchets and Quavers," was signed "The Melomaniac" and was usually devoted to reviews of musical performances; longer, more serious discussions of music, comments on drama, literature, and art, or short stories appeared in the *Musical Courier*. He remained on the staff of *Town Topics* for five years, until April, 1902. Beginning on January 31, 1898, and continuing through March 12th, the New York *Morning Telegraph* printed almost daily a variously headed column written by Huneker signed "Don Quixote" or, on the last five days, "Jim the Penman."[18]

In March, 1899, when he was forty-two, Huneker's *Mezzotints in Modern Music* was issued by Scribner's, then the leading American publisher of literature on music, which published his work for the rest of his life. Highly praised in both this country and England, it successfully launched Huneker's career as an author. His second book, *Chopin: The Man and His Music* (1900), remained for years the best work of its kind in English and is still prized for its technical analysis of the music. His third book, *Melomaniacs* (1902), consisted of twenty-four short stories, most of which had first come out in the *Musical Courier*; though hardly masterpieces, they reflected his sense of fun, his flair for the bizarre, and his delight in gorgeous prose.

In the fall of 1900, while he was still working for the *Musical Courier* and *Town Topics*, Huneker joined the "newspaperman's newspaper," the New York *Sun*, thus beginning his most memorable connection with daily journalism. During the next six years he served successively as the *Sun*'s first-line music, drama, and art critic, a feat probably unique in America. Huneker's music criticism followed the same tack in the *Sun* as in the *Musical Courier* whose owner complained that in the newspaper Huneker was praising the magazine's enemies–namely Blumenberg's pet aversion, Victor Herbert. After Blumenberg was sued for libel by Herbert, whom he had called a plagiarist, Huneker's position became uncomfortable. In October, 1902, when he was offered the position of drama critic on the *Sun* beginning that fall, he resigned from the *Courier*.

For the next two years Huneker concentrated on the theater. Relying on his knowledge of modern European literature, he turned out, week after week in the Sunday *Sun*, illuminating essays on Ibsen, D'Annunzio, Hauptmann, Shaw, Maeterlinck, Strindberg, and others–essays which constituted the best criticism of modern drama that had appeared in America. In addition, he wrote reams about American plays which were his daily fare as a Broadway critic. By 1905, when some of his most substantial essays were reprinted in his *Iconoclasts* (1905), he was recognized as the preeminent American critic of the new drama, ranking, as Mencken concluded in May, 1905, with William Archer and A. B. Walkley, the English critics.

To learn about new developments in the arts and to absorb the latest (or outstanding) plays, music, and pictures that would furnish him with copy, Huneker had begun making frequent visits to Europe. In 1896, after a seventeen-year absence, he returned to Paris and proceeded to Bayreuth for the first time. This was followed by European jaunts in 1899, 1901, and 1903, all financed by the writing he produced as he traveled. Each time he returned home he complained about America's cultural backwardness. These summer-fall trips continued almost yearly, except for the period 1906 to 1908, until the outbreak of World War I.

After the season of 1903–04 Huneker, tired of plays, resigned from the *Sun* to do free-lance writing for magazines. His fourth book, *Overtones*, which came out in March, 1904, and contained his first literary criticism in hard covers, helped to increase his prestige among magazine editors and he had little trouble selling his articles. He was a regular contributor to *Metropolitan Magazine*, an illustrated middle-brow monthly for which he wrote on drama from the spring of 1905 to December, 1906, and his work also appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Lamp*, *Theatre*, *Success Magazine*, and the pre-Mencken *Smart Set*. During this time he was also doing research for what he hoped would be a definitive life of Liszt. In October, 1905, while he was in Europe, some of the fiction he had been contributing to magazines was published in *Visionaries*, his second collection of short stories. It didn't sell any better than the first though its stories, which focused on theology rather than psychology, were more serious.

Finding the pace in free-lancing too hectic, or his earnings too irregular, Huneker rejoined the *Sun* in December, 1906, this time as its art critic. Despite his exposure to engravings and paintings and his repeated visits to American and European museums, he had written far less about fine arts than about music, drama, or literature. Moreover, the man who had hired him, William Laffan, was not only an amateur sculptor, painter, and etcher but also the *Sun*'s former art critic, and when he assumed control of the *Sun* and the *Evening Sun*, he saw to it that they gave fuller coverage to these arts than any other newspaper in the country. To work for him was no easy task, especially since Huneker had less firsthand knowledge of art than of music or literature and had to rely more on his intuition and taste. Fortunately, Laffan admired good writing, and *this*, at any rate, Huneker could produce.

Laffan's approval made Huneker increasingly confident. The work he turned out in the next six years constituted, in some ways, his most remarkable accomplishment. Though they were little known here at that time, many of the painters he singled out for special praise are now considered modern masters. These included Cézanne, Matisse, Munch, and Zuloaga among Europeans, and Luks, Sloan, Lawson, Davies, Prendergast, Glackens, Maurer, and Marin among the Americans. The *Sun* printed up to four articles a week by Huneker, many of them headed "Around the Galleries" and dealing with exhibitions in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and elsewhere; he also turned out studies of individual painters, etchers, engravers, and sculptors. Though unsigned, this criticism was soon identified by artists, critics, and dealers as Huneker's, and he received flattering offers from several magazines which his contract with the *Sun* forced him to decline. To produce so much copy he had to follow a strict unbohemian regimen—reading in the morning, visiting galleries and museums in the afternoon, and writing at night. Yet this intense activity produced only one book devoted entirely to art, *Promenades of an Impressionist* (1910), which did not sell well; that is probably why he did not reprint more of his art criticism.

From January, 1906, through April, 1907, Huneker wrote for the *New York Times*, more or less monthly, a review of a book on literature. Except for the critique of Elizabeth Bisland's biography of Hearn, they did not pertain to American writers, possibly because this was the province of the *Times*'s literary editor. He also contributed unsigned articles to the *Sun* on literary subjects as well as art, often on some of his favorite European authors—Stendhal, Ibsen, Flaubert, Baudelaire, Nietzsche—on whom he wrote essays published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *North American Review*, and *Scribner's Magazine*. Some of these were gathered in *Egoists: A Book of Supermen* (1909), his finest collection of literary criticism. It was more successful than his *Franz Liszt* (1911) which, despite almost ten years of research, was choppy, repetitious, and jumbled, though it contained a lively summary of Liszt's career and material useful to his later biographers.

When the *Sun*, having changed hands by the beginning of 1912 and reduced its budget, cut down the number of contributions it would accept from Huneker, he resigned in the summer of that year. During 1912-13 he lived abroad, writing features for the *New York Times*: interviews with celebrities such as Joseph Conrad and Max Lieberman; reviews of new Richard Strauss operas and compositions by Arnold Schönberg; critiques of plays by modern German dramatists, especially Frank Wedekind; and portraits of cities he visited. While living in Berlin he compiled two books which appeared in 1913. *The Pathos of Distance*, a charming potpourri of reminiscences and brief essays on the arts (most of them reprinted from the *Sun*), is one of his most personal works. *Old Fogy*, made up of light musical sketches published in *Etude* over a period of twenty-seven years, contains so many typical spoofs and quips that Mencken once said if he had to choose one Huneker book and give up all the rest, he would instantly select *Old Fogy*—"the scherzo of the Hunekeran symphony, the critic taking a holiday, the Devil's Mass in the tonal sanctuary." This and Huneker's earlier books on music, Mencken remarked in 1917, constituted the "best body of musical criticism that any American has done."[19]

Returning to America late in 1913, Huneker settled in Brooklyn where he was to spend the rest of his life—"adjacent to cemeteries," as he used to head his letters. In the following spring he joined the staff of *Puck* for which he wrote "The Seven Arts" from April 11, 1914, until December, 1916. Younger critics marveled at the range of his interests. For example, Fanny Butcher, book reviewer of the Chicago *Tribune*, remarked that he was the only critic in America who could presume to review *all* the arts. Only those such as Mencken who had been carefully reading Huneker for fifteen years noticed that the column gradually reflected his declining health and energy.[20] In 1915 Scribner's published two more Huneker books: *New Cosmopolis* and *Ivory Apes and Peacocks* [*sic*]. The former consisted mainly of chatty sketches about New York originally published in the *Times* during the late summer and early fall of 1914 and of pieces about prewar European cities. The latter, a more important work, included solid essays on Conrad, Whitman, and Laforgue.

During the last five years of Huneker's life, the wheel ("grind-stone," he called it) turned full circle. He rejoined the *Sun* in August, 1916, writing one editorial a week, usually a book review, until the ailing newspaper let him go in early April, 1917. Without a regular job at the age of sixty, he was in serious financial straits. With the country at war and the paper shortage, the magazines were buying fewer articles on aesthetics. He spent a gloomy summer reading proofs of his fall book. The only sunny event was the appearance on July 21, of a long, exceedingly flattering article about him by Mencken. Huneker was immensely pleased when it was reprinted, together with essays on Conrad and Dreiser, in Mencken's *A Book of Prefaces* at about the same time later that year that his own new book, *Unicorns*, came out. Consisting of articles written for the *Times*, *Puck*, and the *Sun*, this was one of his most varied, cosmopolitan collections. But books on the arts were not selling in 1917, and completing the full turn, Huneker went back to his first love—music -in his home town where he became part-time music critic of the Philadelphia *Press*.

Although he had not been a full-time music critic since leaving the *Musical Courier* in 1902, Huneker had kept in practice, so to speak, by covering major musical events for *Puck* and editing works by Chopin, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, and Strauss. Commuting to Philadelphia on Fridays and Saturdays during the season of 1917-18, he reviewed the performances of the Philadelphia Orchestra and the visiting Metropolitan Opera. The return to his native city after an absence of more than thirty years led to his next project, an autobiography printed serially in the *Press* from June 9 to November 9, 1918, and eventually published as *Steeplejack* in 1920.

When Richard Aldrich of the *New York Times* went to Washington on military duty, Huneker replaced him as music critic and with his playful touch livened up the music columns of that newspaper during the season of 1918-19. This exposure may have had something to do with his election in December, 1918, to the literary section of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. (George Jean Nathan and Mencken, who described some of the Institute's members as "cheapjack novelists and tenth-rate compilers of college textbooks," were amused by Huneker's acceptance of this long-overdue honor and chided him for his "apostasy" at a luncheon at Sherry's in April, 1919, by wearing a specially designed pendant of the "Order of Chastity, Third Class," and crowning him with a warming pan.)[21]

The official recognition probably helped him get his next job, music critic of the *World*, the last New York newspaper he was to work for. Before the season of 1919-20 began, however, he fulfilled a long ambition by writing—in six weeks—his first and only novel, *Painted Veils*, a fiction-clothed (or unclothed) sequel to his recently completed autobiography in which he had omitted most of the juicy material about his love life. Intended as a moneymaker, the book was too raw to be published in the usual way during the repressive postwar period and was finally issued, late in 1920, in a limited edition for subscribers only. Meanwhile, to make a living he covered operas and concerts for the *World*, often two on the same day, a schedule he found more and more exhausting now that he was past sixty. In addition, he saw three books through the press in 1920: *Steeplejack* and *Painted Veils*, preceded by *Bedouins*, a volume of essays and short stories. Its first four essays were reprints of the most talked-about criticism he had written in 1919, an outpouring of effusive rhetoric about the famous Mary Garden, then performing in New York with the Chicago Opera as she was a year later when the book came out. Although most of the other essays appeared in the *Times* in 1918-19, one or two had been written more than twenty years earlier, for Huneker tended to rely increasingly on his old files for copy for Sunday features. One piece, "A Masque of Music," a revised version of a prose poem that had been published in the *Musical Courier* in 1900, evoked a delightful parody by Don Marquis entitled "A Mask of Music."

At the end of the season of 1919-20 Huneker, tired, ill, and irritated by the censorship that prevented the regular publication of *Painted Veils*, went to England to cover the London season for the *World*. After turning out ten long articles in five rainy weeks he returned in time for the delayed publication of *Steeplejack*, which was generally well received. The grind started again before he was rested, and after a few days of rushing around the city he began having frequent attacks of vertigo. In early February, 1921, he caught a cold which turned to pneumonia, and on February 9, at the age of 64, he died.

III

In the 1916 letter to Mencken in which he defended his "Americanism," it was no accident that the first field Huneker mentioned to support his claim was music. Beginning and ending as a music critic, he was connected with this art longer and more intimately than with any other—all the more so if one also counts his years as a music student and teacher, let alone his work as an editor and his free-lance writing on music. As a fledgling writer for *Etude*, whose founder, Theodore Presser, also established the Music Teachers' National Association, Huneker shared Presser's interest in this organization. For eighteen years (1885-1902), as he told Mencken, he not only attended the annual meetings of the association, one of whose chief aims was to encourage American composers by sponsoring performances of their new music, but also described these functions in detail for *Etude*, the *Musical Courier*, and other publications. He heard there some of the American piano composers he discussed in a three-part study published in *Etude* in 1887, the earliest essay reproduced below.

Nor was it surprising that in that letter to Mencken the first name Huneker mentioned as evidence of his support of American composers was Edward MacDowell. The story of their relationship, which I have told in a long unpublished monograph, is too detailed to be repeated here. Based on letters and critiques discovered since the publication of my biography of Huneker, this study reveals that Huneker was probably MacDowell's greatest champion, no critic greeting his work, year after year, with more enthusiasm. Beginning in 1887, when he commented on MacDowell's "extreme finish, originality, and a certain something that augurs well for his future," he devoted more space to MacDowell than to any other American composer, dramatist, writer, or painter. No wonder the latter felt impelled, late in his life, to write Huneker expressing his appreciation for the "many beautiful and inspiring words you have so often addressed to me."[22]

Though MacDowell was Huneker's major interest among American composers, he gave almost as much space to the early work of Irish-born Victor Herbert whose operettas later made him famous. In light of Herbert's present reputation as a "serious" composer, the six notices by Huneker on Herbert reproduced here suggest that Huneker overrated the orchestral music of his friend and onetime National Conservatory colleague. Yet in 1891, years before Herbert turned to the lyric theater, Huneker remarked that "there is no reason why Victor Herbert shouldn't write a very successful opera. He has plenty of Celtic fancy, passion and humor . . . and his orchestral sense is finely developed. . . . " And Huneker admitted in 1897 that although he preferred the Herbert who wrote 'cello concertos and symphonic music, "more delightful, droll and varied accents [Herbert] has never given us than in the music of *The Serenade*," one of the early operettas. Since it is not certain that Huneker wrote the unsigned review (printed in the *Sun* on October 14, 1903) of Herbert's first great popular success, *Babes in Toyland*, I have not included it here; but he is on record as writing, a week after its opening, that it had "more vivacity in one act than a wilderness of modern monkey plays."[23]

Another transplanted American stood even higher in Huneker's estimation as a composer of symphonic music—the still-neglected Charles M. Loeffler. Written sixteen years apart, the two critiques of Loeffler reprinted here (the second one listed under "critics" because it is also a review of a book on Loeffler by Lawrence Gilman) show Huneker's growing admiration for this Alsatian-born composer who had come to America at the age of twenty. By 1915 Huneker considered him the greatest living American composer, a judgment he also recorded in *Steeplejack*.

Other American composers Huneker wrote about in notices of varying length include Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Howard Brockway, Reginald De Koven, Arthur Farwell, Rubin Goldmark, Charles T. Griffes, Henry Hadley, Henry Holden Huss, Edgar S. Kelley, Ethelbert Nevin, and Leo Ornstein. Some of these men were as grateful to Huneker as MacDowell was. Farwell, for example, recalled fifty-six years after its appearance that Huneker's encouraging review of his seventh opus, *Tone Pictures after Pastels in Prose*, was the "first serious review I ever had," and it had made such an impression on Farwell that he could still quote a phrase from it.[24] Of all these composers Huneker seemed to find the most promise in Griffes whose work is heard most often today though he died four months after Huneker wrote about the New York premiere of his now-famous tone poem, *The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan*.

Huneker vigorously applauded attempts to publicize good American music. As early as 1887 he commended Frank Van der Stucken for conducting a series of New York concerts which featured music by MacDowell, Huss, Kelley, Harry Rowe Shelley, and others—a series which, he declared, marked "an important epoch in the history of national music compositions." Yet he could not please everybody. After receiving "numerous letters from patriotic Americans" attacking him for not writing enough about American music, the "Raconteur" announced in 1891 that "hereafter my columns are to be largely devoted to the rampant expression of all that is good in national art. America for the Americans. Let the American composer come my way and if there is aught that is good in his portfolio the musical world shall know it, for I shall blow about it until the crack of doom."[25] If he wrote this with tongue in cheek, he sounded sincere five years later when he remarked: "Heaven forbid that I should be considered insular or parochial in this matter, but I do long for an American art, by American artists, for the American people."[26] In 1898 he reproached the New York Philharmonic orchestra for not performing the work of American composers more frequently. Two years later he happily pointed out that if some mediocre American composers had been overcoddled, good ones like MacDowell, Templeton Strong, George Chadwick, and Shelley had come into their own.[27]

But Huneker was hardly a chauvinist. He did not believe that music should be heard simply because it was American. He agreed with MacDowell that native composers should "take the same chances as composers of other nationalities and not be segregated like an exotic animal" on all-American programs.[28] He realized that most American music lacked originality. Herman Klein, the English critic and vocal teacher who came to New York in 1902 and worked for the *New York Herald*, recalled that Huneker "had a firm belief in the future of American music, but thought it lay a long way ahead. 'Our composers are not original yet,' he said, 'but they may be some day.' "[29] Considering his familiarity with the most avant-garde composers of Europe and his partiality toward the *outré*, one is surprised that Huneker found as much to admire in American music as he did.

As for native interpreters, especially pianists and singers, he wrote endlessly about them, and the better they were, the more he rejoiced in their success. Among his favorites were Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, the Chicago pianist; Emma Eames, the beautiful soprano of the Metropolitan Opera; David Bispham, the Metropolitan's only American male singer in 1896; Olive Fremstad, the Wagnerian soprano; and, of course, Mary Garden. Much of the criticism of interpreters is ephemeral, interesting only to historians when the artists have passed from the scene. But since this kind of writing took so much of Huneker's time and energy, it is fitting that it be represented here, if only by critiques about fifteen performers. Those on Bispham, a fellow Philadelphian and an exact contemporary of Huneker's, and on Olive Fremstad, for whom Huneker had a passion not exclusively artistic, also have biographical significance. The colorful tribute to the popular music-hall singer of Irish songs, Maggie Cline, shows Huneker's breadth of taste, while the memorable account of Rosa Ponselle's début at the Metropolitan displays him in the role of critical prophet, as does, in another way, his review of Geraldine Farrar in the premiere of *Zaza*.

Equally ephemeral are Huneker's reviews of books by his colleagues. For many years he was in close, often daily, contact with three men who with himself constituted the "big four" of New York's music critics: Henry E. Krehbiel of the *Tribune*, Henry T. Finck of the *Evening Post*, and (beginning in 1902) William J. Henderson of the *Sun*. These men were versatile, prolific writers. Krehbiel, the dean and chief historian among them, was an expert on Beethoven, Wagner, and folk music and a champion of opera in English. Finck, Krehbiel's main adversary—they enjoyed disagreeing publicly for over forty years—wrote books on anthropology and food as well as on Chopin, Wagner, Massenet, Richard Strauss, and Grieg. Henderson, a specialist on singing, also wrote a treatise on navigation, a novel, and a book of poems; his musical tastes, like Krehbiel's, were more conservative than Finck's or Huneker's, but he was the latter's chief rival as a wit. Huneker's early article on his colleagues is historically valuable for its sketches not only of these figures (who are fairly well known) but also of others about whom almost no other information is available.

The "big four" frequently reviewed and cited each other's books, none more generously than Huneker to whom camaraderie was important. Despite a certain amount of back-scratching, they undoubtedly respected each other's ability, as evidenced by Huneker's dedication of his first book to Krehbiel and his *Franz Liszt* to Finck[30] and by Henderson's dedication to Huneker of his *Modern Musical Drift* (1904). Huneker also praised early books by the much younger Rupert Hughes (who dedicated his first volume to Huneker), Lawrence Gilman,[31] and Carl Van Vechten, all of whom learned much from the older critic. Van Vechten's penchant for the exotic, the bizarre, the ultramodern, the outspokenly sexual, and the highly personal in art had been strengthened, if not inspired, by Huneker's taste and style. (Van Vechten might indeed have been predicting the literary survival of Huneker, who had recently died, when he remarked through the mouth of the title character of his novel, *Peter Whiffle* (1922): "We read the old critics *to find out about the* *critics*, not about the subjects on which they are writing. Consequently, it is only the critics who have been interesting personalities who are read through many generations.")[32] The few examples reproduced here of Huneker's critiques of critics illustrate an important side of his character.

The final group of articles is devoted not so much to composers, performers, or critics as to ideas or institutions that still play a significant role in America's cultural life. The question of "Grand Opera in American" is still debated, while the Metropolitan Opera, which Huneker observed at close range almost from its beginning, remains our most prestigious musical organization. Huneker's analysis of the Met as of 1905 and his memories of its first thirty years constitute a sizable contribution to our cultural history. Similarly, his sharp comments on the New York Philharmonic Society in 1902 provide a cogent and amusing commentary on that long-lived institution, the seventy-fifth anniversary of which, ironically, Huneker was chosen to commemorate fifteen years later. And his remarks at the height of America's involvement in World War I on the "Star-Spangled Banner" and George M. Cohan's "Over There" provide a fitting commentary on this period.

IV

If it is surprising that Huneker applauded so much American music—which in his prime could hardly rank with European—it is astonishing that he found anything at all to admire in the work of American playwrights. Deeply involved in the new drama of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Strindberg, and Shaw, perhaps the most distinguished artistic development at the turn of the century, he could certainly be excused for finding much that was tame, sentimental, puritanical, and dull in what was after all the latest bloomer of the arts in America. For not until the second decade of the 20th century did a distinctive American drama begin to emerge, and by then Huneker was no longer a full-time drama critic.

Comparing it with its European counterpart, he was less hopeful about the American drama than about American music. "Our theatres are in a vile condition artistically," he wrote in 1892, not long after he had started reviewing plays; "the legitimate drama is practically dead, or worse than dead, in the hands of a few mouthing histrionic vagabonds."[33] Eleven years and countless plays later he was still complaining. "After scouring all dramatic Europe," he remarked in the *Sun*, "I am confronted. . . with a collection of plays that might have been written in A.D. 1200 for all the connection they have with modern life."[34] By 1905 no American playwright seemed good enough to join Huneker's *Iconoclasts*; and as late as 1916, when he defended himself against the charge of un-Americanism in his letter to Mencken, he did not list a playwright among those Americans for whom he had labored (unless he meant to include them under "prosateurs") and none is the subject of any essay he ever collected.

But this is not to say that Huneker ignored the American drama. If he supported no single native playwright as he did MacDowell, those dramatists he selected for extended criticism were generally the best of the lot even though their plays are no longer performed. Probably the one he admired most was David Belasco, the subject of his most substantial study of an American playwright—and about the only one whose works (mostly in the form of operas based on them) can still be seen on the stage. Usually making a point not to mix socially with the theater people he had to judge, Huneker seems to have made an exception with Belasco; in the early 1890s, when he and the Belascos were living on the same floor in a theatrical boardinghouse, the young drama critic and the veteran producer, who had not yet had a big hit play of his own, used to take midnight walks together and talk about the stage.[35] Huneker praised parts of Belasco's first smash success, *The Heart of Maryland*, in 1895, and in the next decade he favorably reviewed at least four others: *The Darling of the Gods* (1902), *Sweet Kitty Bellairs* (1903), *Adrea* (1905), and *The Girl of the Golden West* (1905), which, like Belasco's dramatization of John Luther Long's story, "Madame Butterfly," provided a libretto for the Puccini opera that has kept the play alive.

After he left drama criticism Huneker continued to follow Belasco's career. In 1910, when he was concentrating on art, he wrote an article on Belasco as a pictorial artist who made pictures on a stage instead of on canvas. Huneker recalled in *Steeplejack* his walks and talks with Belasco who thanked him for the book and for his "splendid support when I needed it so much. . . ."[36] Six months later, shortly after his own death, Huneker's last and longest study of Belasco appeared in the *Outlook*.

Of the other American playwrights who caught Huneker's attention, the most prominent was the once immensely popular and today utterly unplayed Clyde Fitch. In February, 1903, when *four* of Fitch's plays were running in New York, Huneker analyzed his work in one of the most extensive and important essays he ever wrote on an American dramatist. Though he felt that Fitch lacked virility and avoided powerful subjects, Huneker considered him one of the few playwrights of his generation who had placed convincing Americans on the boards. If he found Fitch's plots and characters too tame, too conventional, Huneker could appreciate his wit, irony, and his portraiture of what Edmund Wilson recently described as the "world of early motor cars, Cunarders, big houses on Fifth Avenue, Americans in the Vatican Museum, Americans coming home with many trunks." These are the qualities, Wilson added, which would justify a revival of a play by Fitch, though Huneker would probably have suggested *His Own Way* rather than *The Stubbornness of Geraldine* or *The Girl With the Green Eyes*.[37]

Huneker's early friendship in Philadelphia with the family of Richard Harding Davis did not prevent him from lambasting a play by Davis in 1903. The only memorable thing about this play is that it produced a memorable diatribe by Huneker, irritated by the weak theatrical fare of New York, on the sorry condition of American drama and literature. This outburst, the complaint of one who cared too much about the state of American culture to be satisfied with its shoddy products, is one of Huneker's most outspoken and historically important pronouncements—as strong as anything written by

Pollard or even Mencken. It certainly belies Pollard's jibe that Huneker "never fought in rebel cause" or that "no windmill drew his lance."

Another American noticed by Huneker was among the most publicized playwrights of the first decade of the new century though he is better known today as a poet. This was William Vaughn Moody whom Huneker described in 1907 as "a poet of rare and exquisite power." In *The Great Divide*, produced in 1906, he had surprisingly turned out a prose play that was heralded as the long-awaited "great American drama." In two articles devoted largely to it Huneker examined the notion of a "great American" play (or novel) as well as the play itself. Pleased that an American playwright had dealt frankly with sex–he thanked Moody for returning his heroine to her husband out of love, not duty–he found *The Great Divide* excellent theater despite what he considered defects in plot and characterization. Edmund Wilson apparently agreed with him, for more than sixty years later Wilson observed that *The Great Divide* (which had twice been made into a movie and, like *Huckleberry Finn* and *Little Women*, "has the makings of an American legend") would stand up today in a revival.[38]

Langdon Mitchell's *The New York Idea* (1906), which Wilson also recommended for revival, did not escape Huneker's eye. Reviewing it in the same article in which he discussed *The Great Divide*, he disagreed with Mitchell's portrait of divorced couples, perhaps recalling his own considerable experience. (Such couples "have met, have been civil, have flirted, sometimes even remarried," he wrote. "But surely not in the outrageous style of these people. Hatred is not always a concomitant of divorce. . . .") The play's dialogue nevertheless "outpoints Mr. Shaw in brilliancy, impudence, and cynicism," Huneker declared, and though he would probably not rate it as highly as did Wilson who called it the "only really first-rate 'comedy of manners'. . . ever written by an American dramatist,"[39] he certainly found it better than most American plays.

By this time more than ten years had passed since Huneker had begun to write about the theater, and he had seen the work of many other Americans. As early as 1893 he singled out James A. Herne's quietly realistic, forward-pointing *Shore Acres* as "far ahead" of other specimens of American playwriting. Augustus Thomas's *The Capitol* was his "most serious" play, Huneker noted in 1895, and though it had blemishes Thomas was "one of the few men we may look to for something distinctively American." And William Gillette's *Secret Service* struck Huneker in 1896 as "not a great American play or the great American play, but simply a remarkable contribution to the stage of any land."

Younger playwrights also got a boost from Huneker. *The Little Gray Lady* by twenty-six-year-old Channing Pollock, Belasco's protégé, "revealed a genuine gift for characterization," he commented in April, 1906. "Mr. Pollock's is a fresh talent." Pollock, who went on to become a leading American dramatist in the 1920s, never forgot the help of the man he later called the "greatest figure in criticism in this country." Huneker also devoted part of an article to *The Three of Us*, the first New York success of twenty-eight-year-old

Rachel Crothers. Through this "delightful" and "natural" play, he remarked, the unknown author had "contrived to write her name very clearly in the annals of this season." She, too, was to contribute to the birth of modern American drama. And in 1914 Huneker praised plays by George Middleton, another Belasco discovery, whose *Polly with a Past* (written with Guy Bolton) was to be a hit of the season of 1917-18.

Huneker also wrote reams about the actors and actresses of his day. Though such writings are even more ephemeral, perhaps, than those about singers and instrumentalists (less of whose art is lost in early recordings than is lost—or distorted—in films made of plays during the same period), they sometimes provide for posterity the only record of a performance or a style. If a reviewer is a "personality" in his own right, his accounts of actors can transcend "mere" historical importance; they can even become more entertaining and more enduring than the subject of the critique.[40] Of the selections of this kind found here, the slight reviews mentioning the young Barrymores are included because those actors belong to *the* American theatrical family, because of Huneker's early exposure to the Philadelphia theater of their grandmother, Mrs. John Drew, and because they show his ability to detect dramatic talent. The other selections, most of them about stars of the American stage, reveal Huneker's interest in the mummer's art.

He does not seem to have written as much about his fellow drama critics as he did about his colleagues in music and drama, perhaps because there were few outstanding American writers on the drama around the turn of the century when he was closest to the stage. One whom he did discuss in scattered passages was the dean of the profession, William Winter, toward whom he had mixed feelings—he admired his knowledge of the technique of acting and his graceful, polished style; but he deplored Winter's prejudice against European actresses such as Bernhardt, Duse, and Réjane, and he was appalled by the taste that led Winter to label Ibsen a menace and Shaw a degenerate and to excoriate any play that touched upon sexual, social or economic questions. (When, late in his life, the retired and financially hard-pressed Winter undertook to write a long, laudatory biography of Belasco—whom he had castigated for producing such "immoral" plays as *Zaza* [1898] and *The Easiest Way* [1908]—Huneker must have smiled.)[41] He was in far closer rapport with the drama critic of *Town Topics*, playwright Charles Fredrick Nirdlinger, who Pollard later claimed was the only other American writer besides Huneker to attempt "real literature in criticism in the domain of the drama."[42] That is why I have reprinted here Huneker's brief notice of Nirdlinger's forgotten book, *Masques and Mummers*.

Huneker's friendship with Nirdlinger, with whom he was somehow associated in the founding and operation of the rather obscure Criterion Independent Theater in 1897-98,[43] led to his meeting in 1908 with Nirdlinger's nephew, George Jean Nathan, later to become the most celebrated drama critic in America. Then in his mid-twenties, Nathan, attracted by Huneker's cosmopolitanism, erudition, and hedonism, joined the bright young men who regularly gathered around him at Scheffel Hall or Lüchow's to hear his spiced, sparkling comments on art and life and to marvel at his expertise as a connoisseur of beer. In 1915, when Nathan joined *Puck* as drama critic, the two men became closer and Huneker, increasingly aware of Nathan's ability and fearlessness (his attacks on the theatrical syndicate cost him his job on *Puck* in March, 1917), hailed Nathan's first book of drama criticism. Perhaps he foresaw that Nathan, as one (Marxist) historian later pointed out, would help to do for the theater "what Huneker had started to do for the arts generally: [drive] out the moralists, the sentimentalists and the prissy gentlemen, and [make] it a place where one might enjoy every variety of sensual and intellectual experience (except the social revolutionary)."[44] And Huneker noticed the first critical books of two other young men who went on to become better known – Ludwig Lewisohn and Sheldon Cheney.

Even more topical are the final selections in this section. The piece on an endowed theater gives Huneker's views on the perennial subject of subsidization of the theater in America, a topic already old by 1904, and demonstrates his concern about the state of the arts in America. When the New Theater, backed by New York millionaires, was opened in 1909, Huneker had left drama criticism and could not publicly commiserate with its artistic director, Winthrop Ames, who found only three plays by American playwrights worthy of production during the two seasons of the theater's operation.[45] However, again reviewing plays in 1915, Huneker supported an endowed theater. "Why is it that millions are spent on pictures, libraries, orchestras, churches, hospitals," he asked, "but not one cent for a theatre? Is it an ingrained puritanism?" What the theater needed, he added shortly afterward, was moderate prices, plays for all tastes, and a return to old stock-company methods for training actors.[46] He saw one hopeful sign later in the same year, the work of the Washington Square Players, a recently established little-theater group formed to produce new or seldom-seen plays (preferably American) at low admission prices; he encouraged it with a brief but friendly notice. It was almost his final contribution to the development of American drama, but an important one, for out of the Washington Square Players came the finest play-producing unit in America, the Theatre Guild. Eugene O'Neill and the emergence of the modern American drama lay just beyond the horizon.

V

Percival Pollard was not the last to maintain that Huneker was largely indifferent to the literature of his own country.[47] Mencken perpetuated the notion once again by including in his edition of Huneker's *Essays* (1929) only one essay on an American (Whitman), making his choice from those essays that had been collected in Huneker's books. Critics and literary historians of the next generation – Oscar Cargill, Louise Bogan, Van Wyck Brooks, and Harry Levin, for example – repeated the charge that had disturbed Huneker. He was primarily interested in those fictionists, poets, essayists, and critics whose ideas and methods were of world-wide significance or whose temperament appealed to him; many of these (like most of his favorite composers and dramatists) happened to be European. To maintain, however, that he was oblivious to the literary scene at home is nonsense as the essays and extracts reproduced here will, I trust, prove.

Never a systematic literary critic, Huneker began writing about books to help fill his voracious "Raconteur" column when he was short of material on music or temporarily satiated with it. Most of his early remarks on books are brief, sometimes only a paragraph or two, though they became increasingly frequent. His work as a drama critic in the 1890s often allowed him to cross the thin line between drama and literature, but as music and then drama critic of the *Sun*–from 1900 to 1904–he could not encroach upon the literary editor's territory, and the relatively little he wrote about fiction and poetry appeared only in magazines. Free-lancing between 1904 and 1906, he could cover *belles lettres* as well as music and drama, and during one period (1906-07) when he wrote monthly book reviews in addition to art criticism, he ranged among all four arts. Yet, apart from the *Musical Courier*, the chief storehouse of his literary criticism is the *Sun* between 1907 and 1912 when, although he was the newspaper's art critic, he was able to deal with any aesthetic subject he chose for the unsigned columns contributed to the editorial page. As conductor of "The Seven Arts" in *Puck*–where, however, his space was limited–and as editorial writer for the *Sun* again in 1916-17, he could once more write about books. Sometimes he also turned to literary topics in the Sunday feature articles he wrote for (or occasionally reprinted in) the *New York Times* and the *World*. But unsystematic and, especially later, repetitious as it was, Huneker's literary criticism contains a sizable body of opinion on American literature.

The gentility of the 1890s was in full swing when Huneker, then something of a bohemian in his private life and already a sophisticate in literary taste, attacked "morality yowlers" such as Elbridge Gerry and Anthony Comstock whom he ridiculed, for example, in the *Morning Advertiser* in April, 1896. In 1897 he poked fun at moralistic critics like Maurice Thompson, and three years later he protested against the "simpering attenuations and Miss Nancy reticences" of American novelists. "The eradication of the Puritan microbe will be no easy task," he wrote in 1906, "taught as we are in our arid schools and universities that the entire man ends at his collar bone." But he was not always pessimistic. In 1895, for example, he rejoiced that "artists like Henry Fuller, Mary Wilkins and a few others [were] pointing the way to one of the richest literary finds in the world, for remember the United States is yet undiscovered."

He seems to have been thoroughly familiar with the work of Poe, Whitman, Clemens, Howells, and Henry James. He was always proud that Poe, an acquaintance of his father and his first literary idol, had played so important a part in European letters, and his name appeared often in Huneker's columns. In 1892 he compared him and Chopin at length, lamented the waste of Poe's talent in the commercial America of his time, commented on the lack of impurity or licentiousness in his writing, described his personality and temperament, and briefly traced his influence on European literature. In November, 1893, five months after the publication of the results of a poll sponsored by the *Critic* which revealed that no book by Poe had been included among the ten greatest books published in America nor among the thirty-nine which received the most votes, Huneker wished that America would appreciate that writer as much as France did. In 1901 he described Poe as the "victim of Yankee college professors who found him lacking the patriotism of Whittier, the humor of O. W. Holmes, the sanity of Lowell and the human qualities of Longfellow!" Later that year he exulted that Poe was the "best known. . . abroad of any American author, his works the most translated."

As a young man Huneker was so impressed by *Leaves of Grass* that he once called on Whitman in Camden in 1878; later he occasionally encountered the poet outside Philadelphia's Academy of Music after a concert and escorted him to the Camden ferry streetcar. In 1887 Huneker publicly praised Whitman's frankness though he had reservations about the poems. On May 29, 1889, a long, enthusiastic biographical and critical article by Huneker on Whitman appeared in the New York *Home Journal*. ("I know Huneker—oh yes!—and the wife, too," Whitman remarked when Horace Traubel showed it to him; "they lived years ago in Philadelphia—West Philadelphia. Huneker was a musician—a good writer, too—wrote well; it seems to me they went over to New York afterwards—probably live there now." After he read the piece, Whitman described it as "very warm—very.")[48] Some two years later, when Whitman was gravely ill, Huneker revised and published it in the *New York Recorder* on November 1, 1891. In both articles he condemned America's neglect of Whitman, deprecated the "violently unfair" attacks made against him, praised his "peculiar magnetic qualities," and discussed his poetry.

By July, 1898, however, Huneker had reacted against Whitman. He still felt that some of the poems—including "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," "Rise O Days from Your Fathomless Deeps," and "Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun," and certain passages from "Song of Myself" -were the "finest things America has given to the nations"; but he now believed that the "slush, trash, nonsense, obscenity, morbid eroticism, vulgarity and preposterous mouthings well nigh spoil one's taste for what is really great in *Leaves of Grass*. . . ." He called Whitman a "poseur of gigantic . . . proportions" and maintained that "despite his roaring masculinity, [he] had a streak of the effeminate in him."

The remark about Whitman's sexuality suggests that Huneker, who had long been fascinated by the eccentricities of the artistic personality and had steeped himself in the literature of abnormal psychology, had become convinced that Whitman was homosexual. As far as I can discover, he was the first *American* critic to allude in print to this aspect of Whitman. He was more explicit in 1914—after the publication of monographs by Eduard Bertz and W. C. Rivers -when he observed that passages in *Leaves of Grass* "fully warant unprejudiced psychiatrists in styling this book the bible of the third sex." It was this side of Whitman, together with the latter's optimistic faith in the masses which Huneker thought naive, that seemed to antagonize the generally tolerant critic. The exact nature and extent of Whitman's sexual activity are still uncertain, but though Huneker probably implied more about the poet's habits than the evidence supports, he undoubtedly helped to focus attention on an aspect of the poet which subsequent American critics following the work of European scholars have finally faced; indeed, the consensus now seems to be that Whitman *was* homosexual.

A far more representative American than Whitman, Huneker thought, was Mark Twain, most of whose best work had been completed before Huneker began to criticize American literature. Frequently quoting the humorist's quips and anecdotes, he nevertheless realized that Twain was more than a mere funny-man. "Mr. Clemens is one of the most original writers that America has produced and more of an artist than is generally believed," he remarked in 1899. "The public was slow to recognize his power in fields [other than humor]. I pin my faith to *Huckleberry Finn*. For me it is the great American novel, even if it is written for boys." This statement answers the question Mencken raised fourteen years later when in challenging his Americanism "he wondered whether Huneker had ever read *Huckleberry Finn*."[49]

He also read and frequently mentioned or quoted Twain's great friend, William Dean Howells. In 1901, for example, he heartily seconded Howell's attack on historical romancers and echoed the older critic's plea for realistic fiction. "There are only two schools of writers," Huneker remarked, "—those who know how to write and those who do not. Mr. Howells belongs to the former." By this time he may have forgotten that in 1896 he had wistfully recalled the "love, lust and cruelty. . . and power" in Howell's early international novel, *A Foregone Conclusion*, written, he said, when Howells's world was not "bounded by backyards."

In 1903, however, he took issue with Howells's famous statement concerning the tragic note in native fiction. American life *was* full of tragedy, he maintained in an article stimulated by the production of a Richard Harding Davis play (reproduced in the Drama Section below), but our novelists and dramatists were avoiding the dark issues. Yet Howells himself was not

> strait-laced, prudish, narrow in his views, but he puts his foot down on the expression of the tragic, the unusual, the emotional. With him, charming artist, it is a matter of temperament[50]. . . . Mr. Howells, with his jeweled art, his miniatures of men and women, his delicate phrasing of elemental truths, has influenced his juniors more than he knows. But where he is reticent, they are flabby, where he paints with sure, though dainty touches, their pictures are faded, insincere.

Though Howells seemed old-fashioned to the younger generation—which was encouraged by Huneker to expect stronger meat in fiction—Huneker continued to admire him:

> Compare the so-called "realistic" novels of Mr. Howells. . . with the fiction of the moment [he wrote in 1910]. What a falling off. . . . To the Jack Londons who are carrying off the sweepstakes of fiction Mr. How-

> ells is no doubt a superannuated writer. Would that there were more like Mr. Howells in the continence of his speech, in the nobility of his ideals, wholesomeness of his judgement, and delicacy of perception of character.

In 1915 Huneker was advising readers and writers to "return to the fiction of Mr. Howells and there learn sense of proportion, continence of expression, the art of exquisitely simple prose, and vital characterization." "It will be to his novels," Huneker added, "that the historians will go for a truthful study of men and women and manners during the last quarter of the nineteenth century in New England and elsewhere (and not to the vermilion prose of the present crowd of melodramatists between covers. . . ." In 1916 he again paid his respects to Howells in an article on "The Great American Novel"—reprinted in *Unicorns*—which elicited an appreciative letter from Howells.

Huneker probably put his finger on the primary reason for the decline of Howells's reputation as a novelist when he gently disagreed with him on the question of tragedy in this country. "Years ago," he remarked in 1915, "Mr. Howells said we could never write of America as Dostoyevsky did of Russia, and it was true enough at the time; nor, would we ever tolerate the nudities of certain Gallic novelists. Well, we have, and I am fain to believe that the tragic issues of American life should be given fuller expression . . . ." Huneker seems to have foreseen that the lack of tragic vision and concern with evil would operate against Howells, just as he emphasized those qualities which have already produced something of a Howells revival: the comprehensiveness and faithfulness of his portrait of America.[51]

Another American whose revival is one of the most remarkable facts of our literary history outranked Howells in Huneker's estimation. More than forty years before the "rediscovery" of Henry James, Huneker was proclaiming him America's greatest contemporary novelist and perhaps keenest critic. He wrote more about James than about any other American writer and probably quoted him more often than any novelist except Flaubert.

By the mid-nineties the popularity James had won with *Daisy Miller* and *The Portrait of a Lady* had vanished, leaving him only a small cult of readers. Yet in 1895 Huneker wrote of him that "our greatest artist lives in London. When he publishes we poke fun at his exquisite style and cadenced prose." A few months later Huneker, who despite his antipathy to socialism had hobnobbed with East Side radicals and was exceedingly well read on the subject of anarchism—he later wrote editorials on it for the *Sun*—singled out *The Princess Casamassima* as James's greatest novel thus far. *The Spoils of Poynton*, he remarked later in 1896, was "full of humanity and delicate strokes of art and observation," although its theme was "caviare to the general reader." In the same year he defended the "master of living American novelists" against charges of "un-Americanism."

Year after year Huneker reviewed James's novels. *What Maisie Knew* was the "masterpiece of the season," he wrote in 1897, "surely the most remarkable analysis of a child's soul the world has ever enjoyed."[52] In 1898 he noted that

In the Cage was a "miracle of workmanship" though slight in theme and curiously involved in style. Two months later he remarked of "The Turn of the Screw," published in *The Two Magics*, that "never in the history of the supernatural has such a story been written." In *The Sacred Fount*, he noted in 1902, James had taken the "purely physical point of view" for his thesis and the reviewers of the book feared to look his proposition "squarely in the eye." In the same year Huneker wrote an important essay on *The Wings of the Dove*, indicating his solid awareness of James's accomplishments in technique and including an entertaining parody of the late Jamesian sentence: "The style is crackjaw—a jungle of inversions, suspensions, elisions, repetitions, echoes, transpositions, transformations, neologisms, in which the heads of young adjectives gaze despairingly and from afar at verbs that come thundering in Teutonic fashion at the close of sentences leagues long." But Huneker belived that the reward was eminently worth the effort, and he concluded prophetically: "It is fiction of the future; it is a precursor of the book our children and grandchildren will enjoy when all the hurly-burly of noisy adventure, of cheap historical tales and still cheaper drawing-room struttings shall have vanished from fiction." After James's death in 1916, Huneker eulogized him, stressed the influence of his fiction, decried his neglect in America, and again predicted that time would right the injustice. Less than a year before his own death he twice reviewed James's posthumously published letters.

Of the American writers of his own generation, Huneker gave most attention to Edgar Saltus, Henry B. Fuller, and Edith Wharton. Judging from their present reputation, he seems to have overrated the once popular Saltus and Fuller. The former's lush, epigrammatic style, his exotic eroticism, and his hedonism appealed to Huneker who found his fiction of the late 1880s and 1890s more colorful and daring than it has struck later generations (though, interestingly enough, thirty-four of Saltus books have been reprinted). Fuller's first book, *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani* (1890), a sensitive study of the arts in Italy which reflected with deft touches of irony the aesthetic limitations of America, impressed Huneker so much that he prophesied that Fuller would produce *the* American novel. If he did not, in Huneker's view, fulfill this promise, Fuller—who has probably never received his just due as a novelist—continued to interest Huneker long after he had been forgotten by other critics, as Mencken pointed out in 1917.[53] After Huneker again praised Fuller in 1915 in a *Puck* critique quoted in *Current Opinion*, Fuller informed him that "many people are still telling me. . . how you have put me back on the map." And when Huneker mentioned him once again in an article on "The Great American Novel" in 1916, Fuller thanked him wistfully for being "one of the few voices that raise themselves, now and then, and tell me how grand I used to be."[54]

In 1899 Huneker reviewed Edith Wharton's first book, *The Greater Inclination*, recognizing her indebtedness to Henry James but finding also in these short stories a "very neat, telling style of her own" and a delicate sense of humor; he thought that some day she would write a "strong novel." A year later he reviewed her first novelette, and, although it disappointed him, he followed her career. A section of one of his collected essays on American literature is devoted to the heroine of *The Custom of the Country* (1913), and he was impressed by her evocation of the New York of the 1870s in *The Age of Innocence* (1920). Nor did Huneker overlook such writers of his own generation as Ambrose Bierce, Mary Catherwood, F. Marion Crawford, Robert Grant, Mrs. Pearl Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes"), and Robert W. Chambers.

As for the younger ones, Huneker knew Stephen Crane for some years and is always cited as an important source in Crane's biography though their relations are somewhat hazy; but, surprisingly, he apparently did not review any of Crane's books. Perhaps he agreed with Rupert Hughes that Crane was sometimes careless or used too many adjectives and adverbs,[55] for in 1898 he wrote what seems to be an original parody, reproduced below, of Crane's colorful war correspondence. Shortly after Crane's death in 1900 he printed a restrained and arrestingly brief tribute to his friend revealing either some depth of emotion or a remarkable underevaluation of Crane's work which, one would think, would have affected their friendship.

He was seemingly more impressed by the work of Frank Norris whose daring *McTeague* he greeted more cordially than most American critics did upon its publication in 1899. It must have been a heady experience for the twenty-nine-year-old Norris to read Huneker's fiat that "of all the young American writers he has the keenest vision and a strong natural style." Huneker was less impressed by Norris's *Moran of the Lady Letty*, *Blix*, and *A Man's Woman*, and it was not until *The Octopus*, he thought, that Norris had "partially fulfilled" his promise. Reviewing this "biggest novel of the purely American type" since Howells's *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, he concluded that despite certain faults, it put Norris into the front rank of fiction writers. "I begin to entertain hopes for the American novel," he wrote. Discouraged by the popularity of poor novels, he complained in 1902 that "we admire the great gifts of Frank Norris, but we really read *Ben Hur*." The early death of Norris later that year struck him as a great loss to American literature.

His relations with Theodore Dreiser were longer lasting and more complex. Although I have not been able to find it, Huneker claimed that he wrote a favorable review of Dreiser's first novel, *Sister Carrie*, which, he said, had been sent to him by Norris, the publisher's reader. For "sheer similitude," he recalled in 1914, the novel had "no equal in American fiction," and two years later he stated that Dreiser had not excelled his portrait of Carrie. In 1911, Huneker, at Dreiser's request, read the manuscript of *Jennie Gerhardt*, and the critique of the novel he sent Dreiser in a long letter (quoted in my biography of Huneker) not only constitutes some of the best advice the novelist ever received but also furnishes the most graphic evidence of Huneker's seldom-exhibited ability as a "practical" critic. Dreiser—who in a characteristically awkward phrase ranked Huneker with Mencken as "grim critically as any [critics] I know"[56]—said that he followed some of his suggestions; but Huneker obviously thought that he should have adopted more of them. "I . . . sweated blood in the corrections," he later wrote Mencken, Dreiser's chief champion, "—to no purpose. He is without an ear for prose, or an eye for form."

Huneker apparently wrote no notice of *Jennie Gerhardt* or *The Financier*, the first volume of the Cowperwood trilogy,[57] which came out in the fall of 1912 when he was abroad (though he wrote Dreiser that he had been "bowled over" by its color and documentation). But he did criticize two of Dreiser's later novels–*The Titan*, which he liked, and *The "Genius*," which he did not; both reviews are included here. Huneker's low opinion of the latter book and his failure to take an active part in defending it against charges of obscentiy - almost all he could bring himself to say about it, despite Mencken's urging to join the fight against censorship, was that it was "moral to the sermonizing point"–may have led to a coolness between him and Dreiser. Certainly a passage about the novelist in the serialized version of Huneker's autobiography (omitted in the book, where Dreiser is virtually ignored) is rather sharp. "Dreiser we must accept with his faults, full-blown," he asserted. "He is dull yet powerful at times." *Jennie Gerhardt* was more individual than *Sister Carrie* and had not been surpassed by the incomplete Cowperwood trilogy or *The "Genius*," but his most readable book was *A Hoosier Holiday*. "Nevertheless," he concluded, "the Zola influence . . . has mortised his work with materialism. Theodore Dreiser has a ponderous style and he lacks vision." Despite these comments (which he may not have seen), Dreiser wrote Mencken in 1920 that "many of Huneker's earlier critical estimates and interpretations [were] excellent–quite generous and fascinating."

Huneker cared even less for Dreiser's spiritual bedfellows, the "Muckrakers." Distrusting reformers, indifferent to politics except for an aversion to socialism, and opposed to badly written polemic tracts in the guise of fiction, he naturally had little sympathy for these writers though he corresponded briefly with Upton Sinclair and perhaps with David Graham Phillips.[58] His little-known attacks on this group, printed in the *Sun* in 1908 and 1910, are among his most outspoken articles on American literature and should be a prime source for students of the Muckraking movement in fiction.

Huneker praised books by lesser novelists, popular or unknown. His friendship for versatile Rupert Hughes, going back to the days of *M'lle New York* to which Hughes had made lively contributions, probably accounted in part for his kind words about Hughes's light novels. Similarly, his admiration for Willard Huntington Wright, an editor and literary and art critic before he became rich and famous as S. S. Vane Dine, author of detective novels, lay behind his notice of Wright's first, forgotten novel, *The Man of Promise* (1916). He admitted that he was entertained by a popular novel, *The Salamander*, by Owen Johnson, better known as the author of *Stover of Yale* and other books for boys. He apparently did not know Johnson or any of the four younger writers he singled out for special attention in his last years: Katherine Fullerton Gerould, H. G. Dwight, William McFee, and Stephen F. Whitman, all of whom must have received their first important review from him.

As a short-story writer (and later a novelist) himself, he was more comfortable as a critic of fiction than of poetry. Apart from his criticism of Whitman and Poe–whose fiction Huneker seems to have preferred to his verse–he seldom came to grips with poetry. Sidney Lanier, for example, interested him more as a critic than as a poet, despite Lanier's musicality. But if Huneker did not criticize much American verse during the 1890s, he nevertheless directed his readers to the best poets of a rather barren period chiefly by including shorter poems in his "Raconteur" column. In 1891, for example, he reprinted Emily Dickinson's "I'm Nobody! Who are You?" with the comment that she had "a delicacy of expression like Chopin's . . . and her soul, timidly ardent and coy in color, repressed itself within the bounds of a few shyly passionate phrases that are as fragmentary as Sappho's, but nearly as precious." A little later he reproduced polished poems by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. As early as 1898 Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Luke Havergal" headed Huneker's column, and poems by Richard Hovey, Lizette Woodward Reese, and William Vaughn Moody appeared there around the turn of the century. He also admired the work of the short-lived George Cabot Lodge whom he met in Paris in 1896 and whom he later called a poet of "genuine importance."[59] The poet he did most to encourage was George Sylvester Viereck whose erotic verse, derived from Swinburne and Wilde, appealed to Huneker's taste for the musical, the highly colored, and the sexually daring. After reading it in manuscript, Huneker recommended the young German-American's first book to Brentano's who published it in 1906, thus launching Viereck's brief career as the *enfant terrible* of American letters, the Truman Capote of his day.[60] Though Huneker did not review the book, he did find a publisher for four other early books by Viereck and gave him a public send-off by describing him in the *North American Review* at the beginning of 1907 as "that youthful prodigy . . . whose imaginative verse is shot through with the splendors of Heine, Swinburne, and Keats." This description came at the conclusion of an enthusiastic critique of an early book by Olive Tilford Dargan, his most extensive study of a contemporary American poet.

Most of the free verse that enjoyed a vogue in the next decade left him cold. Amy Lowell was an "accomplished poet and technician," he remarked in 1916 while reviewing her volume of criticism, *Six French Poets*,[61] but by 1921 he felt that the imitation of Whitman's form by the "younger, hoarser choir" had produced "a new school . . . in which epilepsy and sterility are the dominant characteristics."

Throughout his career Huneker also reviewed books by American literary critics, almost always those of his own or of the younger generation. The American critic he admired the most was "tolerant and catholic" Henry James.[62] One literary historian claims that James was "the one previous American critic who seems to have influenced [Huneker] in any respect" and that "much of [Huneker's] attitude toward technical criticism came directly from" James (a rather vague statement that would be difficult to prove).[63] Though he frequently quoted James, he seldom discussed his criticism alone, the brief review here of *Notes on Novelists* being an exception. Likewise, as I have shown, he quoted and often agreed with the critical dicta of Howells whose interest in European literature was as far ranging as his own, but he did not examine Howells's criticism as a whole.

The critic of his own generation Huneker seems to have respected most was William C. Brownell, his editor at Scribner's from 1910 to 1920. Apart from the fact that Brownell had also been an art critic and was a champion of cosmopolitanism—he might have been partly responsible for the large number of books on the arts published by Scribner's, with which he was connected for almost forty years -the two men had little in common. As a writer the quiet, scholarly Brownell lacked humor and charm, and as a critic he was judicial rather than impressionistic, focusing on dead, accepted "masters" rather than on contemporary, controversial figures. Moreover, he was opposed to art for art's sake, believing that great art should proceed from and lead to good morals; nasty words and tales of sexual abnormality made him wince. But he was generally sound (Edith Wharton, his author at Scribner's, considered him the "the most discerning literary critic of our day"),[64] and his capacity for sustained reasoning impressed Huneker who, though he disagreed with him on Poe and Henry James, was conscious of his own lack of formal education and limitations as a logical thinker. "You are the only critic we have," Huneker modestly wrote Brownell in 1914, "I mean one with a cosmopolitan breadth, not parochial like most of the college professors"[65]—a statement that would have astonished Mencken who remarked three years later that "time and time again I go to [Huneker's] books to get rid of my cobwebs—particularly after arising from such a terrible piece of punditry as the *Standards* of W. C. Brownell."[66] Yet Huneker, in addition to applauding Brownell's earlier work in the passages reproduced here, described his *Criticism* (1914) and *Standards* (1917) as "invaluable studies.'[67]

Unlike the early Mencken, Huneker respected *some* academic critics. He quoted and corresponded with Brander Matthews of Columbia University who was more cosmopolitan than most of his colleagues, having lived in France and written pioneering works about the French stage (though Mencken considered him an "old ass" and derided him for worshipping the "dead bones" of Scribe, Sardou, Robertson, and Bulwer-Lytton).[68] Another Columbia professor Huneker respected was Harry Thurston Peck, editor of the *Bookman* from 1895 to 1902, with whom he continued to correspond after Peck had left the magazine and thus could not go on championing Huneker's books there. Huneker also wrote at least one friendly letter to the popular Yale professor, William Lyon Phelps, and at least two to Princeton's Paul Elmer More, whom Mencken grouped with the "crepe-clad pundits, the bombastic word-mongers of the campus school. . . ."[69] And Bliss Perry, the famous Harvard professor, never forgot that Huneker—"who deserved more praise as a critic than he ever received"—wrote him a couple of letters about his *Study of Prose Fiction* (1902).[70]

Yet Huneker certainly found it hard to stomach the criticism of certain heavy-handed contemporaries, especially those sharing what Mencken called "the Hamilton Wright Mabie Complex." In his comments on Maurice Thompson and Henry Van Dyke, Huneker pays his disrespects to those churchly critics whose complaints he called the "moral cackling of the hen-minded."[71]

Far more to his taste was the work of three other critics of his own generation: John Jay Chapman, Vance Thompson, and, despite their quarrel, Percival Pollard. The Chapman he admired was not, of course, the bitter anti-Semite of the 1920s but the literary critic of the 1890s whose searching examination of Whitman had helped change Huneker's mind about the poet. Similarly, the Vance Thompson he knew and respected was the brilliant, iconoclastic critic of drama, literature, and art, the founder of *M'lle New York*, the author of *French Portraits* (1900)–the man who Huneker said in 1899 should be called "Ad-Vance" because he always was ahead of everyone else in his critical discoveries.[72] Around the turn of the century Thompson seemed to be *the* bright hope of American criticism, the one from whom the coterie of the *Criterion*, then the liveliest magazine in America, expected the most.[73] But clever though he was, with his gift for the scintillating phrase and the colorful description, especially of the eccentric personality, he never fulfilled this early promise; and even if *French Portraits* is more superficial and less original than one would gather from Huneker, Thompson never produced anything more memorable in the last twenty-five years of his life. His later books on eating and drinking were little more than potboilers, a sad comedown that Huneker's gauzy article of 1915 does not entirely obscure. In these two reviews Huneker chronicles, as it were, the rise and fall of the writer who with Pollard and himself formed the triumvirate of the leading impressionistic critics of the *fin de siècle* in America.

As for Pollard, Huneker, for reasons we have seen, did not review his most important critical work. The two notices of slight Pollard novels are included chiefly as evidence that Huneker had not ignored his earlier books. And even when he denied in his autobiography Pollard's charge that he had neglected Americans, Huneker generously called him "a capital critic."[74]

Of the younger American literary critics, most of whom looked up to him as the elder statesman of the craft (or as Huneker's protégé and most worshipful friend Benjamin De Casseres put it, "a daddy, in a way, to all of us"),[75] Huneker was personally closest to Mencken. But from 1905, when the twenty-four-year-old Baltimorean reviewed Huneker's *Iconoclasts*, to 1914, the criticism seems to have been one-way except for a brief reference by Huneker in 1910 to Mencken's "admirable study" of Nietzsche.[76] The two men apparently had met by 1913 when the *Smart Set*, under the editorship of Willard Huntington Wright, reprinted two of Huneker's more daring short stories, and they hit it off well from the beginning. In 1914, after Mencken, already the most famous young literary critic in the country, became *Smart Set*'s coeditor with George Jean Nathan, the trio became the "three musketeers" of American criticism–or, more precisely, two rising musketeers and a retiring general. Huneker now had a chance to return the compliments, and in *Puck* he published several reviews of books by Mencken and Nathan.

Huneker probably had more in common with the aesthetic, apolitical Nathan than with the socially conscious Mencken, since the former could appreciate painting as well as drama, literature, and music (though the love of music was an especially close bond between Huneker and Mencken). But over the dinner-table Huneker apparently found the hearty, beer-loving, down-to-earth Mencken a better companion and listener than Nathan, for he wrote far more letters to Mencken–or, at any rate, Mencken saved many more of them. (The one that must have pleased him most came in 1919, after the publication of Mencken's *Prejudices*, the first in a celebrated series. "You have us *all* lashed to the mast," Huneker wrote. "You are *It* in the American critical circus. All the rest are fading ghosts.")[77]

The longest and weightiest criticism of either of these "disciples" by Huneker appeared in the New York *World* in 1920. When *Steeplejack* was finally published that year (after a printer's strike) Mencken was annoyed to discover that it contained an account of Huneker's brief visit to the home of Theodore Roosevelt whose belligerently anti-German prejudices (which Mencken thought Huneker privately opposed) made him anathema to Mencken. Moreover, he thought Huneker had been unduly reticent in *Steeplejack* about both his private and his intellectual life. Deciding that his friend deserved to be reprimanded for these lapses with "good German artillery," as he told Dreiser, Mencken announced in the New York *Evening Post* in late September, 1920, that Huneker, "for a whole epoch the gadfly and bugaboo of all right-thinking men—a Bolshevik of the Bozart, a preacher of sickening carnalities," had now become a "respectable Philadelphian with the gilt-edged purple of the National Institute of Arts and Letters in his buttonhole, . . . one fetched by the braggadocio of the late Roosevelt, a 100 per cent American."

Surprised and hurt by this largely unjustified attack (the brief passage on Roosevelt was not political, and the author of *Steeplejack* could not be decribed as a "100 per cent American," if that epithet were applied to him, as Huneker apparently believed, rather than to Roosevelt as Mencken might have intended), Huneker replied two weeks later with a clever article in the *World* that was at the same time a review of Burton Rascoe's study of Mencken, a critique of Mencken, and a defense of *Steeplejack*. He even sent a copy of the piece to Mencken who could not remain angry with him. When Mencken reviewed *Steeplejack* again in the December, 1920 issue of *Smart Set*, he softened his complaints against Huneker in a column ironically headed "Chiefly American." They remained friends.

Rascoe, who described Huneker in his book on Mencken as "probably as near an approach to a perfect critic as we have had," was one of the "more contumacious of the younger critics" who, Mencken recalled (no doubt including himself), rallied around Huneker.[78] Another, in a way, was Van Wyck Brooks whose outspoken *America*'s *Coming-of-Age* Huneker praised in 1916. Though Brooks felt, almost forty years later after he had dropped his earlier iconoclasm in favor of a nostalgic quest for a "usable" American past, that he had not attacked the New England writers quite so indiscriminately as Huneker had suggested, he emphasized Huneker's contributions to American culture by beginning the last volume of his long history of American literature with Huneker's arrival in New York in 1886. And Brooks was one of the two critics (Irving Kolodin was the other) to pay tribute to Huneker on his supposed centenary in 1960.

I do not wish to exaggerate the scope of Huneker's criticism of American literature. The best of it was generally restricted to novelists flourishing around the turn of the centruy; a systematic approach to the major figures in the entire range of our literature is not to be discovered in his essays. Moreover, his prejudice against some New England writers -salutary as it may have been when Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell were considered the equals of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau–disqualified him as an objective critic of the main stream of the American literary tradition. And his aristocratic bias and generally conservative taste in poetry prevented him from doing full justice to Whitman and the free-verse school.

Within his limits, however, and particularly in his special province, the contemporary novel, he was remarkably perceptive and prophetic. Very few of his American swans turned out to be geese; recent criticism has largely confirmed his judgment of Howells, James, Norris, and Dreiser. This, I submit, is no mean achievement for a critic -and especially for one allegedly oblivious to the writings of his countrymen. Surely it is time that our literary historians dispelled the legend of Huneker's indifference to American literature.

VI

Huneker's "Americanism" was strongest and most concentrated in the field he entered last–art criticism. Reflecting, perhaps, his father's interest in American painting, his early exposure to Philadelphia artists, and his connection with the world of art through his marriages (Clio being a sculptor and Josephine a miniaturist), he championed native painters more zealously than composers, dramatists, or writers. Though echoing the idea that Huneker "seldom wrote on American subjects in literature or music," Van Wyck Brooks, something of an art as well as a literary historian, acknowledged that Huneker had written "good papers on several American painters."[79] But he deserved far more credit than this. As Jerome Mellquist, an expert on American art of the early twentieth century, has noted, he was "almost unfailingly sympathetic" toward American artists.[80]

As critic for the art-oriented *Sun*, Huneker sought out young or neglected American painters from the very beginning. "Those fellows who have been buffeted and crowded out and subjected to the petty miseries of spiteful mediocrity -these are the chaps I'm after," he told the *Sun*'s editor in February, 1907. To what extent he "discovered" such painters or how much he was indebted to other New York critics such as Charles FitzGerald and Frederick James Gregg, both of the *Evening Sun*, is a question art historians should investigate. According to painter Guy Pène du Bois, art critic for the New York *American* when Huneker was on the *Sun*, FitzGerald and Gregg "brought the New York Realists to the attention of those newspaper readers who considered the art page anathema."[81] Miffed at Huneker for not having received more support from him against the virtual suppression of *The "Genius*," Theodore Dreiser, author of a number of articles on American painters published between 1897 and 1900 and a lifelong student of painting, was probably exaggerating when he wrote Mencken in 1920 that "in many cases [Huneker] was the very last to discover certain people, especially Americans like Davies. . . . He waited until all the European reports were in and then generalized upon them–a safe bet." But, Dreiser quickly added, "despite that he was and is a fine writer, interpretative and illuminating. He was certainly very much needed over here."[82]

Though he almost never claimed to have "discovered" anyone, Huneker was particularly proud of his efforts on behalf of American painters and sculptors, some of whom never forgot what he did for them. Forty-three years after his first exhibition in 1907 Rockwell Kent recalled how exciting it was for a recent art-school graduate to receive kudos from New York's most famous critic. John Sloan remembered that Huneker gave him his first favorable notice, and Jerome Myers recorded the fact that Huneker was one of the few critics who praised his first one-man show in 1908. After an article on George Grey Barnard appeared in the *Sun* in the same year, the sculptor was so pleased that he wrote to thank Huneker for having seen some good in his art and wishing for more.[83]

Huneker's greatest contribution to the cause of American painting was his vigorous support of the group known as "The Eight"–Robert Henri, Sloan, William Glackens, George Luks, Everett Shinn, Maurice Prendergast, Ernest Lawson, and Arthur Davies. Henri, who had known Sloan, Glackens, Luks, and Shinn in Philadelphia when they were newspaper illustrators, had urged them to become serious painters and to capture on canvas the street scenes, saloons, slums, and river fronts they recorded as newspapermen. Moving to New York and struggling to sell their paintings, they decided to exhibit as a group. When their show opened in February, 1908, most critics, accustomed to the pretty and the sentimental, complained that the ugly and dirty were bad enough in life without being perpetuated in such "ash-can" art–the same argument Huneker had opposed in his drama and literary criticism. Having already praised the work of Henri, Lawson, Luks, and Sloan in other exhibitions, he now applauded the sincerity, power, earthiness, and courage of all "The Eight." If they were sometimes raw, crude, and harsh, he wrote, it was because they were experimenting, as all true artists must. The important thing was that they had new ideas to communicate.

For years he kept his eyes—and his pen—on these painters. Sloan described an article by Huneker on Luks (the critic's special favorite in the group, together with Davies and Lawson) as an excellent example of Huneker's ability to interest. "He's different from the average critic," Sloan noted, "in that they think they are sent by God to shield mankind from what they don't care for themselves." In one of the few articles on American painters he later reprinted, Huneker referred to Davies in 1908 as the "most poetic and original painter in America." When all of "The Eight" went on to become successful and famous, no critic could claim more credit than Huneker.

But "The Eight" were not the only American painters he boomed. In 1907 and 1909 he devoted long articles to "The Ten"—Frank W. Benson, William Chase, Joseph De Camp, T. W. Dewing, Childe Hassam, Willard L. Metcalf, Robert Reid, Edward Simmons, Edmund C. Tarbell, and J. Alden Weir. In 1909 he labeled the memorable Alfred Maurer-John Marin exhibition at the Little Galleries a "duet in fire and shadow"—Maurer supplying the fire and Marin the mist. And at least as early as 1910 he was maintaining that George

Bellows was "in a class by himself" and a "genuine talent."

Huneker's repeated commendation of Chase and Weir and his essays on Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Albert Ryder, Winslow Homer, John LaFarge, George Inness, Alexander H. Wyant, and Homer D. Martin testified that a painter did not have to be "advanced" to win his attention (though he later wrote that the last three were overrated).[84] Never losing his early love for engravings and etchings, he wrote studies of accepted masters in this field including Timothy Cole, Henry Wolf, and Whistler. Sometimes he rebelled against art that had nothing to recommend it but blatant novelty. In April, 1910, for example, he was impatient with the huge exhibition of Independent Artists which he called "vaudeville in color." He saw only "wretched paint, draughtmanship and composition" in so many of the pictures in what Sloan called "the best exhibition ever held on this continent" that he wondered whether the pendulum had not swung from the insipidity and conventionality of the Academy to the other extreme. Two years later, however, he was again complaining about the mediocrity of the Academy's semiannual shows.

His sympathies were actually with the experimenters. Though he disliked the New Photography, which he called a "smeary compound of mush and mezzotint," Huneker was probably the most enthusiastic supporter among the major critics of Alfred Stieglitz's and Edward Steichen's tiny new gallery known as "291" or the "Little Galleries." One of his earliest art articles for the *Sun* was a notice of an exhibition by a young Englishwoman, Pamela Colman Smith, the first show at "291"; his description of her paintings—"memoranda of a spiritual exultation, of the soul under the influence of music, or haunted by some sinister imagining"—helped to attract 2,200 visitors in less than three weeks and to publicize the "Little Galleries" as *the* showplace for the new. It was here that the pictures of Matisse were hung in 1908, an event that has been called the introduction of modern art to America. When Marin, Maurer, Max Weber, and other young American painters influenced by Matisse gave an exhibiton at "291" in 1910, no critic was more responsive than Huneker even if some of the paintings baffled him. Weber's *Summer* was a clever study of basic forms, he remarked, but in the process the picture had vanished; it reminded him of the old hospital saying that the "operation was successful but the patient died." Yet he spoke well of the other painters who, according to Jerome Mellquist, "needed a Huneker on every paper . . . [to] sing them and urge them and announce them, if necessary, until the thinking of Americans had been changed. Then perhaps these young men might eat from the product of their labor."

By this time Huneker felt that Stieglitz had done so much to open the eyes of the Philistines that he nominated him for the Hall of Fame. The feeling was mutual, for Stieglitz frequently reprinted Huneker's "291" notices in *Camera Work*, the avant-garde art magazine he edited. Less sympathetic than Stieglitz to cubism and abstract painting, Huneker continued to applaud the courage and determination of the dynamic leader of "291." "I found [him] still the enthusiast and rebel against the provinciality of American ideas in the region of art," he wrote in late May, 1914, after talking with Stieglitz for the first time in several years. "He has fought a good fight, and for the sheer love of art; for the profit of his soul and not of his pocket." When *Camera Work* commemorated, a year later, Stieglitz's efforts on behalf of modern art, Huneker went to congratulate him in person, pleasing Stieglitz who had recently described the critic as one of the very few writers in the country who knew what he was writing about. Steichen also shared the "very high regard" that many people in the art world had for Huneker.

After leaving the *Sun* in 1912 he was never as close to the American art scene as he had been in the preceding six years, and his influence on young painters probably waned, as Thomas Hart Benton recalled.[85] The roving foreign correspondent for the *New York Times* still visited museums and galleries in Europe and wrote about pictures; he even served as scout and agent for his friend John Quinn,[86] already forming one of the world's greatest private collections of modern art. But Huneker was living in Berlin when the famous Armory Show opened in New York on February 17, 1913, and he never saw it though Quinn and probably Gregg, chairman of its press committee and author of the introduction to its catalogue, wrote him about it. Upon his return to America a few months after the show closed he repeated, almost verbatim, comments he had made six years earlier when criticizing "The Eight"; the tools of young American artists did not matter so long as they had individuality, for art was not a fixed quantity but an endless experimenting. The only important question was whether they had something to say and a personal way of saying it, and his answer was a "decided affirmative."

Beginning in the spring of 1914 Huneker occasionally criticized pictures for *Puck*, proudly identified by the magazine as the greatest art critic in America. Praising the work of Luks, Prendergast, Lawson, Chase, Weir, J. H. Twachtman and other old favorites, he also gave special attention to Alexander Harrison, Kenneth Hayes Miller, and several painters he had seldom mentioned before. He deplored slavish imitation of the Post-Impressionists, Cubists, and Zonists but agreed that anything was better than a return to "benumbing academic methods" and that the freedom of the new forms might help these artists "avoid the pitfalls of the obvious." When George Bellows won an important prize at the Spring Academy exhibition in 1914, Huneker happily announced that his prediction (which I have not located) that Bellows would "arrive" had come true. Perhaps at his suggestion, moreover, two of the paintings of John Marin, whose reputation was rapidly rising, were reproduced in *Puck* in 1914–one on the cover and one in Huneker's column.

Though he was far more receptive to modern painting than they, Huneker was friendly with the two leading conservative art critics of the New York press, Royal Cortissoz of the *Tribune* and Frank Jewett Mather of the *Evening Post* and the *Nation* (later professor of art and archeology at Princeton). Of the two, he was much closer to Cortissoz who admired Whistler, Sargent, Thayer, LaFarge, and Saint-Gaudens but could see no beauty in the work of "The Eight," whom he advised to pursue the "straightforward portrayal of visible things"[87] –which, Huneker replied, was exactly what they had attempted to do. Willard Huntington Wright, an outspoken champion of modern art, described Cortissoz as an "industrious, sincere, well-informed, commonplace unillumined writer, who possesses a marked antipathy to all that is new."[88] But Huneker, possibly motivated in part by the fact that Cortissoz, sometime literary editor of the *Tribune*, had always reviewed his books favorably, maintained a cordial correspondence with him during Huneker's last ten years. And despite their difference in taste Huneker respected Mather's more specialized and deeper knowledge, wrote him deferentially, and referred to him publicly as "one of the rare critics of art in his generation," while Mather remembered Huneker as a delightful writer with "a big swallow for oddities and novelties" and at bottom a "charmingly irrepressible romantic."

Wright, whose *Modern Painting* (1915) Huneker recommended even though he considered him too sympathetic toward some of the "crazy stuff," obviously preferred Huneker to Cortissoz. According to the much younger and more theoretically minded Wright, if Huneker was not "a source of aesthetic stimulation" and did "not pretend to help us toward a clearer understanding of art problems," he was, at least, "very entertaining" as well as "honest and courageous enough to disclaim any assumption of standard-setting." And Huneker was certainly more tolerant than Cortissoz.[89] Tending to hedge (as he did in art criticism more than elsewhere), Huneker, briefly noticing Mather's *Estimates in Art* shortly afterward, looked forward to a book by Mather that would serve as a "counterblast" to Wright's "brave but dogmatic" volume.

More substantial was Huneker's long review in 1907 of a work by another critic, the American-educated Bernard Berenson. After Huneker sent him a copy of his *Promenades of an Impressionist*, Berenson thanked him for a "most refreshing, sparkling, stimulating book." "What is more," he added, "I came away with the feeling that the author must be just the kind of a man I should like."[90] Over forty years later the world's foremost authority on Italian Renaissance painters regretted that he had never met Huneker. Berenson also recalled that Huneker had written appreciatively about him when few others dared to and was admirable as "a taster who wanted to tell others how to taste."

As his admiration for the cosmopolitan Berenson suggests, Huneker was hardly any more chauvinistic as an art critic than as a music, drama, or literary critic. He believed, indeed, that self-conscious Americanism was provincial. When Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor who later created the famous presidential portraits on Mt. Rushmore, was labeled unpatriotic in 1908 because he had deprecated the quality of American sculpture and architecture, Huneker quickly came to his defense. "The truth is that there is too much clotted nonsense written about an 'American' art," he asserted. "We must fight ugliness and mediocrity, and let originality take care of itself . . . [though] it is not a quality to be despised. . . . We are in our art infancy and we derive from the Old World in art." He was equally scornful of the puritanical view that the painting of nudes was immoral, defending George Sauter's *The Bridal Morning* as "a harmless theme treated with propriety" when the picture caused a commotion in Pittsburgh. "O Culture," he exclaimed, "what crimes are committed in thy name in benighted America!"

No critic did more than Huneker to brighten the cultural climate for the American painter. Many persons more interested in his writing on music, drama, or literature must have followed him into the region of art, often in the direction of the struggling young American. Relatively few painters examined by any critic during a decade or so become famous; some of the names in Huneker's critiques of group shows cannot even be identified today. But most of the subjects of his more extensive studies now loom large in the galleries and in the history of American painting. "There was no one like him," recalled Henry McBride, Huneker's successor on the *Sun* and for many years thereafter the dean of American art critics. "His strength lay in his knowledge of life and his ability to write." "When [Huneker] *felt*," Jerome Mellquist remarked, "he could impart a grace and a quality of spiritual audacity unsurpassed by any critic in his generation." In 1950 Thomas Craven, the art historian, remarked that "no critic now working for the American press is to be mentioned in the same breath with [Huneker] . . . . He stands out monumentally when one thinks of the current phonies and hacks who write their indecipherable jargon about painting."[91] All these experts knew how much Huneker had done for American art. And yet, incredibly, Barbara Rose, who refers to a number of other critics in her *American Art Since 1900: A Critical History* (1967), completely ignores Huneker.

VII

The selections that follow do not include everything that Huneker published about Americans in the arts; omitted are some twenty essays on Americans that appeared in his collections. (These are listed in an appendix with the details of their original publication.) The reprinting of Huneker's books that Leonard Liebling, his successor on the *Musical Courier*, called for as early as 1945[92] is almost completed; fifteen—containing all of his gathered essays except those in *The Pathos of Distance*—are now in print. It seems preferable, then, to devote the space here to uncollected pieces which would otherwise remain unknown.

These are not all equal in length or quality. During his fifteen years on the *Musical Courier* he could not write only long essays but had to mention names and tell stories which would hold the attention of his less studious readers. His critiques there of American composers, with the occasional exception of MacDowell, were generally brief though often more extensive than his remarks on American dramatists, novelists, poets, and painters since he was writing for a predominantly musical audience. Passages from articles which were originally potpourris, lacking thematic unity, have been excerpted; since none of these pieces was polished for republication, my emphasis throughout is on content rather than style. Even though some extracts are scarcely a paragraph they are, I think, worth reproducing, not only because they furnish evidence of Huneker's "Americanism" but also because they provide a historical record of the contemporary reception of our most distinguished artists by an exceptionally *au courant* and versatile critic. This compilation can thus serve as a source book for historians and biographers as well as anthologists of American criticism who, by the way, have grossly neglected Huneker.

In his edition of *Great Essays* (1954), Houston Peterson states that he omitted Huneker—who he felt "should be here"—because no single essay of his could illustrate his "enormous zest and refreshing taste."[93] Perhaps a mass of short pieces on varied arts will adequately illustrate those qualities.

The quality of the longer articles, most of them from the *Sun*, is not greatly diminished by the fact that Huneker never refined them for book publication. He was usually too busy turning out new material to spend much time revising old; when it came to collecting essays into books he seldom did more than update the material or correct obvious errors. This is probably what Guy Pène du Bois meant when he wrote that "we used to call him the greatest artist with the scissors and paste pot in the world."[94] But like the shorter ones, these writings display the breezy spontaneity, the wit, color, and charm (and, to be sure, the annoying allusiveness, the incohesiveness, and the whimsical punctuation) characteristic of their author.

The sections generally follow the order of Huneker's involvement with professional criticism—music, drama, literature, and art (though the last two sections could be reversed since he wrote articles on books for the *Sun* after he had become its art critic; but he was also writing about literature for the *Musical Courier* before he joined the *Sun*). Within each section are critiques on creator, interpreter (where applicable), critic, and artistic topics, respectively. The section on literature is further divided into novelists and poets. Within each division the arrangement is alphabetical; if more than one American is discussed in the same article, it is listed under the name of the one who receives the most extended treatment therein or, if the treatment is equal, under the name of the one discussed first, the other name(s) being listed in the alphabetical sequence with a note referring to that article. Writings on the same person are grouped together in chronological order. The headnotes are designed to give specialists additional information, largely bibliographical.

A special problem remains with Huneker's art critiques. As befits the account of a group exhibiton, he mentions in the course of a single notice a good many painters, some only fleetingly. To extract every reference to an artist would make the excerpts excessively choppy and would obscure the unity (if any) of the review of a particular show. I have therefore followed the practice of keeping the reviews of each group exhibition intact, providing headnotes for critiques of those artists to whom Huneker paid repeated or memorable attention. (Relatively few headnotes will be found in this section because a good deal of this material is discussed in the introduction.) Artists to whom he devotes only a sentence or two are not listed alphabetically in the text or headnoted unless they have some personal connection with Huneker; they are listed in the index where cross references to all the critiques in which they are discussed here will be found. If a critique consisting of several sentences or more is part of an article that deals with more than one artist and that appears alphabetically under another artist's (or show's) name, the subject of that critique will be listed in alphabetical sequence and the reader directed to it in the headnotes. The exact date and place of birth and death for most of the artists included herein, together with other information about them, may be obtained from my *A Matter of Life and Death: Vital Biographical Facts about Selected American Artists* (1977), which is largely a by-product of my research for this part of the present volume.

Finally, perhaps I should add that in what follows I include, under "Americans," not only those practitioners of the various arts born in this country, but also those who, born elsewhere, came here when young and lived here, often becoming naturalized citizens, or did here the work for which they are best known.

This book is designed as a companion to both my biography of Huneker and my projected edition of his letters, which I have been collecting for over thirty years. In the headnotes and in the documentation I have tried to minimize the duplication of material contained in the biography, as specialists will have access to the latter. Where it is known, the extent of Huneker's correspondence with the subject of a critique is indicated in the headnotes; if no reference to correspondence appears there, it means that a long search has failed to uncover any.

In 1901, when fugitive, unsigned essays by Pater were published, Huneker's friend, Arthur Symons, protested. "To print as a part of his 'works,' a quite arbitrary selection from his literary journalism," he wrote, "is to do a serious wrong to a writer who is no longer able to defend himself against his enemies or his friends."[95] When, in addition, the essays are truncated as well as unrevised, the wrong is even greater. One might well hesitate to issue such a book were it not for the fact that Huneker himself intended to. "What I didn't do," he wrote Mencken in that memorable letter of April 11, 1916, "was to print a volume on American art and I'll do it some day and date it and you may be surprised." Financially pressed during the last five years of his life, he never found the time to do it. Almost seventy years later I have finished the job, and I hope I have done him justice.

NOTES

The following abbreviations are used below: ATS: Arnold T. Schwab; JGH: James Gibbons Huneker; N. Y.: New York.

1. All but two of Mencken's letters to Huneker have apparently disappeared.
2. "With Your Kind Permission," *Smart Set*, 41 (October 1913): 154; "The

Prometheus of the Western World," 46 (July 1915): 444; and "The Literature of a Moral Republic," 47 (October 1915): 153.

3. *Letters of James Gibbons Huneker*, ed. Josephine Huneker (N.Y.: Scribner's, 1922), pp. 209-210.

4. Mencken admitted learning from Pollard the "value, to a critic, of concentrating on a few men. Pollard used Ambrose Bierce; I used Dreiser" (*Letters of H. L. Mencken*, ed. Guy L. Forgue [N.Y.: Alfred A. Knopf, 1961], p. 186). Mencken says nothing here about his debt to Huneker, who, he told Dreiser in 1911–while Pollard was still living–had, along with William Archer, "given me more ideas than any other living critics" (ibid., p. 15).

5. *Their Day in Court* (N.Y.: Neale, 1909), pp. 445ff. In his copy of the book, now in the N.Y. Public Library, JGH underlined the word "Bierce" in Pollard's statement that "someday, perhaps, a twentieth century Baudelaire may discover Bierce" and wrote "oh!" in the margin (p. 454).

6. Quoted by George Kummer, "Percival Pollard: Precursor of the Twenties," (Ph.D. Diss., New York University, 1946), p. 108.

7. Pollard's review originally appeared in "The Literary Show," *Town Topics*, 61 (April 29, 1909): 19. On January 15, 1909, JGH stated in a letter to Mrs. Edward MacDowell that he had "finished" two new books"–*Egoists* and *Promenades of an Impressionist* (MacDowell Collection, Music Division, Library of Congress).

8. *Masks and Minstrels of New Germany* (Boston: John W. Luce, 1911), pp. 176, 201.

9. The letter is at Dartmouth College.

10. *Old Fogy* (Philadelphia: Theodore Presser Co., 1913), pp. 167-182. It was first published as "A Seminary for Music Critics," *Musical Courier*, 35 (September 1, 1897): 18-19. In JGH's copy of *Old Fogy*, now in the N.Y. Public Library, "Quelson" is identified as Louis Elson; "Dr. Larry Nopkin" as Jerome Hopkins; "Blink" as Finck; "Saunderson" as Henderson; "Mr. Tile" as Ziegler; "Slehbiel" as Krehbiel; and "Mr. Van Oven" as De Koven. JGH also identifies Vance Thompson as the actual author of the section in the article entitled "How I Heard Paderewski" (pp. 178-180).

11. *A Book of Prefaces* (N.Y.: Alfred A. Knopf, 1917), see pp. 161, 163, 187, 190-191. Mencken's first volume of critical essays includes a revised version of the article, which first appeared in the N.Y. *Evening Mail* on July 21, 1917. Expatriate Ezra Pound's comment on this essay in his letter to Mencken of November 28, 1917, is interesting: "Re Huneker I think you weakened your case a little by only having at your disposal some very few new artists *not* necessarily better than those he 'has got to.' One may still prefer Debussy to Ornstein, even though DeB is stuck at about 1910" (*Letters of Ezra Pound: 1907-1941*, ed. D. D. Paige [London: Faber and Faber, 1951], p. 125). Pound wrote me on December 30, 1951, that he did not know Huneker.

12. "The American Novel," *Prejudices: Fourth Series* (N.Y.: Alfred A. Knopf, 1924), p. 287.

13. *H. L. Mencken: Literary Critic* (Middletown, Conn.: Wesleyan University Press, 1964), pp. 11, 192.

14. See my article, "Huneker's Hidden Birthdate," *American Literature*, 23 (November 1951): 351-354. For the sources of all biographical material summarized here, see the notes to my *James Gibbons Huneker: Critic of the Seven Arts* (Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1963).

15. See Ernest Earnest, *S. Weir Mitchell: Novelist and Physician* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1950), p. 92.

16. Review of Huneker's *Steeplejack*, *North American Review*, 213 (April 1921): 558.

17. *Musical Courier*, 36 (April 13, 1898): 24.

18. Without giving its date, Huneker refers to this affiliation in an unpublished letter dated May 10, 1900, to the *Morning Telegraph*'s drama critic, Epes W. Sargent, which turned up in 1981 (Theatre Collection, New York Public Library); I have not seen it mentioned elsewhere.

19. *A Book of Prefaces*, p. 171. See, also, "Huneker: A Memory," *Prejudices: Third Series* (N.Y.: Alfred A. Knopf, 1922), p. 71.

20. *Chicago Tribune*, October 29, 1922, sec. 7, p. 21, and Mencken, *Prejudices: Third Series*, p. 77.

21. The playful Mencken and Nathan pulled a similar trick on Eugene O'Neill, presumably in 1924, after he received a gold medal for drama from the National Institute [Arthur and Barbara Gelb, *O'Neill*, N.Y.: Harper &Brothers, 1962, pp. 559-560].

22. The letter, probably written in 1901, has vanished; an undated draft appears in MacDowell's notebook labelled "Letters from 1900" (MacDowell Collection, Music Division, Library of Congress).

23. N.Y. *Sun*, October 18, 1903, sec. 3, p. 4.

24. Letter, Arthur Farwell to ATS, February 3, 1951. Farwell got the phrase right, but the review appeared in 1895, not 1896, as he remembered.

25. *Musical Courier*, 22 (June 3, 1891): 579.

26. Ibid., 33 (November 4, 1896): 21.

27. "Crotchets and Quavers," *Town Topics*, 43 (January 25, 1900): 17.

28. "Music," N.Y. *World*, January 21, 1920, p. 11.

29. Herman Klein, *Musicians and Mummers* (London: Cassell and Co., 1925), p. 274.

30. Finck reviewed almost every musical book by Huneker, either in the N.Y. *Evening Post*, the *Nation*, or both, as did Krehbiel in the *N.Y. Tribune* and Henderson in the N.Y. *Sun* (after 1902). These reviews were almost invariably unsigned.

31. Gilman reviewed at least one book by JGH published during the latter's lifetime, *Ivory Apes and Peacocks*, in the *North American Review*, 202 (November 1915): 769-773. After JGH's death he also reviewed *Steeplejack* (ibid., 213 [April 1921]: 556-560), and *Letters* (ibid., 216 [December 1922]: 843-848).

32. *Peter Whiffle* (N.Y.: Alfred A. Knopf, 1922), p. 187.

33. *Musical Courier*, 25 (July 6, 1892): 8.

34. N.Y. *Sun*, October 18, 1903, sec. 3, p. 4.

35. The two men may have met even earlier. In a letter to Josephine Huneker, February 14, 1921, in which he recalled these midnight walks, Belasco stated they had been friends for "more than thirty years" (Dartmouth College).

36. Letter, Belasco to Huneker, September 16, 1920 (Dartmouth).

37. Edmund Wilson, *New York Review of Books*, 9 (January 4, 1968): 6.

38. Ibid.

39. Ibid.

40. See Alan S. Downer, "Introduction," *The American Drama and its*

Critics, ed. Alan S. Downer (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1965), p. xviii.

41. In the biography Winter described these plays as "a grievous blot on the fair record of [Belasco's] professional career" (*The Life of David Belasco* (2 vols. [N.Y.: Moffat, Yard, 1918], 1:456). He calls *The Easiest Way* "one of the most obnoxious specimens of theatrical trash that have been intruded on the modern stage" (ibid., 2:267).

42. *Their Day in Court*, p. 416.

43. See Isaac Goldberg, *The Theatre of George Jean Nathan* (N.Y.: Scribner's, 1926), pp. 49, 53.

44. Bernard Smith, *Forces in American Criticism* (N.Y.: Harcourt, Brace, 1939), pp. 303-304.

45. Lloyd Morris, *Curtain Time: The Story of the American Theater* (N.Y.: Random House, 1953), p. 304.

46. "The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 76 (January 9, 1915): 17, and 77 (February 20, 1915): 24.

47 I have dealt with this in detail in "James Gibbons Huneker's Criticism of American Literature," *American Literature*, 29 (March 1957): 64-78. Although this section is largely a condensation of my earlier essay, I have added some material not found there.

48. For a discussion of this essay—discovered after the publication of my earlier article and my biography of JGH—and a comparison with one in the *Recorder*, see my article "James Huneker on Whitman: A Newly Discovered Essay," *American Literature*, 38 (May 1966): 208-218.

49. "With Your Kind Permission," p. 154.

50. Later, Huneker, noting the "usual uncritical lumping of the writer with his writings, confusing [Henry] James with the Puritans," added: "The same thing has happened in the case of Mr. Howells" ("The Lesson of the Master," *Bookman*, 51 [May 1920]: 365).

51. See Henry Steele Commager, "Introduction," *Selected Writings of William Dean Howells*, ed. Henry Steele Commager (N.Y.: Random House, 1950), p. viii.

52. This answers Mencken's inquiry as to whether JGH had ever read the novel ("With Your Kind Permission," p. 154).

53. *A Book of Prefaces*, p. 68.

54. Letter, September 4, 1916 (N.Y. Public Library).

55. See Robert W. Stallman, *Stephen Crane: A Biography* (N.Y.: George Braziller, 1968), p. 579. Stallman points out that Hughes, using the pen name of "Chelifer," listed dozens of examples of bad grammar in *The Red Badge of Courage* in an article published in *Godey's Magazine*, September, 1896. Hughes told me in an interview in 1951 that he never met Crane.

56. *Letters of Theodore Dreiser: A Selection*, ed. Robert H. Elias 3 vols. (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1959), 1:116. Letter, Dreiser to Mencken, April 28, 1911.

57. JGH's article on the sale of the art collection of Charles T. Yerkes, the model for Frank Cowperwood, appeared in the N.Y. *Sun*, April 1, 1910, p. 8).

58. JGH's letter to Sinclair, June 22, 1909, is at Indiana University. Two letters from Sinclair to JGH—June 19, 1909, and September 24, 1918—are at Dartmouth, as is an undated one [1910] from Phillips to JGH.

59. *Steeplejack*, 2 vols. (N.Y.: Scribner's, 1920), 2:209.

60. Letter, Viereck to ATS, April 3, 1952.

61. "The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 79 (February 12, 1916): 10.

62. N.Y. *Sun*, December 17, 1916, sec. 6, p. 8.

63. George E. DeMille, *Literary Criticism in America* (N.Y.: Dial Press, 1931), p. 241.

64. Edith Wharton, "William C. Brownell," *Scribner's Magazine*, 84 (November 1928): 596.

65. Letter, October 21, 1914 (Princeton University).

66. "Critics Wild and Tame," *Smart Set*, 53 (December 1917): 139.

67. *Steeplejack*, 2:122.

68. *A Book of Prefaces*, p. 192.

69. Ibid., p. 158. The letter to Phelps is published in his *Autobiography with Letters* (N.Y.: Oxford University Press, 1939), pp. 418-419; those to More are at Princeton University.

70. Letter, Bliss Perry to ATS, October 3, 1951. The JGH letters to Perry have disappeared.

71. *A Books of Prefaces*, p. 155, and JGH, *New York Times*, October 5, 1906, p. 613. JGH attributed the phrase to Howells.

72. *Musical Courier*, 38 (June 28, 1899): 22.

73. Joseph I. C. Clarke, *My Life and Memories* (N.Y.: Dodd, Mead, 1925), p. 264.

74. *Steeplejack*, 2:204.

75. *Mencken and Shaw* (N.Y.: Silas Newton, 1930), p. 69.

76. N.Y. *Sun*, June 12, 1910, p. 8.

77. *Intimate Letters of James Gibbons Huneker*, ed. Josephine Huneker (N.Y.: Liveright, 1924), p. 258.

78. *Prejudices: Fourth Series*, p. 287.

79. Van Wyck Brooks, *The Confident Years: 1885-1915* (N.Y.: E. P. Dutton, 1952), p. 155.

80. Jerome Mellquist, *The Emergence of an American Art* (N.Y.: Scribner's, 1942), p. 199.

81. Guy Pène du Bois, *Artists Say the Silliest Things* (N.Y.: Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, 1940), p. 175.

82. *Letters of Theodore Dreiser*, 1:282.

83. N.Y. *Sun*, November 15, 1908, p. 8. Letter, Barnard to JGH, November 20, 1908 (Yale University).

84. *Steeplejack*, 2:205-206.

85. Letter, Benton to ATS, September 20, 1970.

86. Barbara Rose, in her *American Art Since 1900: A Critical History* (N.Y.: Frederick A. Praeger, 1967), p. 79, stated that Quinn was advised by Walt Kuhn and Walter Pach, but overlooked Huneker.

87. *N.Y. Tribune*, February 5, 1908, p. 7.

88. Willard Huntington Wright, "The Aesthetic Struggle in America," *Forum*, 55 (February 1916): 206.

89. Ibid., pp. 209-210.

90. Letter, Berenson to Huneker, May 16, 1910.

91. Letter, Craven to ATS, December 2, 1950.

92. *Musical Courier*, 132 (July 1945): 3.

93. Houston Peterson, *Great Essays* (N.Y.: Washington Square Press, 1960),

p. 441 (originally published by Pocket Books in 1954).

94. Letter, du Bois to Guy S. Métraux, February 4, 1944 (Métraux).

95. Quoted by Roger Lhombreaud in his *Arthur Symons: A Critical Biography* (Philadelphia: Dufour Editions, 1964), p. 220.

A NOTE ON THE TEXT

After Mencken's highly complimentary essay on Huneker was reprinted in *A Book of Prefaces*, Huneker wrote him on October 18, 1917: "A newspaper man in a hell of a hurry writing journalese is not to be dumped into the seat of the mighty so easily." This was not sheer humility. He not only wrote fast, often against a deadline, but could not dictate or use a typewriter, submitting all his newspaper copy and much of his magazine in a crabbed handwriting that perplexed typesetters and led to countless misprints. "If you should happen to read my 'Baudelaire' to-day," he wrote Edward E. Ziegler on January 19, 1908, "please read for 'humorist' . . . *humanist*. . . . Also . . . I wrote of 'the *antics* of the Baudelarians' being comical. The typesetters made me say 'critics'!!! Hellish! But it was ever so" (*Letters*, p. 80). In addition, a vast vocabulary, including archaic and exotic words often spelled in alternate forms (which look wrong until one consults the dictionary), an exceedingly allusive style, capricious punctuation, and an admittedly treacherous memory for titles and quotations which he did not always take time to verify—all these made it difficult to print Huneker accurately.

When he collected his essays into books, he and his editor could correct the printer's plentiful mistakes, the misspellings, misleading punctuation, rare solecisms, inexact titles and quotations, and inconsistencies resulting from publication in magazines and newspapers following different style sheets and not always consistent themselves. But Huneker, of course, never saw as a unit, let alone revised, the critiques collected in this book—critiques written and published over a period of thirty-five years; nor have the manuscripts with which the printed words could be compared survived. To print them as they stand, with all their obvious and not so obvious imperfections, whether the fault of Huneker -who was, of course, a prose stylist—or, more likely, of his printers, would do him a manifest injustice and deserve the wrath of those agreeing with Arthur Symons's objections to the posthumous publication of literary journalism.

I have, therefore, silently corrected errors that are clearly the slips of a busy pen or the result of misreading his handwriting (which, I suppose, I have pored over more than anyone, having examined for the biography over sixteen hundred letters of his, mostly holographs, and most of the extant manuscripts). In addition, I have added omitted accent marks; substituted parentheses for his brackets, reserving the latter for editorial interpolation; corrected apparent misspellings of proper names, though usually allowing alternate but no longer conventional spellings to stand instead of imposing a strict consistency that would have falsified Huneker's own practice. (The changes in transliteration of Russian names and in the English titles of translations of Russian and French books account for a variety of forms which are not the misprints they appear to be according to contemporary usage.) I have also corrected inexact titles and quotations (when I could track them down).

I have occasionally deleted a useless comma or inserted a comma, semicolon, colon, closing dash, quotation mark, or question mark to complete Huneker's plain intention or to avoid misreadings; I have resisted the impulse to add hyphens where Huneker habitually omitted them, even though the omission causes momentary confusion. If Huneker (or his copy editor) used quotation marks rather than the now conventional italics for titles, I have not changed them, despite numerous inconsistencies; if he left them out entirely, and if their absence creates a problem, I have added quotation marks for titles of long musical compositions, plays, books, and art works mentioned in his newspaper articles, and usually used italics for those in his magazine writings.

Section and page numbers of newspaper critiques have been included to make them easier to find. Many of those in the New York *Recorder*, *Morning Advertiser*, and *Sun* were unsigned and had to be indentified as Huneker's from their style and subject matter, from internal evidence, or from comments in his autobiography, in other articles, or in letters written by and to him. His contributions to the *Sun*, for example, were often described in over a hundred letters—eighty-one unpublished—to editor Edward P. Mitchell (the originals of which were apparently lost after I had taken notes from them). I have not attributed to Huneker or included here any unsigned article the authorship of which is doubtful. It is far more likely that I have overlooked critiques by him, my careful search over some three decades notwithstanding, than that I have misattributed any in this collection.

Headings within articles and asterisks dividing them into sections have been removed and replaced with a space, which explains not always logical breaks in the text. Ellipses are mine except where otherwise indicated. Emendations I am not sure of are placed in brackets with question marks. In a few instances the text is so garbled that, unable to suggest emendations, I simply omit the puzzling words, indicating the ellipsis; several questionable phrases which are not obviously garbled have been retained, though they may stump other readers, too. Birth and death years are provided before the main headnote of the figures criticized, which is found under the category for which they are best known; for example, Henry James's dates are given only before the headnote in the Literature section under Fictionists, though Huneker also discussed James as a dramatist and as a literary critic. Many cross references are furnished in headnotes, but the reader should rely on the index to pick up all entries. Owing to limitation of space, I have made no attempt to identify in notes all the names Huneker drops. Information needed to understand certain allusions is provided in the headnotes.

In an unpublished letter to Frank J. Wilstach, dated January 21, 1918, Huneker wrote: "None of my books . . . are proofread with care. I am an abominable proof hound, being too hasty. . . ." If errors in the text of this book—longer, I believe, than any he ever saw through the press—have gone undetected, I console myself with the thought that Huneker himself might have done no better.

MUSIC

COMPOSERS

Maurice Arnold
(1865-1937)

Arnold, whose real surname was Strothotte, was engaged by Antonin Dvořák to teach theory at the National Conservatory of Music during the 1890s while Huneker was teaching piano there. Arnold's best-known work is American Plantation Dances, *produced in 1894 at Madison Square Garden.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 27 (December 13, 1893): 9

Henri Marteau will play this season a minstrel serenade by a very talented young composer named [Maurice] Arnold. The theme is founded on an old plantation tune, which is treated very ingeniously by the composer, who is a pupil of Dr. Dvořák.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
(1867-1944)

Born Amy Marcy Cheney, Mrs. Beach is described in the Oxford Companion *to* Music *as the "first composer in America to write a symphony of importance." This was her* Gaelic Symphony, *the subject of Huneker's review.*

"Gadski Not at the Lotos Club," New York *Morning Telegraph*, February 18, 1898, p. 4

It was an ill arranged, but exceedingly interesting programme presented by Mr. Paur, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. Beethoven's Egmont overture and the Berlioz "Damnation of Faust" music might have been dispensed with, for, despite the superlatively fine performance given them, the novelties were weighty enough to deserve an entire evening. This is not the time to discuss at length the merits of Mrs. H. H. A. Beach's "Gaelic" symphony. It is a diffuse work full of good ideas, lots of color, clever scoring in spots, rambling as to logic, and shows its composer to be the possessor of a good memory. She is eclectic in her preferences, showing the influences from Mendelssohn to Tschaikowsky. The second movement of her work was the prettiest and most cleverly constructed.

The slow movement tires one, the last a pretentious and the first the most promising. A member of the orchestra, one of the first violins, Mr. C. M. Loeffler, played a very original and charming Divertimento for violin and orchestra. Delicate of coloring, bizarre in conception, there were positive moments of genuine beauty and inspiration in the piece. And how he played it! The last movement with its sinister, fantastic suggestions, made a deep impression. He was recalled six times. Imagine a Paganini who has read Maeterlinck and you have a faint notion of this strange man, Loeffler.

Howard Brockway
(1870-1951)

A little more than a month before he died, Brockway wrote me (on January 12, 1951): "I knew Mr. Huneker very well, and saw much of him on different occasions. He was the most brilliant and witty man I have ever known. It was fifty years or so ago, when I returned from my long study period in Berlin."

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 31 (July 24, 1895): 18

I will not echo Robert Schumann and say, "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius," in speaking of young Howard Brockway, but, after examining his music and, better yet, hearing the composer play, I can truthfully declare that America has seldom produced such a promising musician as this one. Brockway is only twenty-four, and a New York boy. He went to Berlin nearly five years ago, and set a splendid example to his compatriots by studying composition with an American, Mr. O. B. Boise, himself a composer of no mean repute. Brockway wasted no time in the gay capital of the German Empire, and last February he spread before the critics the products of four years of intelligently directed toil. He had evidently worked hard, but in his case nature was his best ally. The Berlin critics—and a more grumpy, cantankerous, hypercritical set do not exist anywhere—went into ecstasies over the young man. German phlegm was startled. The composer's easy mastery of the symphonic form, his upwelling melodies, his passionate, youthful energy, his maturity of style and the luxuriance of color in his orchestration all set the old wiseacres into head-nodding admiration.

Brockway conquered Berlin and in a single concert. He is now in New York, and I hope you will hear his music this coming season. The lad, for he is little more, plays the piano like a house on fire—to use a homely simile. His characteristic intensity, backed by his solid scholarly attainments, will make him a force in the future. He is in the storm and stress period now; after clarification I expect a rich vintage. A modern of the moderns, a romantic among romanticists, he has a great feeling for the chastities of symmetry, and his rhythmic sense amounts to a special gift. The boldness and sweep of his Symphony in D, the breadth and passion of his orchestral Ballade have been warmly noted by German critics. In his piano music he reveals at every bar imagination and a strong individuality. Personally he has great charm. I have great hopes for Howard Brockway.

I have before me a half dozen of his piano pieces. The Ballade in F is a delightful work, frank and free, rich in design and full of melody. Its climacteric is bold, fierce. It is worthy of study. A dainty trifle named Paganini is a transcription of the composer's fancies while listening to the extraordinary playing of Willy Burmester—a second Paganini himself. This is a very original bit of crystalline music—a dash of color, a flash of scarlet in the azure, and then luminous silence. It is tricky, and is dedicated to a young Australian pianist, Ernest Hutcheson, of whom Brockway predicts great things.

A nocturne in D is Chopinish—but Chopin well assimilated. This composer, too, has dreamed under soft, starry skies, lingered and longed. His little piano pieces, op. 8, have been played in concert at Berlin by Heinrich Barth. The Elfenspiel, the Elfin Serenade and a stirring march are full of character and unexpected turns. His sonata for violin and piano is a vigorous composition, and has been heard here at the hands of Paul Tidden and Maud Powell. Decidedly this newcomer has something to say, and he says it after his own fashion.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 31 (October 2, 1895): 18

I have just laid down the C minor variations of Howard Brockway. Youthful exercises, perhaps, yet full of promise and of riotous imagination. His taste for certain patterns in figuration shows itself in this opus 7. Warmth and a desire to kick over the dashboard of classic convention are writ large over this music.

Harry T. Burleigh
(1866-1949)

Burleigh, best known as the composer of the song "Deep River," sang for many years in the choir of Temple Emanu-el and St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, both in New York City. In the Musical Courier *of November 30, 1898, Huneker described him as "a baritone for whom I have much admiration" (37:31), and in* Steeplejack *calls him "now a composer of repute," and refers to the "charm" of his African music (2:22, 68).*

"The New York Voice," *New York Times*, May 18, 1919, sec. 4, p. 5

After the production of several peculiarly tiresome operas last season I met Harry Burleigh, baritone and composer, and all-round good fellow. I have known Mr. Burleigh since the old days at Jeannette M. Thurber's National Conservatory, where the talented young chap studied composition under Dr. Antonin Dvorâk. Modesty is his chief virtue, but the mediocre music we had been hearing must have pricked his conscience. " 'Pon my word," he whispered to me, "I believe I could do as well myself!" "You could," I answered. "Why don't you compose an opera? With your lyric gifts and knowledge you should." "But the libretto?" he asked. Yes, that's the rub! Yet, what a splendid theme would be one dealing with the problems of miscegenation. I recall a canvas by Harry Watrous at an Academy exhibition which vividly set forth the sorrow of two seemingly white people, husband and wife, gazing with despair at their new-born babe, which, white as it was, had negroid features. That question promises to be the most tragic in the future of the negro race in America. Our parents fought and bled to free the negro, and then we built about them walls of brass. On the European Continent they order such things more charitably. Harry Burleigh might find ready at hand a libretto based on this race question. Or, why not seek the counsel of the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," the most viable opera libretto thus far written by an American? The man who wrote it is William J. Henderson.

George W. Chadwick

George W. Chadwick (1854-1931) was director of the New England Conservatory from 1897 to 1931. His works include five operas, several operettas, three symphonies, and many songs and choral pieces.

Emilio Agramonte (1844-1918), born in Cuba, was a voice teacher, conductor, lecturer, and manager. He was presenting concerts of his voice students in New York in December, 1886 (see Musical Courier, *13 [December 29, 1886]: 405).*

For headnotes on Klein, Herbert, Shelley, and MacDowell, see below under their names. For notes on Brandeis and Wiske, see under Shelley below.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 22 (February 18, 1891): 153

Being at present in a critical humor, let me tell you all about the American Composers' Choral Association last Thursday evening at Chickering Hall. With a program which comprised such names as Chadwick, MacDowell, Bruno Oscar Klein, Brandeis and Harry Rowe Shelley, one was sure in advance of a musical treat. Mr. Chadwick proved that he could write a *pièce d'occasion*, like the

"Pilgrims," and yet be natural and unforced. The work (in D minor, D major) is not a pretentious one, but I wish the fugue did not sound so much like the great fugue in the C mass of Beethoven. But after all this is mere hypercriticism.

Mr. Agramonte can be congratulated for the tremendous advance his chorus has made as to finish and dynamic effects. It is far yet from being ideal, but it is intensely musical and intensely enthusiastic, and a multitude of sins must be forgiven in consequence.

Bruno Klein's two very pretty songs, "Evening Song" and "In Spring," were beautifully given, and I take issue with the composer, who told me they were mere trifles. Such trifles go far toward reconciling one for the pother of a music critic's existence.

Victor Herbert made the hit of the evening by his finished playing of his own "Berceuse" and "Petite Valse." The latter is one of the happiest conceits of its happy Celtic-Teutonic composer. The handsomest man in the business (to be strictly technical) accompanied Mr. Herbert. Of course you know that I mean Harry Rowe Shelley. Mr. Shelley was part of the orchestra, being assisted by Misses Charlotte Welles and Marie Lang. The former young lady, a successor to Augusta Lowell at the Church of the Incarnation, is, I am told, a very clever organist.

Shelley was represented on the program by the middle movement of his new 'cello concerto. It is a great, big flowing melody that gave Herbert's warm cantabile style an opportunity seldom excelled. A very ingenious bit of contrapuntal work was particularly praiseworthy in the middle section of the movement. I am very curious to hear Shelley's new fiddle concerto, which will be played by Miss Powell in the concert of the American composers next Monday night at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Mortimer Wiske conducting.

An exquisite barcarolle, by E. A. MacDowell, taxed the tonality of the club. Such men as this composer are rare; for to a warm poetical fancy is superadded a technical finish that is remarkable.

Walter Damrosch
(1862-1950)

One of the most distinguished figures in the history of American music, the German-born Damrosch was better known as a conductor than as a composer, though he wrote three operas–The Scarlet Letter *(1896),* Cyrano de Bergerac *(1913), and* The Man Without A Country *(1937), the latter two given world premieres at the Metropolitan Opera House.*

The following critique seems to be the only one Huneker wrote of Damrosch's compositions. Its encouraging tone probably redeemed the critic, in Damrosch's eyes, for his earlier disparagement of him as a conductor (see under Performers below).

Two friendly letters Damrosch wrote Huneker -on June 1, 1909, and December 16, 1917, after Huneker had sent him copies of Egoists *and* Unicorns, *respectively–are in the Huneker collection at Dartmouth College. In the first, Damrosch expresses his admiration for Huneker's "marvelous critical faculty" and his enthusiasm, and recalled Huneker's "torrents of seething aphorisms and witticisms whenever we met." In the second, he praises Huneker's style and love for his subjects.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 32 (March 11, 1896): 22

Friday evening was the red A night of the week. Mr. Damrosch appeared in the trying rôles of a composer, conductor and speech maker. It was his night, and no one begrudges him the honors. As he remarked in the course of his address, he has had a hard, uphill fight, and I think it may safely be assumed that he has won the day.

His *Scarlet Letter* is a composite.

Feeling that the musical idiom of the day, so far as the music drama is concerned, is Wagnerian, Mr. Damrosch boldly and without unnecessary explanations or apologies took that nervously emotional apparatus, the Wagner orchestra, and used it for his own purposes.

The propriety of this is questionable. The *Pilgrim Fathers* are heard speaking in the accents of the Wagnerian characters. *Wotan* upbraids *Brünnhilde* and the *Forest Bird* chortles at *Tristan*. The anachronism, the synchronism, the asymmetry are all terrible. Mr. Damrosch, however, contends that he has no concern with the clothes or the tunes of the Plymouth Roundheads. He is interpreting the heart breakings and the hatreds, loves and lusts of human beings. He gives us some square-toed choruses for the sake of local color, and even a pretty old English madrigal.

In the "Song of the Brook" Saint-Saëns lurked in the orchestra, and once I could swear to a *Dalila* cadence. But with the exception of the drums and fife, and the Gregorian mode at the close, the opera is unaffectedly Wagnerian.

There are leading motives and there is much declamation. The scene in the second act, in which *Chillingworth* and *Arthur* hold forth, reminded me of the wanderer episode in *Siegfried*. That Weary Wraggles of the Ring, *Herrvater Wotan*, is almost as much of a bore as the husband of *Hester*.

Hester is not altogether human until the close. I think that the death scene, barring the run for flute, is affecting and full of genuine feeling.

Mr. Damrosch has mastered the technics of his art, and mastered them in a surprising fashion. Let him now search for a really dramatic book and set it to Damrosch music–not Wagner's. He knows too much; he has too much science. If he could but forget how the other fellow does it he would do it his own way. I believe in Walter Damrosch.

The Scarlet Letter is a surprisingly creditable failure. On it the composer can build the foundations of another and more original opera. And he will do it yet. Walter Damrosch isn't afraid of the critical "Booh!" He has heard nothing else for the last twelve years. Some day he may be able to say, "I told you so."

Reginald De Koven
(1859?-1920)

De Koven and Huneker were colleagues when the former was music critic of the New York World *from 1891 to 1897 and of the* New York Journal *from 1898 to 1900. Only one letter from Huneker to De Koven–dated December 7, 1918, and addressed to "My Dear Reginald"–has turned up, though there must have been more; the De Koven papers seem to have vanished. Mrs. De Koven, a writer, recalled in her* A Musician and his Wife *(1926) that "it was my good fortune to receive much encouragement in my humble literary ambitions from Mr. Huneker, and although temperamentally both choleric and erratic, he was, I think, very fond of my husband." (Huneker referred to Mrs. De Koven in the* Musical Courier, *30 [June 12, 1895]: 18, and the* New York Herald, *August 12, 1906, sec. 3, p. 6.) De Koven's lack of originality as a composer, touched upon in Huneker's article, is the point of a story told to me by Louis Sherwin in a letter written in September, 1969: At Carnegie Hall, one evening, a neighbor said to Huneker: "Excuse me, but wasn't that last piece by Mr. De Koven?" "Not yet," said Huneker.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 23 (October 7, 1891): 387

"Robin Hood" is an English picture with a musical frame that has been variously made in Paris, Vienna, London and even Chicago. The libretto is the work of a Chicagoan, Harry B. Smith, whose birthplace is evidenced by the size of his metrical feet. It is not supremely funny, but then it is not vulgar, and the joking is harmlessly archaic, as it should be. Mr. De Koven's music is bright to shinyness, his orchestration clever enough, though smelling a bit of the "shop," and his adaptation of old English tunes, madrigals, catches, roundelays and what not extremely effective. Old man Barnabee was unctuous and Jessie Bartlett Davis revived memories of the American Opera Company and Operti's Summer Garden, near the Centennial Building, Philadelphia, in 1876. I wonder me if she remembers the "Old Folks" troupe and "Roger" Holmes, the baritone, Barili's pupil, who has gone over to the majority long since? "Robin Hood" is a great success, and you will miss lots by not seeing it.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 29 (November 14, 1894): 9

I remember writing after a first hearing of "Robin Hood" that Reginald De Koven had been most cosmopolitan in his travels and that in every land he visited he picked up some melodic mementos, which he did not fail to put away in his portfolio for future use. After hearing "Rob Roy" I see no reason why I should alter this opinion. But there is a wide difference in the material and the manner of handling it. Mr. De Koven still stoops, but it is to conquer. What he has lately picked up is of vastly better quality, and I don't mind if I put myself on record by saying that outside of a few men like Strauss, Genée, Von Suppé, Sullivan and one or two men of the French school there is no foreign composer of light opera who can begin to touch our very same Reginald. And I am so glad that I pounded and thrashed away at his inferior work. It did him miles of good. It set him to thinking, it set him to hard work. De Koven, after "Robin Hood," made up his mind that almost anything would do, and in "The Fencing Master" Harry Smith aided and abetted him. Both composer and librettist were at sea as regards unity of style, and a mish-mash resulted. In "The Knickerbockers" they ran their boat ashore because they wrote for a company that had played "Robin Hood" too long. Then De Koven got mad, but not mad enough, and asked Glen McDonough to turn him out a book. It was turned out, and an awful thing of shreds and patches it was. The young composer grew weary trying to lay Oriental color on with a trowel. "The Algerian" fairly reeked with sunny slaughter. Equatorial gore smeared its score, and even Tempest's voice gave way. Then De Koven sat down and thought real hard and looked for Harry Smith. There was another confluence of craniums, and after three or four months' painful parturition both parents gave birth to "Rob Roy," and I may add that parents and child are doing well—devilish well—at the Herald Square Theatre.

I am not going on the witness stand and swear by the book that "Rob Roy" is cleverer than "Robin Hood," but I am prepared to affirm that it is a thousand times better written and more ambitious work. Perhaps there is a trifle too much stress and strife when one takes the book into consideration, but that is better than the vile frivolity which afflicts American comic opera. "Rob Roy" is serious, its creators are self respecting young men who take themselves seriously; and incidentally do not flirt with the coin of the kingdom when it comes their way. They have solved the problem of writing a clean, funny, musical operetta with moments of genuine intensity in it. As for "Reggie" De Koven, he has broken the record so far as I am concerned. He has studied and accomplished wonders. After this work I fancy we will not hear much about "the man who wrote the De Koven operas." We have found him, and singularly enough his name is De Koven. It is the recrudescence of Reginald and with a vengence.

"Rob Roy" suggests a dozen composers. There is Wagner, Meyerbeer, Verdi and some Sullivan in it, but it is all better assimilated, and I must confess that I like a rich, well colored score, even if at times it is not congruous. There are halting moments in the music and occasional lapses from good taste, but take it as a whole it is well sustained throughout, and I can point out for you some "belle pages." The finale to the first act goes with a rush, and really I never suspected De Koven of so much temperamental excellence. There are a dozen lyrics scattered throughout and very ingenious use is made of Scottish themes. Contrapuntal effects of no mean order abound, and the instrumentation is in the main good, although often overloaded.

Harry Smith outdid himself in his book. The lyrics are pretty, the stage technic displayed is excellent, and the story bright and engaging. His humorous characters are genuine, and he too knows how to handle local color admirably.

I was very much amused at the ingenious little fling De Koven had at some of us in a duo in which he uses the themes of "Oh Promise Me" and "Daddy Won't Buy Me a Bow-wow" very cleverly. It always brings down the house.

If I were in a fiercely critical mood I could say lots of things. I'm tired of heaving verbal brick bats at De Koven. Besides, what are you going to do with a man who never answers back, but goes to work to improve himself?. . . .

In conclusion let me say, using the classic words of Harry Smith in "The Knickerbockers: "Take off your hat to the Governor"; and so, "Reggie" and Harry, dinna ye fash yersel aboot t'other tunes. Stick a wee bit to "Rob Roy" and put siller in yer purse.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 30 (May 22, 1895): 20-21

As to the merits of *The Tzigane*, De Koven and Smith's new opera, produced last Thursday night at Abbey's Theatre, there can be no possible quibble. Mr. Smith's book, which was sadly crowded out, is not equal to his best work, although he has scattered some pretty lyrical pearls throughout, while Mr. De Koven's music is not so fresh nor so inspiring as in *Robin Hood* and *Rob Roy*. I really am not so superstitious, but I advise these gentlemen to stick—oyster-wise—to the letter R. *The Knickerbockers*, *The Algerian*, *The Begum*, *The Fencing Master* were all failures, and all began with "The." But the two R's—how they have coined shekels and honors for the lucky pair! To alter slightly old Mr. Weller's famous advice to Sammy, I must say: "Spell it with an R, Reggie. Spell it with an R."

Yet *The Tzigane* opens very promisingly. The fair at Nijni-Novgorod is full of animation and color. One devotee of topographical truth insists that the audience should not see the fair, because a river—the Volga—lies between. The fair is held in the lowlands on the other side of the river, and in the background are the spires of the town. But then Mr. Smith cannot compass the impossible. We were well satisfied with Mr. Freeman's fair and its merry bustle. The music was most eclectic—Calmuck, Cossack, Chinese (that is, the Western conception of Oriental music), Viennese, French, English and a Khorovod. This last was not as Russian as I expected; indeed the threatened local color did not arrive. There was the spoor of Slavic melancholy, but the form was missing. I don't think Mr. De Koven had the courage to buckle on his critical armor and turn out a genuine romantic opera the sex or genre of which would be indisputable.

Here in New York we are hermaphroditic in our musical tastes. We go to the Metropolitan Opera House and stand four hours of Wagner or Meyerbeer without wincing, but because an opera is not called "Grand" then we beg for horseplay, and promptly denounce it when it appears. I mean that we do not appreciate that delicious art form known to the French as opéra comique; something in which the story is airy, the music light, the fun dainty. No, we must blend the circus with the orchestra, harness clowns to romance, and raise hell itself rather than sit still and enjoy music undefiled. The fact of the matter is comic opera is on its last legs. Gorgeous spectacular combinations are being resorted to to boost and bolster up its decaying vogue. Unless there is a return to legitimate opéra bouffe, the operetta of the Offenbach, Adam, Auber, Flotow, Boïeldieu sort, comic opera will be as dead as old-fashioned farce-comedy.

And to this ill natured prelude I will add that Mr. De Koven is writing for his market just as is Mr. Smith. It is the clever man, however, who can read the handwriting on the wall and jump over the gates of prejudice into new musical pastures. I fancy Mr. De Koven will take that jump. He has a talent for the romantic—the idyllic. I am quite sure that he dislikes to write Sullivan music to patter songs of the Gilbertian pattern. I wish that, irrespective of public success, he would write one—only one—work without one eye on his gallery and the other on the box office. He is coining his brain just now into mighty small change and the mintage is far from being fresh.

The best things in *The Tzigane* are "Ballad of the Ring," a czardas and a mazurka; also the baritone's entrance song; the contralto's first song; a duo for baritone and soprano; and a ballad, "My Lady." Vera's "Sleighing Song" is nothing but the valse from Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*, with a carillon, and I heard echoes of Mendelssohn and Mascagni throughout. Mr. De Koven writes with perilous facility. The first finale was too much of a mosaic to have effective solidity. The second finale was more ambitious and the tableau very striking, although I advise Mr. Hoyt to let one gauze drop remain. The bold glare destroys the illusion of that cleverly arranged background besides damaging the perspective . . . .

The material is too slender to work wonders with. The story is not very dramatic and the musical padding is enormous. Some choruses should be cut out, some of the ensembles and the mechanical, cut and dried exits and entrances abolished . . . .

The composer, Mr. De Koven, has never said anything before half so well as he has in this work.

But he has not nearly as interesting things to say—in a word, his style has matured, he writes with more authority and his scoring is in advance of all other work hitherto attempted. Yet his tale is not so interesting.

But heavens! how the styles elbow each other! Here is variety with a vengeance. Hungarian music, Tosti ballads, a czardas, several tarantellas, a mazurka, fully fledged as a Chopin dance, Italian finales, echoes of two national hymns (the "Marseillaise" and the Russian–both cleverly handled), bits from *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and, funnier still, a palpable copy from *Robin Hood* and the flag song from *The Knickerbockers*.

But there is a very pretty, and prettily scored, ballad of the ring in act first, which was the gem of the opera, although the public inclined a gracious ear toward a Neapolitan song, "In Bella Napoli." The most characteristic and freshest in color was a Cossack song--a baritone solo, with chorus, "Hei, hei, Tugai Bey."

This, with its barbaric refrain, had a touch of the woodnote wild, which was absent in the rest of Mr. De Koven's music. Lack of naiveté and spontaneity were evident, and there was a facility in phrase spinning which became monotonous.

This and a want of variety in totality made the first act drag. The second act was devoted to horseplay and a mazurka, although the finale was effective enough . . . .

De Koven and Smith are still in the ring. They were vouchsafed a magnificent production by Mr. Abbey. *Rob Roy* was a success, and I suppose capricious fortune thought that it was time to call the turn. After *Robin Hood* came *The Fencing Master*, you remember. Besides, I don't believe in writing operas to order. Writing operas for Miss Russell, Miss Tempest, Miss D'Arville is a very ungrateful, not to say dangerous, experiment. Better write a good story, set it to music (not vice versa), and then sell it. Above all don't be the slave of the prima donna. She usually cuts all the good things out, so as to get the fat of the piece. All of which advice is easy to give and so difficult to follow, as Mr. De Koven, Mr. Herbert and other composers of light opera know full well.

Arthur Farwell
(1872-1952)

Founder of the American Music Society in 1905, Farwell was especially interested in music of the American Indian, which did not appeal to Huneker; when I interviewed him in New York City in late 1951, less than three months before his death, he remarked that he thought Huneker would have liked his Indian works if he had heard them all. Farwell, who in 1900 and 1901 occasionally worked in a friend's apartment adjacent to Huneker's, used to listen to Huneker play the piano; later, as chief music critic for Musical America *(1909-1913), he wrote an interesting account of Huneker's playing ("Mephisto's Musings,"* Musical America, *16 [July 20, 1912] : 7).*

The most thorough study of Farwell, "Toward American Music: A study of the Life and Music of Arthur George Farwell," an unpublished dissertation by Edgar Kirk (University of Rochester, 1959) does not contain any reference to this review by Huneker.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 31 (July 31, 1895): 19

Arthur Farwell is a young composer of Boston. His opus 7, Tone Pictures, after Pastels in Prose, for piano, is a collection with a title that would drive old Daddy Nordau wild.

Pictures in Tone, Pastels in Prose! Surely this is decadentism gone mad. You remember, of course, Stuart Merrill's charming little volume made up of translations from the French.

And how admirably they are done!

Much of the color and music of the originals lurks in the pages of the book, for which Mr. Howells wrote an introduction.

Mr. Farwell has selected some of these Roses and Lilies by Banville, several of Judith Gautier's paraphrases of the Japanese, Baudelaire and Bertrand's delicate cameos, ironic, bitter-sweet tears in ivory, and set them to music. He prints the prose poem, and then gives you the music evoked by it.

He has taste, much feeling and a genuinely graceful talent. Graceful rather than profound. Echoes of Schumann and Chopin there are, but fancy reigns. I like especially The Red Flower. Do you know it: Listen, then.

> While working sadly by my window I pricked my finger, and the white flower that I was embroidering became a red flower.
>
> Then I thought suddenly of him who has gone from me to fight the rebels; I imagined that his blood was flowing also, and tears fell from my eyes.
>
> But methought I heard the sound of his horse's steps, and I arose joyously. It was my heart, which beating too fast, imitated the sound of his horse's steps.
>
> And I resumed my work by the window, and my tears embroidered with pearls the stuff stretched on the frame.

To this Heine-like poem Mr. Farwell has made a very pretty tone picture. The simple story is told simply in a few phrases throbbing with emotion. The episode of the horse's hoofs is suggested, and the return of the theme in the minor very neatly put.

The Stranger, after Baudelaire, is redolent of Chopin's second study in C sharp minor—the one in op. 25. The most elaborate piece is The Round Under the Bell, by Louis Bertrand. It has an eerie atomosphere.

Altogether this seventh opus of Mr. Farwell is promising.

The volume privately printed is got up in an attractive and bizarre style. Louise Cox, the wife of Kenyon Cox, the well known painter and demolisher of Nordau's silly talk about art, has furnished a striking figure in black and red for frontispiece. The volume is really something quite unique.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 40 (January 24, 1900): 28

Arthur Farwell, who has not allowed the grass to adhere to his heels since his return from Europe, has set Shelley's lovely "Indian Serenade," and set it well. I never but once saw a musical version of this poem. It was by Dr. F. L. Ritter. Still I think the poem floats better on the wings of its own passionate music. Mr. Farwell studied or had the advice while abroad of Humperdinck. His first harmony teacher in Boston was Homer A. Norris. He has talent, but at present is straining a bit. His op. 1, a very ambitiously written Ballade for piano and violin, shows this. It is not simple in feeling or in its technical expression. I like far better his settings of four folksongs. "Mädchen Lieder," after Johanna Ambrosius, that eloquent German peasant woman. These are charming. I hear that Mr. Farwell is to occupy or is occupying the chair of musical lectures at Cornell University. He also contemplates critical work in this city.

Rubin Goldmark
(1872-1936)

The nephew of Karl Goldmark, composer of The Queen of Sheba, *Rubin Goldmark studied at the National Conservatory with Huneker's teacher, Rafael Joseffy and with Antonin Dvorák. As head of the composition department of the Juilliard School, he was later the teacher of George Gershwin and Efrem Zimbalist. In* Steeplejack *Huneker described him as "one of the most gifted among our younger Americans" (2:66).*

Rupert Hughes quotes all but the first sentence of the "always quoteworthy" Huneker's 1900 critique of Goldmark in his pioneering Contemporary American Composers *(1900), which Huneker discussed.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 27 (July 1, 1893): 10

Many a talented young fellow whose opus 1 attracts critical notice is spoiled irretrievably by exaggerated praise. Not so Rubin Goldmark, the young pupil of Dr. Dvorák, with the Mendelssohnian profile, and a distinguished avuncular relative. Of him Dvorák is said to have exclaimed, "There are now two Goldmarks," which is enough to turn most young composers' heads. But when I last encountered Mr. Goldmark his head was securely fastened on his shoulders, and he gave every evidence of sanity and modesty. His piano trio in D minor, and yet in MSS., is quite mature for an early work, although there are abundant evidences of youthful fire and feeling. Rather Schumannish, too, are some of the themes, and the composer's Oriental blood is very much in evidence. Warmth, color, some grace, and much that is crude and labored are all present, but the trio shows marked talent, even individuality. The last movement, which is too prolix, is full of scholarship; the young man feels his counterpoint and is joyful thereat. The slow movement is to me a little affected and labored. It sounds as if the themes were determinedly original. I like the scherzo, which is flowing, as is also the first movement. The writing throughout indicates a future mastery of form, which is eminently Goldmarkian. The trio will be heard in concert next season.

"Crotchets and Quavers," *Town Topics*, 43 (January 25, 1900): 17

The nephew of a very remarkable composer—for Carl Goldmark outranks to-day all the Griegs, Massenets, Mascagnis, Saint-Saëns and Dvorâks you can gather—[Rubin Goldmark] needs must fear the presence in his scores of the avuncular apparition. His "Hiawatha" overture was played by Mr. Gericke and the Boston Symphony Orchestra Wednesday of last week. At the first *cantilena* on the strings I nearly jumped out of my seat. It was bewilderingly luscious and Goldmarkian—a young Goldmark come to judgment. The family gifts are color and rhythm. This youth has them, and he also has brains. Original invention is yet to come, but I have hopes. The overture, which is not Indian, is full of good things, withal too lengthy in the free fantasia. There is life, and while there's life there's rhythm, and a nice variety there is. The *allegro* has one stout tune and the rush and dynamic glow lasts. He lasts, does Rubin Goldmark, and I could have heard the piece through twice. The young American composer has not been idle lately.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 41 (November 21, 1900): 23

Rubin Goldmark has composed four songs for mezzo-soprano or baritone, published by Schirmer. They are all four full of music and happy characterizations. This young composer has inherited the family rich color sense.

Charles T. Griffes
(1884-1920)

Though he was only thirty-five when Huneker praised him, Griffes was by no means unknown. Paul Rosenfeld had given him an enthusiastic review in Seven Arts *in April, 1917, and Philip Hale had applauded* The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan *a week before Huneker heard it. Huneker met Griffes through composer Emerson Whithorne (1884-1958) who informed me (in a letter, November 13, 1951) that he brought Griffes along to a luncheon at the Beaux-Arts Restaurant attended by Huneker and Leopold Godowsky, as Griffes had expressed a desire to meet Huneker. Whithorne, who had known Huneker for "a number of years," could not remember the date of the luncheon, but Griffes's biographer, Edward M. Maisel, suggested that it took place in March, 1919, or sometime* *before the New York performance of* Kubla Khan *(letter to me from Maisel, January 4, 1954). Whithorne recalled that Griffes's music was not discussed at the luncheon. Maisel also pointed out that Griffes had read Huneker before he went to study in Germany in 1903.*

"Music," New York *World*, December 5, 1919, p. 15

The band from Boston played at Carnegie Hall last night with much more zest than at the first concert last month. One reason for the change was the programme; the second, the more tonic weather; last, but not least, Pierre Monteux was in an expansive mood. He had something he could get his teeth, rather, his baton into. No exhumed classics; in a word, a modern scheme that suited the taste of a large and typical Boston Symphony Orchestra audience.

And then the novelty, which seemed to drop from the sky, though it was only from Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson. The new music did not portray our familiar waters, but that immemorial stream celebrated in the poetry of Coleridge, "Kubla Khan," one of whose lines stirs the rhythm of the pulse: "Where Alph, the sacred river ran." Think of it, up the State was a modest teacher of piano and all the while he marked despairing fingering for hopeless pupils, his brain cells made darkly magnificent pictures of the sacred Alph, and of the English poet's "dome of pleasure—a miracle of rare device, a sunny pleasure—dome with caves of ice!"

Furthermore, this young tone-poet possessed the art and science and imagination to see, visually hear, and render his dream of another's dream, opium-haunted, a smoky enchantment.

Above all, imagination; armed with that open sesame a composer, even lacking in experience, may unlock many doors, some leading into strange abodes; doors that make vistas in some visionary landscape. The composer of this tone-poem is named Charles Tomlinson Griffes, and he hails from Elmira. In Europe he studied, *inter alia*, with the composer of "Hänsel und Gretel," Engelbert Humperdinck, which fact may account for the gorgeous and sombre instrumentation, though not for the young man's indisputable fancy.

If Samuel Taylor Coleridge were alive he would reprimand us for speaking in one breath of both imagination and fancy. So let us agree on the more elastic vocable, fantasy. Mr. Griffes is a fantasist, and, while all programmes to music, whether absolute or poetic, are arbitrary, there is no mistaking the authenticity of the mood, or moods, evoked by the interesting combinations of Griffes. To call it neo-Russian, or neo-French would be easy.

You think of Rimski-Korsakov, sometimes of Tchaikovsky, of Liszt, Berlioz and Richard Strauss. Yet, it is, all said and done, Griffes. He has individuality. He holds your attention and you are sorry when the last silvery tinkle of the Celesta is sounded. Asiatic coloring, tom-toms and a travailing till we see the dome which casts its shadow in the waves of the sacred Alph. Formally speaking, the loop is a wide, loose wire; however, a loop is there, not a mere arabesque, but a narrative tone that carries you on to the mystic close.

The composition, because of its indubitable touch of the imagination, coupled with its subtle demi-tints and veiled impressionism, was so well liked by the audience the composer had to bow from his box three or four times. He seemed more surprised than his hearers. In Boston the work was received in a similarly enthusiastic manner. . . .

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan a stately pleasure dome decree!" One touch of poesy, of imagination—Oh! let the categories go hang, and enjoy the charming music of Griffes.

Henry Hadley
(1871-1937)

Better remembered now as a conductor than as a composer, Hadley once seemed on his way to becoming MacDowell's successor as the leading American composer. Reviews of his first symphony and of excerpts from his second are found in the Musical Courier *(30 [December 22, 1897]: 19, and 40 [January 24, 1900]: 17), but neither appeared in Huneker's usual column or sounds like his work.* Cleopatra's Night *is Hadley's best-known opera.*

Mrs. Hadley informed me on January 14, 1954, that her husband had received letters from Huneker, but she was subsequently unable to find them.

"Crotchets and Quavers," *Town Topics*, 43 (January 25, 1900): 17

Archbishop Krehbiel, of the Church of the Holy Critics, remarked some years ago, with a patibulary pontifical gesture, that the American Composer was in danger of being overcoddled. His Grace hit the truth a hard knock. What popular novelists call "a slight revulsion of feeling" set in, and for a while the A.C. was a negligible quantity. In the meantime, strong men like MacDowell, Templeton Strong, George Chadwick and Harry Rowe Shelley had come into their own -they were recognized and admired. Now one is reminded of time's fugacity in hearing the music of youngsters who but a short time ago were in the swaddling clothes of harmony and counterpoint. Two new ones are Rubin Goldmark and Henry K. Hadley. They are both Americans, and their names almost give the key to their temperaments and music. This Hadley we need not take on trust, like the Yale man, while Goldmark, with musical blood royal in his veins, is bound to give us rich, sensuous music, music of Oriental pomp and passion. I need hardly add that both young men—they have yet to count thirty—will achieve work worth chronicling in their promising futures.

Mr. Hadley's concert last week was too long, and it was not for the Waldorf-Astoria. Such a luxurious *entourage* depresses me. I am Spartan in my dislike of hearing music out of its own territory. Goethe had his say on the subject in the latter part of Wilhelm Meister. Mr. Hadley is so serious, so laudably ambitious that he and his music seemed out of joint with such a smart audience and such smart surroundings. Still, I suppose the rich and aristocratic have a few rights the musical anarchist is bound to respect, and so I shall grumble no more. The long programme is another thing. One symphony and a half, a Ballet Suite—charming, by the way—seven songs, supplemented by a Wagner overture and some of Moszkowski's india-rubber sweetness, all these terrified my weak musical digestion. The composer conducted. His symphonic music is fluent, is patterned after the best models—modern models, be it remarked—and the notes seem to tumble from his scores, so easy, unpremeditated and happy are they. It may have been hard writing, but it was certainly easy listening. And the Hadley profile was there, clear-cut as a cameo and very sympathetic. Of course, he is trying for big things, the epical and all that, and, of course, his arrows never hit the sun. But they are aimed sunward, and that's a great consolation. He scores with a proper eye to the sensuous, and his formal sense seldom fails him. The songs are excellent, one in particular, the Egyptian War Hymn. Mr. Bispham interpreted them.

I do not intend to tell Mr. Hadley that he is wonderful—that way friendship lies—literally; nor shall I give him a condescending pat and bid him run home and study Bach. He knows what he is about. However, I do hope that he will follow Robert Louis Stevenson's advice to Kipling—"draw up all his strength and sweetness into one ball." He is diffuse, and may write too much. Here is our Edward MacDowell not yet fathering a symphony! It is a brave man who knows his own manuscripts.

A portion of the following excerpt appears in Herbert R. Boardman's biography, Henry Hadley: Ambassador of Harmony *(1932), where Boardman referred to Huneker as "that distinguished littérateur, the Sainte-Beuve of America" (p. 77).*

"Music," New York *World*, December 10, 1919, p. 13

The novelty was a symphonic poem by the gifted and versatile American composer, Henry Hadley. Entitled "Salome," it dates from 1905, so Lawrence Gilman informs us in his Notes. It is a free fantasy on Oscar Wilde's play, and when written Mr. Hadley had not heard the Richard Strauss opera—probably the most Jewish in theme of them all. We call the Hadley music a fantasy because no attempt is made to follow a set programme. The moods are kaleidoscopic, often too episodic, yet the melodic line is not difficult to follow; clarity always was a characteristic of Hadley. He is an admirable technician, knows to a hair's breadth every effect he wishes to produce. There is no fumbling in the writing and the orchestral coloring is rich, without exaggerating the Oriental. The tragedy of John the Baptist and the dancing girl is felt by the composer, who sometimes brings his dramatic personae into Isolde's magic garden on the lonely coast of Brittany. But Wagner is unescapable. We enjoyed the composition, which is ambitiously planned and excellently carried out.

Under Hadley's baton the orchestra responded with zeal. He was recalled several times by a large, enthusiastic audience.

"Music," New York *World*, February 1, 1920, p. 18

"Cleopatra's Night," an opera in two acts, text by Alice Leal Pollack, music by Henry Hadley, was produced for the "first time anywhere" at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. The high number of the opus—90—reveals the fact that there is no other native-born composer endowed with the versatility, facility, gift of melody and solid musical attainments of Mr. Hadley. He has successfully essayed every musical form and style. Only a few weeks ago his symphonic poem "Salome" was played by the New Symphony Orchestra under his direction; the critical consensus was that fantasy and color-sense were admirably embodied in the music of this still young man. He is prolix at times, for he writes too much and with too much ease, but at his best he is always worth listening to, and we found him at his best in "Cleopatra's Night . . . ."

English at the best is not ingratiating when sung, apart altogether from the fact that when it is we are forced, willy-nilly, to comprehend the clotted nonsense of the text. The soft syllabled alliteration of a Swinburne rings with the cunning music of the poet a thousand-fold more than if wedded to tone. We heard little that was euphonious in the text yesterday. "Fuller still I'll pack it," warbles the Queen. "Pack it"? "Mesopotamia" is a sweeter combination.

The tale is not as swift and pregnant as we had hoped for. In the famous Gautier "Une Nuit de Cléopâtre" there is not much action; nevertheless, it has a climax dramatic, if cynical. Perhaps Mr. Hadley is right. The icy indifference of Cleopatra would make no appeal to an audience, and, besides being repellent, it might not be as effective before the footlights as in the original fiction. Therefore, Gautier was amputated to make a prima donna's holiday. . . .

The piano score of 155 pages (Oliver Ditson Company) consumes about an hour and a half in the stage performance. A prelude opening with a characteristically Hadley serpentine motive for clarinet is short. It is the Leg motive. Throughout leading motives are sparingly employed. In the glistening, sensuous web of Cleopatra's impassioned utterances there is woven the darker strand of jealousy and hatred. The slave girl Mardion loves Meïamoun, hates the Queen, but she is only sketched in. The chief function of the music is illustrative; the passion of the infatuated pair. The Egyptian climate is immoral. In his delineation the composer is clear, simple and fervid. He rises to no great heights, but he never falls into the banal. The chief melody, "I love you," first sung by Cleopatra, later as a variant by the hero, is a trifle sentimental, and it is easy to predict its popularity. It will be surely sung, hummed, whistled. As no modern opera is complete without an intermezzo, we are offered a melodious and atmospheric one before Act II. It, too, is bound to become a favorite. There were many striking details in the score, which throughout is luminous, flowing, rich in its oiliness and suffused with kaleidoscoping tints. Hadley is ever master of his orchestra.

Reminiscences were inevitable. Yet we feel that the voice of Henry Hadley is unmistakable, even when the hands of Wagner or Strauss or Debussy are sometimes in evidence. He uses a free declamatory vocal style; the melos is orchestral. There are no freakish harmonic experiments. With Hadley the clearly thought is the clearly expressed. This is the fourth opera of the composer, the others being "Safie," "Azora," "The Atonement of Pan" and "Bianca." "Cleopatra's Night" is another feather in the cap of the talented American. It is also the tenth work by native composers to be produced by the enterprising Gatti-Casazza during his managerial regime. . . .

After numerous calls for the composer, Mr. Hadley appeared and made a felicitous speech, thereby achieving another success. He is a genuine Yankee-born musician, and all the more American because in his opera there isn't the slightest spoor of Americanism. A triumph for Enrico of Hadleyburg and "Cleopatra's Night."

Victor Herbert
(1859-1924)

Huneker's friendship with Herbert and the latter's difficulties with the owner of the Musical Courier *are traced in detail in my biography of Huneker. His critiques of Herbert, only mentioned in the biography (pp. 133-134), are reproduced below together with a newly discovered assessment of what is perhaps Herbert's most enduring "serious" work, his second cello concerto. (The unsigned criticism of the Pittsburgh Orchestra's New York début under Herbert which appeared in the* Musical Courier, *40 [January 21, 1900]: 28, may or may not be Huneker's; I am inclined to think that it is not. Nor have I included the* Sun*'s review of Herbert's smash hit,* Babes in Toyland, *which opened in New York on October 13, 1903, when Huneker was the* Sun*'s drama critic; although Herbert's biographer, Edward N. Waters, ascribes the unsigned review–which appeared on October 14, 1903–to Huneker [*Victor Herbert, *p. 261], it does not sound like him to me.)*

In 1916 Huneker listed Herbert among the "handful of friends left from the old days, two decades ago" (Huneker's Letters, *pp. 216-217). There are six references to Herbert in* Steeplejack, *where Huneker mentioned his "sparkling Gallic music" (2:154). None of Huneker's letters to Herbert seem to have survived–according to his daughter, Mrs. Robert Bartlett, Herbert never saved correspondence (letter to me, October 27, 1951)–and I have found only one letter from Herbert to Huneker.*

Amalia Ann Diss de Bar, mentioned in the following critique, was a spiritualist jailed for fraud in New York in the late 1880s and later imprisoned in England.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 23 (September 30, 1891): 354

Why didn't I go to Worcester? Because I didn't want to travel four hours to listen to "Israel in Egypt" when I can meet Hammerstein in New York any day of the week. Then, again, the programs contained little to interest me, with the exception of Victor Herbert's "The Captive" and MacDowell's suite, and the latter I had the pleasure of hearing in an undress rehearsal (*i.e.*, shirt sleeves) at the piano with the composer. I wish to say right here (as I can't say it anywhere else at present) that Herbert has composed an extremely strong work, picturesque as to coloring and incident and extremely dramatic. It is all so easy, so unforced, so free from the "agony" and "pumping up" processes of many modern composers, that it is a welcome and an agreeable task for me to predict for the young composer a brilliant future. With his graceful lyric gift, delicate harmonic sense and that beautiful style of orchestration almost Gallic in its touch, there is no reason why Victor Herbert shouldn't write a very successful opera. He has plenty of Celtic fancy, passion and humor in his mental make-up, and his orchestral sense is finely developed, having that feeling for the subtle correspondences and combinations that are latent in the orchestral family. Therefore there is no reason in the world why he shouldn't do some big things, except the trouble of a good libretto, and that, let me sadly add, is a bar that genius itself halts before, or behind, and often goes off limpingly. Just think of Schubert's, of Beethoven's, of Weber's (Heavens! Weber's was the worst; what was her name? Helmine von Chezy, a poetess, an Austrian Diss de Bar) and Schumann's librettists! What overflowing genius it took to surmount the cacophonic barriers of speech erected by these misguided individuals! A Lorenza da Ponte is not born every day and Mozart was a lucky fellow.

Rather than see Herbert's lovely music saddled with a poor book I will, being in a modest vein to-day, write a libretto for him myself, and my sympathies being at the present time realistic, and agreeing with Mr. Boston Howells that in contemporary life may be found lots of mud, mortar and building material for a young ambitious literary Buddensieck, I will construct my music drama of things now transpiring in this goodly city of cable construction. How would this do for a subject -one of burning interest to many: "Urban Chivalry, or Who Stole the Score," or, again, "Mascagni's Misfortune, in One Act and a Hammerstein"?

After all the question is one that can only be answered by Mr. Herbert, and his second opus is at present on his mind to the exclusion of other matters.

"Personals" [not in JGH's column; unsigned], *Musical Courier*, 24 (April 27, 1892): 7

Victor Herbert's Irish fantasy for orchestra which bears the sweet name of "Fleasg Fonn Fhodhla" (the composer can pronounce this quite fluently, so it is said), and which was given for the first time at the concert of the Gaelic Society last Wednesday night in the Lenox Lyceum, is one of the best works yet from the pen of the Irish composer-'cellist. It is bound to become a favorite in concert repertories, both because of its characteristic themes and deft treatment.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 28 (March 21, 1894): 10

I think that Victor Herbert has revolutionized the old established style of writing for the violoncello in his new concerto. It is the second work of the sort from the pen of the gifted Irishman, but it is as totally unlike its predecessor as is the rococo 'cello concerto of the past. Symphonic in character the first theme, which is the dominating theme, is rather sombre and dramatic than lyric. The phrase is modern, and is treated most exhaustively by the composer, who has mastered the mysteries of orchestral color, counterpoint and composition. The lyric idea in the slow movement is lovely, and just suits the big, unctuous tone which Herbert draws from his instrument. In the last movement we get some virtuosity, but not of the "fiddling" sort, which most violoncello virtuosi indulge in. The composer knows well the limitations of his beautiful instrument, and he has preferred to write musical periods of a broad flowing, cantabile character, or else short phrases pregnant with dramatic feeling. The usual tarradiddling, skips and jumps and skin deep scale playing are absent. As a whole the concerto impressed me by its passionate, powerful quality. It is quite the best thing Herbert has yet written, and he played in a style which caused the usual apathetic Philharmonic audience to thaw into bravos.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 34 (March 24, 1897): 20

The second act of The Serenade, the new comic opera that came to town Tuesday evening of last week with the Bostonians, and is at the Knickerbocker Theatre, has more atmosphere, more good music and general fun making than a score of recent light operas. A monastery yard adjoins that of a convent—oh, these comic opera librettists! -and, of course, on one side a lot of beefy monks sing in the liturgical mode, while on the other the joyous voices of convent girls are heard. Oh, the joyous, the pure, the free voices of the cabined, cribbed and confined chorus convent girl!

The *Duke of Santa Cruz* brings his ward *Dolores* to the convent to escape the persecution of a baritone of the Royal Opera, Madrid. This baritone pursues the lady with a Serenade and, disguised as a postilion, upsets his master and joins the monks. The *Duke*, groaning as only *Duke* Barnabee can groan, is brought to the convent, and to his horror hears the fatal Serenade, the terrible tune that is sapping his life away. He draws his trusty pistols and mounts the dividing wall, and discovers a parrot squawking it; he laughs, but his laugh is full of hollow rage, for the inmates of the monastery enter the yard and the churchly mob sings the Serenade with a plagal cadence at the close. It is maddeningly funny, and there are general high jinks and a rousing curtain.

Victor Herbert composed the music of The Serenade and Harry B. Smith made the book. He says that it was suggested by the Italian of Goldoni; but no matter, it is sufficiently involved to be all his own. He made a speech, so did Father Barnabee, and so did Mr. Herbert. Since Victor helped McKinley with his inauguration speech at Washington he has become quite a fluent orator.

The Serenade is a great and undoubted success. There is enough music in the score to furnish forth the operas and make the names of a dozen Parisian composers of frivol and froth. Herbert has caught the Spanish coloring, but he does not dose us to death with fandangoes. The bolero which occurs in Act II and appropriately ends it is the most Iberian bit of the piece.

There is a singing lesson after the Italian fashion for a trio, which is really side-splitting. The choral of the monks, the little hint of a string quartet, all the descriptive writing, the very effective and grandiloquent Angelus, sung by Jessie Bartlett Davis; a short quartet, the Serenade itself, written first as a duo and containing a charming motive that the skill of the composer twists and turns into a dozen engaging shapes, valse music and popular music, a very pretty solo for tenor in the last act—well, the list is large and life is short. Suffice to say that no composer I know of can take a sometimes commonplace theme and by deft harmonic treatment ennoble and make it pleasurable.

Naturally enough I prefer Victor Herbert, the dignified maker of violoncello concertos, the symphonist, but, the Irish in him must speak at times; and more delightful, droll and varied accents he has never given us than in the music of The Serenade. . . .

Victor Herbert led with great spirit, and his band was a living thing under his baton. How charmingly he has scored the work—except the not infrequent attacks of the percussion instruments, possibly in deference to a Sousa-soaked community. The Serenade is for musicians as well as the general public, something you can say for but few light operas.

"The Seven Arts," *Musical Courier*, 36 (December 28, 1898): 25

Victor Herbert's second concerto for violoncello and orchestra has been published by Schuberths. The work, so melodious, so rich in color and deft in workmanship, makes me regret that Herbert the composer is now Herbert the conductor. This Irishman has genuine abilities, and his versatility—usually the drawback of his race—is remarkable. I hope for a symphony. The 'cello concerto is bound to become a classic in the too scanty literature of the instrument. It is refreshingly free from the "fiddling" passage work so dear to the old-fashioned maker of 'cello concertos.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 40 (February 7, 1900): 29-30

. . . . I heard Herbert's new Suite Romantique twice in one day, as I attended the evening concert. All Pittsburgh was there, and it was what an impresario would call "a charming audience." The Frews and the Fricks I saw, and with suburban awe. A few hundred millions, more or less, were represented in the orchestra chairs, and aloft music lovers listened. Altogether a captivating picture of musical culture where one would least expect to find it. Manager George H. Wilson made a familiar figure at the marble entrance and a more intimate appeal in the book of the program, for which he furnishes the analytical notes.

The Suite Romantique, written since Herbert's stay in Pittsburgh, is in four movements. Its scoring is rich, sensuous and brilliant. The general character of the work is an apotheosis of love. Indeed, I suggested to the composer the propriety of calling it *Liebesverklärung*. There is a genuine *aufschwung* in the first movement named *Visions*. These Visions are full of restless, syncopated, robust desire. The opening theme lifts one up by the very hair of the head. There is no idle preluding, as if to evoke a mood; the composer rushes into the situation with brain full of flaming eloquent phrases. This movement is very exciting. The *Aubade* calls us into the recesses of a quiet glade, where the dew is yet abroad. The serenade tone is delicately indicated. It is gentle, bucolic and picturesque. One's nerves recover balance; the shock and aspiration of the virile first song have passed. In the third movement the air grows thick with love and its proclamation. This is the crowning stroke of the composition. It begins with a tender oboe solo, and at the close one feels that the entire gamut of passion has been exhausted. The title is *Triomphe d'amour*, and it pleased me the most. In the *coda* there are some curious harmonic experiments. *Fête Nuptiale* comes at the last. It is a vivid, highly colored tableau of an open air festival, beginning with a rhythmical swing that is prodigious. No one could have written it but Herbert or Rimsky-Korsakoff. This Suite is in the various keys of A major, F, E and A major, and places its composer in the company of Goldmark, Massenet and the modern Russians–the latter especially. There is grip and invention, a muscular grip and rich, musical invention. Herbert knows his orchestra from tympani to piccolo, and every bit of color is laid over just where it makes an effect. In form the piece is free, though employing many contrapuntal devices; Herbert has not thought it necessary to express love's pangs and fruition in frugal terms. He is wise–and yet romantic. On the other hand, I should not claim for him the reflective powers of–well, say Brahms. His is music that is full-blooded and with the nerves all showing. Opulent in color, rich in rhythmical life and fairly boiling over with rude vitality, this Suite Romantique is sure to become a favorite in concert rooms, American and European. It is just the sort of music a conductor of temperament likes to conduct, and his band to play, and I may add a modern audience delights in hearing. The work will be heard in New York Monday, February 26 . . . .

"The Musical Season in New York" [by Hans Sachs], *Criterion*, 23 (April 1900): 31

I ought to add to the list of novelties a piano suite of Arthur Whiting's and a symphony of Henry K. Hadley's. But the most brilliant and altogether remarkable composition produced in America this past year is Victor Herbert's Suite Romantique, recently played here under the composer's baton.

"The Pittsburgh Orchestra," New York *Sun*, January 23, 1901, p. 3

The second New York season of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra was inaugurated in Carnegie Hall last night. Mr. Victor Herbert conducted his new symphonic poem "Hero and Leander," and Mrs. Dorothy Harvey sang. The house was well filled by an enthusiastic audience. The gravest drawback of the evening was a programme just double the size it should have been. It was very laudable on Conductor Herbert's part to put on Dvorák's E minor symphony, but it hurt one's receptive powers for his own long symphonic poem. Then to this mélange add the third Leonore overture, an aria, songs, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's Spanish caprice, and the result was dangerously near a musical surfeit.

Doubtless the technical improvement of the orchestra caused this unusual length, and it may be said without fear of contradiction that the playing showed a year of severe drilling. The overture was well done and so was the symphony—though there were slips in wood and brass. The strings are more homogeneous in quality, more solid in attack; but the wood-wind choir leaves much to be desired, as excellent individually as are some of its members. For its massed attacks the orchestra deserves particular praise. . . .

Mr. Herbert's "Hero and Leander" was first played in Pittsburgh last Friday night. Monday night Philadelphia heard it and it received a semi-public rehearsal yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The chief impression gleaned from hearing two performances is that the composer has left far astern all of his previous efforts. His suite played here last season seems noisy, even tawdry, in comparison to this well-knit, if lengthy work. The style from the first F major bar to the last is of one pattern; there are no discordant departures from the mood key, nothing to disturb the weaving of the tale. "Hero and Leander" is a hackneyed subject for poet and painter; modern musicians have yet to exploit its possibilities, although Mancinelli's opera is far from a mere memory.

Mr. Herbert has clung to the barest outline of the story—the woman, her love, her lover, the perilous passage across stormy waters, the death. The psychology is not complicated, the expression of passion and pain evoked by poet's vision, ample but intense. That is thematic simplicity, for the whole formidable apparatus of the modern orchestra and modern orchestration, even unto the very hell gates of Richard Strauss, are made captive.

It would be folly to deny Mr. Herbert's musical forebears. He stems from

Liszt, Wagner, Tschaikowsky and Richard Strauss, and add to this an orchestral coloring that has all the languorous and fainting richness of the Orient—Goldmark, for an example. He has an individual style of his own; a past master of scoring his manner often blinds one to his matter; and there is at least one theme in the poem that may be fairly called commonplace. This same accusation has been brought against Strauss. The Irish composer employs but four motives—for his *Hero* theme is really bifurcated—and with these he paints and relates, chiefly the latter. Hitherto his devotion to the purely external side of his art caused his admirers to wonder if he would ever explore other regions besides the prettily romantic or the picturesquely sensual.

The question was satisfactorily answered last night. "Hero and Leander" has a strong passionate climax, an almost brutal climax, dramatic withal, and its tunes are good, virile and full of sentiment. But what is more desirable, the composer has contrived atmosphere, poetic atmosphere, and, despite fairly well-founded critical objections as to the length, the prelude creates definite images. Its trailing flute passages, always beginning on an anticipation with a shuddering nebulous background, put one in the key of the legend. What follows is full of promise.

The interweaving of the themes, the constant play of ingenuity to avoid conventional assonances, harmonic commonplaces, trite rhythms, coupled with the boldness of tinting, all these reveal the breadth and depth of the composer's studies during the past year. Even the storm episode is not banal because of its suppression of old-fashioned screaming chromatics and other banalities. And it does not last long. At the close the tragedy was adumbrated with polyphonic mastery and the ear saturated with tone is not left in suspense. The ending is inevitable.

But "Hero and Leander" must not be heard on a two and a half hour programme of music. It deserved the place of honor last night because of its novelty. . . .

"Stage Heroes and Heroines," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 19 (February 1904): 740

"Babes in Toyland" does not come within the category of melodrama. It is a cunningly devised entertainment in which the charming and naive music of Victor Herbert, the fancy of Glen McDonough and the gorgeous stage pictures of Julian Mitchell all play important parts. That this unique spectacle would crowd the Majestic Theatre at every performance was a foregone conclusion. William Norris—the ever-versatile Norris—is the idol of the children, small and grown up.

Henry Holden Huss
(1862-1953)

A teacher as well as a composer and pianist, Huss was the author of Condensed Techniques, *a book on piano teaching. He often played his own music with symphony orchestras, and was one of the American composers whose music was performed in a Van der Stucken concert at Paris's Trocadéro in July, 1889.*

In a letter to me, February 8, 1952, Huss recalled that Huneker's "partly humorous and partly serious" review reproduced below of his Piano Concerto in B, which appeared before the work had been published or played in public, caused "quite a sensation in musical circles." Huss added: "Huneker was very kind to 'budding' musicians. After I had published my first piece with G. Schirmer, he told me 'I have given your Ballade to a gifted pupil.' "

Two unpublished letters from Huneker to Huss have turned up. In one of them, June 16, 1888, Huneker asked Huss "as a kind considerate friend" to contribute an article to the Musical Courier, *in which he described Huss, on July 17, 1889, as the "most spiritual of the younger group of rising American composers" (19:67).*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 28 (June 20, 1894): 8-9

Henry Holden Huss looks like a theological student, but he can compose music like a passionate pagan. His new piano concerto, as yet in MSS, I had the pleasure recently of hearing hot from the composer's fingers. It is a work begun some years ago, but only finished a few months. It has very fleshly moments, and is altogether quite the best thing I have yet heard from this young man.

It is in the key of B, a rich fruity key, and its prevailing mode of feeling is stress and storm, with a lulling intermezzo. Mr. Huss has given here or never reins to his imagination and fancy, and if he is often strenuous, even overwrought, he never held a firmer rein over himself, and he never fought so successfully temptations to over-elaborate, over-subtilize his material. In much of his earlier work the intellect captured quite your suffrages. It seemed as if it was the problem to be solved, never the vagrant fancy to be checked. In this piano concerto one may cavil at the superabundance of passion, at the occasional anticlimaxes, but never at any lack of spirit or red blood.

After a questioning introduction given out by the brass over a sulky organ point, sustained by the tympani and contra bassi, the piano jumps into the arena with a bold, downward, octave sweep, and at once without any harmonic beating about the bush or groping after the unattainable we get the first subject, march-like and thunderingly triumphant. It is very modern in color and feeling. Mr. Huss has knelt at Bayreuth, he has also had Polish dreams; but while high strung he is always well bred, and never tears passion to tatters; so we get a surcease of the tense atmosphere, and a lovely second subject appears, and is one of the best things in the movement. The accompaniment figures and passage never strain at novelty, and while rich are not obtrusive. They are there for a purpose, not for empty digital display. It is a very difficult movement, and will tax the endurance of any virtuoso, but I am sure you will believe me when I tell you Mr. Huss never writes for effects of virtuosity. His octave and chordal passages are Lisztian, to be sure, but then the Weimar master set the pace for us; we cannot go back to the prehistoric nakedness of the Mozart concerto.

The composer has placed his cadenza near the middle of the movement. He believes in telling you what he thinks himself about his themes without the reinforcement of the orchestra. In the regular working out section we get again the new quality in Mr. Huss' work. It is positively exuberant and to a genuinely profound scholarship there is an additional freedom and mastery which tell me of long vigils, of conquerings of the flesh, of the ultimate supremacy of the spirit. The coda is ingenious, but not too long spun out. In it the clash and clangor reaches a grand climacteric. After this surely the deluge!

I was inclined to be captious about the andante and its rather low pitch in sentiment, color and dynamics, but after listening to the last movement I reached the conclusion that in two opposing whirls there must be a centre where absolute rest obtains. It is the doctrine of kinetic stability, and the dreamy melody in E flat with its tentative gropings after that divine repose which we find in Beethoven, sometimes in Brahms, never in Chopin or Schumann, is very soothing. But the swirl of the last allegro, with its heaven-storming forefront and agitated swing and brio drags us once more into the impassioned Hercules' vein of the first movements. Without any pretension at organic unity, but rather as a thought sequence, the opening theme peeps forth thunderously and then a genuine "Wilde Jagd" until the close. I must also not forget a very pretty counter theme. This allegro bears a spiritual relationship to the last movement of Chopin's B minor sonata. But it is a rhythmical resemblance that is heard with the inner ear only.

If I had the time, or rather the inclination (for the flesh is more willing than the spirit this lazy weather), I could detail for you many delightful things in this concerto. For instance, what could be more charming than the second subject of the first movement, with its transition from G minor to D minor, and the Magyar lilt to A minor? Nothing new, you cry; but mark how unexpectedly it greets you! The complete concerto abounds in harmonic surprises, yet gives one the impression of a whole, and not a series of detached sketches.

Mr. Huss will first play the concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra next fall. And now a word about his piano playing. It has gained vastly on the side of weight, breadth, sweep and sonority. It has more of muscularity in it, to quote a word of Mr. Krehbiel's. Altogether this piano composer may shake hands with his astral self, and invite it out for an astral stroll, and a Swinburne séance and a sherry cobbler.

"The Seven Arts," *Musical Courier*, 37 (December 28, 1898): 25-26

It was with genuine pleasure I received Henry Holden Huss' piano concerto in B, of which I wrote at length several years ago. Schirmer is the publisher of the score. The composer has subjected it to a thorough revision, going so far as to even alter and broaden a theme. The *facture* is fine, the solo being brilliant, with a most noble and impressive introduction. One finds numberless novel and refined harmonic bits in the sixty-six pages of the piano part. There is poetry in the slow movement, and daring in the last. It is dedicated to Adele Aus der Ohe. She plays it well, I am sure. When are we to hear it, Mr. Huss?

Edgar S. Kelley
(1857-1944)

Huneker initially referred to Kelley as "the composer of the 'Macbeth' music"–Kelley's earliest orchestral work, first played as a whole in San Francisco on February 12, 1885–in his article on "American Piano Composers." The two men had met by October 23, 1889, when Huneker described Kelley in the Musical Courier *as "my friend" (19:347). Kelley's interest in Chinese music, already evident in 1891, as Huneker's review indicates, increased while he worked in San Francisco as music critic of the* Examiner *in 1893-1896. During this period he and Huneker must have corresponded fairly frequently, for in the one letter to him that has survived, dated January 27, 1893, Huneker tells Kelley that "all your letters" gave him much pleasure.*

Kelley returned to the East in 1896 to become special instructor of composition at the New York College of Music. Later he held professorships at Yale, the Cincinnati Conservatory, and at Western College in Oxford, Ohio.

In his Chopin the Composer *(1913), Kelley praised the "scintillating studies" in Huneker's* Chopin, *citing him frequently as an expert on the subject.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 18 (February 13, 1889): 123

Amiable and talented Edgar Kelley has once more caught the popular ear by his really clever "The Lady Picking Mulberries," which is nightly sung in that side splitting burlesque, "The Pearl of Pekin," by pretty Bella Thorne. Kelley is a curious genius, well read, musical to a degree, is a gentleman and looks like a graduate from a clerical institution. He handles a skillful pen and is quick at repartee. This Chinese musical skit of his has real Chinese words appended to it, and Mr. Kelley intends following it up with another song just as quaint and grotesque, which he calls "The Man in the Moon," and which will doubtless be the rage, like "The Lady Picking Mulberries."

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 22 (April 22, 1891): 389

Edgar Kelley's Chinese music last week at the Manuscript Society Concert brought to my nostrils a delicate savor of *ylang-ylang*, opium, Hyson tea, Theodore Wores' Japanese pastels, the whole permeated by a laundry atmosphere in which moon-faced celestials were screaming and washing.

When Kelley conducted, such is the association of ideas, he became a pig-tailed mandarin, Chickering Hall dissolved and I, too, tried to fly a kite with other grave Chinamen. In the distance a pagoda glittered in the grove, the sky was a burnt blue and—a xylophone brought me back to New York.

Kelley, you have a positive genius for the grotesque in art.

Do, for me, especially, write a concerto for tam-tams, piccolos, telephones and orchestra. Do it in your most barbaric manner; let the scoring be lasciviously oriental, and I will reward you by singing for you in a rich ($15 a week) baritone "The Lady Picking Gooseberries."

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 26 (January 25, 1893): 9

I have just heard from talented Edgar Kelley, who is working on a couple of operas on the Pacific Coast. Among other things he writes me that he doesn't admire Brahms (so I wired him Finck's address), and then he does not admire me when I indulge in a mood of levity. Alas! Edgar, thou who taughtest the lady how to pick the shining mulberry from melodic China. Alas and alack! I seldom feel like indulging in gaiety as of yore, for am I not ever serious, and do I not spend my time carving with the axe of criticism the tender talents of budding musicians and also the American composers who never bud?

When the spirit seizes me I cry, "Let the gods give us joy!" but it is many moons before the advent of the joyful season when the Goat Ceres and Bacchus blend—in a word the time of beer commonly called "bock."

So if a mad mood of midwinter mockery fills my gelid veins with joy, why, Edgar, complain not and be a true Stillman like your name.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 32 (February 19, 1896): 21

Three well-known American musicians were in the city last week. Frank Van der Stucken, of Cincinnati; E. A. MacDowell, the Boston composer, and Edgar S. Kelley, of San Francisco. Mr. Kelley visited us to conduct his new orchestral suite Aladdin, which the Manuscript Society produced last Thursday evening at Chickering Hall. He has just put the finishing touches to a symphony which he calls Gulliver. A fantastic brain has this same Edgar, who is now as moon-eyed as an Oriental, the result, I suppose, of his wearisome wanderings in Chinatown after chopstick harmonies and cooing laundry melodies.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 32 (May 13, 1896): 20

I wonder if Sir Henry has heard of Edgar Kelley's music to Macbeth. It was played when McKee Rankin produced the work some years ago in Brooklyn. It is far superior to Sir Arthur Sullivan's and its faded reminiscences of Mendelssohn. The Gaelic march is a fine, characteristic bit of writing. I sincerely hope Mr. Irving will secure Mr. Kelley's music. The Sullivan music is weak and flavorless.

Bruno Oscar Klein
(1858-1911)

Born in Germany, Klein came to America in 1878. He was head of the piano department at the Convent School of the Sacred Heart from 1884 till 1911 and also taught at the National Conservatory in New York. In addition, he was active in the musical management of New York's German Theatre in the early 1880s. Huneker mentioned his piano music and songs in 1887. Klein also wrote an opera, Kenilworth, *produced in Hamburg in 1895.*

See, also, under Chadwick above.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 31 (December 25, 1895): 24

Bruno Oscar Klein is a most sympathetic musical individuality for me. I have been playing his new set of eight pieces for piano, little gems that Schumann would have been delighted to read. They bear titles, appropriate titles, and there are two valses that you must play—simple, poetic, passionate. A vein of romanticism runs through all, and you hear faint echoes of Schubert, Chopin, Schumann. I can recommend this set to young players who have been technically overtrained. They will be admirable antidotes to Czerny, Hummel and Clementi. Mr. Klein's new Italian suite, consisting of a prelude, canzonetta, minuetto and tarantella, is stronger food for brain and fingers. But it is all clear, charming, unaffected, and the composer has the courage of his counterpoint. I shake you by the hand, Mr. Klein.

Charles M. Loeffler
(1861-1935)

By the turn of the century Huneker and Loeffler were friends. In the only letter that has survived on either side, Huneker wrote Loeffler, February 22, 1900: "It was my turn to invite you to luncheon . . . ." In a letter to Edward Ziegler, June 5-6, 1903 (misdated 1912 in Huneker's Letters*), Huneker mentioned seeing Loeffler at the Strauss festival in London earlier that year.*

The critique on Loeffler was "one of the best things" in Lawrence Gilman's Nature and Music, *Huneker wrote Gilman on February 1, 1915. "I wish I had written it! I love Loeffler's art. It* is *unique (*Letters, *p. 181). Huneker's review of Gilman's book appears below. On April 8, 1915, Huneker again wrote Gilman: "I'm not as much a Debussy man [Debussy was one of the subjects in Gilman's book] as a Loeffler.* He *is our 'music-maker now'; at least in America" (*Letters, *p. 183). For a brief earlier comment by Huneker on Loeffler, see under Beach above.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 39 (December 20-27, 1899): unnumbered pages.

The novelty at the Boston Symphony evening concert last Thursday, December 14, in Carnegie Hall, was Charles Martin Loeffler's "Nights in the Ukraine," a concert piece for violin and orchestra. The composer is a singularly sympathetic man, but it was his poetic music that first attracted me. Fancy the ascetic head of a mediaeval dreamer, one whose dreams possess him until they are wrought into enduring shapes; a man crucified by his art, a gentle fanatic, and by temperament a recluse. To this simplicity add the tortured, complex nature of the modern tone poet, and to disturb still more the human plan let this artist also be ridden at times by the *virtuoso*. Here we get a scheme of personality that is as morbidly fine as a Huysmans with the fantastic visions of a Berlioz. All this and something more is Loeffler. He is the musician of culture, of reflection, rather than the genius that blurts itself out at one savage burst. Involution after involution I discern in Loeffler's gray and haunting music, the delicate retreat upon itself of a soul that shuns the large places of the marketplace and would fain build a palace of art. But Loeffler is also a violin virtuoso, and so the two temperaments are at war. A poet, a painter, if you will, and the lover of the splendid, sonorous phrase, the maker of dizzy decorative spirals for his instrument; now brilliancy, *éclat* and the cloistral dreamer is forgotten. From such an unique combination unique music must come. The songs, the "Divertimento" -which precedes the "Ukraine" -"*Le Mort de Tintagiles*," as yet unheard here, and the sextet are works that easily rank with any latter day productions. Loeffler is fascinated by the problems of *timbre*, and so the endless series of lovely and terrible sounds that may be made with an orchestra are to him worth living, worth dying, for. He should be sheltered in some half ruined château, flanked by a Gothic forest, and facing bright waters. Therefrom he would discern those Maeterlinckian ships that bore the Prince to the seven sleeping brides. But this same château must possess a French *chef*, for Loeffler is modern and knows that certain recondite art, silken in web and shot with more colors than the prism, must be fed, not as feed huge Germans who carved a symphony or an oratorio on bread and beef and beer.

An art aristocrat, if I may be permitted to say all these things, is Charles Martin Loeffler, and if his body were as strong as his soul it is just as brave he could be expected to compose big things. Yet I am a believer in psychical delicacy existing within a coarse husk; witness Renan, and powerful music has come from a sick frame—Chopin, for example. Loeffler has been called a *décadent* because of his choice of themes, his sharp contrasts of melancholy and ecstasy, and the profoundly exotic character of his poetic subjects. Very well; let us admit this. He is *décadent*, for he prefers the twilight to the dawn and dawn to the glare of midday. There are trumpets in his orchestra, but their tone is veiled almost as Alfred de Vigny's sound of the horn in the woods at dusk. His exceeding fine color sense enables him to endlessly experiment and split hues into subtle splinters of light. It is this, with a pulsating orchestra, a passion for the beautiful and the strange, that—given his admirable musical equipment—singles Loeffler's compositions from his contemporaries', and lends it a note of subtle distinction. He could set Baudelaire's lines "In undulant robes, with nacreous sheen impearled, she walks as in some stately saraband," and for Gogol and Turgenev's simple peasants he has sympathy. This versatility in taste but deepens the mystery of his temperament.

"Les Veillées de l'Ukraine" is in four movements. Only the first, second and fourth were given at this concert. The motto is from Nicolai Gogol. Mr. Apthorp has Englished it thus:

> With us in the country, here is what happens through time-everlasting: as soon as the work in the fields is over the *moujik* climbs up upon his stove for the winter, and the rest of us hide our bees in a dark cellar. When there is not a crane left in the sky and not a single pear on the tree, then, as soon as night comes, you are sure to see a little house lighted up at the end of the street, and issuing therefrom are sounds of laughter, of songs that you hear from afar; the *balalaika* sounds, and sometimes the violin, mingling with the hum of conversation. There are our *vetchernitsy* (*veillées*, or sitting-up nights). . . . A crowd of young girls come together, not to dance, but to speed the distaff and spindle: . . . not a girl of them raises her eyes, but as soon as the *parobki* (young fellows) rush in a body into the *khata* (thatched hut), with the violin player at their head, there are screams fit to deafen you, jokings, dances and other diversions besides.
>
> Majestic and gloomy, the maple forest turned its black mass to the moon. Motionless, the pond breathed its coolness upon the tired passer-by, and forced him to sit down on its banks. All was calm; in the deep thicket only the nighingale's trills were heard. . . . Do you know the Ukraine night? Look upon it. From the middle of the sky the moon looks down upon you; the immeasurable vault extends wide, and seems more immeasurable still; it catches fire and breathes. All the ground is in silver light; the air, wondrously pure and cool, and yet it stifles you, laden as it is with languor, and becomes an ocean of odors. Divine night! Enchanting night! Inert and pensive, the forests rest, full of darkness, casting their great shadows. Silent and motionless are the ponds. . . . Leuko was trudging slowly toward the old house by the pond. He looked

> round about him. The night seemed still more fairy-like. A strange and delicious glow enhanced the brightness of the moon. Never had he witnessed such a spectacle. A silvery mist fell from all around him. The perfume of the apple trees in blossom and the nocturnal flowers deluged the earth. He looked in stupefaction at the motionless waters of the pond. The old feudal manor house, seen upside down in this moving mirror, looked serene in its effulgent majesty. Instead of dark shutters, the cheerful panes of the windows and doors were open like eyes; through the clear class you caught a glimpse of gilding. And now he thinks he sees a window opened. Holding his breath, but without trembling or taking his eyes off the pond, he feels himself transported to its depths, and . . . dreams the story of "The Drowned Girl." . . . All is plunged in sleep. Only, at long intervals, the silence is broken by the barking of dogs.

The three movements were indicated as follows:

I. Introduction: Andantino in A minor (3-4 time).
 Pastorale: Allegro moderato in A major (2-4 time).
II. A Night in May (The Drowned Girl—Runa): Lento in G minor (4-4 time).
IV. The Parobki amuse themselves: Allegro giocoso in A minor (2-4 time).

The form is the freest imaginable and some of the themes are genuinely Russian.

The orchestral part is scored for 1 piccolo-flute, 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 4 horns, 2 trumpets, 3 trombones, 1 bass tuba, 1 pair kettledrums, Glockenspiel, harp, and the usual strings. The score is dedicated to Henry L. Higginson.

What a lovely word is Parobki. We were all Parobkis once, and amused ourselves. Mr. Loeffler's peasant lads are idealized; they never rush ferociously across the picture like Tschaikowsky's, but there is rhythmical life, fiery eloquence withal, in this fourth movement. The tenderness and suffused sadness of the "Night in May" reveals the poet. In the andantino there is Little Russia, its vast, melancholy background, its naive humors. The violin solo is individual, yet less as a protagonist than might have been expected. It is difficult, but never "fiddling" in its brilliant passage work. It was taken by Franz Kneisel.

Edward A. MacDowell
(1860-1908)

These pieces represent Huneker's most substantial criticism of MacDowell between 1889 and 1901. His earliest reference to the composer appeared in his article, "American Piano Composers," Etude, *5 (July 1887): 94; the passage is reproduced below. In addition, Huneker mentioned MacDowell in the* Musical Courier, *17 (July 18, 1888): 51; (October 3, 1888): 237; and (November 28, 1888): 380; 18 (May 29, 1889): 435; and (June 5, 1889): 459; 20 (January 15, 1890): 44; and (March 26, 1890): 276; 21 (February 18,* *1891): 153; 26 (May 3, 1893): 9; 27 (September 6, 1893): 8; 28 (April 18, 1894): 7; 29 (September 26, 1894): n. p.; 32 (April 29, 1896): 21; 33 (November 4, 1896): 20; 34 (June 9, 1897): 21; 35 (October 13, 1897): 24; 36 (February 23, 1898): 24; 37 (December 21, 1898): 30; and (December 28, 1898): 23; 42 (March 6, 1901): 23; and 44 (May 21, 1902): 21. He also discussed MacDowell in* Town Topics, *40 (December 8, 1898): 23, and in* Criterion, *23 (April 1900): 29-30. Other references to MacDowell are found in* Steeplejack *and in Huneker's two volumes of letters.*

Though Mrs. MacDowell, then ninety-four, informed me in 1952 that she doubted whether Huneker and MacDowell corresponded, after her death in 1956 and after the publication of my Huneker biography in 1963, I discovered, at the Library of Congress which had recently obtained them, eight letters from Huneker to MacDowell, seventeen from Huneker to Mrs. MacDowell, and one letter and a draft of another from MacDowell to Huneker; elsewhere are another letter from MacDowell to Huneker and one from Mrs. MacDowell to the Hunekers.

For MacDowell's year of birth, see my article, "Edward MacDowell's Birthdate: a Correction," Musical Quarterly, *61 (April 1975), 233-239.*

"Thomas Concerts," *Musical Courier*, 18 (March 13, 1889): 205

The Thomas concert which took place Tuesday evening of last week, at Chickering Hall, was made doubly interesting by the presentation of two novelties—a piano concerto in D minor, the piano part being taken by the composer, Mr. E. A. MacDowell, and a new symphony by Tschaikowsky, mention of which latter was made recently in an interesting letter from the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Musical Courier*.

Mr. MacDowell is, we are proud to say, an American, although he has lived and studied much in Germany.

His first piano concerto in A minor was favorably spoken of in these columns, after it had been played by Teresa Carreño, at the Chicago meeting of the M.T.N.A., and also at the Worcester Festival. His second effort is a vast improvement on the first, both as regards forms and content. The D minor concerto is really a piano concerto in the best sense of the word. It is not merely a brilliant piece of piano virtuosity, with a spectral orchestral background entering a feeble little protest from time to time, but is a full blooded, robust conception in which the interchange 'twixt piano and orchestra is both vivid and well balanced. The principal subject of the first movement is broad and telling, and handled in almost *leit motiv* fashion it takes hold on one's consciousness firmly from the very outset. The whole movement is dignified and impassioned, and its orchestration superb in coloring and skillful development.

The presto, which is literally a scherzo, is delightful and breathless, and in treatment as light and airy as an aquarelle by a Fortuny. The short largo which leads into the last movement is surcharged with poetic feeling and is much too short. The last movement is not so strong as its companion movement, but falls off nowhere in grasp nor detail, the pretty second theme being somewhat Gallicized and bordering on playfulness. The tragic significance of the first movement has passed away and the composer becomes both tender and elegant. Mr. MacDowell says so many delightful things in this work that one longs for a repetition of it. It is virile, full of a strong rhythmical life; poetical, dramatic and has a sweep that proves the composer is accustomed to a large canvas, is wide of mental vision and possesses imagination of a no mean order. Technically, the orchestra is emphatically modern. Ability is displayed in the discrimination of colors employed; nowhere is the brush laid on too thickly, and the piano part, which is difficult, never strains after the impossible, technically nor emotionally. It was most excellently played by Mr. MacDowell, who, while disclaiming all pretensions to virtuosity, played with admirable precision, abandon, fluency and poetic delicacy. The orchestra assisted him in his efforts by an exquisitely played accompaniment, and again Mr. Thomas can be thanked for his artistic collaboration in the production of such a beautiful work of native composition. . . .

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 18 (April 10, 1889): 283

E. A. MacDowell, the young New York composer-pianist, whose portrait adorns the *Musical Courier* this week, is a most winning personality. He has a face that can best be described as "living music," so sensitive and varying is it in its changing lights and shades. No picture can ever do him justice, for no picture can represent more than the mood of the moment, and MacDowell is a born poet, for his music is eminently poetical and he is at his best when dealing with some romantic subject. He is a welcome acquisition to the ranks of young America in music.

"Personals," *Musical Courier*, 18 (April 10, 1889): 284

Mr. MacDowell needs no introduction to New York, for his recent appearance at a Thomas concert, where he played his second piano concerto, is still fresh in our minds, but it nevertheless gives us particular pleasure to be able to present to our readers a portrait of the talented young composer. Mr. MacDowell was born December 18, 1861, in New York City, and began early the study of the piano, at one time being a pupil of Carreño. He went to Paris in 1876, and was admitted into the conservatory in 1877, studying while there, under Marmontel, piano, and Savard, theory, until 1879. He then went to Wiesbaden and studied for a few months with Louis Ehlert, thence to Frankfurt, where he enjoyed the privilege of being with Joachim Raff as a pupil in composition and also with Carl Heymann, the celebrated pianist. In 1881 at Raff's recommendation Mr. MacDowell accepted the position of first piano teacher in the Conservatory of Darmstadt, which he was forced to relinquish in 1882 on account of ill health. At Raff's suggestion he went to

Weimar to play his compositions for Liszt, who became so much interested in the talented young American that he had him play at the convention of the Allgemeine Deutscher Musik Verein in Zürich in 1882, his (MacDowell's) Suite Moderne for piano, op. 10. The work had great success, and Breitkopf & Härtel published it, as well as the second suite, op. 14. Raff's death, in 1882, robbed Mr. MacDowell of one of his best friends and teachers. Ehlert's death and the insanity of Carl Heymann were also severe shocks. Mr. MacDowell preferred composition to the career of the virtuoso, and, marrying an American lady in 1884, he took up his residence in Wiesbaden, giving piano and composition lessons and composing. He returned to this country last fall, and is now a resident of Boston.

Mr. MacDowell's orchestral compositions have been received with great favor in Germany, being played in Frankfurt, Wiesbaden, Darmstadt, Sonderhausen, Baden-Baden, Weimar, &c., with great success. His larger works for orchestra, op. 22, "Hamlet," "Ophelia" and op. 25, "Lancelot and Elaine" (symponic poems) have been published by Hainauer, Breslau. His two piano suites, op. 10, 14 and first piano concerto, op. 15, and Poesien, op. 32, are published by Breitkopf & Härtel, the smaller pieces for piano and songs by Tritsch, Kahnt, Leipsic, Hainauer and Schirmer and Arthur P. Schmidt, Boston. The new concerto referred to above for piano, op. 23, composed '84, which will be heard in Boston next week at the Gericke concert, will appear this summer.

Mr. MacDowell has in MS, for orchestra a symphony, "Roland," "Ländliche Suite" and "Lamia," symphonic poem (after Keats), and has several larger works under way which will be completed this summer.

All this is a big thing for a young man like Mr. MacDowell to have accomplished. His work has created the greatest respect and sympathy for him in Germany, and deservedly so, for he is certainly one of the most talented of the group of younger Americans. His work is thorough, sincere, full of ideas, concise in expression, but nevertheless overflowing with a genuine musical emotion. He is the musician first, but can write successfully also in the virtuoso vein. His smaller compositions for piano are stamped by refinement and polish, while his two concertos have been spoken of at length in these columns. As a pianist, too, Mr. MacDowell is excellent, possessing abundant technic, a pure singing touch and fluent style. He is an intimate friend of Templeton Strong, the composer, who is now residing in Wiesbaden, and also of Teresa Carreño, that singularly gifted and brilliant woman, who is so seldom heard in this city. To her, Mr. MacDowell says, he owes a debt for the warm advocacy of his works at all times. We hope he will soon be heard again in this city.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 21 (July 9, 1890): 52

Mr. E. A. MacDowell was greeted with an amount of applause on his appearance that must have made him feel that he had a warm place in the affections of his fellow workers in the vineyard of art. And he deserves it, for he certainly ranks very high as a composer, independent of any nationality whatsoever. The work he played on this occasion was his second piano concerto in D minor, a strikingly dramatic composition which from its first passionate outburst carries the listener completely away. The first movement is sombre and stormy, with a faint gleam of rest in the second theme. The scherzo that follows is simply charming. It is a gleam of sunshine, a vision of flaky, tiny cloudlets merrily scudding across an azure sky after a storm has passed beyond the horizon. The largo merely serves as an introduction to the last allegro, a powerful and sustained piece of writing slightly suggesting Tschaikowsky. Mr. MacDowell took the piano part and played it like an artist. His tone is agreeable, his technic abundant and he has the temperament both virile and tender. The orchestral accompaniment to the work, difficult and catchy as it was, went capitally under Mr. Thomas' watchful eye.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 23 (September 30, 1891): 354

I am delighted with the way the critics speak of MacDowell's orchestral suite. I could a tale unfold about that matter, but prudence bids me hold my tongue. No wonder America's cleverest composer dislikes being referred to as an "American composer" when men like *blankety-blank* have charge of musical matters in America. The whole affair reminds me of the joke in "Boys and Girls," when the 'cellist asks someone if he is a "musician or an American."

Editorial, *Musical Courier*, 26 (March 22, 1893): 7-8

Breitkopf & Härtel are the publishers of Mr. E. A. MacDowell's "Sonata Tragica," op. 45, for the piano. This is quite an important work of the talented young composer, and is written with a total absence of a striving for meretricious effects. Indeed, the work in its austerity and Hellenic outline at first blush seems more orchestral than pianistic, but its composer is too good a pianist to write other than gratefully for his instrument. The scope and proportion of this sonata are large, and its musical content noble and impassioned. It is in G minor, and after a broad tragic introduction, a largo maestoso, the first theme (allegro resoluto) is sounded softly. This movement is characterized by great dramatic vigor, its themes are epical in their bold simplicity and power. The working out section shows Mr. MacDowell in his best light. Here there is no unnecessary padding, no harmonic rambling, no flights of virtuosity.

The composer has his story to tell, and tell it he does with a directness and force that is very convincing. Both Beethoven and Brahms are suggested, not thematically, but structurally, and by reason of the sustained flight. A scherzo-like movement in B flat is the second, and its sweep and brevity, while being MacDowell, is not altogether unlike Schumann. The largo that follows is a noble dirge-like movement in C minor, cast in a very large heroic mould. Sorrow there is, but it is heroic, not elegiac. This movement is very satisfying. The last allegro in G has a Scandinavian smack, and throughout in form, with its quasi-trills, its second theme, its orchestral effects, it reminds one of Liszt. The maestoso finale is very powerful, and with suggestions of the opening largo the work concludes. Powerful, even rugged, are the words which better describe this new effort of Mr. MacDowell's. That its adequate performance would task any but the brains and fingers of an artist pianist goes without saying. Musical effect, tragic climaxes, with pathetic episodes, are the gist of this sonata. None but a good musician need attempt it. It is to be hoped that this city will have the enjoyment of listening to its interpretation at the hands of its composer.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 28 (June 20, 1894): 9

The piano has attracted me this week. I longed for new ideas, and they came. After the Huss concerto Edward MacDowell's new Virtuoso Studies fell into my hands, and I could say the gods had indeed given me joy. MacDowell's music is yet caviare to the piano playing public. It is too finely thought out, pitched too often into a region where the air is rarefied and the harmonic thought rugged. The superb "Sonata Tragica" I have placed on the same shelf with Schumann, Brahms and Grieg; these twelve new "Studies," which Breitkopf & Härtel have published, are of the same superior quality.

Of course when I say "Etude" I mean studies in style, mood rather than technical problems or the development of any set of hand or wrist muscles. A novellette heads the list, full of bold progressions and dominant spirit. The title is Schumannisch, that is all. The second, a "Moto Perpetuo," is well named. I like the "Wilde Jagd" better. It is audacious, "Lisztian." A charming improvization in F is the fourth of the series. The mood is questioning at times, but breathes of the soul at rest with itself at the close. Of all our younger American composers MacDowell is the greatest musical accomplice of the elf, the kobold, the gnome and the fairy. He has his visions in woodland spots and often lies with his ear close pinned to the moonlit earth. There he hears musical murmurs, faint laughter, tricksome calls and if he but can remember it all we are the gainers in his music, with its "horns of Elfland faintly flowing." I hear it in the scherzo to his D minor concerto and in many other works. The sylvan humor seizes him in these etudes and we get a scherzo-like "Elfentanz," which simply toys with the intangible. It is the most elaborate of the set. Then there is a "Valse Triste," a rollicking "Burleske," a graceful "Bluette" and "Trãumerei." My favorite is an etude, "March Wind," which simply must shimmer over the keyboard to be effective.

It requires a dexterous wrist to play "prestissimo volante," these tricky interlocked repetition groups. Considered purely as a technical nut to crack, this etude is rarely valuable, as repeating notes are out of fashion. Schumann cared not for the manner, nor Chopin. Kessler wrote a valuable one, but it is without marrow, and Henselt, if I remember aright, gave us one such in his op.

2 or 5. It is called "Eroica." MacDowell's is the best of the three. I like it as much as the study in the Etudes Transcendentales of the late late Frankie Liszt. Number eleven is an impromptu, a delicate Chopin replica, and a massive polonaise ends this very fine contribution to piano literature. But, rash ones, beware! There is no facile graded road to the MacDowellian Parnassus. This young composer writes for himself, I fancy, and recks not of your own pet technic, with its tendency to make, not for righteousness, but for certain set, smug forms. Woe to the pathbreaker! He is severely let alone by his own generation, and the virtuous elect know him not, or else pass him by with haughty mien and severe regard.

Let me hasten to add that MacDowell is a name to cherish for young American musicians. Ten years from now you will realize why. I don't set up as a long distance prophet, especially in this instance, when the signs are so clear. Nevertheless, pin this in the hatband of your memory.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 29 (December 5, 1894): 22

When I get a song or piano piece from the pen of E. A. MacDowell I am happy. I know that I am in for a treat, as this man, truly the brightest jewel in the crown of American composers, never turns out hasty, commonplace work. He is that greatest of all critics--a critic of one's self.

Two tiny songs lie before me. They are called two old songs, "Deserted" and a "Slumber Song." Both are in the key of E flat. Both cover but five pages of large music type. Both are gems. The first is a setting of Robert Burns' "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon." Little need of the composer writing, as an indication of tempo, "Slow, with pathos, yet simply." Back of every bar there glistens a tear, and it is a divine tear. Such simplicity and such results! All transparent as the dew and sad as childbirth. But why shouldn't a MacDowell interpret a Burns? It's in the blood. The "Slumber Song" is like a Runic croon. Its lilt is lulling. It breathes of delicious drowsiness. MacDowell is our poet-musician indeed!

And he plays at the next Philharmonic concert. What a unique event! A pianist-composer of whom Rafael Joseffy said despairingly: "What's the use of the pianists playing nowadays when a fellow like MacDowell comes along with his D minor concerto and plays it the way he does!" Mr. MacDowell plays this same concerto in D minor, and a noble and fantastic work it is. I heard it fresh from his pen in 1890 in Detroit at an M.T.N.A. meeting with that prince of orchestral accompanists, Theodore Thomas, at the conductor's helm. It was an ideal performance. Musical New York will surely turn out en masse to welcome its talented son next week at the second Philharmonic rehearsal and concert, December 14 and 15.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 29 (December 19, 1894): 23

I have seldom enjoyed such charming piano playing as Edward MacDowell's Friday afternoon at the Philharmonic Society public rehearsal in Carnegie Hall.

Mr. MacDowell is a New York boy, but resides in Boston. He studied with Joachim Raff, and is a modern of moderns in his tendencies.

His own concerto for piano and orchestra in D minor is a unique work.

If I mistake not, he played it first with Theodore Thomas here at Chickering Hall, and I heard it in 1890 at Detroit, also under Mr. Thomas' baton.

In form it is free, but the themes are most exhaustively treated, the workmanship masterly and the scoring rich and warm.

MacDowell is a romantic, he has a strong poetical imagination, and the work is flooded with color, delicately molded fancies, and is of surprising breadth and power.

It is pre-eminently the American piano concerto. The first movement, which also serves for the slow movement, is fresh and forceful.

In the "Spinning" scherzo, the charm is finely felt, and the composer was awarded much applause. The last movement never relaxes in interest, and its life and sparkle, so free from morbidity or turgidity, called forth immense enthusiasm.

Mr. MacDowell had to respond and play an encore. As a pianist, he is likewise admirable; abundant technic, a clear ringing musical touch, great finger equality and velocity, as evidenced in the scherzo, plenty of power, and above all sympathetic personality, go toward making the appearance of this handsome young man an unusually interesting event.

"The Second Philharmonic Concert," *Musical Courier*, 29 (December 19, 1894): 30

The bright particular star of the occasion was Edward A. MacDowell, who played his second concerto in D minor most charmingly. A pianist who appeals to the imagination, a poetic artist whose play is colored with deep musical feeling, Mr. MacDowell won a success which literally became an ovation. His concerto, which departs widely from the conventional lines of the old-fashioned piano concerto, has been reviewed several times in the *Musical Courier*. The composer played it in this city with Mr. Thomas and also at an M.T.N.A. meeting in Detroit four years ago. It easily ranks with any modern work in this form. Dramatic in feeling, molded largely, and its themes musically eloquent, it sounds a model of its kind—the kind which Johannes Brahms gave the world over thirty years ago in his D minor concerto. Mr. MacDowell has some affinities with both Liszt and Brahms. The piano is by no means subordinated to the orchestra, although the composition is almost symphonic in character.

The scherzo is piano music pure and simple. It is delightfully airy and was played delightfully. The most significant movement is the first, the entrance theme of which has a spiritual analogy with the Grieg. The fineness of workmanship, the exhaustive treatment, the lively minor episodes and the color and surface brilliancy of the work made a sensation, and the composer-pianist had to respond to an unusual number of encores. The close of the first movement is poetically impressive. He played on Friday afternoon, on recall, one of his new Etudes de Concert, "Improvisata" in F, and Saturday night the prelude to his first "Suite Moderne." It is to be hoped that Mr. MacDowell, who is unquestionably America's foremost composer, will give a piano recital here composed of his own works, beginning with the noble "Sonata Tragica."

The accompaniment to the concerto did not go smoothly at the rehearsal, and there were lots of slips in the scherzo, but the entire performance went more spiritedly.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 30 (March 6, 1895): 23-24

I begin to believe that Edward MacDowell is a belated romanticist. He has successfully resisted the realistic currents of the day, while his eclectic training and keen sense of form have kept him from becoming a misty symbolist. He is a healthy poet; for him morbidity, in the modern unwholesome sense, has no attraction, and his aestheticism is pure, fine and eminently invigorating. Let me speak of him first as a pianist.

Mr. MacDowell gave two recitals last week in the concert hall of Madison Square Garden. The programs were made up of compositions by Templeton Strong, Saint-Saëns, Paul Geisler, Liszt, Chopin, Schumann, Bach and MacDowell. Mrs. Wyman sang some of Mr. Strong's songs, which suffered not at her hands, but because they were too much in the same mood–key. She also sang with much taste and sentiment four gems by the concert giver. I liked Deserted and The Sea very much. In the latter was the great gray waste and wash of waters. It is the strongest song of the sea since Schubert's Am Meer.

Now as to Mr. MacDowell's playing: No native born American player can approach him in warmth, color, variety of tonal nuance, authority or power. He has improved enormously on the technical side. There is nothing he cannot do if he chooses to. And the ease, insouciance and unforced brilliancy of his play never fail to arouse enthusiasm. It is curious to write thus of a man whose compositions so strongly arouse one. MacDowell, if he but wishes, can easily rank with the best virtuosi before the public. His finger work is remarkable for its clarity and elasticity, the result of his Parisian training. And the volume of tone he gets from the Steinway grand is as rich and as full as Paderewski's. Remember, I am not writing all this for the sake of paradox, or from motives of patriotism, but am recording my sincere impression. MacDowell is one of the best equipped pianists I have ever heard. He is no specialist, yet he does all things superlatively well. His staccato is delicious, his touch tender, mellow and so musical, while his octave and chord work is that of a virtuoso. Why then does not this young man achieve fame as a piano player?

He doesn't care to. He is the Monsieur Sans-Gêne among musicians. Yet a more earnest man does not breathe; but watch him at the keyboard. Unaffected, but not with the sweetly studied simplicity of the Polish charmer Paderewski, but a genuine don't care a damn that is both Yankee and refreshing. And he does not. Piano playing beyond certain reaches is for him a bore. He is primarily a composer. He lives for the musical idea, not in its reproduction. He is too musical to become a virtuoso for virtuosity's sake, yet he can play Alkan as well as Chopin. And again he hates the pose, the make-believe. Every virtuoso must have something of the theatric in him. He must hold his head on high and stiffen the spine of pride. He must always look for effect and ruthlessly sacrifice certain elements of a composition to the production of that effect. MacDowell's nature is too intimate, his art is too intime for gaudy display. He can be as brilliant as you please. Just listen to him play Saint-Saëns' etude Valse or his own A minor concerto, but it is evident that unless he becomes more in love with the glitter and glow of the footlights he will never enter the lists with great contemporary pianists. What a pity!

So when you listen to his seriously sweet and wholesome playing you forget the modest man and the mechanism and simply enjoy the music. His Bach playing on Thursday afternoon at the first recital was very fine. He gave a courante from some suite or other, and the familiar C sharp major prelude from the first book, the Good Natured—I mean the Well Tempered—Clavichord. It was ideal Bach playing. I did not like so much the B minor minuet of Schubert, nor yet the allegro from the G minor sonata of Robert Schumann. The latter was so hurried and restless that the tonal pattern was blurred. Liszt's Nightingale was exquisitely played. But I did not admire the two Chopin valses which followed. Too much rubato. Indeed the pianist by no means did full justice to himself at this concert. He evidently was glad when it was over.

But his own poem, op. 31, No. 2, simply held me in thrall. This was the motto:

Far on Scotland's craggy shore
An old gray castle stands,
Braving the fierce North sea;
And from a rugged casement
There peers a lovely face,
A woman's, white with woe.
She sweeps the harp strings sadly,
And sings a mournful strain;
The wind plays through her tresses,
And carries the song amain.

—*After Heine.*

It is a beautiful fragment, full of faint briny odors of the sea and having the true narrative tone of a ballad of the border.

His other side, the love of the supernatural, the eerie, the flight of the glowworm in mystic woods, the dance of goblins and the dainty, tricksome play of elves and creatures of the night are all in his witches' dance, his elfin dance, his Shadow Dance and his Czardas. Here may be found, too, a certain mannerism. The MacDowell trill is like the wart on Liszt's face. It often takes the initiative in his music and has a Valkyr quality. And with what finger fleetness he plays these jeux d'esprit? You can see the changing shadows in the dell, divine the rustle and quiver of perfumed boughs in the silvery moonlight and the twittering of all the queer little beings of Elfland.

MacDowell is fond of the open air. For him always the heather and the wind that sweeps across it, the crags of the Highlands and the bonny blue of the sky. His Scotch ancestry tells heavily in his music. His coloring reminds me at times of Grieg, but when I tracked the resemblance to its lair I found only Scotch, as Grieg's grand folk were Greggs and from Scotland. It is all Northern music with something elemental in it and absolutely free from the heavy, languorous odors of the South or the morbidezza of Poland.

I liked exceeding well his Eagle, which is a stirring bit of musical realism. The theme is Tennyson's:

> He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
> Close to the sun in lonely lands.
> Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.
> The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
> He watches from his mountain walls,
> And like a thunderbolt he falls.
>
> –*Tennyson.*

So imaginative is this little poem that the composer had to repeat it. His E minor polonaise, stately and full of splendor, his tender improvisation, and the fierce and rushing study March Wind were the notable things at the second recital.

I am glad that this composer is beginning to turn his attention to figure painting. His Sonata Tragica, which I wrote of at length some time ago, was the best thing on the program last Saturday. It is cast in a heroic Runic mold, is full of brooding power and is strongly imaginative. Indeed, MacDowell's imagination sets him apart from other composers. It is at once his crown and his danger. A man of less restraint and critical power would have abused this magnificent gift. I hope that he will stop writing little things for the piano and devote himself to larger forms. I am an intense admirer of the miniature in art, but there comes a time when the soul grows athirst for the sky, the sea, life at its fiercest, when the Perfectionist seems lagging and superfluous; and then behold! there is the orchestral canvas. Our young American composer has finished another sonata, the Eroica, it is called. I hope that he will devote himself to the orchestra, for which he has a special call.

I admire the first three movements of the Tragica Sonata immensely. The largo is sombre, almost funereal, the whole work the most marked contribution to solo sonata literature since Brahms' F minor piano sonata. I do not count Grieg's E minor sonata, op. 7, as it is small in idea and development; besides, the Norwegian has no feeling or fancy for the form.

A great future has this same MacDowell. He is modern enough, but yet a romantic. When he writes an opera the poem will be from the world of romance. When he writes a symphony it will be flooded with the rich hues of a poetic romantic imagination. Romance dead, chivalry, poetry, dead in America, utilitarian, money grubbing America? Go to, go to! Not so long as MacDowell lives, writes and plays!

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 31 (November 20, 1895): 18

Edward A. MacDowell spent his summer in Switzerland. He worked hard and we hear of a symphony, his first, being completed. His opus 50 I have just received hot from the press of Breitkopf & Härtel. It is a sonata for piano and in form is sufficiently elastic not to excite the ire of Henry T. Finck. The composer calls it Sonata Eroica, and its motto is "Flos regum Arthurus."...

This new work, molded in superb lines, is a companion picture to the Sonata Tragica. I have not studied it enough to say which I favor most, but one thing I am assured of—the sonata will appeal to pianists whose taste for the poetical has outlived their admiration of this traditional form.

If I must cavil, it is because Mr. MacDowell thinks almost symphonically for his instrument. When he gave us a surprise and joy with his performance of his first sonata I felt that the composer, while he illuminated the dark places, yet alone held the key to many mysteries. William Mason has played the work constantly, and declares that it has possessed him as never the crabbed, cryptic sonatas of Brahms. Be all this as it may, you will find few pianistic passages in either of these sonatas. Heavy chord work, taken at rapid tempo, and few scale passages.

The Sonata Eroica might be inspired by Tennyson's Arthur. It is heroic, kingly, noble, austere but satisfying. MacDowell, however (he must pay the penalty of his talent and be thus called), is too fond of color not to squeeze from his tone tubes all the tints of peacock's tail upon this work. After a grave introduction there follows a presto, passionate, precipitous and formidable in G minor, with a dazzling daring modulation in the fourth bar. The lyrical second theme is pathetic and lovely in coloring. Then there are alternating patches of power and tenderness. The tempo marks are many, giving the entire movement agitation and dramatic surprises. The coda, mysterious, ululating arpeggios, leads to a furious climax and then—smash—three F's and the G minor chord.

A scherzo in B flat minor follows, breathlessly, and in the composer's best manner. His old playmates the elves and gnomes have not forgotten him and have whispered strangely colored things in his ear. This movement looks Claviermässig, but it is as tricky as a kobold. Its flight is curved and rest comes not until the trio. The air is full of Schumann-like rustlings, and once I heard Liszt cough sardonically. It is a brilliant bit and will be a favorite with pianists.

But the slow movement is my favorite. Songful and yearning, its Parsifal mood is mystic, exquisite, and brought before me the vision of the Holy Grail and them that went on mad pilgrimages in search of the Sangreal. Musically, it is a finely wrought out piece of imaginative writing in the key of E flat. It contains earthy passion at times, but the general picture is ecstatic, ideal, and in high modulating tints. The close is most impressive.

The last section of this noteworthy sonata is marked Rasch und Wild and in alla breve. It is symphonic in scope, and I like it better than the last movement of his first sonata. Indeed, the keyed up exaltation of the initial mood is better preserved throughout this work. In G major, as a swan's song, a faint echo of the theme of the second movement softly shimmers. Has Arthur, Flower of Kings, come to Avalon?

MacDowell is fond of a shadowy program. I am not. But he is to blame if my interpretation is not his. His text set me dreaming of the Arthurian cycle and the brave Knights of the Round Table, false, scarlet lipped *Guinevere*, sweet *Elaine*, and the forsworn *Launcelot*.

It is a wonderful thing to be a composer, and a unique thing to be a poet-musician. MacDowell is a poet and a musician. Let us doff our hats to this modest man of Boston town. He is a genius, an American genius.

The sonata is happily dedicated to Dr. William Mason, the dean of American pianists.

"MacDowell's Success," New York *Morning Advertiser*, January 24, 1896, p. 3

It was MacDowell night at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The occasion was the third concert of America's finest orchestra—the Boston Symphony Band. Mr. MacDowell, a native of this city, was represented by a new suite built on Indian themes and his first piano concerto. The concerto I first heard from Teresa Carreño in Chicago, in 1888. It is dedicated to the beautiful South American. It is a work written by its composer in his teens. It is vigorous, flowing, romantic and charming. Written under the influences of

Grieg and Raff, the concerto has not the deep poetic content of the second concerto in D minor. The presto is an amazing bit of brilliancy. And it was delightfully played by the composer, who is a pianist of the first range.

The Indian suite I prefer discussing some other time. It made a profound impression, especially the slow movement and the last. The third—a scalp dance, or something like it—is a breezy piece of writing. At last we are treated to genuine American music, with roots plunged into aboriginal sources. Mr. MacDowell has frankly gone to the North American Indian, believing that there is the native stuff—and not in the negroid tunes of Dvorâk.

It all smells of the Gaelic and the Norse, and I can swear that Liszt heard the Indian theme—the principal one in the first movement of this suite. Rhythmetically it is the first cousin to the principal motif of the E flat piano concerto.

Mr. MacDowell enjoyed a triumph.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 32 (January 29, 1896): 22

Boston's prime orchestra introduced at its concert last Thursday night Edward Alexander MacDowell's (a sturdy name for you) second orchestral suite. Indian, the thematic material of which is based on authentic North American Indian melodies. Mr. Apthorp, in his program notes, declares that only three or four of the themes are Mr. MacDowell's own, "and these sprang up in his mind more as opposite counter themes to the Indian melodies than as independent themes in themselves."

The results of MacDowell's vacation abroad last summer are doubtless given us, although the suite was written four years ago, several seasons before Dr. Dvorâk composed his so-called American Symphony, the fifth in E minor, which is based on negro airs and several Indian melodies.

This new suite is as American as we can hope for, at least for half a century. The composer has gone to the coarse haired aborigines for his themes, and, while the music has a Gaelic and Norse flavor, it must be called American—Indian-American. The theme of the third movement of the suite resembles a theme employed by Rimsky-Korsakoff in his Antar symphony—that Antar, child of the desert, glorified by Lamartine.

Mr. MacDowell avoids a program, but acknowledges having won suggestions from T. B. Aldrich's Indian legend, Miantowona. The dirge—the fourth number—is a remarkably original treatment of the subject. Indeed the suite is a revelation of the composer's advance. His handling of the orchestra is masterly, and it is no exaggeration to write that his music held its own on a program with the name of Tschaikowsky leading.

The last movement of the suite is a vivid picture—and I hate being pinned down to a musical synopsis—of wild merrymaking. You can see the red and painted devils dancing with many strange shoutings around their tepees.

Best of all is the fact that it is all good music. It is MacDowell's forty-eighth work. His first piano concerto, charming and clever as it is, and written when he was nineteen, is interesting as a comparative study. Numbered opus 15, the enormous advance in the technical treatment of the orchestra could readily be judged on account of the juxtaposition of the youthful and mature compositions. I pin my faith to MacDowell. He is the hope of our country, and I long for that first symphony which he composed in Switzerland last summer—a most memorable summer, I imagine.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 32 (March 25, 1896): 22

Edward MacDowell is always a welcome guest in New York. Indeed if he lived here he would be alternately feasted and frozen after the manner of our metropolitan treatment of favored sons of music.

The Boston pianist and composer played last Saturday afternoon in the Carnegie Lyceum, a place so cryptic and remote from cable car gongs as to remind me of a second Cabaret du Néant.

The recital was given under the auspices of the Synthetic Guild, a body of piano teachers headed by my esteemed friend Albert Ross Parsons, one of the most erudite men in the country. Miss Kate S. Chittenden is the president. I understand that the membership comprises well-known names in a half dozen cities. It is, I believe—and I may err on this point—founded for the purpose of advocating and practicing the synthetic method in piano teaching—Mr. Parsons' particular method.

Mr. MacDowell played his second sonata in G minor, dedicated to Mr. William Mason. It is his Arthurian sonata and the one I reviewed some months ago. Its poetic, almost rhapsodic character, sombre coloring and orchestral breadth were all strongly described by the pianist, whose noble tone and deep musical feeling are so grateful after the virtuoso chattering we are subjected to.

The B flat minor scherzo was played with delicate velocity, and the lovely slow movement—MacDowell at his best—was poetically delivered. I had intended to go immediately after the sonata, but I found the "Eagle," and could not resist waiting for And Like a Thunderbolt He Falls.

I wonder how MacDowell's music sounds from others' fingers?

The personal eloquence of the composer while at the keyboard is a big factor after all. Much of MacDowell's music is for players with both heart and fingers, a rare combination.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 37 (November 16, 1898): 32

Edward MacDowell was near the sea last summer. His new op. 55, eight small pieces for piano, is simply saturated in the sea mood, for the little volume is but a sheaf of moods without sequence, yet bound together by a certain spiritual resemblance. These "Sea Pieces" are short, often no more than two pages, but they are luminous with the poetry of large, saline spaces, of the line where sky and sea melt, of remote, implacable depths. The keynote is struck in the first number, "To the Sea," with its evocative "Ocean, thou mighty monster." It is the brooding, mysterious sea here, the sea of "undug graves," and its bosom slumbers dreamfully. Like most of MacDowell's music, the imaginative element is strong in this proem. Without effort he has caught the vague and vast quality that is in Schubert's "Am Meer," but it is MacDowell's sea, not Schubert's.

In "From a Wandering Iceberg" the composer gets a glittering effect of calm that is almost hypnotic. There is a thread of human interest which grows until it sounds a faint note of passion. But the primary impression is whiteness, dazzling and serene. My favorite in the volume is "From the Depths," with the motto "And who shall sound the mystery of the sea?" Mr. MacDowell does, in this remarkable poem. There is a crisis here, which whether emotional or cosmical I cannot say. It recalls to me the long, low hum of some antique tragedy, where upon a bare rock and under sullen skies is enacted the tragedy of some strong heart. But all is so objective in the music that humanity and its throb seem an echo.

With what exquisite musical imagery is built the "Nautilus"! It is indeed "many chambered"–in a harmonic sense. The mood is almost too tender for analysis. The mystical key of A flat is chosen, and there is one episode that is as mystical as the prelude to "Lohengrin." To interpret the meaning of this tiny tone poem is not for me. It hints at spiritual analogies, yet its melody is patent to the most ardent clamorer for the tangible in music. It suggests the sleep of the shadow, so delicate are its harmonic adumbrations. The set ends with a powerful piece of music, "In Mid Ocean," in which the dramatic element makes itself felt from the first. It is the ocean "inexorable," and the canvas seems too small for the picture. Mr. MacDowell is essentially a composer who works freely on large surfaces. Possibly because the narrative tone is employed, instead of the musing and philosophic, the composition sounds as if it might be further developed. But MacDowell is a master in the art of musical short story telling, so there is nothing to criticise in the formal sense. The three remaining numbers are in a less epic vein and commend themselves for their fancy and lightness of touch.

These eight "Sea Pieces" are not easy, even in the technical sense. They require supple fingers, strong wrists and an unusual poetic sense. While I do not subscribe to the practice of affixing mottoes to absolute music, the titles in this case are so happy that it would be critical superciliousness to seach for others. A book for the man and woman with musical imagination! The old Scotch in MacDowell peeps out in the "Song," and the general character of the architechtonic is Schumann or Grieg–an intellectual Grieg–rather than Chopin.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 38 (March 22, 1899): 32

Edward MacDowell's concert last Friday evening at Mendelssohn Hall was an overwhelming success. The composer-pianist–a virtuoso in the true sense of that much abused word—played a number of his own works, and gave us a true MacDowell-ian evening. The "Eroica" Sonata, about which I have written, was delivered in a manner that left no doubts as to the composer's intentions. It was heroic; it was noble. I liked best the "Wild Rose," given as an encore; "In Mid-Ocean," from "Sea Pieces," a genuine symphonic sketch, smelling of the salt; and "The Eagle," with its surpassing realism.

MacDowell as a pianist—!

As Joseffy said: "What chance does the poor virtuoso have in comparison with a fellow who composes and plays as does Eddie MacDowell?"

"Crotchets and Quavers," *Town Topics*, 43 (April 19, 1900): 13

Edward MacDowell's professorship at Columbia College has not crushed the poetry out of his music, nor made flaccid the virile grasp of his themes. After hearing him play one of his own sonatas—be not afraid, meticulous reader, sonata in this case does not spell "slumber"—one is inclined to respect Abraham Lincoln's remark as Walt Whitman passed him by: "There goes a man!" MacDowell is manly in his music, and he does not wear upon his shoulder that most aggressive of chips, the legend of the American composer. Sometimes, in despair, I feel like spelling it with a K! Our New York composer, who came to us *via* Paris, Frankfurt and Boston, has written three sonatas for solo piano. The last is just published. Unlike the other two, respectively named "Tragica" and "Eroica," the new one, in the sombre key of D minor, has no title. It is dedicated to Edvard Grieg, and its wild, romantic Scandinavian character, its tale of strife and love, rob even its form of all academic connotations. The work is difficult, demanding strong fingers, wrists, arms, brains and -emotions. Before all else this American has an emotional temperament, that comes to the surface in his climaxes, and may also be discerned in the suppressed intensity of his every phrase. The clearness of design, swiftness of purpose and large surfaces of this sonata betray the musician militant. His story—if a sonata can have a story—deals in conflict and a certain mystic sensuousness, which both excite and allure. A slow movement, peculiarly rich in its lyricism, in its indication of a recondite mood, enfolds the listener as would some subtle odor. There is narration and fierce war in the first movement and overwhelming speed and buoyancy in the last. But MacDowell must himself introduce this composition to the public; he must carve out with great wing strokes its brilliant, dramatic and pathetic passages. He can do it, and in these sweet afternoons of pink-tea tinklings, when the harpsichord and its silken effeminancies prevail in the land, this open-air music, "mad, naked Summernights" music is more than a boon; it is a prophylactic.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 42 (May 15, 1901): 23

Elsewhere I have quoted at length the question put by Guy de Maupassant in the preface to his novel "Pierre et Jean." He asks, What is a novel? Mr. Shaw in his turn could ask me what I mean by a play, pointing out that Molière—he would be modest enough to hurl Molière at my head—never wrote a comedy that wasn't built about a vital idea. However, I shan't anticipate. I started to say that doubtless the question, slightly altered, has been put to Edward MacDowell. What is a sonata, Mr. MacDowell? asks Brother Mathews; while Brother Finck sadly demands, Why a sonata, Mr. MacDowell?

I've been enjoying for the past week a huge Celtic revel, undismayed by Wall Street—some one said that the trodden Wormser was bound to turn—or, by the very un-Irish plays of satirical G.B.S. I read the Celtic anthology, Irish history, all the plays, novels and legends by Irishmen and of the Irish I could lay hands on, and then I bethought me of Edward MacDowell's "Keltic" Sonata, his fourth in E minor, dedicated aptly enough to Edvard Grieg, himself a Gael, Gregg being his original family name. The new work is a sonata, *pace* Mathews and Finck, the structure in sonata form; but the content, at once epic and lyric, narrative and song, does it really belong in this old classic gallery?

The four piano sonatas of MacDowell, the "Tragic," "Heroic," the third in D minor—why not call it the "Norse"?—and this new one, the "Keltic," are all well defined specimens of a tendency, also observable in other arts, to exhibit within an elastic mold the greatest freedom and variety of theme and treatment. Properly speaking—I mean pedantically—the music MacDowell pours into his sonatas ought to be within the broader, more elastic walls of the ballade. But then, what is a ballade? Chopin wrote four and Brahms followed him with a half dozen that are as night is to day if contrasted with the Pole's.

One thing may be agreed upon, the ballade must narrate something, something must happen. It is an epic in little, interspersed with lyric episodes. It has an introduction, a porch, and it has a *coda*, a little back garden, and it sometimes dispenses with both. So Mr. MacDowell is justified in sticking to his title of Sonata, though his handling of his subjects be never so unconventional, his rhythms large and elliptical, his very tunes epic and not adapted for what the wise doctors call "contrapuntal treatment." Being primariliy a poet he becomes aroused by poetic themes, and following the curves of an interior program he does more than keep within bounds, i.e., the normal number of bars for themes, the normal number of themes and a working out section with a coda. In his later sonatas the scherzo has been dispensed with, and I fancy that I see a sonata of his coming, one organic whole without even the faint subdivision employed in the "Keltic." Like Flaubert, the paragraphs and chapters are treated in accordance with the rise and fall of the emotional chain—not in the cut-and-dried manner of the book makers. I called Mr. MacDowell's rhythms elliptical, because there are few of the neat, familiar *points de repères* to be found in composers of less rhythmic courage. He avoids the full cadence as much as possible, and thus there is this new sonata, the larger quality of fine modern prose, the sweep, the constant color-change, tonal variety and the urge and blend of a wide, changeful sea.

In the third Sonata it was the second movement that held me most in thrall. The mood was ecstatic, poetic and tense to the last bar. Here is "Fionnuala" over again:

With heaving breast the fair haired Eileen sang
The mystic, sweet, low voweled Celtic rhyme
Of Fionnuala and her phantom lover,
Who wooed her in the fairy days of yore
Beneath the sighing pines that gloom the waves
Of Luggalà and warbling Anamoe.

But in the second movement of the "Keltic" Sonata the sentiment is less exalted, more homely, in the true meaning of that abused word, and exactly as it is marked: "with naive tenderness." While it never reaches in its G major sweetness the veiled, tragic note of homesickness to be found in Moira O'Neill's "Corrymeela," it nevertheless recalls that tear-stained, nostalgic lyric:

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

Mr. MacDowell gives us the keynote of his music in the lines prefixed to the dedication:

Who minds now Keltic tales of yore,
  Dark Druid rhymes that thrall,
Deirdrè's song and wizard lore
  Of great Cuchullin's fall.

The sonata is well named. It is the most Celtic of MacDowell's composing. I have never admired so much any of his song themes in a first allegro movement. Here it is full of the sobbing pathos of Ireland, and has an essential turn that pins the very heart of you: "Woe is me! Dead my Cael is, fair and free." The processional splendor of the opening is wonderfully re-echoed in the free fantasy. And this fantasy section begins on no dying fall of a phrase, a member, or section; it is woven into the composer's sonorous patterns, a part and parcel of the movement, not a subdivision where the schoolmaster deposes the poet, saying: "Just watch me counterpoint and juggle, juggle and counterpoint!" The science is all there, but is lost in the rich harmonic roar, in the admirable voice of the poet, in the swirl of the movement. When the first theme reappears in E major you feel that something has happened, a lost cause won, a hill crest gained and the enemy routed. Then almost without transition the lovely second subject is repeated, and in muted accents the movement from sheer climax declines to a whispering minor. The tale is told—the end tragic? Hardly a ray of hope until the smashing last chord. Consider the dark Nibelung-like quality at the bottom of page 7. It is Hagen summoning the clansmen.

The finale, unlike this composer's sonata finales, contains few heavy chordal progressions, being a frenzied dance, a jig I am almost tempted to add. Fingers and wrists are taxed to the utmost—this MacDowell never tempers his technic to the shorn student—and for a coda there is a faint suggestion of the initial theme. Here Grieg is recalled -the Grieg of the concerto. Concerning Griegisms here and elsewhere, I may say that Grieg could no more have planned this big, heroic work than he could play it. He is a writer of dainty lyrics—MacDowell's warrior muscles and rude battle axes must fill the heart of the Norwegian with dainty dismay. MacDowell is a man; if you doubt this, compare the E minor Sonata of Grieg with this E minor Sonata, the "Keltic," so full of twilight mystery, Celtic runes, the cries of the defeated and the hushed voice of the harper as he relates in the great hall to the entranced maidens and stern, warlike men: "Old forgotten far-off things and battles long ago."

William Mason
(1829-1908)

*Son of Lowell Mason, the pioneer American music educator, composer, organist, and conductor, William Mason was also versatile. A pupil of Moscheles, Hauptmann, Richter, and Liszt, he toured as a concert pianist briefly before turning to composing and piano teaching, for which he was best known. In addition, he was one of the founders of the Mason and Thomas Soirées of chamber music in New York. Huneker mentioned Mason's piano music in 1887; wrote of discussing European piano playing with him in 1890 (*Musical Courier, *21 [October 29, 1890]: 428); and enthusiastically reviewed his autobiography,* Memories of a Musical Life, *fascinated by the vivid recollections of Meyerbeer, Wagner, Joachim, Brahms, Raff, Rubinstein, and, above all, Liszt, of whose intimate circle of students Mason was a member in 1853-54 (*Musical Courier, *44 [March 5, 1902]: 22). Huneker cites this book in his* Franz Liszt *(1911), and remembered Mason as a "polished pianist, delightful raconteur . . . [who] could discourse by the hour" about the great pianist. (*Steeplejack, *2:25).*

For Huneker's critique of Mason as a pianist, see below under Performers.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 33 (November 4, 1896): 20

Dr. Mason . . . showed me some of his new compositions, which proved to me that he has lost none of his old-time invention and grace. An Amourette, op. 48, pleased me greatly, I suppose because of its poetic, evanescent theme and shifting tonality. I do not know if Mr. Mason admires Brahms, but in this piece he has felt his influence undeniably. A prelude in F and a toccatina in A flat are two very brilliant, fetching studies in octaves and interlocking chords. They are melodic and suitable for concert performance.

Harold Morris
(1890-1964)

Composer and pianist, Morris taught at the Juilliard School from 1922 to 1939 and at Teachers College, Columbia University, from 1939 to 1946. In 1921 he was one of the principal founders of the American Music Guild. His romantic music won many awards.

"Music," *New York Times*, March 7, 1919, p. 11

The New World Symphony, by Dvorâk, concluded the evening; but the novelty was by Harold Morris, a Tone Poem, which Mr. Humiston informed us in his program notes was inspired by the East Indian poet, Rabindranath Tagore. It is, if not a shapely or comely composition, full of passionate strivings, and is scored in the warmly colored style dear to the younger men. Dissonances abound; they are harmless. Tristan was made to step in syncopated rhythm. Toujours Tristan! It's high time the original actor returns to the lyric boards and these wraiths vanish. Mr. Morris has talent, has science, though not much to say. But he is young, and youth is greater than counterpoint.

Arthur Nevin

The best known of these composers is Arthur Nevin (1871-1943). He studied at the New England Conservatory and in Berlin, where his opera Poia *was performed by the Berlin State Opera in 1910. Among his other works are two orchestral suites,* Lorna Doone *and* Love Dreams, *and the opera* A Daughter of the Forest, *produced by the Chicago Opera Association in 1918.*

On April 17, 1901, Huneker remarked in the Musical Courier *that Nevin had "marked talent for composition" (42:23).*

Kate Ockleston Lippa (1855-1940), pianist, composer, and lecturer. Born in England, she emigrated to America, settling in Pittsburgh.

John A. Broekhoven (1852-1930), born in Holland, taught harmony and compositon for many years at the Cincinnati College of Music. See also the article "American Piano Composers" below (where he is mistakenly listed among American-born composers).

Frederick Field Bullard (1864-1904) was a Boston music teacher and composer of songs, hymns, and anthems.

Wilson G. Smith (1855-1929) studied piano with the Scharwenka brothers in Berlin and then returned to Cleveland to teach it. He wrote songs and salon pieces for the piano. For many years music critic of the Cleveland Press, *Smith reviewed Huneker's* Mezzotints in Modern Music *(*Concert-Goer, *No. 250 [June 10, 1899]: 7).*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 40 (August 8, 1900): 19

In the new music sent me I find a pretty little musical Masque, by Arthur Nevin, the libretto by Ethel Stebbins and Wade Chance. It is called "A Night in Yaddo-Land," and was performed at Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Trask's country house "Yaddo." The music, by the brother of Ethelbert Nevin, is graceful and melodious. A "Fern Song" by Kate Ockleston Lippa shows in the accompaniment the hand of the pianist. The song is characteristic, florid, and not difficult. It is for soprano. Mr. John A. Broekhoven's "Columbia" overture is in print. It is a stirring and well scored composition. Mr. Broekhoven's "Creole Suite" is among the first of ultra American compositions. There is more real American color in it than in a barrel of Dvořák's attempts. Frederic Field Bullard has just published two songs for male voice. "A Stein Song" and "Sword of Ferrara" are numbers full of masculine vigor and rhythmic force. Wilson G. Smith dedicates his new "Silhouettes" to George Schneider of Cincinnati. The composition is a theme ingeniously varied. To each variation is given a pleasing title. This innovation is worthy of imitation. Perhaps much of the supposed dryness of variations arises from their being numbered, but not named. Mr. Smith always has something to say, and his work is growing technically bolder.

Ethelbert Nevin
(1862-1901)

These seem to be Huneker's only substantial references to the composer—a student of Von Bülow, Klindworth, and MacDowell whose more serious music has been overshadowed by his popular songs.

"Mrs. 'Jack' Gardner's Versatility," New York *Morning Telegraph*, February 16, 1898, p. 4

After some curious delaying and much walking about the stage, Mr. Ethelbert Nevin got at last to the piano, and his concert at Madison Square Garden Hall fairly began yesterday afternoon about 4:30. Mr. Nevin is an American composer, born in Pittsburgh and musically educated abroad. He has a fashionable following, for his songs are redolent of drawing-room sentiments, and his piano piece "Narcissus" has enjoyed considerable vogue wherever the sound of the piano is heard in the land. Mr. Nevin was handicapped by his singers, a young man and a young woman, both of whom shall be nameless. They sang badly, very badly, and mangled several charming songs. Mr. Nevin played in company with Geraldine Morgan, violin, and Paul Morgan, 'cello, a serenade trio, and it made a sweet effect—as one should hear music through stained glass. His suite, "Maggio in Toscano," simply reeks with sensuous sentiment, and is pretty and sprightly and full of delicate colors in its echoing way. I heard in the first piece, "Harlequin," the shadow dance from "Dinorah," and the Nightingale was unquestionably a further flight of Schumann's delightful and prophetic bird.

Nevin has a tuneful touch without much dynamic range. He is poetic, but not virile, and so his music lacks variety, breadth, above all the passionate note. Rather the heartfelt musings of a shy dreamer than the robust utterances of a man who has lived and suffered. It is this delicacy, this extreme sensitiveness, that makes much of his music palatable to refined lovers of the lyric. I felt very much as did Thalberg after hearing Chopin play. I longed for the open air and a good, honest fortissimo. I do not know whether Nevin will escape this hothouse sentiment. I hope he will. It is all very charming, and in his songs a desirable element, but there is chance for development, for wider horizons, and as he is gifted, it would be a pity to see him forever pinning butterflies to his wheel. . . .

I should add that the two singers were desperately nervous, and that Mr. Nevin did not do himself nor his music full justice because of his evident trepidation.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 42 (February 27, 1901): 26

I am asked to contradict the statement made in the *Sun* that Ethelbert Nevin had no royalties on his "Narcissus," and other pieces published by the Boston Music Company and the Schirmers, of New York. His family will continue to enjoy large royalties on all his piano music and songs, as did the gifted composer during his too short lifetime.

Leo Ornstein
(1892-)

*Born in Russia, Ornstein came to the United States at the age of fourteen. His early music, composed when he was in his late teens, was original, ultramodernistic, and highly controversial; more conservative critics damned it as "futurism" or "cubism" in music. His London recitals in 1914 aroused a storm of adverse criticism as did a series at the Bandbox Theatre which Huneker attended in 1915. The critic was obviously both fascinated and repelled by Ornstein's compositions, unlike any he had heard before. He was not alone. As Paul Rosenfeld wrote in 1922, Ornstein "found America absolutely unprepared for his art . . . . He has not even been heard. Because the musical world has been unable to follow him, it has dismissed him from its consciousness" (*Musical Portraits, *p. 276).*

Huneker, at least, listened. And he was interested enough to want to meet Ornstein whom he described to Gilman as "truly a nerve-shatterer and a wonder"

(Letters, *p. 183). In two letters to me, March 5 and March 22, 1965, Ornstein stated that through Hans Kindler, first cellist of the Philadelphia Orchestra, a meeting with Huneker was arranged in Atlantic City, probably in the fall of 1918. He recalled that he felt rather overwhelmed by Huneker's barrage of anecdotes, many of them about De Pachmann, and intrigued by his remarks on Conrad and, especially, by his comments on Chopin's* A Flat Ballade, *with which, Ornstein gathered, Huneker had been waging a feud for years. Ornstein added: "I felt that I had met a man with strong native perceptions and a man ahead of his time . . . . He was one of the great connecting links between the orthodoxy of the nineteenth century and our modern critics caught in a web of symbols and psychiatry."*

Shortly after this meeting, Huneker gave a very favorable review to Ornstein's playing of MacDowell's Piano Concerto in D Minor *with the Symphony Society Orchestra under Walter Damrosch, a concert which took place on October 31, 1918. He was obviously more impressed by Ornstein as a pianist than as a composer. Ornstein's compostions do not seem to have reached the "high heaven of art" which Rosenfeld predicted they would (*Musical Portraits, *p. 280).*

Ornstein informed me that he and Huneker never corresponded.

"The Seven Arts,"*Puck*, 77 (April 17, 1915): 11, 20

I had heard of Leo Ornstein. I had read some of his compositions. I even attepted to play them. In London he received columns of comment several years ago. But I had never seen, never heard Leo Ornstein. My curiosity, both optical and aural, was gratified, as the Music League of America was considerate enough to send me seats for his fourth recital given in the pretty little Bandbox Theatre on East 57th Street. The auditorium is small, but ideal for an intimate piano recital. And Leo Ornstein is nothing if not intimate. I confess I went, if not to mock, at least in a rather skeptical mood; but I remained to applaud; a sad commentary on my critical consistency. When the young man shambled out from the wings you involuntarily exclaimed: "A Picasso!" Yes, a Picasso he was, of the same period as the Guitar Player at the Carroll Galleries. His neck depressed, his countenance—what I could see of it in the dim irreligious light—sullen, his long flail-like arms depending limply from high, narrow shoulders, his constrained bearing, that of a human about to be delivered of a painful message, his hair mussed up unbecomingly, his coat collar a study in cubism—altogether not precisely a prepossessing portrait. But a Picasso without a doubt; even the greenish, cadaverous coloring was not absent. Thus does nature pay her tribute of imitation to a painter of strong individuality. I don't know whether Ornstein ever saw a Picasso, but I do know that he is the only living pianist who could play a recital in the Carroll Galleries and fight the fierce discordant music of its walls without perishing at the keyboard.

However, when Leo smites the keys he is not in the least anaemic. That glowing apparition, the young Siegfried—Percy Grainger—is a muscular artist, who crashes chords with the energy of a sun god. Compared with Ornstein on the rampage, Grainger is as mellifluous as mother's milk. Nor is the Ornstein scale of dynamics limited. He has a liquid singing touch, his tone is rich, massive, his color-scheme varied, his phrasing musical, subtle. An unquestionable piano talent, I should say, tortured by perverse dogmas. He can ripple. Always a pressure touch in pianissimo. He can explode. A veritable siege-gun in action. I'm sure, without having heard him in Chopin or Schumann, that he can interpret those masters with sympathy and intelligence. But, as he wishes to present latter-day composers, we must accept him at his face value. I, for one, am heartily sick of the conventional recital programme, beginning with Bach, ending with Liszt. Occasionally some daring innovator appears and gives his hearers Brahms, finishing off with Zarembski. Such a programme as this by Ornstein was welcome, though it left a taste in the mouth like honey and absinthe. (I never tried that combination, but it mentally impressed me as a proper definition.). . . . Ornstein plays Debussy with loving interest. He is not afraid of the monotony inherent in the scale of "Pagodes" surely the plaint of a love-sick laundryman, or that rhapsody of childhood, known as Chopsticks; the nocturnal evocation of the Alhambra was an ingenious performance, both as to sentiment and dynamics; while the wet of dreary rain-soaked deserted gardens was suggested musically; this tiny toccata, with its bird-calls, is a dilution of Bach and *eau sucrée*. . . .

Here is where we hit a snag. Leo Ornstein composes; furthermore, he is unafraid as to their publicity. I appreciated the original flavor of his performance. I never thought I would live to hear Arnold Schoenberg sound tame; yet to me he is, almost timid and halting, after Ornstein—who is, most emphatically, the only true-blue genuine Futurist composer alive. Excruciating to ears attuned to the plangent progressions of Schoenberg are the Burlesques, Preludes, and Moods of Leo the Intrepid. Like two amorous felines in a moonlit backyard is the dialogue of his love pieces. I was dazzled. I was stunned; especially after *glissandi* that tipped up the keyboard, and fizzed and foamed over the stage. Here the mettle of the youthful *virtuoso* was most in evidence. He was supposed to depict Anger, Peace, Joy—but I could detect only Rage and Hell, and again, Hell let loose. And suffusing it all a diabolical humor, a frenzied humor that bruised one's very bones. The softer emotions, including the erotic, have been squeezed out to the last rag by the older masters; now it is the turn for the uglier, nastier "reactions" in art and music. Ornstein exposes the psychology of a sea-shell, a glow-worm, and a policeman. As an oldster, I'm all at sea in these newer manifestations. I recognize the art involved in playing on your naked nerves, and I will endure much dissonance if the mood expressed be an authentic one, yet do I bewail the murderous means of expression with which Leo Ornstein patrolled the piano; he stormed the keys, scooping chunks of slag and spouting scoriae like a vicious volcano. Heavens! with what orgiastic abandon he played his own "Wild Man's Dance." He, no doubt, said to himself, a dance of wild men is not a cradle song, but a crazy carnival of legs and rum.

And so it is. That he is apt to become the rage next season in the musical world would not surprise me, despite his "eccentricities" and "mannerisms." He is that rare thing–an individual pianist. Nevertheless, a year with gentle Rafael Joseffy would teach him that knocking out the unisons at one blow is not a sign of genius–his power is largely nervous–and that the piano can be a thing of beauty as well as a tornadic blast.

Ira D. Sankey
(1840-1908)

Huneker's diatribe against hymn writer Sankey, hardly a significant American composer, is evidence of his impatience with puritanical elements in American life. It would have delighted Mencken. Later Huneker took a shot at another evangelist, Billy Sunday, whom he lambasted in the Sun *(December 21, 1916, sec. 6, p. 5).*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 34 (March 24, 1897): 21

Of all the sickening rot that gets into the newspapers the story about that sniffling psalm singer, Ira D. Sankey, and how he composed Ninety and Nine is the absolute limit. In last Sunday's *Sun* I found the story, and reprint part of it to show how religious people are exempt–by reason of their exalted spiritual position–from the rules that force poor commonplace mortals like Bach, Beethoven and Wagner to work by rule, and not trust to the inspiration of the cabinet organ:

> A few days after this the evangelists held a revival meeting in Edinburgh at the Free Assembly Hall. Mr. Moody spoke most eloquently on the Good Shepherd, and then followed an address by Dr. Horatius Bonar, the author of I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say Come Unto Me and Rest. As Dr. Bonar finished there came over the meeting that stillness which indicates deep spiritual feeling. Bending down from his pulpit toward Mr. Sankey, who sat at his right by the little melodeon, Mr. Moody said:
>
> "Mr. Sankey, have you anything to sing on this subject as a solo?"
>
> Mr. Sankey hesitated. He could think of nothing directly on the subject except the Twenty-third Psalm, which had already been sung three times that day by the congregation. They must have something else. Like a flash it came to him, "Sing the song you found on the train." But his second thought was, "How can I sing a hymn without a tune?" Meanwhile the audience was waiting in silence. "Sing the hymn you found on the train," came the thought again, this time imperatively. Mr. Sankey opened his little scrapbook of solos, found the newspaper slip, laid it before him on the rack of the melodeon, and then struck a full chord and began to sing. What notes he sang he did not know, nor

what chords he played; he took no heed of harmony nor of the laws of musical progression. Somehow he got through the first stanza. And then he paused and played some chords on the melodeon, waiting to begin the second stanza. The thought came to him, "Can I sing the second stanza as I did the first; can I remember the notes?" and he concentrated his mind once more for the effort and began to sing again. And so he went through the five stanzas, and the audience sat still as death until he finished with the last glad shout:

> And the angels echoed around the throne,
> Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own!

When it was all over Mr. Moody came down from the pulpit, and, resting a hand on Mr. Sankey's shoulder, looked with wonder at the newspaper clipping. "My dear friend," he said, "where did you get that song? I never heard anything like it."

"That," said Mr. Sankey, "is the hymn I read you on the train—the one you didn't hear."

And thus the tune of the Ninety and Nine was born into the world, a tune which has gone around the world. As it was sung that day in Edinburgh by inspiration, so it has been written down in the hymn books, and so it has been sung in the many languages, and no note or chord of it has been changed, nor would Mr. Sankey consent to the slightest change, not to please all the musical critics in the world.

"The critics say they can see nothing in the tune of the Ninety and Nine," said Mr. Sankey, smiling. "They can't account for its success. That is because critics, with their rules and theories, make no allowance for inspiration of the soul."

Mark the smiling Sankey's lofty condescension to critics.

"Inspiration of the soul!" Why, you sniffling, snuffling howler, you don't know what the word soul means in music. People of the Sankey type, with their disgusting music, do more to prostitute and degrade the lovely art of music than any other influence in this crank-haunted land. Oh for the power of a Czar, despotic, harsh and cruel! I would put the Salvation Army people, the Parkhursts, the Moody and Sankeyites, the free silver jackasses, the Comstocks, the purity leagues for the discovery of filth in their neighbors' imaginations -in fact, all the noxious pests that crawl between heaven and earth in this fair land, up further north than Nansen, and there in boreal solitude they could try their medicines on the Eskimo and the polar bear, or, better still, on themselves. Civilized communities should protest against the outrages committed against personal liberty by the Salvation Army. What right have these deluded idiots to make night and day hideous with their fanatical howlings, their impertinent solicitations to a Creator who would not recognize them because of their clothes?

Pooh! America is not a free country; it is the country for the wild-eyed crank, the ignorant tramp, the off-scouring from Europe, and it is the country for the humbugging, thieving, lying politician. No wonder George de Forest

Brush and other artists sigh like Cowper for a lodge in some vast wilderness. Anywhere, any place, away from this vast, barbarous, vulgar, gas-lit country, as Baudelaire called it. But we are so infernally conceited and insular, parochial and provincial as a nation, that we sit in our ice-water haunted homes and smile patronizingly, while without the horrible cable gong and Salvation Army run a race for honors in cacophony.

Perish poetry, perish Chopin, Wagner and Beethoven in this land of humbug and debased dollars.

Harry Rowe Shelley
(1858-1947)

Best known as an organist and composer of church music though he also wrote popular songs, overtures, symphonic poems, suites for orchestra, and a violin concerto, Shelley was a close friend of Huneker for many years. He was organist of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn from 1871 to 1881 and again from 1887 to 1889; of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church (which eventually became the Riverside Church) from 1899 to 1914; and of the Central Congregational Church in Brooklyn from 1915 to 1936. The two men probably met not long after Huneker came to New York in 1886. Recalling, in his autobiography, the members of "our crowd" frequenting Steinway Hall, Huneker thought first of Shelley. He also remembered begging the composer to submit his work to Dvorák, then in America, with whom Shelley later studied. And in a letter to Mrs. Shelley, February 2, 1919, Huneker referred to his "many pleasant souvenirs of the old crazy days with Harry and your hospitality. . . ."

On February 24, 1921, Shelley played the last two numbers in his Lenten organ recital at the Central Congregational Church–Chopin's "Funeral March" and Wagner's "Death of Siegfried"-in honor of Huneker, who had died two weeks earlier.

Eight unpublished letters from Huneker to Shelley, written from 1901 to 1904, have turned up; there must have been others. In one of them, Huneker, evidently acting as intermediary, encouraged Shelley to write a book on harmony for Scribner's, his own publisher. Publicly, he boosted Shelley; for example, he reprinted an extract from a favorable review published in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat *of a performance of Shelley's* E minor Symphony, *in which the unidentified writer concluded that it was a "great work and one which reflects credit, not only upon the composer, but upon American music and musicians" (*Musical Courier, *37 [December 28, 1898]: 26).*

See, also, under Chadwick above.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 21 (December 24, 1890): 649

The MSS. Society concert, while not being an unmixed success, certainly was an enjoyable affair, although it surprised me that Harry Rowe Shelley should be represented by such an unambitious song. His new concertos for violin and 'cello respectively will be heard soon, and I for one expect much from our good looking young composer.

(Charles) Mortimer Wiske (1853-1941), choirmaster under Theodore Thomas, conducted the New York Chorus Society and various choruses in Paterson and Newark, New Jersey.

Frederick Brandeis (1832-1899), Vienna-born composer and pianist, settled in the United States in 1849. Huneker mentioned him in "American Piano Composers" below.

John M. Loretz, Jr. (1844-1908), Brooklyn organist and composer, came as a child to this country from his native France.

Robert Thallon (1852-1910), Brooklyn organist, composer, and music teacher, also came here as a child. Huneker mentioned him briefly in "American Piano Composers."

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 22 (March 4, 1891): 205

Everybody knows Mortimer Wiske, or, as he is familiarly known, "Morty." Well, Mr. Wiske gave a concert—a concert devoted entirely to American composers--Monday night of last week in Brooklyn. I won't print the list, it is too long, almost as long as the concert, and that took up the major portion of three hours. Nearly all the composers were Brooklynites, and I learn that there are at present in the City of Churches some 3,650 composers who were left in the cold. Mr. Wiske could have dropped some of the names on his program with advantage, both as to quality of music and time wasted. What, for example, could be more thrilling than J. M. Loretz, Jr.'s overture to the "Black Prophet," particularly that episode that describes the "distant tramps of the army"? I feel like saying: "What doth it profit a man to gain a big audience and pen such music?" Mr. Frederick Brandeis, who was effectually concealed on the program as "Frederick Brandies" (think of it, Brooklynites, Wiske and Brandies, and you such a temperance town!), presented a composition called "Humpty Dumpty Funeral March," but all the king's men could not persuade me that Mr. Brandeis was not under the influence of the creator of "Faust" when he evolved the march, which was very badly played. . . .

Robert Thallon's "Evening Song" for string orchestra was a very pretty bit of musical writing, warmly orchestrated. The "Beethoven of Brooklyn" is rapidly earning his title. . . .

Harry Rowe Shelley's new violin concerto did not prove a disappointment, despite the not opaque orchestration. But I hear that the rehearsal was so bad that the composer insisted on a half dozen men not playing at all. It was played in splendid fashion by Miss Maud Powell. The work ought to be boiled down. The first movement is diffuse, but is gives ample opportunity for display to the solo instrument.

The work is in G minor, the andantino a very pretty theme in E, and the last movement fluctuates between A minor-major. It has all the restless tonality of the modern school, but Shelley does not throw form overboard. I want to hear it again with a bigger orchestra. . . .

"The Trifler," *Musical Courier*, 27 (July 26, 1893): 11

Harry Rowe Shelley, the composer, was in high feather yesterday about the great success of his "Carnival" overture, which Theodore Thomas produced the other day in Chicago on the program of an American Composers' Concert. Shelley is one of the most talented of the younger group of native composers, to whom belong Chadwick, MacDowell, Foote, Nevin and not De Koven. (Dwell upon this negative with emphasis.) Harry is a Dvorák pupil, and swears by the old man. He is right.

"Broker Savin a Music Lover," New York *Morning Telegraph*, February 15, 1898, p. 4

The New York Philharmonic Society has never been distinguished for its American spirit. Just as a sop to the Cerberus of patriotism, it puts one American composer's name on its programme about once a year. Sometimes not so often. Mr. Seidl is not to blame, for he is an enthusiastic admirer of American music when it is good. He rates Edward MacDowell very high, and has praised the work of George Chadwick, Parker and "Harry" Rowe Shelley.

The latter gentleman is a pupil of the Bohemian Dvorák, and his first symphony was played here last Spring at the Music Teachers' National Association. He was received with high critical acclaim. His second symphony was read with approval by Anton Seidl, and Mr. Francis Hyde, the president of the Philharmonic Society, promised to do all he could to get the composition a hearing. The Programme Committee objected strenuously to music of an American. The classics were enough for the public, said these high-spirited mummies. But Seidl was obstinate. He brought the score and orchestral parts to a rehearsal, and had the music distributed among the men.

"We will give it fifteen minutes," said Herr Seidl. But the song was never sung. The committee again objected, and, of course, the men refused to play. As Mr. Seidl is elected by the men he conducts, he was powerless, and the score was removed. The objectors are Germans, who have lived here, prospered and made their bread and butter from American music lovers. Their names are Richard Arnold, Augustus Roebbelen and Mr. Schmitz.

Mr. Shelley, not at all daunted, sent his symphony to Theodore Thomas, who will probably play it here next month.

The Philharmonic Society is admirably patriotic!

Reginald L. Sweet
(1885-1950)

A Harvard graduate who studied music in Berlin, Sweet was a businessman-composer who earned his living as secretary and director of a New York clothing-manufacturing firm. Among his compositions was a one-act opera based on Synge's Riders to the Sea.

The following is a review of a performance by the Philharmonic Society Orchestra under Josef Stransky at Carnegie Hall on December 19, 1918.

"Music," *New York Times*, December 20, 1918, p. 9

The novelty was three orchestral sketches by Reginald Sweet, modeled after some desultory lines of Walt Whitman, the Good Gray but Bad Old Poet of Camden and Cosmopolis. The composer, a Harvard "honor winner" in 1908, disarmed criticism with his title. His music is sketchy, mere color patches and oriental coloring. He has evidently a feeling for warm orchestral timbres. His tonal statement is simplicity itself. The new "dissonances" are in evidence. Brief, abrupt, suggestive, these exercises in monotonous rhythm—designedly so—might prove more interesting if elaborated. They recall Rimsky-Korsakoff, Hans Sachs, and the lastest Russians; that "Blast" had the grinding iteration of the East. They were all three liked, and Mr. Sweet made his bow.

Arthur Whiting
(1861-1936)

Composer, teacher, pianist, and music lecturer, Whiting, born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was organist at two churches in the Boston area from 1885 to 1895 and taught organ at the New England Conservatory before moving to New York City. Huneker mentioned him as early as 1887. He did not seem to have been grateful for Huneker's favorable notices of his work, for after the appearance of Daniel Gregory Mason's article "The Meaning of Music" in the Outlook *in 1902, Whiting, according to Mason, wrote him: "This sort of thing, rhapsodical and erudite, is a necessity and will help bury the Hales and Hunekers" (Mason,* Music in My Time, *p. 108). One would think that Huneker would have been rhapsodical enough for anyone; Whiting must have been objecting to what he considered Huneker's unscholarly approach to music.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 39 (December 6, 1899): 26

Mr. Arthur Whiting gives his second recital at Mendelssohn Hall this evening. The program will consist of six pieces of Brahms, the later Brahms, Schumann's "Davidbündler Tänze," three new valses of Mr. Whiting's and his Fantasy, op. 11, for piano and orchestra, the orchestra being represented at a second piano by Mr. Henry Holden Huss. I put the cart before the horse because I wish to call your attention to the success of Mr. Whiting's first recital Tuesday afternoon of last week. I would not have done this if I had not thoroughly enjoyed this pianist's playing and composing. . . .

His own "Suite Moderne" made a deep impression. Nine well contrasted pictures, or moods, they are fresh and fantastic in feeling, treatment and were executed in the happiest manner. The prelude is vigorous, romantic, and is brought in the finale with telling effect. The Rhapsodie followed by a breathless Danse sets the pulses humming and the Romance has the *croon* of the Gaelic in it. The melody, with its arabesque, is most individual in conception; altogether this suite is one of the most promising compositions I have heard for a long time. When it is published, which will be shortly, I shall review it in detail. It contains much winning material, deftly considered, and its general atmosphere is poetically healthy. Mr. Whiting was warmly received by his auditory. I predict a full house tonight, and if his audience insist, let him repeat his "Suite Moderne." It will be welcome.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 39 (December 13, 1899): 31

Mr. Arthur Whiting's second recital at Mendelssohn Hall last Wednesday evening was another success. He played a group from the later Brahms, Schumann's "Davidsbündler," three waltzes of his own, and also his B flat minor Fantaisie for piano and orchestra, the orchestral part being represented at a second piano by Mr. Henry Holden Huss. This fantaisie I regret not hearing with orchestra; two pianos are an abomination. Mr. Huss' accompaniments were tactful, and he differentiated his color as much as possible from the solo part, nevertheless one heard the white clangor of two pianos. . . .

Mr. Whiting's waltzes are dainty, epigrammatic, and several of them full of delicate fancy. They are poetic triflings with the valse idea, and at times are so tenuous as to suggest a disembodied dance. They were very much liked . . . . I purposely refrain from any consideration of the fantaisie until I have heard it with orchestra.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 41 (November 7, 1900): 23

They say that the music which sounds best from the fingers of its composer never looks so well on paper. I shall not dispute this portentous piece of critical wisdom beyond taking advantage of the usual exception clause. And my particular exception just now is Arthur Whiting's "Suite Moderne" for the piano. It was played by the composer at one of his concerts last winter in Mendelssohn Hall, and its success with the public and the press was singular in its unanimity. Here, at least, was common ground on which the lovers of fresh melody and agreeable thematic treatment could join hands with the more exacting critics who look for formal patterns and righteous phraseology. Mr. Whiting's suite is in nine short movements. After its first performance I gave a very hasty and necessarily impressionistic sketch. On the white paper the notes say quite as much, if not more, than they did when urged to speech by the composer. And, let me add for the benefit of the doubters, that I went through the entire composition with a pair of Brahms binocular microscopes, but could find no parallel lines that need shock the ardent anti-Brahmsianer. Mr. Whiting still views his own face in the dressing glass when he shaves of mornings. This information for those who believe that he sleeps on a mattress stuffed with the words of Johannes Brahms.

The Prelude in D flat sounds a big healthy note. I am not sure but that it is the best thing of the set. It is certainly the most vigorous. No smell of the lamp here! Its reappearance at the close of the suite is very effective. Number two in C sharp minor Chansonette is as Keltic as a poem of W. B. Yeats. It has the muted mystery, the hint of a sob. The Rhapsodie that follows is whirling and truly rhapsodic. But the dance into which it leaps I like far better. Rhythmical, full of African humor, it is a dance once heard never forgotten. The *Intermède* gives us pause. It is time. All that has passed has not left space for reflection. We reflect with Mr. Whiting, and the Brahmsianers leave their caves, ears pricked on high. But a charming romance drives them to shelter. In it there is felt the pulse dramatic; the plot thickens. We are let down in a pretty caprice followed by an elegaic melody in the centre of fanciful arabesques. In the finale Mr. Whiting seems to say, *Et Ego Virtuoso Sum!* He smashes through a half dozen pages bristling with interlocked octaves –and does it well. This episode really sounds better than it looks. With the booming of the prelude bells in our ears the suite ends. It is really very modern; its learning is well hidden, and, best of all, it is very Arthur Whiting. That the composer has *not* succeeded in hiding.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 42 (March 18, 1901): 26

I enjoyed very much Arthur Whiting's piano recital last Saturday afternoon in Mendelssohn Hall [which included his Ballade in C-sharp Minor, op. 16, MS (new); Romance in B-flat, op. 16, MS (new); Rhapsody in G Minor, op. 16, MS (new); and his Suite Moderne, op. 15] . . . .

Mr. Whiting's new music proved interesting. The first part of the C sharp minor Ballade caught my fancy, but I could not become interested in the middle section, for its vaporish passage work, well contrasted in sentiment and form as it is to the opening, did not hold my attention. But perhaps my dislike of scale figures and ornament in modern piano music must not be taken too seriously. The Romance is full of feeling and the Rhapsody is true Whiting—sonorous, brilliant, dramatic. It is one of the best things he has done. I hope to see op. 16 in print soon.

A most artistic and effective performance of his Suite closed the recital. All Mr. Whiting's good qualities as a composer and a pianist were in it. The Prelude still sings in my ears!

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 42 (April 17, 1901): 23

Mr. Arthur Whiting's new piano quintet was played last week in Mendelssohn Hall by the Kneisel Quartet with the composer at the piano. It proved to be an interesting work, with a strong leaning toward Keltic or Gaelic themes. The form was an experiment. It is a condensation of the usual four sonata movements, and is thus portioned out by the composer—an introduction—later on heard twice—a leading allegro theme briefly developed, this followed by a second subject. The andantino replaces the traditional free fantasy by a return of the first theme, and the scherzo brings in new matter, its trio, however, being the second subject previously sounded, while the finale passes in review the material of the preceding movements.

This scheme proved conducive to unity of mood and compactness of structure. The piano does not crowd the strings and there is plenty of vigor throughout. The synthesis gives kaleidoscopic flashes of the first movements, music that is lyric and impassioned. Decidedly the quintet is one of Mr. Whiting's most graceful and engaging compositions. It was favorably received.

American Piano Composers

Of American composers then living, the names in this article best known today are those of Edward MacDowell, William Mason, William Sherwood, George Chadwick, John K. Paine, Dudley Buck, Arthur Bird, Edgar Kelley, and George Templeton Strong. Alfredo Barili, S. L. Hermann, Edmund Neupert, and Rafael Joseffy were Huneker's piano teachers. Frederick Boscovitz was also a friend of Huneker's, and Otto Floersheim was later his employer on the Musical Courier. *Many of the persons mentioned herein are obscure. I have been unable to identify G. B. Manzotti, Louis Meyer, and Linnaeus Thomas.*

Discussing piano music by French composers including Saint-Saëns, Widor, and Philipp, Huneker wrote in the Musical Courier *of August 28, 1895: "But* *these composers are a half century behind the age. MacDowell, Strong, Brockway and a dozen other Americans lead them by a thousand lengths" (31:21).*

"American Piano Composers," *Etude*, 5 (June, July, October, 1887): 83, 93-94, 136-137, respectively.

That the American Composer, like the American Novelist, has not yet arrived, is an undeniable but somewhat melancholy fact. The inevitable flourish of trumpets that heralds the birth of a new production from a purely national pen is invariably followed by the discovery of a flaw somewhere, and a fatal one, as a rule--generally the want of originality or the lack of that peculiar flavor that not only betokens the individual mind but also the utter want of American characteristics. The cause of all this is not hard to perceive. Our country is yet new, its immense resources still undeveloped; the tendency of the nation is at present toward material prosperity, a lack of noble ideals, and the national character by no means presenting a well-defined type. And how could it, when one considers the enormous amalgam that foreign emigration and bewildering variety of types cause? This seething mass is still in ferment, but, doubtless, in the future will be evolved the true American a product of all nations--the most cosmopolitan, and let us hope the most original, man on the globe.

Europeans complain we lack the sense of the boundless landscape, majestic scenery and feeling of freedom in our literature and art; that they are both but echoes of European culture; that Longfellow is miniature Tennyson, Emerson a more amiable and emasculated Carlyle; Poe, Hawthorne and Walt Whitman they accept as original, the latter, particularly, attempting to throw into his rude but powerful epic a thoroughly American tone, the praise of democracy and democratic institutions, the praise of the individual above the state; in a word, Americanism as it now is -crude but informed, with unclarified strength. There also seems to be a reaction in our art circles from purely French or German methods, or, rather, subjects. Our technic we learn abroad, whether at Paris or Düsseldorf, it matters not, but our canvases seem more and more to reflect the American life and habits, and, above all, landscape. In the latter branch we can decidedly claim the distinction of having evolved a national school whose work and methods are certainly holding their own abroad.

It is evident, then, that music, the most sensitive and ideal of all the arts, should shrink from contact with our noisy atmosphere of commerce and politics, and, until within the past twenty-five years, raise but a feeble voice in all the hurry and flurry around her. Since the new era, however, she has spoken in no uncertain tone, and it is now an undeniable fact that we Americans can be called a music-loving people. The strong dash of the Teutonic in our blood is partly the cause of this, also the increasing of what might be called the leisure class, who, having no taste for business and being rich, are able to devote themselves to culture in the broadest sense of the word. Museums, libraries and conservatories are springing up like magic around us. Opera houses, concert halls, noble theatres, all indicate that the tide has turned. We are young yet, have worked hard and are still working, but a great breathing-spell is taking place after a century of labor and struggle, and we now look wistfully toward Europe and her culture of the beautiful, and being in everything else a go-ahead nation, we make no exception in this, and, the consequence is, that, as far as the art of music is concerned, we can boast of possessing several of the finest orchestras in the world, and an opera house that last season, in New York, brought out before appreciative audiences, Wagner's masterpieces with all the fidelity and artistic earnestness demanded by that most exacting of all composers. This is but a solitary instance; at present the art of music is most sedulously cultivated from one end of the land to the other, and in all its branches. We now have American singers, organists, pianists, violinists and composers for the piano, both native born and foreigners, who have resided amongst us, and who have so earnestly and faithfully endeavored to raise the standard of the divine art. That the piano is at present the most popular instrument, goes without saying. Nearly every household possesses one, and Beethoven, Schumann and Chopin are rapidly becoming familiar names. Piano recitals are eagerly attended, and numerous pianistic débuts testify to the increasing popularity of the piano-forte. And yet before Thalberg's time it hardly held its own. Gottschalk, Henri Herz, Leopold de Meyer, Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind's husband, and a capital pianist), all contributed toward making its importance felt. Then Rubinstein's visit, which opened a new vista in piano playing, and the return of many of our talented youth who flocked to the other side to drink at the undefiled spring of music itself, and bringing back, as the result of their enthusiastic labors, much culture and hearty love of their art that was not content to remain idle and feed on itself, but took the form of a propaganda that speedily made itself heard and felt, and to-day we enjoy the result of the labors of these pioneers in music.

Naturally, we began to compose, and despite the early crudities, now fast disappearing, and evident want of originality, the time will come when the American will make himself a name in music. We are at present too near the mighty dead ones -Beethoven is not dead much more than a half-century, Schumann and Mendelssohn a quarter of a century, and until, as Theodore Thomas says, "the youngsters get these great names out of their heads," we will look in vain for purely American music.

It is conceded by most critics that Louis Moreau Gottschalk was not only the pioneer of the pianists, but one of the most talented pianists of his day. Talent is hardly the word—genius would be a better one, if it was not so perpetually abused. His touch and style were unique, and possessing a brilliant technic, and no little imagination, it was quite natural Gottschalk should compose, and compose well, for his instrument. In fact, it must be confessed at the outset, that, despite their artificial tone, his compositions reflect more thoroughly a certain phase of American life than any composer that has followed him. He was a dreamy, poetic character, Creole by birth, evidently affected by Chopin, then in his zenith, but more particularly by those weird, plaintive melodies that seem to float in the Southern air, and that he so skillfully incorporated in all of his compositions; for when he attempted the classic or grand, he signally failed. These quaint, sad, African melodies are very fascinating, being, as they are, genuine *volks-lieder* of the colored population. How far they can be called national depends on our understanding of that word. They are certainly indigenous to our soil, and have never been heard outside of America. Gottschalk, then, may be indeed called *the* American piano composer for the above reason, otherwise he is artificial, trivial, even tawdry at times, writing for mere sensational effect (we must make allowances for the culture of his audiences). His works are devoid of intellectual content, shallow, and yet musical always, full of moods, ranging from the dreamy "Cradle Song" to the brilliant "Pasquinade," or the broad humor of the "Banjo." The "Last Hope," hackneyed as it be, is still a melodious and effective composition. Gottschalk will die hard. Naturally, his peculiar individuality found imitators, and the country was flooded with trashy fantasies, and it seemed as if the popular ideal was in the production of notes; for to look at some of the compositions of those days, generally variations on popular song themes (Thalberg and Herz, too, were responsible for this state of things), the pages are literally black with notes, and thundering octaves flaunt noisily at the end.

A calmer style prevailed presently, and when William Mason came back from Liszt and Weimar, with his delicate silvery touch and finished style, the thunderbolt pianists retired with a last rumble. It is out of place in the limits of a short paper to even attempt to give any more than the salient characteristics of each name that occurs. Otherwise, William Mason could be an almost endless topic. His labors for art always unselfish, the native amiability of the man, and the single-hearted purity of purpose of his active life, not to speak of his splendid piano playing, so limpid and crystalline, all could be examined in detail and with fruitful results, but it is with his piano compositions we are mainly concerned. They mirror perfectly his own pianism, and are sparklingly crisp, and full of a dewy freshness, that has enabled them to hold their own against the formidable phalanx of foreign invasions. How suggestive is the dainty "Silver Spring," played to death as it is. The "Etude Romanze," with its strange Hungarian scale, is also very effective. The various dance forms Dr. Mason particularly excels in. His mazurkas, valses, gavottes and figures are all excellent and the form always perfect. In point of fact, that is what first attracts the attention, both in the composer and the performer, his absolute mastery of the outline, so to speak, and his admirable use of technical resources. His arrangements are also excellent. Dr. Mason occupies a unique reputation as a teacher, and his pedagogic work exhibits the same simplicity and directness of purpose that marks his other efforts.

Both Homer N. Bartlett, John N. Pattison and Alfred H. Pease may be said to be influenced in their style by Gottschalk, the first two particularly. Bartlett's music has a brilliancy about it that is very taking. His "Polka de Concert," while not up to his more mature efforts, indicates the bent of his style. Pattison, too, exhibits much dash, although it is a dead school at present. Alfred Pease played very well and composed well, but in a conventional manner. He played his own Concerto with Thomas in Philadelphia, 1876. It is a well-handled work, brilliant, not very imaginative, but deserves honorable mention. He was at one time a pupil of Bülow.

Three composers, at one time the fashion, are seldom heard now outside of the school room. One was George William Warren, a friend of Gottschalk and the composer of the popular "Tam O' Shanter" and "Song of the Brook." The other two are G. D. Wilson and Mr. Wyman, the former being the composer of the somewhat sentimental "Shepherd Boy," and the latter giving the world that much-abused piece, "Silvery Waves." These are *genre* pieces, of not very high standard and show the influence of the salon style. Gradually, however, as our young men returned from abroad, a different order of composition sprang up, and the influence of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schubert and Chopin made itself felt. The artificial, dreary, affected school died out, we hope forever, and a much healthier class of music prevails both as regards form and content.

The name of William H. Sherwood naturally occurs to one, being, as he is, one of our representative pianists, a pupil of Mason, Kullak and Liszt, and also a composer of no mean merit. How he can find time, in the midst of his concert giving and teaching, to compose is a mystery. He has, however, done so, and some very good work into the bargain. His most ambitious effort, and in the writer's opinion his best composition, is the "Scherzo Caprice, Op. 9," dedicated to Liszt. It is in G#minor, and its compact theme is extremely well developed. That it is difficult goes without saying. It suggests Schumann in its somewhat morbid spirit, with a slight ray of light that dispels the gloom, in the intermezzo. The two Mazurkas in C and A minor are also capricious and moody, but true little tone pictures. A little piece deservedly popular, "Coy Maiden," strongly reminds one of Schumann in his questioning mood. The "Romanza Appassionata" and "Allegro Patetico," are full of rhythmical life, as is the Concert Etude "Medea," which, while being somewhat fragmentary, is certainly very broad and symphonically conceived. In a more tender spirit are the pretty little "Ethelinda" and "Regrets" conceived, and show the composer's ability to handle different phases of emotion. Mr. Sherwood has mastered the difficult art of form and knows what he wishes to say, and says it well and to the purpose. His uncle, Mr. Edgar Sherwood, writes in a more popular vein, and his "Grand Menuetto," in A flat, is well known to every concert-goer, and deservedly so. He has also written a nice polonaise in A minor, and some of his songs are very pretty. While not pretending to the scholarly finish of his nephew's composition, Mr. Edgar Sherwood may, nevertheless, be rated as a good and conscientious composer.

Madame Julia Rivé-King can certainly claim the honor of being the best composer among the fair sex in this country, and though the competition is not great, that does not in the least detract from the intrinsic merit of her work, which is done in a thoroughly virtuoso spirit. Madame King is also a bird of passage, flitting continually from place to place, and her original work is mostly written for her already enormous repertoire. Her "Polonaise Héroique" is the best of her compositions, and is a very difficult but effective piece for the concert stage. The "Bubbling Spring," heard everywhere, is a delicately-conceived little trifle, and within the grasp of most amateurs. Madame King's paraphrases are marked by good taste and musicianly feeling. The two songs of Jensen, and the very bold experiment of transcribing the last two movements of Mendelssohn's E minor violin concerto, reveal her solid attainments. The last-named composition, in the hands of the fair pianiste and transcriber, certainly gives an excellent and faithful idea of the original, although the slow movement naturally loses by being transferred to the keyboard. Madame King has also written an extremely brilliant and taking Valse de Concert, "Wiener Bonbons."

A young and talented pianist of Boston, a pupil of both Carlyle Petersilea and Calixa Lavallée, Milo Benedict by name, has been giving evidences of a strong bent toward composition. His two concert polonaises in D flat major and C# minor, show a skilled hand and a clever grouping of themes. If they are a little suggestive at times of Chopin, all the better, as it is a good thing for a young composer to show a leaning toward some great model. His concerto in E minor, played at the Boston Convention by himself, is, without doubt, the very best specimen of this form by a native-born American. It is full of beautiful melodies, and the whole work is bathed in a poetic warmth that makes it very attractive. The first two movements are the best, if the writer's memory serves him aright, and here, again, the Chopin influence is perceptible. If the orchestration is at all in proportion to the piano partition, it will be a very striking work. It should be, by all means, published. Mr. Benedict has also written some fugitive pieces.

Another excellent Boston composer is genial Arthur Foote, who is slowly but surely making his way by his songs and symphonic compositions. He has written a fine piano trio and many small pieces, mazurkas, polonaise, gavotte, all of which manifest culture and musical ability.

John Orth has written a clever "Gavotte" in F# major, a pretty "Cradle Song," and a well-constructed "Scherzo." He has decided talent, but, like the majority of young American composers, his work is too uneven, and, whether discouraged by the apathy of the public, they certainly do not produce, or at all events publish, enough; this is applicable to C. L. Capen and Clayton Johns. The former has written a sterling "Gavotte" in F minor, but should publish more. Mr. Johns is a former pupil of Sherwood's, and has written some tender little lyrics.

George Chadwick leans more to symphonic work, where his admirable talent reveals itself. The same may be said of John K. Paine and Dudley Buck, both men of remarkable talents, force and execution. They both write better for orchestra and organ, although the latter has published a set of lyrical pictures of country life, entitled "Midsummer Fancies." They are chaste and simple, but the composer is evidently working in a restricted medium, and wants a broader canvas to paint on.

There are other American composers whose forte is the orchestra, who have, nevertheless, written more or less for piano, but not with any particular preference for the instrument, such as Penfield, Stanley, J. C. D. Parker, George E. Whiting, Arthur Whiting, Frederic Grant Gleason, Arthur Bird (now abroad), S. G. Pratt, George Bristow, Carlyle Petersilea, Edgar Kelley, the composer of the "Macbeth" music, O. B. Boise, John Broekhoven, Johann S. Beck, and George Templeton Strong. The latter, however, has published some clever things, but hardly original enough to warrant particular mention.

An extremely gifted American abroad, who writes very well for piano, is E. A. MacDowell. His work is characterized by extreme finish, originality and a certain something that augurs well for his future, but then these young composers are so ambitious and are so easily lured by the spell of the orchestra, and so soon forget their early love, the piano. MacDowell's Suites, Op. 10 and Op. 14, are masterly, also his Fugue and Prelude in D minor is worthy of study. His smaller pieces are capital. The "Hexentanz" has been heard in our concert rooms.

W. W. Gilchrist, of Philadelphia, has already an enviable reputation as a composer, but has hitherto confined himself to the orchestra and voice. His piano trio is ingenious and well worked out. He has written a piano concerto, but it is still in manuscript. It ought to be a fine thing. (Why is it, if I may digress, that so many fools rush into print, while the sterling composers preserve such obstinate silence?) This should not be.

Willard Burr, Jr., is also favorably known as the composer of a capital trio and many excellent pieces—nocturnes, studies, etc.

Wilson G. Smith has marked talent in the field of piano composition, and many admirable specimens of his style could be cited if space permitted. His work, however, is so well known that it would be hardly necessary to do so.

Charles E. Platt, of Detroit, writes well in small forms, and should be encouraged to develop his talents.

Alfredo Barili has a decided *penchant* for dance forms, and from his "Gavotte," Op. 1, to his melodious polonaise exhibits a lively fancy, striking rhythms and a sound knowledge of harmony. His "Cradle Song" is known far and near, as are his Spanish Dances.

W. K. Bassford has published some good things, notably a "Tarentella."

George W. Bryant's "Rêverie Poétique" is pretty and worth playing.

Albert R. Parsons, whose earnest and thoughtful works of a pedagogic nature are so well known, makes no pretensions as a composer, but has, nevertheless, written a brilliant and effective Caprice de Concert, "Rataplan."

J. Albert Jeffery, of Albany, has composed a bright hunting song and very nice gavotte.

John C. Alden, Jr.'s "Satellite" was played by Mr. Petersilea at the New York Convention, and instantly was recognized as betraying talent. Mr. Alden should be heard oftener.

S. L. Hermann, of Philadelphia, a brilliantly talented Leipsic graduate, seems to show the same abhorrence toward publication referred to so often. He has written some poetic songs very finely felt, and his piano pieces are all cast in a noticeably original mould. "Danse des Kobolds" is a grim and strongly-conceived caprice, and is full of contrasts and power.

Mr. Wm. E. Ashmall has proved himself to be the possessor of considerable ability and is often played. Although he has only published a Menuetto, Mr.

Linnaeus Thomas is, nevertheless, a talented and bright young composer. His work reminds one of delicate mosaics and is slightly reminiscent of Schumann, but always poetical.

There has been no attempt at a definite arrangement of names in this paper, which is, after all, a mere sketch. The wide variety of talent exhibited precludes all idea of comparisons, even if the writer wished to make any. In the next paper an attempt will be made to portray the characteristics of some of our foreign-born composers now resident in America.

The previous papers on this subject dealt only with native born composers. A hurried glance at our transplanted talent will therefore not be amiss—hurried, not only on account of want of space, but because of the utter inability of the writer to collate out of the vast mass of material at hand any but a few of the more striking names.

An enormous amount of pedagogic music is produced daily; then think of the operatic arrangements! all from the talented pens of foreign-born musicians. Out of this chaos it is impossible to produce anything like definite order. So, despairing of this, only well-known composers are treated; also an attempt to point out the excellencies of a young group of musicians, who have but recently come to our shores, will be made. It is to be hoped that the sins of omission and commission will be forgiven; also that one opinion is by no means infallible, but as, in the other article, only the good points of a composer were dwelt upon it is therefore begged that a certain leniency will be exhibited on the part of the reader, and, above all, by the subjects of the criticisms themselves.

How far musicians of another country are influenced by our busy and commercial atmosphere in their compositions cannot be definitely told. If questioned, they invariably say, America is no place for art; that the very life around them is antagonistic to the production of musical ideas—and it must be confessed that there lurks a certain amount of truth in these statements.

The ground has been gone over so often and so thoroughly, that it would be a waste of words to point out the underlying causes of American tardiness in the divine art. Nevertheless, these same composers who complain so much of an unsympathetic environment and people, generally remain here and manage to produce some good work.

Gottschalk had a host of imitators, as had Thalberg, De Meyer and Henri Herz, the latter's interminable variations being at one time much in vogue. Maurice Strakosch, the amiable impresario, and a clever pianist to boot, wrote many popular and amusing trifles many years ago, now, sad to say, forgotten. His "Sleigh Bells' Polka" was quite the rage. Wollenhaupt was another name, fast fading away, although he has really written some very good and brilliant music. His Etudes are still used for teaching purposes, and a certain little "Polacca" in F♯ minor is cleverly constructed and bright. Wollenhaupt died in 1863, and was an excellent pianist and teacher.

Henry C. Timm, who is still among us, is, indeed, a veteran. He has made some capital accompaniments for a second piano to Cramer's Studies, and has published some fugitive pieces.

It will be a surprise to many to be told that S. B. Mills and Richard Hoffman, two of New York's well-known pianists, are both Englishmen, so long have they been identified with America's musical interests by the popular mind; such, however, is the case. Mr. Mills' compositions need no introduction; he, like Mr. Hoffman, has often in the concert room made our music lovers familiar with the product of his talented and fertile pen. Two forms Mr. Mills excels in—it is almost needless to say the "Tarentella and the Barcarolle"—although he has essayed, and successfully, many other styles; but these graceful compositions he is at home in. His work is finished and most satisfactory, and, above all, thoroughly *playable*. His compositions are numerous.

Mr. Hoffman is a delightful composer of salon music, his "Gazelle" being at one time invariably played. Mr. Hoffman's transcriptions are models of polished pianism. His compositions are also numerous.

Mr. Robert Goldbeck, who now resides in New York, is a versatile and musicianly composer. His orchestral works are very fine, and comprise a setting of Bürger's "Lenore," a "Scène de Chasse," and also two trios for piano, violin and 'cello, and two concertos for piano, the second one of the latter having already been performed in New York by the composer himself. His smaller piano works are many and deservedly popular, a grand polonaise, "Minerva," being one of the best and broadest. The characteristics of Mr. Goldbeck's compositions are a poetical undercurrent, that exists even in his Etudes for beginners. It overflows his larger works, and his whole manner is most elegant and fluent.

Mr. Frederick Brandeis, who has been many years in this country, is a strong man. His piano pieces are not numerous, but are all telling. He has a sterling Polonaise in C major very effective. His Gavotte, played by Madame King, is well known. A very striking arrangement of the "Toreador" song from Carmen is a popular favorite. It has the merit over transcriptions of that class of being finely harmonized and the themes skillfully grouped.

Mr. Brandeis has also written a Piano Trio, which has been universally praised. He is altogether a thoroughly equipped musician, ready for anything from a symphony to a song.

Mr. F. Q. Dulcken has done some small but interesting piano pieces, also some very pretty songs.

Mr. Frederick Boscovitz, an able virtuoso, has composed many popular pieces, all worthy of notice. He has also in manuscript a piano concerto.

Mr. Gustav Satter, a remarkable pianist, but somewhat eccentric, has published a quantity of very peculiar but not all playable compositions with the exception of a galop and a very good Festival Polonaise.

Mr. Edmund Neupert, a Norwegian pianist, residing in our midst, has written some very effective melodious etudes, published by Peters. They are fluent and cleverly constructed, not too hard, and all permeated with what might be called the Grieg spirit. His Ballade is very good. His pupil, Mr. August Hyllested, now in Chicago, shows great talent as a composer, though somewhat diffuse in his ideas. His "Variations Sérieuses" are very difficult and a trifle long, but show ability and invention. His songs are poetically conceived.

Dr. Louis Maas is a thorough musician, and his compositions reflect his nature thoroughly. His opus 13 is the best known to the writer, and is called "Erinerung aus Norwegen," being delightfully conceived trifles, full of northern harmonies, the last of the set being very well done indeed. His Pianoforte Concerto, while showing a skilled hand, is a trifle *too* scholarly to be very spontaneous.

Carl Faelten has made some good piano studies.

Chevalier de Kontski, who is known to fame by his "Réveil du Lion," is a fertile composer. He has attempted every form, and with success, although his *genre* is a limited one. He excels in smaller forms, and has written lots of dance music, such as gavottes, menuets, gigues, etc.

Rafael Joseffy is acknowledged to be one of the greatest virtuosos living, and naturally enough his music partakes of that character. He has written many graceful dances, all very difficult and to suit his own style and technic; and while they are, as a rule, somewhat deficient in content, they are very taking—his valses and polka in particular. "At the Spring" is a very fresh, delicate piece, which in the hands of the composer is simply charming. His new "Etude," dedicated to Alexander Lambert, is his best production so far. It is ingenious and melodious.

Alexander Lambert himself, while making no pretensions as a composer, has produced a very graceful Etude and a pretty "Canzonetta." They are both well worth playing.

Maximillian Vogrich, a talented Hungarian pianist, who traveled with Wilhelmj on his tour, has proved himself to have no little talent as a composer. His "Valse de Concert," and "Staccato Caprice," and "Gavotte Hongroise," are very musically conceived and brilliant. The Caprice is delightful, but not easy. Mr. Vogrich has also published some pretty songs.

Mr. Otto Floersheim, a talented critic and writer, reveals in his compositions great ability and gift of melody. His orchestral works are finely thought out and harmonized, and show a thorough knowledge of instrumentation. His piano pieces are not many, but are played often in public and are always well received. The "Lullaby" is one of the best specimens of this somewhat hackneyed class of composition. It is full of variety and tender melody and is deservedly popular. The Morceau à la Gavotte is tuneful and taking, and contains in these "over-*gavotted*" days something new. The "Elevation" is almost solemn, and is really a transcription from the orchestral score, but nevertheless effective. His "Novellette" is his best worked-out piece, and is very good indeed. Mr. Floersheim has great talent, but should write more and in larger forms, as he has proved he possesses the ability to do so.

Mr. Bruno Oscar Klein is a young man of promise, as a glance at his Piano and Violin Sonata, or his Piano Suite in G minor proves. The latter is really a fine, broad work, and shows solid musicianship. It is sufficiently homogeneous too, for a Suite. The Prelude is largely conceived, while the Gavotte sounds fresh and well worked out. Mr. Klein has no lack of ideas, and he knows how to skillfully clothe them. He has also produced some songs.

Mr. Constantin Sternberg, a young Russian pianist, whom Albert Weber brought over here a few years ago to play his piano, is one of the best of our resident composers of foreign birth. He seems to possess a never-ending vein of composition. His Gavotte in C major is very good and melodious. His Polonaise, the Wedding Polonaise in D major, is as good a specimen of this form as one can very well find. It abounds in ideas and is difficult. Menuets, Valses, Etudes—the latter very clever—all testify to Mr. Sternberg's fertility in composition.

Mr. Anton Strelezki who is, despite his name, English, has received a most cosmopolitan education in his art, and ranks to-day abroad with such names as Moszkowski, Scharwenka, Tschaikowsky. His work, while showing the utmost finish as regards detail, is broadly and often daringly conceived. He has written valses and a polka and lots of ephemeral work, like most composers; but his Ballades in F and B minor are worthy to be placed among the best of modern piano literature. The B minor Ballade is very poetic but gruesome, and suggests some dreadful mediaeval tale of horror and gloom. Mr. Strelezki possesses the power of incorporating in his work moods and emotions, and one is almost tempted to say experiences, foreign to most writers. He does this without conscious effort and this is a super-added merit. A bar to the frequent hearing of his music is its enormous technical difficulties, which are plentifully strewn throughout his pages, not for the mere purpose of adding difficulties, but seeming to grow out of the very composition itself. This is particularly true of the F♯ minor Polonaise, a colossal piece in its conception. That Mr. Strelezki has something new to say, and says it well, can be seen in his Etudes—all wonderfully planned and carried out. Five are published by Schirmer, and contain a wealth of ideas, technical and otherwise. The last two for concert, published by Rohfling, are beautiful; the one entitled "The Wind" particularly so. A graceful Valse etude, dedicated to Joseffy, is also very startling in the tough places to be gotten over, but when once conquered, it repays all the pains bestowed on it.

It is not hard to tell who Mr. Strelezki's models are, but he stamps everything he writes with the seal of his own powerful individuality. He is publishing a pianoforte concerto and his opera "Zanoni" will be heard next February, in Brussels. His songs, of course, every one knows, "Dreams" being heard from one end of the land to the other; yet, singularly enough, his pianoforte music is better known in Europe than in America.

Mr. Emanuel Moor, of whom mention has so often been made by the writer, is also a very talented young Hungarian. His compositions are spontaneous, and he seems to bubble over with ideas. His "Gavottes" and "Humoreske" are already well known. The "Scherzoso" is very bright and poetic. The two new "Valses" are his best work, clever in construction, full of melody and color. The same can be said of the Hungarian dances and the piano concerto, although the production of an immature pen, is full of promise. Mr. Moor's songs are all full of finely felt feeling.

Mr. Calixa Lavallée, a French-Canadian by birth, has composed some orchestral and choral works evincing merit and musicianship. A graceful little etude, "Papillon," is the most played of his piano music.

Carl Venth has written for piano some very nice pieces, not too difficult, of Norwegian character, and full of the odd rhythms one notices in Grieg and Gade.

Mr. Ernst Kroeger is a young pianist in St. Louis who has talent. He has written a very nice "Elfenreigen," and dedicated it to Madame Julia Rivé-King, by whom it is often played in her concerts. His Humoreske are clever.

Mr. Reinhold Henninges, of Cleveland, a sterling composer, has solved the problem of writing good, but not excessively difficult, piano music. His "Elfin Dance," and "Barcarolli" in A minor are very pretty. The march, "Walhalla," is also very taking and effective.

Mr. Otto Hackh, of New York, has written a very tasteful "Tarentella," and a brilliant arrangement of "Carmen," both within the technical grasp of the student. His scène à la Gavotte is very melodious.

W. E. Seeboeck, a gifted Hungarian pianist in Chicago, has a fluent talent for composition in all styles.

Both Mr. Louis Meyer, of Philadelphia, and Mr. William Semnacher, of New York, possess the talent for writing easy melodious pieces and studies which, while they please, offer some definite technical end.

Mr. Henry Metzger,, of New York, has written a very brilliant polonaise in D flat major.

Mr. J. O. Von Prochazka and Mr. G. B. Manzotti are the composers of numerous excellent pieces, all good music and excellent for educational purposes.

Mr. Robert Thallon has also written some taking things well worth playing, a menuet in particular, and his arrangement of H. Hoffman's "Barcarolle" is very well done indeed.

Dr. S. Austen Pearce, better known as an organist and a theoretical writer, has composed "Hommage à Chopin," which is very well named.

Prof. Carl Merz, of Wooster, Ohio, is also a composer of merit.

So might the list be gone on with, but space forbids. In all the composers mentioned no attempt at order has been aimed at. It were an impossible task. If some of the salient characteristics of each composer named can be gleaned from the bare outline given, the writer will feel satisfied. Anything more is not expected. The immense variety of talent and style should satisfy the most diverse tastes, and a personal study is recommended.

It is to be sincerely hoped that piano music in America will keep to its present elevated standard, and that in time it will be truly *American* piano music.

The American Composer

For comments by Krehbiel on the "overcoddling" of the American composer mentioned by Huneker, see the New York Tribune, *December 12, 1890, quoted by Sumner Salter in "Early Encouragements to American Composers,"* Musical Quarterly, *18 (January 1932): 92. See, also, the excerpt, reproduced below,* *from Huneker's article, "The Droning Tune of Things,"* New York Times, *October 27, 1918, sec. 8, p. 4.*

"The Musical Season in New York" [by Hans Sachs], *Criterion*, 23 (April 1900): 29-30

To mirror the minor happenings of music and musicians is both a charming and a thankless task. For instance, you arise in the morning full of the intentions that pave the subway of Hades. To break a lance for the American composer is the most apt thing that occurs to you. Straightway you select a stout oak pike, and sally forth to the land of ink and controversy. It is pleasing to make paragraphs about your friends; it is also a holy and a wholesome task; and you are, as a rule, unwittingly praying for the dead.

Appears in all its glory this praise, the praise that kills; and when next you meet the subject of the obituary, he is cool. Why? I can't say, except that you may have lugged in the name of Beethoven or Schumann to furnish forth your meagre critical banquet table. I told an editor, not long since, that the American composer is a bird of uncertain mood and eccentric flights; if you praise his brother he himself is hurt to his sensitive marrow; if you do not enumerate all who make music, from Galveston to Oakland, you are accused of favoritism.

A good way is not to mention any as distinctively American composers. If MacDowell's name is found on a programme, treat the composition as music, not as the product of a man born in New York, educated in Paris and Frankfurt. I know that the test is a severe one, and one that is shirked by many. Hence we hear of patriotic congregations, of foregatherings of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. This is wrong: put your music, if you have faith in it, out into the fierce light that beats about an orchestra, and if it is good it will sound so—if not, then you will make the discovery all the sooner.

But, heard in secret and admiring conclaves, the American composer is bound to become self-conscious, bound to write for the clique and not the crowd; and the man who fears the criticism of the crowd had better eschew composition, for some light occupation, such as gardening or politics. Henry Krehbiel was the first one to sound the note of warning: "Don't coddle the American composer"; and of course, with natural and national perversity, we have ever since almost spoiled the delicate and nervous domestic growth.

Huneker echoed, in the following excerpt, ideas expressed in 1900 in his critique of Henry Hadley. Writing during wartime, Huneker was taking aim at the superpatriot though at the end of the same article he advocated the playing of the "Star-Spangled Banner" at opera houses and theaters even after the war.

"The Droning Tune of Things," *New York Times*, October 27, 1918, sec. 8, p. 4

America is here and now, wrote a wise European poet over a century ago. Even then the American idea penetrated the intelligence of the people thousands of miles across the waters. And now it is, thanks to the mighty conflict of hostile forces, beginning to burgeon in our own country. The American painter long since outstripped his musical brethren in the development of native artistic quality, for his models are the American scene and the American face, though his technical methods are usually French. Of racy American literature, of Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, and Mark Twain—and the last may be first—it is not necessary to deal; they, too, had an advantage over the American composer as they worked in local soil. Our composers, weaving their art from the wind, were first forced to practice their scales in Europe. Crude were, and still are, the results of manufacturing music after the patterns of theorists, folklorists, and other futile fellows. Negro music, even when written by Caucasian composers—and the best often is—or Indian motives, are of ethnographical rather than aesthetic value. American music must be white man's music or it will be naught. What that shall be, no critic may dare predict. One thing, however, is certain: We shall never build up a native school merely by introducing the National Anthem and Dixie, with ragtime counterpoint. That way lies the hinterland of provincialism.

Years ago Henry Edward Krehbiel warned us against the danger of coddling the American composer, and the generation he addressed were accustomed to the superior artistic music-making of such masters as Charles Martin Loeffler, Edward A. MacDowell, George Chadwick, Arthur Foote, Victor Herbert—to select a few names at random. Nowadays it might prove unprofitable to match these men against the newcomers; indeed, it would not be fair. Suffice, then, to say that genuine ability abetted by fundamental brain work will attain the goal and not nationality alone. The most fervid patriotism alone will not color the orchestral score of a native-born composer, while skill, experience, and temperament may. MacDowell demanded that American composers be judged by the same tests as European. Such young chaps as Henry Hadley, Rubin Goldmark, and John Powell did not approach their task in the mood patriotic, but as humble students in the presence of the noblest of the Seven Arts. And they are, as are their colleagues, good Americans, only they don't mix up the babies; do not commit the sin against the Holy Ghost of criticism: the confusion of intellectual substances. It should be remembered that Wagner the patriot wrote the mediocre Kaiser march.

Clayton Johns (1857-1932) settled in Boston, where he taught for many years at the New England Conservatory of Music. Huneker mentioned him briefly in 1887.

Edward Royce (1886-1963) studied at Harvard. After founding the music department at Middlebury College in Vermont, he was head of the music de-

partment at the Ithaca Conservatory and then taught at the Eastman School of Music from 1923 to 1947.

Daniel Gregory Mason (1873-1953), grandson of Lowell Mason and nephew of William Mason, taught music at Columbia University from 1909 to 1942. He referred to Huneker's comments on his "Country Pictures" in his autobiography, Music in My Time *(p. 295). He informed me that he never met Huneker.*

Horatio W. Parker (1863-1919) was organist at Holy Trinity Church in New York City from 1883 to 1893. In 1894 he became head of the music department at Yale University. His most famous work was Mona, *the first opera to receive a world premiere at the Metropolitan Opera House (in 1912).*

Fannie C. Dillon (1881-1947), composer and pianist, studied with Rubin Goldmark and Leopold Godowsky, among others. She taught music at Pomona College and at Los Angeles High School.

Alexander MacFadyen (1879-1936), composer and pianist, was born in Milwaukee, studied in Chicago, and taught at the Wisconsin College of Music in Milwaukee. The MacFadyen Club of Milwaukee was named after him.

"Music," *New York Times*, January 26, 1919, p. 20

When a masterful piano artist like Josef Hofmann devotes an entire program to living American composers the result is bound to be interesting. And it was interesting yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, where an audience greeted with well-bred enthusiasm several of the numbers. It was a contention of the late Edward MacDowell that the native-born composer should take his or her chance among European composers and not be "coddled" on separate programs, thus confirming the phrase and the opinion of Mr. Krehbiel. But Mr. Hofmann thought otherwise, and he played a pleasing though not profound scheme, and if there are any composers still alive today who were present at this concert it is because there is no heart disease in the history of their families. Hofmann made of the veriest trifles sonorous shapes of beauty. His tone-color was ravishing. It would be dangerous to criticise his selection, for, as Henry James has pointed out, it is always a risk to ask an artist why he selected any particular theme for treatment. That should be the poet's secret. This holds good in the Hofmann case. He played what he liked because he liked it. That's the story in a nutshell. He might have given us less salon music and fewer pretty decorations, but it may be added that no matter what he would have offered the result would have been the same—beautiful.

Despite the monotony of the composers' moods, the occasional sameness in tonality, the performance of the Only Jozio was in the key of the superlative. He began with a Prelude and Fugue by Clayton Johns, well constructed, well sounding, and not unlike the E minor Fugue of Mendelssohn; for the organ, the dignified polyphony of Mr. Johns is well adapted. You hear the pedal octaves. But Mendelssohn. Followed this a Schumannesque fantasie, "Restless, Ceaseless," by Rubin Goldmark, a pupil of Anton Dvorák at Jeannette M. Thurber's National Conservatory. This poetic piece gives little idea of the scope of Mr.

Goldmark's great gifts. With the exception of Horatio W. Parker, he was the most distinguished name on the program: a master of the orchestra and larger forms. Edward Royce, the son of the late Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard, was represented by two compositions, an Interlude and "Joyance," which last name showed latter-day influences, the whimsical toying with a mood, the "new" dissonances, the unexpected ending, leaving the hearer in midair. Amusing, clever, if not original. Daniel Gregory Mason, of a family in American musical history, had the honor of having six pieces from his "Country Pictures" wonderfully interpreted. Yet two would have been enough, "Cloud Pageant" and "Chimney Swallows," or perhaps "Night Wind," with its patches of Debussy coloring.

Reginald De Koven's "Romance" is Chopinesque: possibly the key-signature D flat made us dream of the "Rain-Drop" Prelude. But Parker's "Valse Gracile" won the first encore of the afternoon, swift, graceful, in the salon manner of Liszt or Moszkowski. "Birds at Dawn," by Fannie Dillon, was also encored. The bird hopped from the Debussy twig twice as the tiny carillon abruptly ceased. Pretty music, if inconsequential. Then, as if to show us that he could do the double notes "stunt" of De Pachmann, the pianist rippled off a study of great technical difficulty by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach called "Fire-Flies." Mrs. Beach has written more serious music, but this caprice is peculiarly effective. It is a pendent to Chopin's G sharp minor étude.

The sonata, opus 20 (manuscript), by Alexander McFadyen was evidently intended as the pièce de résistance after all the whipped syllabubs and salon sentiment. It thundered loudly in the index and we thought of Schumann's Symphonic Studies, but the vigorous theme soon petered out into futile passage-spinning. The Romance sounded like Rubinstein, a broad cantilena and sweetly melodic. The Scherzo, however, aroused our hopes. Full of meat, rhythmic urge, and well planned, it proved the best of the four movements; the allegro maestoso is the Schumann of either the "Davidsbündler" or the massive march-like finale in D flat of the Symphonic Variations. A sonata is as sweet by any other name, and the various sections of this ambitious work are neither cognate nor affiliated. A suite would be a better description. A marked talent has Mr. McFadyen, and he writes in the idiom of the keyboard. He has, too, a well-developed admiration for MacDowell.

We had longed for something essentially American in this program, the dynamic spirit which is ours, but it was not there. The most American composition of the afternoon was "The Star Spangled Banner," and its music was penned by an Englishman. Talent, fancy, brilliancy, erudition, taste are in all this American music, but individual profile was absent. Let's hope for better luck next time. An extra recital was played by Mr. Hofmann whose encores began with Liszt, modulating into Chopin's first valse, the Cradle Song and—but stop. Chopin is not an American composer. We must repeat our old belief: there is no map music, there is only good music. Mr. Hofmann deserves the gratitude of the native composer for his labor of love.

PERFORMERS

David Bispham
(1857-1921)

Born in Philadelphia in the same year as Huneker, Bispham, a Wagnerian baritone, sang at Covent Garden and the Metropolitan. In an unpublished letter to Huneker written six days after the appearance of the 1920 article, Bispham, noting that it was all too true that they were personally unacquainted and thanking him for "many former kind sayings" and for the "splendid article" on his book, invited him to dine. Since Huneker's reply has not turned up–I have been unable to locate Bispham's papers I don't know whether they finally met.

"Bispham's Patriotism Applauded," New York *Morning Telegraph*, February 22, 1898, p. 4

The patriotic wave has at last rolled into the concert hall, and doubtless if opera were in town this week we should get the "Star Spangled Banner" in the second act of Walkuere after Hunding's death. Yesterday afternoon Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall was crowded with fashionable women, assembled to listen to David Bispham sing. It was the only song recital of the favorite singer, but I'll venture to wager a reasonable amount that if he sings some of the patriotic numbers over again–English as they are in sentiment–he will again pack the hall to the doors. In the present emergency the old smoldering hatred of the Anglo-Saxon for the Latin is beginning to show, and so the antique and English songs of the sea, of the praise of wine and lusty wenches were heartily applauded yesterday, and everything with a flavor of the heroic was redemanded.

The prize song of the afternoon was "Harry" Rowe Shelley's admirable setting of Rudyard Kipling's "Follow Me 'Ome." It is a gem of purest water, and if a European had composed it the cables would send a column about it. The composer has caught the dirge-like spirit, and by the ingenious use of a pedal point on a low C he conveys the booming of the muffled drums. A little masterpiece and very feelingly sung by Mr. Bispham. The composer presided at the piano, and also accompanied his song, "The Last Chantey," words by Kipling. This, while it is not so deeply felt as the first, proved too much for the nerves of the audience. Singer and composer were called out and given a rattling reception. All of which shows that the patriotic instinct is now uppermost.

I shan't give you a list of all that Mr. Bispham sang. It was a long and agreeably varied programme.

"David Bispham Remembers," New York *World*, March 21, 1920, Metropolitan section, p. 5

David Bispham remembers a lot of interesting things in his big book, "A Quaker Singer's Recollections." David comes of Quaker stock, sturdy English and American stock. He also comes from Philadelphia, which is the sturdiest of Tory cities in the Nation. To say "Bispham" in the Quaker City is an open sesame to society eminently elevated. The Bisphams always were somebodies who did things. At Hamburg, where he was drinking the waters, the late Edward VII—and a bully old chap he was—asked the name of a large decorative person who patrolled the esplanade. "Why, don't you know? He's a Biddle," whispered in awed tones a native Philadelphian—one of the sort that never strayed above Market Street.

"What's a Biddle?" innocently inquired the King, who was at the time Prince of Wales. Consternation. When Walnut Street heard the news the trees in Rittenhouse Square dropped speechless leaves to the ground. Although he was irreverent with the august name of Biddle the Prince would never have asked such a question concerning a Bispham. That old English name carries conviction in its very sound; besides, the Prince of Wales often heard the David of the redoubtable clan sing at Covent Garden or by royal command at Windsor; heard and admired him. I confess that I like the beginnings of Mr. Bispham's book for personal reasons. We were both of us born on the same street, a few blocks from each other; North Seventh Street, above Spring Garden, and about the same year. David's teachers and musical friends were also mine, yet I have never seen him closer than from behind the footlights, but I've written reams of criticism dealing with his numerous lyric impersonations. He studied with Michael H. Cross; so did I. His closest friend was Max Heinrich, that true artist and song interpreter. About 1876 I was with Max every day and joined him in New York. He coached me as he coached David in the songs. He always said: "That's going to be a singer, that dam David, if he gets out of this dam town." And the "dam town" at that time was something we look back at proudly, for its aristocratic repose, its hospitality, its terrapin, Finelli's fried oysters, Smith's ale, Fairmount Park, Joe Gasslein's "Keg" on Broad Street, and its myriad pretty girls. Heinrich came to New York, later became celebrated here and in London. David Bispham went to Italy, to London, returned, joined the Metropolitan Opera House company, became famous; while the present writer, a humble "looker-on in Vienna" recorded from year to year his impressions of the two baritones and is still dipping his pen into the inkstand of that futility called music-criticism. Ah! Julius Caesar was right when he remarked: "Once a newspaper man always on the town." There's a malignity that shapes our ends rough-spew them as we will! This, naturally, does not apply to "journalists" and other east winds.

The versatility of David Bispham will be one of his assets in the hall of fame. He began with choir singing, sang with the Orpheus Club, Michael Cross, conductor, thence graduated to light opera, went through the regulation mill of Italian operatic roles, finally emerged as a full-blown Wagnerian baritone. My pleasantest recollections of him are centred in his impersonations of Kurwenal in "Tristan and Isolde," in "Die Meistersinger" as Beckmesser, as Telramund in "Lohengrin" and as "Falstaffo"—the last named I heard in London. He is not a tall man, but his mastery of acting made him seem any size or character that he assumed. His gusto was great. I can't recall a performance of his in which he was flabby or careless. How he "went for" Lohengrin in the stage fight. It was the real thing, not the usual one, two, three, one up, one down theatrical duel. David and Jean de Reszke made matters exciting in this scene. The young American achieved distinction in two such widely sundered roles as Beckmesser and Kurwenal, which proved his artistry both as singer and actor. His Beckmesser was the essence of malignant cunning and fatuous egotism. Contrast this absurd, yet sinister manikin, with Tristan's devoted henchman, the "faithful dog," Kurwenal, and you may realize the many-sidedness of Bispham. I give these two characters as an illustration; there are a half-hundred others which could be adduced. You will find the list in the index.

He is a born story-teller. The variety and richness of his experiences, a naturally flexible, receptive temperament, joined with a lively fancy and a humorous sense, are contributory causes to the vivacity of his narrative. As in all sound autobiographies, and Leslie Stephen has said that there are no uninteresting ones, the ego holds the centre of the stage. This is as it should be. We wish to hear of what happened to David Bispham during his lyrical odyssey; above all, what he thought of those happenings. He is a doer and interpreter. A glance at the twenty-five pages of his index reveals a list of well known names in every sphere of life. He was not only the contemporary of great artistic folk in that golden age of singing, he was also an active participant in the same operatic conflicts. His first appearance in London was Feb. 23, 1890, at a concert in the rooms of the Grosvenor Gallery. That's thirty years ago, yet, despite the flight of time, Daivd Bispham looks very much now as he did then, not older in the "lean and slippered pantaloon" sense. He is a man who will remain young till the final curtain call. And he is now enjoying in the mellow autumnal period of his years the joy of imparting his art to aspiring youth. I can't conceive of a more soothing way in which to round-off a busy life. To the authority of the veteran artist is superadded the ferocious joy of blasphemy, long and loud, when a pupil sings flat. No doubt Mr. Bispham appreciates the privilege.

Max Heinrich did. He would strangle a male pupil in his class for the slightest error, and as for the girl, she got off with a bear-hug—if she were pretty.

Meeting his friend, Oliver Herford, in London, Bispham told him that he had stopped smoking because it irritated his mucous membrane. Oliver replied: "Why didn't you go on? Very soon you would have had no mucous membrane to bother about." They spoke of London not having skyscrapers. "No," said Oliver, as he peered into the pea-soup fog, "that's a pity for I don't know any sky that needs scraping more." Which answer is joyfully Oliverian. . . .

[Bispham] has unaffectedly and effortlessly painted a full-length portrait of the singer as a young man and as a mature artist. A robust, assertive, frank temperament is revealed in these pages. A stubborn nature he tamed by hard work and the use of the brains with which he has been plentifully endowed, a seemingly intractable vocal organ. He has won great distinction as a lyric and dramatic artist. And he is an American to the core; more than American, because he hails from Philadelphia, the quintessence of Americanism, notwithstanding its superior Toryism during Revolutionary times.

Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler
(1863-1927)

Huneker was a warm and lifelong admirer of this world-famous pianist whom he first heard in 1885 at the annual meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association in New York. He corresponded with her before and after her marriage—in 1885—to Sigmund Zeisler, the distinguished lawyer. Fourteen (written between 1885 and 1915) of what Zeisler's second wife estimated were some hundred letters from Huneker to the Zeislers survive; she destroyed the others after her husband's death in 1931. The pianist's end of the correspondence, surprisingly, has entirely vanished, though the second Mrs. Zeisler owned typed transcripts of two letters from the pianist to Huneker written in 1910 and 1911.

The pianist's late son, Leonard Zeisler, informed me in 1951 that he remembered his mother speaking of Huneker, that she had many of his books inscribed to her, and that she used to see him on her trips to New York. Another son, the late Ernest B. Zeisler, recalled in 1952 that Huneker and his mother were very close friends for years.

"Some Pianists in America: II," *Etude*, 6 (January 1888): 2

Of Madame Fanny Bloomfield there is but one opinion, and that is she has a pianistic genius and an intense musical organization, but sadly lacks in the matter of self-control. She runs away with herself, but then the vivid power of her playing, her command of color and her incisive, though somewhat hard, touch almost reconcile one to this great defect, which is, undoubtedly, the result of a fiery temperament. Her readings, while not correct from a traditional point of view, are always novel and individual, and her technic sufficient to meet the demands of the modern piano-forte literature.

Madame Bloomfield has a future before her if she succeeds [in] taming that hitherto ungovernable temperament. At all events, she is always an interesting artist, which cannot be said of many of her more staid brethren in art.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 18 (March 6, 1889): 183

Speaking of one American naturally recalls another one, Fanny Bloomfield, who arrived in this city last week from her six months' tour in Europe, where she played everywhere with the greatest of success, also accompanying, if I remember aright, Essipoff on her English *tournée*. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, for she is married to a young and rising Chicago lawyer, is one of our most talented native pianists and is as full of fire, dash and vim as a two year old colt. She possesses that greatest of all desiderata for a musician, *i.e.*, temperament, and while she hasn't spent her time burnishing up her technic to as high a finish as her cousin Moriz Rosenthal, her playing is more vivid, more human and reaches in consequence our hearts sooner. Fanny Bloomfield is a brunette flash of lightning and always strikes.

"The Theatre," New York *Sunday Advertiser*, October 27, 1895, p. 5

The reappearance of Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler in the concert world of America was something that threw into the shade all contemporary happenings of last week. So few women play the piano well, and, for that matter, so few men are individual in their work upon the much abused instrument of wood and wire, that Bloomfield Zeisler must be regarded almost as an artistic apparition. I know full well that the critical knives and bludgeons were used at the concert in Carnegie Hall last Wednesday, but they were not in the hands of the professional music reporters. That intense jealousy exists in the piano playing world is a commonplace, more is the pity! Madame Zeisler is from Chicago, but if she resided in New York we would take her about with a brass band and torchlight, crying "Ecce Fannie!"

She is a great artist; her style is noble, moving, dramatic. As no one individual can possess the sum total of the qualities that make perfection, this girl has her faults. But Dio Mio! she is so big, so overpoweringly superior to the pianists of the day, that the discussion of her shortcomings is a mere impertinence. Temperamentally she is the equal of any living pianist—indeed, I doubt if there is another just like her in this respect.

Her ideals are not technical, as is the case with her cousin Moriz Rosenthal, nor has she the sensuous, subtle, subduing charm of Paderewski. She is a challenge, not a petitioner for favors. She defies and conquers you, despite your prejudices. She storms and wins her battles without the glamour of a pretty personality, and dispenses with the halo of graceful legend. She is a very timorous, nervous woman, playing the piano magnificently. She is unique. She is Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 38 (February 8, 1899): 28

In 1887–ancient history, you will say!–I first heard Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler in a piano recital. It was at Indianapolis and at an M.T.N.A. meeting. I was young and believed in everything and everybody–even myself. Much water has gone over the bar since then and many of the most lovable and jolly fellows who attended the meeting have left their houses feet first. Mrs. Zeisler I have heard play since with orchestra, but never in recital, so when I learned that she would honor this city by her presence and play in public I went to Mendelssohn Hall last Saturday afternoon. Hers was the annual artist's recital of the Synthetic Guild and I wondered if the brilliant, electric girl from Chicago would re-create for me some of the stormy sensations of my youth. We all remember the time when to say "Bloomfield" was to evoke all sorts of delirious imagery. She was the Bernhardt of the Piano–Harry Brown's phrase -she was "orchidaceous" to Vance Thompson, and to me–well, Heaven knows what she wasn't! I expended upon her innocent and unoffending shoulders my choice vocabulary of extravagant adjectives and at one time I ran dangerously near John S. Van Cleve in adjectival splendor. Fannie in 1885 could play the D minor Rubinstein and the Henselt concertos about as near perfection as you wished, except that her rhythmical nature was crazy, unstrung. But ask Dr. William Mason how the modest, raven-haired girl, fresh from Leschetizky, played!

I confess that it was more than curiosity that set my ears toward the door of the concert hall last Saturday. I knew of the artist's successes abroad and at home, but I wished to satisfy myself by a recital, which peels off, leaf by leaf, a pianist's personality, until the very core of the innermost nature is revealed. Mrs. Zeisler was beginning the first movement of the great C minor Sonata of Beethoven, the op. III, the introduction to which is like the swelling prologue to some mighty tragedy. What grasp, what severity, what reticence, above all what breadth, I thought, as page after page unrolled under the agile, strong fingers. The entire movement I heard outside and I was glad, because a pianist in this hall needs lots of perspective. The arietta was beautiful in color and the contours were celestial in clarity. Evidently Mrs. Zeisler had been doing a lot of practicing, above all a lot of thinking. Her tone is broad, above all penetrating; its fibre not sensuous, but informed by something highly charged, which is verbally begging the question. Let me fall back on the old word electric. She is still the same bundle of nerves, but she sits still, oh! so still, in the vast spaces of music she evokes. Her little, patient figure yet alert, suggesting steel nerves, seems hardly half big enough to hurl itself on the heavy bastions of Liszt's pompous palace, the Twelfth Rhapsody. The old Bloomfield turned up breathless, furious, indomitable at the close, and we got a hair-lifting climax.

Then I knew she was the same artist with a decade of years added, years of joy and sorrow—for the skein is always multi-colored in a woman's life. This young woman—remember, she has not yet spanned half her allotted existence! -has gone in for miniature work. Her Chopin numbers were exceedingly well played. The G minor Ballade—how I wish the Synthetic Guild had not applauded her before she had finished!—the Berceuse, the C sharp minor study in the first book, and the D flat Valse, were all specimens of finished execution, sentiment and appropriate dynamics. The D flat Valse sounded as if it were singing "I'm so glad to be out of double-note clothes!" Imagine the courage of this pianist. She actually played the Valse in its native nudity! And it sounded so dainty, so refreshing! It was a cousinly retort to cousin Moriz Rosenthal, the Lion, from Cousin Fannie, the Panther!

The "Spring Song" of Felix, the Messiah of mediocrity, was exquisitely delivered, and had to be repeated. I did not care so much for the coloring or conception of the Shakespeare Serenade. Eduard Schütt's Variations and Fugue, op. 29, dedicated to the pianist herself, were given with a calm superiority to technical difficulties, and the polyphony of the fugue, with its modern climax, was most transparent and grateful. The concert ended with Moszkowski's "Caprice Espagnol," a glittering vision of Spain before the Jews were expelled. Moszkowski is very Hebraic.

Mrs. Zeisler has built upon a rare temperamental foundation a fabric of fair and delicate proportions. She plays more like a woman than she did a decade ago, or else I hear more like a man. She has now fine restraint of imagination, more reserve power, keener analysis, and she has sacrificed nothing of that *strangeness* in her music, without which Edgar Poe says any art is deficient. She, too, is subtle, still a little hard and cruel in her attack and apt to become dogmatic in her more lengthy definitions. She is more like Duse than Bernhardt now, and yet has lost none of her native brilliancy and charm.

I left Mendelssohn Hall humming "Vogel als Prophet," for I was as much delighted with my youthful powers of perspicacity as I was with the gifted pianist's playing. This shows us that all things masculine are created hopelessly vain.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 42 (February 27, 1901): 26

Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler gave a piano recital week before last in this city. I wrote of her in many columns. There were buckets of ink and forests of pens used. Yet some people who were present when this artist played could only see a slender woman with black hair, stooped shoulders from severe study—"bible-back," said a bicyclist to me; thereat I retorted "yes, but the old, not the new testament"—and long thin fingers flying over the keyboard. To all of which I assent. The pianist is dark, slight and her fingers fly. But other and beautiful things happened too; these I overheard, and these my witty bicycling friend—who is also bible-back, revised version—did not. When all the world sees, hears and feels alike, why then the end is nigh; it will be time to listen for Gabriel and his pealing trump.

'The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 43 (November 20, 1901): 22

Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler played in Mendelssohn Hall last Saturday afternoon. . . . Is there anything for me to say that I have not said about the playing of this unique creature? I could indulge in reminiscences; I might recall the torrid night in July, 1885, when I first saw her in the Academy of Music after the performance of Rubinstein's D minor Concerto. She recalled the feline in those times, just as to-day she has something of the spiritual, compelling magnetism of a Duse. A picture of the great Italian actress gazes at me on my desk. It is after Lenbach. The head is draped as I once saw Bloomfield-Zeisler's, draped by a lace scarf. Now the two artists do not look alike; yet such is the community of emotion, the same enigmatic expression may be detected in both faces. What is it? Madame Zeisler has not had her soul so cruelly stabbed as has Duse. Is it all artistic mimicry or is Maeterlinck right–the dramas of today are spiritual, are fought out within the walls of our souls?

Certainly the new note in the playing of the favorite pianist is not an emotional one. *That* she struck with no uncertain touch a decade ago. She seems to be retracting her steps, seems to have clamored not unsuccessfully for admission to the place wherein dwell the intellectual elect. The reading of Beethoven's C minor Sonata was alive with meanings. In its clear unfolding of phrase and section you felt the impact of an intensely logical, strong brain; the first movement was charged with thoughts. The slow movement has been suffused with more atmosphere by the pianist, which means that I have heard her play it more poetically. But it was beautiful in tone, just in conception. The mood throughout the work was Doric; not a trace of latter-day sentimentalism obscured the Hellenic outlines of the masterpiece.

Chopin was read with a happy mean. It was not smeared; the *zal* was not overdone; nor was there a *rubato* that syncopated one's heart. It was sane, sensuous; it was Chopin. The lovely nocturne was not played as if it were a study in double notes, with a droning intermezzo. All these negatives sound as if Madame Zeisler's performance was a series of evasions. It was not. It was individual, and when the A flat Polonaise was reached the smoke of battle got into her nostrils and the dogs of war were unloosed. It was an exhibition of dynamics, spirit and rustling nerves. The smaller pieces were delivered with miraculous delicacy and precision. Many of them were repeated, and when, after a dazzling version of the Strauss Valse, she played the music box valse of Chopin's in G flat (op. 70) you could have sworn that Pachmann was outdone. It was crystalline music making. And the "Marche Militaire" of Tausig–Schubert has little to do with it–was given a fine appreciation of acoustical effects. It was built up from faint perspectives into a threatening roar. After this the enthusiasm knew no moderation. It was a triumphant afternoon for this dark sibyl whose tripod is a piano chair, whose medium of eloquence the cold keys of a piano. Madame Zeisler was to have played her second recital yesterday afternoon.

Maggie Cline
(1857-1934)

The Massachusetts-born daughter of Irish parents, Maggie Cline, trained in burlesque at Boston's Old Howard Theatre, became one of the most popular singers in the 1890s. In the days of Tony Pastor and Miner's Theatre on the Bowery, the "Irish Queen" was a household name. Her forte was belting out songs like "Throw Him Down McCloskey" and "Down Went McGinty." Retiring about 1919, she lived thereafter in relative obscurity. There is no evidence that Huneker knew her personally.

P. J. Tynan, mentioned in the second of the following critiques, was a shadowy unindicted conspirator in Dublin's Phoenix Park murders, in which two English administrators in Ireland were assassinated by members of a Fenian splinter group in 1882. The Irish informer described Tynan as "Number One." Since Huneker's Irish-born maternal grandfather had been an American Fenian, the critic took a special interest in the sensational case.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 25 (July 6, 1892): 8

It would not surprise me a bit if the London music hall, with all its vulgarity and genuine entertaining cleverness, would be transplanted in this country. Our theatres are in a vile condition artistically, the legitimate drama is practically dead, or worse than dead, in the hands of a few mouthing histrionic vagabonds. The music hall, with its numberless artists, gives one variety, clever mimetic display, character sketches of far more value than the stilted portraitures of the society play, and, above all, excellent dancing. Public dancing would be a lost art if it were not for the sneered at and much abused variety stage; and I assure you Maggie Cline gives me far more pleasure than one of your raving and artificial emotional society actresses.

I once called Maggie a "Brünnhilde of the Bowery," "The very embodiment of Walt Whitman's primeval woman," "Muscles' Muse," "A female Makart whose palette burns with glowing pigments," "A Wagnerian ideal," and I was made fun of for doing it. "What," cried a lover of Chopin's nocturnes—"what can you see in a big, bold, coarse woman who sings at Tony Pastor's?" I could only reply with Rossini that I would rather admire the natural in art than the original, which paradox about fits the situation. Better a Walt Whitman with his epical yell than Martin Tupper and his tea caddy platitudes. Better Maggie Cline with her rankness and unmistakable power than a conventional prima donna singing conventional arias in wooden, unoriginal fashion.

At one time in speaking of that beautiful artist in words, Charles Baudelaire, Victor Hugo said: "Il avait creé un nouveau frisson," and Algernon Charles

Swinburne, whilom poet laureate in the court of Her Majesty Circe, uttered a fragrant variation on the Hugo theme in his large molded ode, "Ave atque Vale," after the death of the unhappy composer of "Fleurs du Mal."

In these latter days to thrill us exquisitely a very great artist is needful, and his methods must be moving and novel, else the shrug of ennui follows at the heel of banal effort. A Sarah Bernhardt is not born often nor is a Pachmann with dainty devilish touch always with us. Glutted with sensation, gorged with culture, we turn our subtly weary eyes toward a new dawn—be it ever so brutal, only that it has a glimmer of the light of modernity from afar.

Swinburne has grown gray in phallic service. Sarah the divine is hitching perilously near the brink of morbid hysteria. Walt Whitman is dying. Where, then, shall we look for the new thrill, for Yvette Guilbert comes not to us for many moons?

The thrill is midway in our mortal life, as Dante Alighieri, Esq., late of Florence, would have it. The thrill is that finest of all thrills—a feminine one. It is an Epos in a petticoat. *Enfin*, have you seen Maggie Cline sing?

A bearded and local wit once said that the performance of a song at the hands of Miss Cline was great art, but this is but a half truth and, like all half truths, misleading. In Maggie Cline there is such a palimpsest of possibilities that I greatly fear that we of this generation will never decipher it. Only a modern Boswell, gifted with the critical acumen of two of such widely divergent but cultured minds as those of the late Albert Wolff and the living Walter Pater, could hope to unfold to the world, the result of their many seasons of critical garnering from this new artistic pasture.

As Walt Whitman was a great natural force, an impulse in our native literature, so Maggie Cline, the exponent of muscularity in song, is to the art world, though it must be admitted that her art is more elusive than that of the Bard of Camden. In her personality is focused the Hiberno-American life, an exotic type of the East Side and grafted on a rare, racy personality. Her art, sublimated as it is, is the very antithesis of Sarah Bernhardt's, their methods are as poles asunder, but the outcome is the same—a new shudder is given—a new sensation gained—a dim vision of novel artistic potentialities is gleaned.

What are the characteristics of the new Cline school? The question is not altogether an easy one to answer. Like Sarah Bernhardt and Paderewski, she has a great temperament, but so subtly blended are the processes of the creative forces in her art that they at first elude analysis.

The public merely sees a tall, strapping, handsome woman, with a pair of magnificent gray eyes, a winsome chin and a brace of eloquent arms. She strides to the footlights with the easy assurance or one who has veni-ed, vidi-ed and vici-ed. Then she nods familiarly to the *chef d'orchestre*, hugely smiles at the populace, and with this brief preface plunges at once *in medias res*. At the magic of her voice the sights and sounds of the present fade, and you are straightway transported to Eldridge or Hester Street and witness with beating heart and brain on fire the downfall of that good man and true, the doughty Donovan, or the epical fracas at McCloskey's.

All dispute as to whether Miss Cline's art is synthetical or analytical is bootless. She . . . paints for you a picture superb in vitality, instinct with rhythm, the perspective most cunningly treated and in the totality of massed effects simply supreme. She aims not at details which divert, but goes straight to the heart of her subject and handles it with a directness, breadth and vigor that rank her with such gigantic though dissimilar artists as J. Lawrence Sullivan and the late Messer Michel Angelo. The central hub of her gift is a brutality that shivers the shallow lacquer of your conventionality as a thunderbolt fuses a lead gutter pipe. From this hub radiate spokes that give her work its imaginative lift and, I had almost written, grandeur.

Has Miss Cline, then, no finesse? Is her art merely sublimated and picturesque pugilism?

Ah me! If I could but dilate on the wonderful art for art's sake in her virile vocal technic, the complete and absolute sinking of self in her portrayal of lowly life, of her subjugation of all femininity, what fruitful themes they would indeed be! But I must leave to future generations the grateful task. It taxes my critical powers to merely shadow forth the surfaces of her wondrous art.

One is forced to believe in the Karmic philosophy when witnessing Miss Cline's singing, for it is vocalism made visible. What Roman gladiator has projected his heroic personality through the ages into the frame of this Brünnhilde of the Bowery, this Valkyr in petticoats? Her imperious sweep of arm as she gives the *coup de grâce* to Paddy Flynn must surely bring before you vividly the wide, sandy arena, the yelling throng and the empurpled imperial monster glooming high in his ivory tribune. There are blood, dust, death, and noise and a life ebbing quickly on the crimson spattered floor. No Swinburnian dithryamb, no Shelleyian nightingale nocturne, no Paderewskian performance of heroic Magyar polonaises can ever stir one's nerves as does Maggie Cline with one of her death dealing barbaric gestures. The amplitude of her nature is expressed in the very poise of her feet, her physique is informed with quivering love of slaughter. She is a daughter of bloodshed and annihilation, a warrior with a Worth train.

There are blemishes, to be sure, in her art—even the "Sun" is spotted—for instance, I cannot admire her tone production. It is lusty, full of color, but in the emission is faulty. Then, too, the adoption of a full evening dress detracts somewhat from the complete illusion her art should produce, besides violating the dramatic unities. Needless, also, is the vulgar clangor mechanically made in the wings while she depicts the fight in the McCloskey mansion. These extraneous aids are blots on the otherwise perfect picture. Miss Cline is too great an artist to need resort to such palpably artificial means. She fights with her face; her nose, with the nostrils dilated, is the very incarnation of the lust for blood; her pose is in itself a belligerent demonstration. I beg of you, therefore, Miss Cline, to give us with your perfect diction those great pictures throbbing with East Side humanity, uncorseted, uncabined and unconfined.

Then we will sing of you as sang the great Yawper over the roofs of the world, Walt Whitman, of women:

> They are tann'd in the face by shining suns and blowing winds.
> Their flesh has the old divine suppleness and strength.
> They know how to swim, row, ride, wrestle, shoot, run, strike, retreat,
> advance, resist, defend themselves.
> They are ultimate in their own right—they are calm, clear, well possessed of themselves.

Miss Cline is the perfect flowering of the Walt Whitman and Richard Wagner ideals of womanhood, and her *fin de siècle* art is in the main inimitable.

She is hopelessly untranslatable in terms of prose. Swinburne alone could paraphrase her:

> O, strong winged soul with prophetic
> Lips hot with the bloodbeats of song,
> With tremor of heartstrings magnetic,
> With thoughts as thunders in throng.
> With consonant ardours of chords
> That pierce men's souls as with swords
> And hale them hearing along.

Maggie Cline is a unique feminine microcosm of Hibernian histrionic and lyric art, and her name will roar down the ages as loudly as it now thunders in the index.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 33 (October 21, 1896): 21-22

I am sure that Beethoven did not write "Throw Him Down, McCloskey," but I am not so sure if the composer of the C minor symphony had heard that masterpiece chanted by the heroic lungs of Maggie Cline, he might not have envied the man who did write it.

There are two supreme moments in *On Broadway* which thronged the Grand Opera House last week. One is the appearance of the cable car near City Hall and the alighting therefrom of Marguerite, and the other climax, which is achieved by the simplest means, is Mrs. Scarborough's line, "Francis, take Mr. McCloskey's hat." . . .

As for Miss Cline's remarks to the conductor of the Broadway gong demon, I can only regret that Mr. Howells did not hear them. They were more realistic than anything "Steve" Crane ever said to the police and twice as pleasant.

Why read D'Annunzio for sordid earthy facts when Clay Greene and the only Ben Teal can deal out to you across the dramatic counter a half tone of such transcripts of life?

But, oh the joy of Maggie; oh, the joy of life raised to a higher power, as they say in mathematical circles, higher than even dreamed of by Henrik of the Weeping Willows–Ibsen with the Nordau glare! Maggie before she was a star was yet stellar, but since she has shone On Broadway she is simply a cosmos; a cosmos newly dressed in each of the four acts of this astounding epos of plaster, lath and brick. She does not twinkle like a star, but stares with an illuminative shriek. Oh, Maggie, well did I name thee in the callow days of space writing the Brünnhilde of the Bowery! Then you were simply heroic, you have since grown subtle, your art has taken on new tintings, new and alluring echoes are heard, and from your Homeric chest issues at will seven bewildering varieties of tone production.

Scalchi would retire to her ilex and olive groves in rural Orieto if she could but hear you sing "The Transplanted Shamrock."

And your wit, Maggie; what could be more delicious, more naif, more Celtic than your remark to Mrs. Scarborough:

"She's got enough powder on her face to free Ireland."

To be sure you said this once before, not as a comedy jest, but in deadly earnest to Bessie Bonehill during that memorable encounter at Tony Pastor's. But a good thing can never be repeated often enough, and so your librettists thought.

Is P. J. Tynan No. 1? No, a thousand times no! There is but one No. 1, and that is the Hibernian Empress, Maggie Cline, lovingly known to East Side Germany as Gretchen Klein. But you are Irish all the same; the very incarnation of the Irish race. If you had lived in less degenerate days you would have gone down on the arena sands before the imperial tribune and done to his bloody death some Thracian gladiator, some strong-thewed, wheat-haired giant from the north. And how the air would have darkened with the shouts from the marble benches!

Mr. Greene and Mr. Teal have built a fetching play about the noble torso of Miss Cline . . . . A Hebrew policeman and many other attractions were prominent in the production, but the great magnet was Maggie–Maggie Cline, who is handsomer than ever, and she was always a handsome girl.

Walter Damrosch

*As assistant conductor of the Metropolitan Opera in its all-German period, and conductor of New York's Oratorio Society from 1885 to 1898 and the Symphony Society from 1885 to 1903, Damrosch was overshadowed in Huneker's estimation by Anton Seidl, the outstanding conductor of Wagnerian opera during Huneker's early years in New York. Yet, as the third of the following critiques indicates, the critic was grateful to Damrosch for bringing back Wagner "to a city sick with musical trivialities and futilities . . . . He also permitted us to hear Materna, Klafsky . . . and Gadski" (*Steeplejack, *2:36).*

Damrosch may have remembered the uncharacteristically snide comments in the first and the patronizing tone of the second of these critiques when he referred in his letter to Huneker of June 1, 1909, to "your apprentice years in the morass of Blumenberg's 'flower garden' . . . ." (The contentious owner of the Musical Courier *was not an admirer of Damrosch, whose testimoney helped Victor Herbert win a libel suit against the journal after Huneker had resigned from it.)*

Perhaps Huneker's last summary of Damrosch as a conductor appeared in his article "Musical 'Potterism,' " published in the New York World *on December 12, 1920, Metropolitan section, p. 5, and reprinted in* Variations. *"Since 1881, on and off," he remarked, "we have sat metaphorically at the feet of Walter Damrosch, and not once has he startled, not once has he altogether disappointed us. He is safe, sane, and–sometimes–soporific. . . . His has been a long race, and his a sober victory."*

For Huneker's critique of Damrosch as a composer, see under Composers above.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 20 (May 28, 1890): 499

I hear that Mrs. Damrosch, *née* Blaine, speaks and writes six to eight foreign languages, but is utterly devoid of the musical sense, and in fact has no taste or discrimination for music. Hence, I suppose the affinity that grew up between her and the gentleman now her husband.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 22 (February 11, 1891): 124

I would like to say a word about Walter Damrosch. I have written often very sharply about the young man; but then he is a young man, and he is interesting from that view point.

Walter Damrosch absorbs an immense amount of attention in the musical world–attention due to the fact that he is in a very commanding position. That fact must not be overlooked. Socially no other musician is "in it" with him. The manner in which he raised the guaranty fund proves that. Hence he is talked about more than he deserves–musically; for what are his achievements compared with those of Seidl, Nikisch and Thomas?

The singularity of the whole position struck me as I read of his plans for a grand orchestra.

Now, Walter Damrosch, I am told, is aware of his shortcomings. Knowing them, I cannot for the life of me understand why he does not seek to remedy them.

Why doesn't he, and this suggestion is not delivered in the altitudinous manner with which gratuitous advice is usually proffered–why doesn't Walter Damrosch while he is in Europe study with some great conductor? Not with that crotchety quaver Mr. H. Mephistopheles Bülow, who thinks it original to topsy turvy tempi, but with a man like Richter. He would at once silence his critics.

The "Raconteur" skull is still covered with hair, which, if it is thinning, is not gray; he therefore feels an interest in young men, and even that sternest of all critics, my chief, never doubted Walter Damrosch's musical abilities. He accompanies beautifully, he is a very good musician; but in the sweet parlance of the Occident, "He got there too soon." Walter Damrosch has had too much to do for years past, and he has–let him face the situation–not always done it well. He has conducted too much, and I'm sure he would have done better if he had less to accomplish. Think of it, what Theodore Thomas has been longing for for years comes to this youngster (I am his senior at least four years) at a leap! He has had greatness thrust upon him. He must realize, because he is a clever young man, that the criticism of the *Musical Courier* is not actuated by any other motive but that of sheer justice. He has done some good work, notably in the Oratorio Society, and if he focuses his forces he will do better work with an orchestra.

Come now, Walter, think it over carefully, even your friends (who are often your unintentional enemies) have to admit there is something wrong. This season has been your worst. Let it be your last. I mean the last season for bad work. You have a chance in ten million. Much is expected from those to whom much is given.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 32 (March 11, 1896): 21-22

Richard Rex this week!

Richard Wagner came to town last week, and, leaning on the arms of Ludwig van Beethoven and Walter Von der Vogelweide Damrosch, he was heard to good advantage at the Academy of Music.

Mr. Damrosch's season has opened most auspiciously. At the four performances the houses were large, the enthusiasm great, which proves that the attempts to make a "corner" in Wagner music are futile. The general public doesn't care a hang who produces good music, so that it is given in a decent manner. Now, the performances at the Academy have been artistic and distinguished by the deep earnestness of the Teuton.

The amazing part of the present musical situation is that the Wagnerites are now split into opposing factions. One party, headed by Henry Schopenhauer Finck, can discover nothing but artistic villany in Nazareth, or rather Damroschville. Mr. Damrosch's orchestra is too noisy or it is too light waisted. Nothing will please the critics of this side of the house.

Then the Damroschites fight tooth and nail for the young leader, who goes his way serenely as he has always. When all the gush and gabble was raised over Wagner a year ago Mr. Damrosch went to work and gave us some creditable but hardly finished enough representations. This season he has gotten together a strong company full of virtues and vocal vices, and he is playing the Wagner hand for all it is worth.

The Fidelio performance was faulty in spots, but it carried with it the glow of conviction. Klafsky's *Leonora* was remarkable, authoritative and stuffed with dramatic vigor and power. In the second act her womanly devotion was pathos breeding. Gruening was too noisy and Popovici too explosive. Gadski was not at her best–and she can be a charming singer when she doesn't lapse into tonal infidelity–while Emil Fischer was the solid, satisfying artist as ever.

The Lohengrin on Wednesday night was rough as a whole, Gruening was too heroic a knight, and of poetic tenderness we got but little. Jean de Reszke has spoiled us for the hoarser throated *Lohengrins* of the German stage. Klafsky's *Ortrud*, however, was a revelation. She gave us the thrill, for her singing was demoniacal. Again her appearance grated. Katharina Lohse should train down about 100 pounds.

Ternina was very much admired. She sings with taste, has a fine sonorous voice, and is an artist of merit. She is not very magnetic, and her acting is conventional. For that matter so is Klafsky's, whose gestures are ample to the swooping degree. I thought of Walt Whitman's Elbowed Earth as she swung about in flail fashion her fleshy arms.

The production was in good taste but on a small scale. The scenery was dwarf-like, the costuming of the average German sort.

Emma Eames
(1865-1952)

One of the first American sopranos to sing at the Metropolitan Opera, Eames made her New York début there as Juliette in Gounod's Roméo et Juliette *on December 14, 1891. In his review of her performance and in a subsequent critique, also reproduced below, Huneker alludes to her celebrated coldness in a less scintillating way than Arthur M. Abell recalled he did when he remarked of her Aida: "There was skating on the Nile last night." Abell, for many years the* Musical Courier*'s Berlin correspondent, thought this witticism appeared in the New York* World *long after the singer's retirement from the Metropolitan in 1909 (letter to me, February 28, 1954); but I could not find it there, and it is only fair to point out that Henry T. Finck credited it to William J. Henderson (*Musical Laughs, *p. 260).*

In 1913 when Huneker wrote her mother, Mrs. Emma Hayden Eames, a voice teacher, he described the singer as "a delightful woman and great artiste*" (*Letters, *p. 158).*

Eames herself informed me on May 25, 1950, that she recalled Huneker "with much pleasure." "He was a very erudite person," she wrote. "Well read and an excellent littérateur as well as musician; one of the few critics whose opinion I respected." If he corresponded with her before 1915, the letters were lost together with all her memorabilia in a fire aboard ship in that year. She *stated that she had no other letters from him.*

Eames's first husband was the painter Julian Story, hence the reference to "Mrs. Story" below.

Since the return of French and Italian opera to the Metropolitan after eight years of opera in German was considered newsworthy, and since it was the opening night of the opera season starring three heralded singers–Eames and the de Reszke brothers–making their first New York appearance, it was probably Huneker, its music critic, who wrote the unsigned review of Roméo et Juliette *that appeared on the first two pages of the* New York Recorder *the next day. Its uncharacteristic stiffness of style may be attributed to the fact that it was a news article (perhaps the first, or even the only, front-page story he had ever written) as well as a critique. He mentions this performance in* Steeplejack *where he remembered the twenty-six-year-old Eames as "the ideal Juliet," better than Melba, who often sang it opposite Jean de Reszke (II:53).*

In the Musical Courier *of December 16, 1891 (23:721), it must have been owner Marc Blumenberg, a strong supporter of German opera and an increasingly vocal opponent of the star-system whereby highly paid foreign singers were featured in what he considered meretricious music, who wrote a long, scathingly sarcastic notice of* Roméo et Juliette. *Eames's "attempts at arpeggios and ornamental passage work generally," the unsigned reviewer observed, "are provocative of cerebro-spinal chills." This comment and derogatory ones about Jean de Reszke (whom Huneker had praised) must have made the latter uncomfortable. "The Raconteur" remained discreetly silent about Eames until four months later.*

"Music, Fashion and Jewels," *New York Recorder*, December 15, 1891, p. 2

. . . Mme. Eames's voice is a crystalline soprano of great sweetness, if not power, good intonation, though not faultless in this respect, and she has a presence that is poetic and beautiful in the extreme. In the balcony scene, as she listened to the impassioned pleadings of Romeo, she made a picture that would have warmed the heart of the Bard of Avon.

The nervousness following her entrance soon wore off, and in the second act she acted with warmth, though not fervor. The northern blood of the singer will always militate against her complete self-abandonment in any rôle. She sings with the utmost fluency, and her staccato is admirable. *Enfin*, Miss Eames is a well-trained artiste whose possibilities have by no means been exhausted.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 24 (March 9, 1892): 6

If there was a lingering doubt in anyone's mind now that Emma Eames is not a full fledged prima donna it should have been dissipated by the robbery of her jewels, to the tune of $2,000. A genuine steal, too.

What surprises me is that somebody does not steal their fair owner, for she is a lovely creature, a high bred woman, really too much of a lady to act foolishly emotional on the stage. *Ergo*, she never makes a popular hit like Scalchi.

You have seldom heard me rave about a woman's good looks—in fact, I think this is the first time—though I have gone daft over women's musical abilities. But to look at Mrs. Story quite compensates one for the fire she is supposed to be lacking in. Then, everybody has temperament nowadays, and it is a distinction for a beautiful young woman to act in a cool, self possessed fashion—throrough mistress of herself. How frequently have I not animadverted the indecent manner in which female artists behave. How they heave, gasp, groan and froth at the mouth! Take, for instance, the "Carmen" of the other night at the opera! (She is not De Vivo's great-aunt, no matter what rumor says.) What an exhibition of herself she did make, laboring under the impression that she was Spanish, coquettish, subtle. Spanish forsooth, coquettish —*diable!* She sucked an orange and spit the seeds over Vianesi's large brain pan —that was naive. She twiddled the fingers of derision from the nose of scorn—that gypsy mockery. She—well, heaven knows what she didn't do, abetted by Valero. Then "Michaela" entered and told more with the uplifted eyebrow, the palpitant nostril, than all the bust wriggling and wild dancing of the "Charwoman." Such is Eames. I admit she freezes me at times, but "spine glacé" is sometimes a delightful beverage in its way and the rant of the footlights often grows exceeding banal . . . .

Geraldine Farrar
(1882-1967)

Though Miss Farrar informed me that she never knew Huneker personally, Mrs. Henry Hadley's recollections about a Metropolitan rehearsal of her husband's opera Cleopatra's Night *(reviewed by Huneker in the critique reproduced above under Composers), which took place about two weeks after the premiere of* Zaza, *suggest that Farrar and Huneker were acquainted. Huneker's reference in the critique below to the "same pair of reasons" is misleading: Chase probably had Jacoby's legs in mind—Siebel is a trouser rôle—whereas Huneker was alluding to Farrar's breasts (her legs were rather stumpy).*

"Music," New York *World*, January 17, 1920, p. 11

Zaza in the rôle of Geraldine Farrar is a sensation. She reawakened last night, did this disreputable but interesting drab of the old play, and as her latest incarnation occurred on the boards of the Metropolitan Opera House, you may hazard without fear of contradiction that the naughty lady sang. She did. She had taken possession of the physical habitation of Geraldine Farrar; therefore she was reborn with a golden throat. The music and book of the late

Ruggiero Leoncavallo, who was his own librettist, were only contributory causes for the apparition of the love-sick French music hall artiste. It was Geraldine Farrar who was the entire show, a new "Jerry," and it may be admitted without a peradventure of a doubt, a Geraldine who will enthrall the town for a long time to come.

Of Leoncavallo's musical setting, the least said soonest mended. Like Mascagni, though not so gifted, Leoncavallo was permanently saddled with one success, "Pagliacci." Composed eight years after that operetta, "Zaza" is full of its echoes. Obsessed by its tunes, the score of "Zaza" seems a desperate effort on the part of Leoncavallo to avoid repeating himself. But in vain. "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Faust," "Parsifal," "Lohengrin," and the Ring have been levied upon, though in a timid manner. The choppy conversation of the book prevents sustained melodies, although there are a few set arias and duos; but they are so banal that they will not be whistled. However, it is useless to dwell upon a vapid composition in which the composer's predilection for the squeaky piccolo and big drum are in evidence. Musically speaking, "Zaza" is dry rot, hardly worth a critical match to set it afire. But it serves in its insincerity and unoriginality to accompany the thrice insincere story of the scarlet heroine who would a-wooing go.

Miss Farrar is a singing actress, and luckily for her hearers, she is in her old vocal form this season. She has never sung so well for years as she does in the meretricious music of "Zaza." She positively melts or thrills. There is only one rôle. She is Zaza. Zaza is Farrar.

When Josephine Jacoby sang Siebel at the Metropolitan, Mr. W. B. Chase, the music critic, wrote that there were two excellent reasons for her appearance in the part. Miss Farrar, naturally, possesses the same pair of reasons. She frankly displayed them, but the audience did not gasp, though it did gasp at her two gorgeous costumes.

The personal triumph of Geraldine Farrar was tremendous. And she well deserved the tribute of her huge and enthusiastic audience. Altogether, Manager Gatti-Casazza has every reason to feel gratified.

Nahan Franko
(1861-1930)

Born in New Orleans, Franko was a child prodigy as a violinist before becoming concertmaster of the Metropolitan Opera's orchestra, a post he held from 1883 to 1905. Between 1905 and 1907 he was one of the Metropolitan's conductors. He then formed his own orchestra and for more than two decades gave public and private concerts, as he had also done earlier.

The following critique, which I have not located in Huneker's writings, was attributed to him by "F. R. G." (who did not say when or where it appeared) in "Turning the Pages of Musical History with Nahan Franko," Musical America, *35 (December 24, 1921): 4. Since Anton Seidl–undoubtedly the "Herr S——" mentioned below conducted the Metropolitan Opera's orchestra from*

1885 until his death in 1898, I would guess that the piece dates from the early 1890s. Huneker mentioned Franko in "The Raconteur" at least three times during that period, describing him on April 9, 1890, for example, as "a most talented musician" (20:323).

For Huneker's comment on Franko's conducting at the Metropolitan, see below under Topics: The Metropolitan Opera, first critique.

Reprinted in *Musical America*, 35 (December 24, 1921): 4

If Franko had hailed from Europe or Asia, and had worn his hair on his shoulders, his conducting would have been hailed with rapturous applause by the critical confraternity, but being an American born and only a gifted and ambitious musician who has worked his way to the top, his efforts were either politely patronized or openly sneered at. The most delightful side of musical life in this city is the freedom from envy and jealousy on the part of the resident musicians. There were half a hundred half-baked conductors and incipient conductors in the audience of this concert who openly declared that Mr. Franko could not conduct half as well as Herr S——, although the orchestra was playing at the very moment in the most convincing manner. We advise Mr. Franko, who is contemplating a trip abroad, to remain on the Continent. He is not needed in New York because he happens to be an American.

Franko has temperament, and has mastered thoroughly the technics. His beat is alert, vigorous and readily understood by his men. He has magnetism and, above all, he *knows* his music and feels it.

Olive Fremstad
(1868-1951)

Though born in Sweden, Fremstad came to this country at the age of twelve and considered herself an American. Huneker's relationship with her is discussed at length in the biography. She and Mary Garden—who were both outstanding singing actresses—were the women singers Huneker most admired, and his admiration for her was earlier as well as more intimate, beginning at least seven years before she made her Metropolitan début in 1903. In addition to the early references to Fremstad by Huneker cited in my biography, very flattering comments on her are found in the two articles on the Metropolitan Opera—written in 1905 and 1915—reproduced below under Topics.

*Having previously sung Brangaene—in 1905 Huneker considered her the world's best in this rôle—Fremstad sang her first Isolde anywhere on January 1, 1908, at the Metropolitan under Gustav Mahler, then making his American début as a conductor. It was the musical event of the season. Samuel Chotzinoff recalled that the details of Fremstad's Isolde were so vivid that he could still remember them after fifty years (*Day's at the Morn, *p. 123). In an unpublished letter, February 8, 1911, Fremstad wrote Huneker that his first* *criticism of her first attempt at Isolde–she may have been referring to the second critique below–was hanging on her bare walls, and she wondered how he could write so well about what she considered a bad performance.*

Huneker's other, briefer critiques of Fremstad appeared after she had left the Metropolitan in 1914 and had turned to the concert stage. In 1915 he mentioned her return to opera with the Boston Opera Company in Tosca *(not, in Huneker's opinion, one of her best rôles as one gathers from a passage–deleted in the published version–in a letter he wrote Edward Ziegler on December 11, 1909: "Say nice words of Olivchen as 'Tosca,' aber–!" On February 16, 1919, he praised her, diplomatically, in a* New York Times *article dealing mostly with Mary Garden (sec. 4, p. 5), and in the New York* World *on January 20, 1920, he applauded a recital she gave, though he had to admit that her voice was not what it once was (p. 9). Later that year, planning to sing Wagner in English, she wrote Huneker for his advice on what translation to use.*

Huneker obviously corresponded with Fremstad who nevertheless informed me on June 27, 1950, that she had never received a letter from him; during her last illness, according to Mary W. Cushing, her confidential secretary-companion and later her biographer, Fremstad destroyed most of her personal correspondence, and what was left contained no Huneker letters. But nine letters she wrote him and a printed wedding announcement addressed to the Hunekers are among the Huneker papers at Dartmouth.

"The Drama of the Month," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 21 (February 1905): 628-629

The admirers of Olive Fremstad were not surprised at the immediate triumph she achieved in "Carmen." In 1901, at Munich, I heard her–not counting her Bayreuth appearances in 1896–first after she left America some ten years ago to study with Lilli Lehmann. In Munich Fremstad proved herself to be a superb Carmen, one of the best Brangaenes, a wonderful Venus and a charming Sieglinde. If she had sung "Carmen" once last season, Calvé would have gone back to France sooner than she did. It is not so vivid and melodramatic an impersonation as Calvé's , but it is more truthful; while on the vocal side there can be no comparisons. In Paris Calvé's Carmen was never accepted, for she was considered a *coloratura* singer. Fremstad is appreciably nearer Merimée's cigarette girl in her vibrating passion and abandoned despair. Dramatically sincere, it is a performance not to be missed. As for the singing–you know her gorgeous organ! Even in Kundry, where the *tessitura* of the rôle does not lie so well for her, she is effective and always dramatic, without a hint of that conventional staginess of Nordica.

"A New Isolde: Olive Fremstad," *Century*, 77 (November 1908): 143-145

A new *Isolde!* It is almost like saying, a new *Juliet* or, considering the more tragic significance of Wagner's heroine, a new *Lady Macbeth*. Yet it was precisely a new *Isolde* that Olive Fremstad gave us last winter in the Metropolitan Opera House. We have heard, here in New York, nearly all the great interpreters of this psychologically complicated rôle: its originator, Madame Schnorr von Carolsfeld, never visited us; neither did Frau von Voggenhuber; Materna was not particularly sympathetic. Lilli Lehmann was actually our first *Isolde*. A half dozen have followed her, but she remains in our memory as the most brilliant, though not, however, an ideal *Isolde*. The Valkyr steel flashed through the voluptuous measures of the music; nor did she display womanly tenderness. She was a daughter of the gods, remote, glacial, haughty, and her voice was like a diamond. Klafsky, affluent vocally, lacked poetry. She was a bourgeois *Isolde*. Others who have essayed the part need not now detain us; they were not of the generation of giants, old *Wotan's* Bayreuth brood. Then Milka Ternina appeared, and we heard and saw another *Isolde*. For the first time possibilities latent in the character were made visible and audible to us. Broadly composed, but without the old-fashioned Wagnerian rhetoric of gesture and attitude, Ternina's *Isolde* was a human woman, not a spouting volcano, nor yet a histrion brandishing aloft arms or strutting like a queen in some transpontine tragedy. The advent of this *Isolde* was marked by Wagner-worshipers with a white stone. To follow her and not to better her was merely to employ again the old Bayreuth stencil; in a word, to present the obvious *Isolde* of the German opera-houses.

But Madame Fremstad has followed, and at once we forgot the occasional *Isoldes*, for she is of the lineal artistic blood of Lehmann and Ternina. She is new; that is, she is *different*, and to be different, as Stendhal said, is to be original. Fremstad has not the majestic presence, the heroic voice, nor the commanding authority, of her glorious predecessors. But she is lovelier, vocally and physically. She is the most alluring *Isolde* we have seen, and her charm is of the most intimate. This lovelorn, unhappy Irish princess was, it must be remembered, poetic of temperament as well as passionate. She was not a contemporary of the cavemen, not an aboriginal, despite her fierce hatred of her foes. She was of royal descent. Fremstad played her in the key of womanhood outraged by treachery, implacable in the desire for vengeance, but yet a woman, always the woman—tender, clinging, enchanting, reckless, brave, scornful, a creature of a myriad moods, and as true to her love as the flower to the sun.

In the first act we miss at first the storm and stress, the too often undignified agitation, even feline spitefulness, of some *Isoldes*. The Fremstad *Isolde* is in a clairvoyant condition; she moves as if in a dream. After the first fiery outburst, "Destroy this proud ship, swallow its shattered fragments, and all that dwells upon it!" she seems to commune with her dreams. A soliloquy is her vocal speech, upon the first withdrawal of *Kurwenal*; her narrative is spoken more to the soul of *Isolde* than to the ears of *Brangaene*. The meeting of the lovers, the drinking of the potion, and the sublime surrender to destiny, are not isolated notes in the dramatic fabric, but a closely spun synthesis. Not a gesture is exaggerated; the comminglement of repose and passion is harmonious. And her second act never descends to the exhibition of a too easily simulated theatric emotion; the high-born princess loves, as well as the ardent woman. The ending, while arousing criticism, is all of a piece with the entire conception. Ternina it was who showed us that the "Liebestod" was not a bravura concert aria to be delivered in accents of mock-heroic grief and exultation. Fremstad is even more subtle. Sorrow, immitigable, profound, clothes in crape the closing measures, the swan song of *Isolde*. Her mien, her despair, the hopeless cadence of woe in her voice—all these are subtly indicated.

Predictions that the vocal *tessitura* of the part would prove too high were happily not realized. Never has her voice sounded so sumptuous, so velvety; never has it been so plastic in its adaptation to the ever-changing moods of the music. Opalescent were the ever-shifting hues of her powerful and plangent organ. From irony to ecstasy, she underlined the faintest *nuance*. Naturally the impersonation left untouched several sides: it will grow in inches; it will be bigger in sweep, swifter, intenser, and more beautiful. To the eye, Fremstad was a dramatic picture, sinuous, graceful, and pathetic. "When I have sung *Isolde* fifty times, "then—perhaps you may praise me—but now!" This modest remark only demonstrates that the versatile American singer, who as *Carmen* or *Kundry*, *Salome* or *Sieglinde*, *Ortrud* or *Brangaene* (she is a *Brangaene*, the best we ever heard with the exception of Marianne Brandt, and superior to Brandt vocally and physically; *Brangaene* was not a witch but a charmer) has never lacked in artistic probity. And she is the only artist who ever achieved the distinction of singing *Brangaene* and *Isolde* on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House.

In Gustave Mahler's reading of "Tristan and Isolde" we may recognize the germ of Fremstad's *Isolde*. She rehearsed the character with him. This reading is the modern, not the tempest-tossed Wagner of other years. The analysts are busy with the masterwork, dissecting it, digging into it for new beauties. The torrential swing and profound poetry of Seidl are lacking. Mottl's massiveness seems a trifle slow and old-fashioned. Variety, tonal and rhythmic variety, and a potent musical intellect, are in Mahler's interpretation. Granting the validity of his dynamic scheme at the outset, his logic of tonal gradations is unescapable. From a pin-point pianissimo to a pin-point pianissimo the music surged through the three acts to adequate climaxes. It is a reading that laid bare the nerves of the music, and its tempi never relapsed into mere speed for speed's sake, or into the swampy grandeur of the average conductor. One sighed for moments of more sultriness, more lightning and thunder. Mahler over-refines, the "scholar's fault." *Tristan's* entrance is not majestic, there are too much logic and too little sensuousness in parts of the second act; as for final climax, Herr Mahler can quote Wagner at the dissidents; Wagner who said that the orchestra should serve merely as coloring material to beautify and emphasize the action.[1]

However, there is no reason why we should not accept this novel "Tristan and Isolde," and this new *Isolde*. Remember that Nietzsche, a backslider from the Bayreuth faith, wrote: "Apart from Wagner the magnetizer and fresco-painter, there is yet a Wagner who deposits little jewels in his works, our greatest melancholist in music, full of flashes, delicacies, and words of comfort . . . the master of the tones, of a melancholy and languorous happiness. . . ."

[1] See Finck's "Life of Wagner," p. 150, Vol. II.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 76 (December 12, 1914): 20

With the opening of the Grand Opera at the Metropolitan Opera House, the musical season of 1914-1915 officially begins. Manager Gatti-Casazza, after infinite pains and perils, has, at last, safely housed his flock of song-birds of many nationalities, and, in the harmonies of great music, the dissonances of foreign wars are merged and forgotten. From Caruso, the star of stars, to the humblest chorus girl (I never yet met a humble chorus girl, but the phrase is a filling one for the purpose of antithesis), the Metropolitan Opera forces are vowed to their art. Among the operatic novelties announced for 1915, I note one by Moussorgsky, the composer of "Boris." The Boston Symphony Orchestra has visited us; the Philharmonic, the New York Symphony Orchestras are discoursing weekly; Conductors Muck, Stransky, and Walter Damrosch are on their respective jobs, and the musical goose hangs high. Andreas Dippel has made musical folk his debtor by inaugurating his season of operetta at the Forty-Fourth Street Theatre with a tuneful work, "The Lilac Domino." The Kneisel Quartet has been heard in a new quartet, by a Hungarian of the Hungarians, Kodaly, and pianists, singers, and violinists are as the sands of the sea. The return of Olive Fremstad, greatest of dramatic singers, though in the concert-room, was a red-letter occasion. No Wagner interpreter exists to-day like Fremstad. And she is American.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 78 (December 11, 1915): 12

The musical season opened with a roar, about 80 concerts were reeled off before the Opera began—a brilliant opening at the Metropolitan—"Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saëns, with Caruso—November 15th. (Hardly a novelty, this slow-going old oratorio in operatic clothes; for that is what it sounds like.) The Boston Opera Company had a short engagement at the Manhattan Opera House, with fair artistic results. With the exception of Olive Fremstad—who only sang once, and in "Tosca"—the cast was not very brilliant. . . .

Mary Garden
(1874-1967)

Probably no American artist received such accolades in purple prose as Mary Garden received from Huneker. His description of her, written in 1919–"a condor, an eagle, a peacock, a nightingale, a panther, a society dame, a gallery of moving pictures, a siren, an indomitable fighter, a human woman with a heart as big as a house, a lover of sport, an electric personality, a canny Scotch lassie . . . a superwoman" was so striking that the New York Times *quoted most of it in her obituary almost fifty years later.*

Huneker must have been aware of Garden's career from its very beginning. In the Musical Courier *of May 19, 1897, he could have read the Paris correspondent's vague report that "Marie [*sic*] Garden, a pupil of Trabadello, has been asked for the Opéra-Comique for* Manon*" (34:6). Three years later, June 20, 1900, two months after her sensational début at the Opéra-Comique when she replaced the indisposed lead in the third act of* Louise, *the* Musical Courier *mentioned her briefly as it did on November 13, 1901, in an article printed adjacent to Huneker's own column. Garden recalled, in a letter to me dated February 19, 1954, that Huneker had told her he had "heard every creation I did in Paris," which, to be sure, he had visited in 1901, 1903, and 1904 when she was singing at the Opéra-Comique. But the only opera he himself mentioned seeing her in during that period was* Traviata, *and there is no evidence that he saw her in any of the others except, presumably,* Louise. *He could not have heard her in Paris in 1902 or from 1905 to 1907 because he was not there then. As far as I can discover, Huneker did not print anything about her or even mention her in his letters before November, 1906, when the critique reproduced below appeared.*

He first saw Louise *in Paris in October, 1901, Garden however not singing the title rôle in that performance, and he reviewed the opera at length in the* Musical Courier *(43 [December 11, 1901]: 24-25). Though Garden did not join Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera Company until its second season (1907-08) and did not sing* Louise *there until its American premiere on January 3, 1908, several articles had appeared in New York newspapers in 1906 about the New Theatre to be constructed between Sixty-second and Sixty-third streets and Central Park West where both plays and "light opera" were to be performed; there was also talk about organizing a French theater in New York for the production of comedies and operettas. Perhaps this was why Huneker, who refers therein to the "forthcoming Opéra Comique on Central Park West," wrote about* Louise *in his drama column at this time. It is conceivable, too, that he had learned that his friend Hammerstein had tried unsuccessfully to engage Garden earlier in the year.*

Thereafter Huneker undoubtedly saw her in most of the French operas she popularized in America, both at the Manhattan (1907-10) and at the Metropolitan Opera House (with the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera) from 1911 to 1914, *though he was living in Europe from September, 1912, to December, 1913 (except for a brief return in the summer of 1913). But it was not until the season of 1918-19, after she had joined the newly organized Chicago Opera and he had gone back to music criticism, that he wrote reviews of her New York performances. The colorful critiques that appeared in the* New York Times *were reprinted in Huneker's* Bedouins *(1920), which he had originally intended to title "Mary Garden."*

Incidentally, Garden's sister Amy was once married to Huneker's nephew, John Lagen.

Garden apparently did not save Huneker's letters. Five from her to him, none dated before 1919, survive.

The passage which follows is an excerpt from a long analysis of Louise.

"Drama of the Month," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 25 (November 1906): 254

Mary Garden is exquisite as Louise. She catches every shading of the part, and endows it with a subtle personality. One could scarcely imagine a better interpretation.

Without the high notes or brilliancy of Sybil Sanderson, her voice is eloquent in timbre, while her diction is the admiration of critical Paris. This young lady has had a most remarkable career and an interesting one. No stranger has ever emerged on the boards such a *Parisienne* as this Scotch-American girl. Her acting is plastic. She must be seen, however, within a small frame, otherwise the picture would be too delicate in atmosphere, line and color for the auditorium of our barn-like opera house. Within the smaller spaces of the forthcoming Opéra Comique on Central Park West, her evanescent, subtle personalty will be happily displayed.

May Irwin
(1862-1938)

Born in Canada, the hefty May Irwin, a comedienne and singer of comic songs, was known as "the Mark Twain of the American boards." She starred on Broadway for many years.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 31 (September 25, 1895): 19-20

May Irwin is fatly magnetic. Cleverest of her size, a horseless carriage in bulk, a smile of Rabelaisian proportions, an appealer to the gross, but by the deftest art, she returned to us last week at the Bijou Theatre and simply smiled.

Immediately she had the town at her feet.

Heinrich Heine, impeccable poet, sick and shivering, sat in the stalls of the Paris Opéra when Pauline Viardot sang. The great dramatic soprano opened her cavernous mouth and the lyric worshipper of the Venus of Milo shuddered.

He was dismayed at the possibilities of the yawning gulf he beheld. He thought of elephants, and then of ferocious hippopotami, but that mouth rained golden notes, notes vibrant with music, upon him, and he was mute with joy.

When May Irwin sang "I Want Yer, Ma Honey," I thought of the dead poet and his singer.

Irwin has the smile which the sun saw when it sank in some dim period of the world's paleontological history. In those misty days strange monsters barked at the moon in steaming oceans of ooze and cypress.

The Irwin smile has bridged the gulf of years. It is prehistoric; it is radiant with promise of the future.

Before the Irwin smile Gotham had not lived. In its enlivening crevices, its massive folds, its gorgeous humor-drenched interstices, the smile carries with it all the joy of life, that joy hummed by the Psalmists and growled at by Henrik Ibsen. Without the Irwin smile our great huge ball spinning through space and covered with lichen-like life would be a floating cemetery. I can say with that aged and devout person spoken of in the Testament (according to Renan):

"Take thy faithful servant, O Lord: We have bathed in the Irwin smile!"

She came, she smiled, she conquered. This rotund angel in smiles, this dispenser of happiness by the quart, liquid measure, this embodiment of sweet sensuality—a Pantagruel in petticoats.

The Widow Jones is down on the house bills of the Bijou as the work of John J. McNally.

Well, what boots it?

Who fashioned the saccharine lump we call May Irwin? What master builder laid out the supreme lines on which she was modeled?

Certainly not Ibsen's Master Builder.

In one of his prose rhapsodies Heine describes this earth as the dream of a drunken god. When the divinity chooses to awaken, presto! we are not. We were but dream images.

Whose fantastic dream, then, is this delicious Irwin? I feel like going nightly to the theatre, for fear she will suddenly evaporate, and then think how poor, gray and withered would be this world of ours!

The Government of these United States should capture this woman. Else she will be apprehended by some foreign power and employed to put down internecine convulsions by her smile.

Can't you see her in some strange land, standing on a marble, vine-embowered balustrade? Before her surge and seethe the horrid hoi-polloi—a menacing mob.

A great silence settles upon all as the massive May appears.

A great fear seizes the multitude. It strives to escape. But it is nailed to the spot, its legs rooted in the mire of magnetism. Then the iridescent Irwin slowly smiles.

It is the smile of a syndicate of Mona Lisas—the woman thought on canvas by Leonardo da Vinci.

It is a smile as wide as an avalanche, as soft as a teething babe's.

Under it the proletariat melts, thaws and resolves itself into everlasting laughter. Hark! do you hear it? Laughter Homeric, laughter heaven storming, laughter that splits the sides of the universe, tickles the risible rib of the Cosmos and rudely jabs the midriff of eternity.

It is May Irwin's smile that has caused it, and a nation's peril is averted.

If you don't believe me, go and see her.

Miss Irwin carries enough magnetism about her portly person to furnish power for a trolley system. She sings with the emollient tones of a calliope, and still she bears the hall mark of the artist.

She has dignity, repose, artistic reticence and, best of all, imagination.

She becomes at once the character she assumes, and this independent of costume, scenery, make-up. By the potency of her imagination she is a rowdy roust-about. New York and Paris—the latter is supposed to be the scene of her environment—are forgotten.

On some low, long, moon-haunted levee stands a coal black giant; his great white saucer eyes are gleaming with rage—triumphant rage. He chants the song of the defeated—the song of the undone "nigger." You hear the fierce metallic clangor of razors. The air is full of conflict, strange oaths, wool, wickedness and whiskey. It is the lay of the "New Bully." No longer is May Irwin before us. A vindictive African has slashed his foe into flinders, and his rejoicing is lyric, fascinating and rhythmic.

I defy you to remain cool while this picture is being painted for you by Irwin.

You see, this woman whose waist is a world too wide for short-armed adorers, whose mouth can kiss, caress and converse at the same time—like some female Caesar—this girl, fair, fat, forty and frolicsome, has other strings she can twang. She is a comedienne, born, not fabricated. She can be Irish and African as she pleases, and she is often May Irwin—for which the gods be appeased and honored with burnt offerings!

As the Widow Jones the whole stage falls in love with her, but only after her audience has been captivated and laid subjugated by the heels.

I can't very well remember what the play was about. I know that May smiled and May sang and that somebody was in love with her all the time. Only that and nothing more.

For the rest, when her company was not blinded by the calcium rays of her magnetic glance it did very well.

Plenty of music and dancing and brisk action. The story was most emphatically not the thing, but May Irwin was.

With Ernst Neyer leading a picked orchestra and in a charming bijou of a playhouse, suffused by the flamboyant Irwin smile, is it any wonder the house is packed to suffocation at every performance?

William Mason

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 33 (November 4, 1896): 20

William Mason may be safely called the dean of American pianists. At Steinway Hall a short time ago he played for me, and at the risk of being impertinent I asked him his age.

"How old?" he quizzed me, and played some thundering interlocked octaves. I felt tempted to say that a pianist is as old as his touch, but I didn't, and gave him fifty-five.

He looked at me triumphantly, and replied:

"In two more years I shall have reached the Scriptural three score and ten."

Then Mr. Mason played for me Edward MacDowell's second piano sonata in the key of G minor, the one called Eroica, and dedicated to him.

I admired the solid, musical performance, the clean arpeggio and scale work, and complimented him upon the possession of a fifth finger that was most eloquent. It is an exceptional thing to find a pianist whose little finger sings in the keyboard. The slimness of this digit, its intractability and hard curved usage, make it almost incapable of expression in lyric passages. Mr. Mason has tamed his hands, which are soft, pliable, with the tips, the tract of tactile sensibility, immensely developed.

He was never a player who aimed at broad, orchestral effects, so he surprised me with some of his tonal experiments. He has developed his triceps muscles and can get most sonorous effects with them. He told me that Liszt did little with these muscles, that Tausig employed them, that Joseffy or Paderewski use them but little, and that Sieveking has the secret to perfection.

"Yes," I replied, "Sieveking can smash a piano with his forceps. He is very strong."

The slow movement of the MacDowell sonata was beautifully played. It is music that rains into your heart.

The [pianist] is just now interested in the application of the triceps to single finger touch and to the playing of heavy chord masses. He will incorporate in his new edition of *Touch and Technic* the results of his study. It is for me an interesting and edifying spectacle to meet a man like Dr. Mason, who is as enthusiastic in the practice of his art as if he were a youth.

Lillian Nordica
(1857-1914)

For a later critique of Nordica, whose real name was Lillian Norton, see below under Topics: The Metropolitan Opera, first critique.

In Steeplejack *Hunker wrote:*

> *Nordica never impressed me as a genius, as did Lehmann, Ternina, and Fremstad. She was not temperamental in their sense. Her voice, sweet as it was, never thrilled. She was not a Brünnhilde born nor could she sound all the notes of Isolde's tragic octave. But she did have charm, and before she entered the Felia Litvinne class of operatic heavyweights, she was pleasant to gaze upon; toward the end of her career she looked like a large, heavily upholstered couch (2:57).*

"Herbert Does not Forsake New York," New York *Morning Telegraph*, February 13, 1898, p. 4

The past week at the opera has been very satisfactory. The trilogy was given, omitting Rheingold–which is the prelude of what should be properly called the tetralogy. Nordica's work progressed in excellence like a well-planned crescendo. She was not at her best in the last act of "Die Walküre," nor did she do much in the scene with Siegmund in the second act of the same music-drama. In "Siegfried," on Wednesday, she was at her best. The more human character of the goddess become woman suited her well. Friday evening she outdid the highest expectations of her admirers. She was firm and strong in Act I, fell off in the confronting of Siegfried and the great episode of the spear, and at the close, in the immolation scene, she maintained an intensity of dramatic power quite unusual. Of course her impersonation cannot compare with Lehmann's or Klafsky's or Materna's, but it must claim from the most hardened critic of Wagner a just meed of recognition.

After the curtain rang down the American singer was recalled again and again. It was her night and she deserved her triumph.

But if she sings from now to doomsday she will never compass the heroic heights of Brünnhilde's character. Let the American girls alone. They are singing better than the German and French women. The dramatic temperament is there, only it seems frozen. Nordica's singing now and Nordica's singing ten years ago–why, here is the difference between the two women: one a glacial, New England girl and angular, and the other a full-blooded woman who abandons herself—as far as she dares—to the current of the music-drama. Never tell me after this that no Wagnerian singers can come from busy, hard-headed practical America.

Chauncey Olcott
(1860-1932)

Famous for his composition and rendition of Irish ballads, Olcott starred in a series of popular Irish plays, including Sweet Iniscarra *(1897),* A Romance of Athlone *(1899),* Terence *(1904),* Macushla *(1912), and* The Isle o' Dreams *(1913). He wrote the words and music of "My Wild Irish Rose," and collaborated with Ernest R. Ball on the music of "Mother Machree" and "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."*

"A New Play from Barrieland," New York *Sun*, January 10, 1904, sec. 3, p. 6

The multitudinous followers of Chauncey Olcott are in the seventh heaven, for their "star," this Celtic Siegfried of the East Side, is at the New York Theatre, uttering long sentences in brilliant brogue and attacking the wicked "frogs" that will assail his throat when he sings. I am not, as yet, on the list of the Olcott worshippers, but I enjoy seeing him—rather than hearing him—for the sake of the enthusiasm which bubbles and boils one in his audiences. There are even times, dull, gray, sceptical days, when I doubt the Celt in Chauncey. He looks more like an Englishman. Perish the notion! A large selection of these United States would rise up in just wrath and slaughter the cynic who would attempt to prove this assertion. Besides, does not Mr. Olcott sing "My Sonny Boy," "Tic Tac Toe," "The Girl I Used to Know" and "My Own Dear Irish Queen" in a fetching way, even if his tone production is at times bewildering? His singing recalls those dear dead days when in valiant adolescence you turned on the water in the bathroom and to its hissing murmur you sang emotionally, just before supper. We called them "daring bathroom tenors" in those times. However, Mr. Olcott, while he is not Jean de Reszke, has a throat full of vocal joy for the girls. His new play, "Terence," is after a novel by Mrs. B. M. Croker, dramatized by Mrs. Edmund Nash Morgan. It shows off the star at his best. His company is excellent.

Leo Ornstein

For Huneker's critique of Leo Ornstein as a pianist, see above, under Composers.

Rosa Ponselle
(1894-1981)

This dramatic soprano made her Metropolitan début as Leonora in a revival of Verdi's La Forza del Destino *on November 15, 1918. She became one of the Metropolitan's brightest stars. Huneker's comment on the "vocal gold" of her voice is still quoted, as she recalled in a letter to me in 1953. Not so well known is his private comment to Frida Ashforth, the voice teacher, in a letter written a month after the début. "The new girl Rosa Ponselle has gold in her throat, but she has a lot to learn; and she lacks style! In vaudeville a few months ago, all the more wonderful for that reason" (*Intimate Letters, *p. 233). But he surely would have agreed that she soon acquired style.*

"*Forza Del Destino* Vital Opera Still," *New York Times*, November 16, 1918, p. 11

The high light of the performance was the singing of Enrico Caruso as Don Alvaro, and the brilliant début made by Rosa Ponselle. Place aux dames?

The newcomer is an American born of Italian parentage. Her "home town" is Meriden, Conn. With her sister she sang in vaudeville, and last night marked her first appearance on the operatic stage. She is young, she is comely, and she is tall and solidly built. A fine figure of a woman, was the opinion of the experts: and in cavalier costume she was handsome and embarrassed. Those long boots made her gait awkward; she was too conscious of her legs, and her gestures and gait were angular. But what a promising début! Added to her personal attractiveness, she possesses a voice of natural beauty that may prove a gold mine; it is vocal gold, anyhow, with its luscious lower and middle tones, dark, rich and ductile.

Maud Powell
(1868-1920)

Maud Powell, who made her début in 1885, was the first American woman to rank on a par with male violinists. According to the unsigned writer of her obituary in the Musical Courier, *she was "regarded by both American and European critics as the foremost woman violinist in the world . . . ." (80 [January 15, 1920]: 57).*

Powell credited Huneker with having a profound influence on her career. In an interview with Frederick H. Martens published in his Violin Mastery: Talks with Master Violinists and Teachers *(1919), she recalled:*

> *The fact that I realized that my sex was against me . . . led me to be startlingly authoritative and convincing in the masculine manner when I first played. This is a mistake no woman violinist should make. And from the moment that James Huneker wrote that I "was not developing the feminine side of my work," I determined to be just myself, and play as the spirit moved me, with no further thought of sex or sex distinctions, which, in Art, after all, are secondary (p. 191).*

Probably written not long before the beginning of 1901, when all critics began noticing the new womanly side to her playing, the review containing this remark has not turned up.

Huneker reported in the Musical Courier *on November 18, 1891, that he had received a "charming letter recently from that very talented violin artist Maud Powell, whose art is, I am happy to say, becoming daily more matured and polished." He proceeds to quote passages from the letter, which has disappeared (23:578-579).*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 20 (February 18, 1891): 153

Maud Powell has made great strides in her art lately, as everyone knows. She plays now with a color and warmth that have hitherto been absent. I am not enough of a Saint-Saëns fanatic to admire everything he has done, consequently I cannot praise without stint the second concerto that Miss Powell played at the last Brooklyn Philharmonic concert. But how she did play it!

The cadenza was delivered in a manner that stamps Miss Powell as an artist *hors ligne*.

If I were a conventional music critic I would speak of more ripeness of conception &c., but being an everyday truthful mortal I confess at once that Miss Powell was the master of the work from the outset; it did not master her.

Frank Van der Stucken
(1858-1929)

Born in Texas, Van der Stucken was a pioneer figure in American music. According to Olin Downes, he gave in April 1885 the "first concert in America devoted exclusively to American vocal and orchestral compositions." At the Paris Exposition of 1889, he conducted the first concert of all-American music presented in Europe, and in 1892 he led to Europe the first organized tour of an American musical organization, the Arion Society of New York. From 1895 to 1903, he was director of the Cincinnati College of Music, and from 1895 to 1907 conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

A pupil and disciple of Liszt, who encouraged him as a composer, Van der Stucken, a resident of Germany after 1907, spent his later years conducting his own compositions with leading American orchestras and directing festivals in

American and European cities. Huneker does not seem to have criticized his music, which is largely forgotten.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 18 (May 22, 1889): 415

Frank Van der Stucken, with his clean shaved, ecclesiastical face and suave manners, hardly reminds one of the conventional musician. Frank is an American, however, even in his catholicity of views in regard to music. His culture is most cosmopolitan; he believes with Talleyrand that speech was given us to conceal our thoughts; he is a most indefatigable worker, fine composer, born driller of men, and possesses that subtle something that, for want of a better name, we denominate as acumen.

CRITICS

William F. Apthorp
(1848-1913)

A graduate of Harvard where he was a pupil of John Knowles Paine, Apthorp taught piano and theory at the New England Conservatory of Music. He served as music critic for the Atlantic Monthly *and the* Boston Evening Transcript, *and prepared the program notes for the Boston Symphony Orchestra from 1892 to 1901. His works include a life of Berlioz,* Musicians and Music Lovers, *and* The Opera, Past and Present. *Apthorp wrote a favorable review of Huneker's* Mezzotints in Modern Music *and a rave one of* Chopin: The Man and his Music *in the* Boston Evening Transcript *on March 29, 1899, p. 10, and July 3, 1900, p. 12, respectively.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 42 (February 27, 1901): 26

If you approach the theme in the Apthorp analytical style all is well. Few men write so lucidly and tell so much as does the Boston critic in his annotated programs. I know it is the fashion to scoff at these pamphlets, but I, for one, will acknowledge that from them I have learned much. And they are often crutches for lame musical minds.

Mr. Apthorp is purely technical, though his style is buoyant and as chaste as it can be under the circumstances–like the young lady who would not go to bed without first burying in the cushions the eye end of her needles. I try to "douse the glim"–pardon, artful Dodger!–of my enthusiasms, and sometimes I succeed. And then again I don't. Purple cows stray into the pastures of my prose, and English critics of sober mien and bated breath gnash their teeth at my cattle and call them horrid. Again I do not apologize. I only ask–why don't they try the game and see if it's an easy one to play?

Amy Fay
(1844-1928)

Amy Fay was a piano student in Germany from 1869 to 1875 when she wrote the letters to her family which comprise the classic book Huneker praises below and in his Franz Liszt. *A concert pianist, she was reportedly the "first concert artist who played an entire piano concerto in America," performing it with an orchestra led by Theodore Thomas, her brother-in-law (Frances Dillon, "Introduction to the Dover Edition,"* Music-Study in Germany *[New York, 1965], p. xiii). She later taught piano in New York, Boston, and Chicago, incorporating the method of muscular relaxation used by Ludwig Deppe (1828-1890), the German piano pedagogue under whom she studied, and to whom she devotes a chapter in her book.*

Music-Study in Germany, *published in 1880 with the help of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, went into twenty-one printings in English, and was translated into French and German. It is said to have inspired over two thousand students to go abroad to study music before World War I (Dillon, p. xiv).*

*When Huneker was in Chicago in the summer of 1888 covering the Music Teachers' National Association meeting, he visited Amy Fay and her sister Rose (who later married Thomas and who founded the National Federation of Music Clubs in 1893) at their home, which he described as a "perfect reflex of their refined and thoroughly artistic natures" (*Musical Courier, *20 [February 19, 1890]: 156).*

"Amy Fay," *Musical Courier*, 25 (December 28, 1892): 14

What pleasant musical memories Amy Fay's name arouses! A sparkling, enthusiastic, graceful girl, brimming over with music lore, goes to Europe determined to conquer the Old World or die. She comes back to us as a pianist, but better still as Amy Fay, the writer, the Amy Fay of "Music Study in Germany"; Amy Fay, the ardent champion of Deppe; the pupil of the great Tausig and the great Liszt. What a household name is hers in this land! That first book of girlish impressions will not readily be forgotten, while more learned tomes on music lie neglected on the dusty shelves of libraries.

Now the mature woman, she has abated not one jot or tittle of her enthusiasm for all that is sacred in art, in pedagogy or in her very keen sense of right and wrong. Her chief characteristic is her impetuous bravery and defiance of mere worldly respect. Let Miss Fay hear of a neglected artist, a tale of woe or something new in music, she will set her lance for the combat and tilt right gallantly with all comers. This temperament leads her to champion the weak, particularly the cause of the so called weaker sex; and if she were not a pianist she would be a reformer, possibly for woman's rights.

A propaganda she must make, and be it said for her that her instinct in art is generally correct. She combats humbug and she has no uncertain taste in orchestral conductors. By nature a hero worshipper, Amy Fay has hitherto avoided false idols, while her attitude toward Deppe commends itself in one particularly admirable trait–its sincerity.

Amy Fay is a Joan of Arc in her art convictions, and a big hearted, lovable woman in daily life.

Henry T. Finck
(1854-1926)

Huneker had more in common with Finck than with any of his other colleagues, their musical tastes being similar except for Huneker's admiration for Richard Strauss, which Finck did not share, and Finck's for Grieg and Massenet, which Huneker did not. Finck was proud of–indeed, rather vain about–his missionary work on behalf of Wagner, Liszt, and Chopin. He also had enough humor to write in his autobiography that when he retired from the New York Evening Post, *John Ranken Towse, the newspaper's venerable dramatic critic, wrote a tribute in which he remarked: "No man ever had more serene confidence in the soundness of his own judgment" (*My Adventures in the Golden Age of Music, *p. 455).*

Finck wrote reviews (usually unsigned) of almost all of Huneker's books on music. The most significant reviews (some of which I have seen only in the form of clippings in Huneker's scrapbook where the page numbers of newspapers are not always noted) were those of Mezzotints in Modern Music *in the* Nation, *68 (May 4, 1899): 338-339, and the New York* Evening Post, *May 6, 1899;* Chopin *in the* Nation, *70 (May 17, 1901): 383-384, the New York* Evening Post, *May 26, 1900 both unsigned and (signed) in* Book Buyer, *May 1900;* Franz Liszt *in the* Nation, *93 (October 12, 1911): 347-348, and the New York* Evening Post, *October 14, 1911; and* Bedouins *in the New York* Evening Post, *May 8, 1920, p. 13.*

The two men corresponded for many years. Twenty-three letters from Huneker to Finck written between 1898 and 1918 have survived in the form of typed copies or published versions; the originals have disappeared, as have Finck's letters to Huneker.

A posthumous tribute by Finck to Huneker appeared in the New York Evening Post, *February 19, 1921. Finck also reviewed the first volume of Huneker's letters which, somehow, contained no letters to him (*New York Evening Post, *October 28, 1922, Literary Review, p. 147), but he apparently did not review the second volume which contained eleven letters to him.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 39 (December 6, 1899): 25-26

Henry T. Finck is a philosopher as well as a music critic, but like the late Ernest Renan and the living Paul Bourget he is a philosopher of the type *feministe*. His metaphysics are mainly of love, of all that pertains to the "unquiet sex," as Helen Watterson Moody has, with chastened resignation, named her sisters. "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty" appeared in 1887 and stirred the critics to the writing of hundreds of thousands of words. Since then Mr. Finck wrote his life of Wagner, the best biography of the master in English, but he has never ceased viewing that eternal spectacle, women—who are said by Goethe to draw us up perfection's way by the hair of our head. The result is an apalling one, a volume consisting of 825 closely printed pages published by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is called "Primitive Love and Love Stories," but should have been entitled "Crimes Against Grandchildren."

And this is how I spent my Thanksgiving Thursday. At 9 P.M. I opened Mr. Finck's stout volume and read in the preface that "On page 654 of the present," &c. Then I knew I was lost. At 7 A.M. Friday I closed the book, having read it from stem to stern—it is full of stern allusions—and rose a wiser if not a happier man. Iconoclasm, even if wisdom-provoking, does not always superinduce content. Mr. Finck, like his favorite philosopher Schopenhauer, is an idol smasher, and the most lovable idol he has set up in place of the old one is romantic love, which he calls the latest flowering, the latest, though it is to be hoped not the last, evolution in the art of love. This substantive perforce occurs many times in the course of the work, which is stupendous in its research, in its collation of authoritative opinions, and its flat contradiction of authors, ancient and modern. I have a book shelf devoted to the psychology of the entertaining passion and I ventured to ask Mr. Finck if he had read the second wonderful volume of Havelock Ellis' "Studies in the Psychology of Sex." He has not. Therein he would have found ample testimony to the correctness of his deductions regarding the evolution of modesty and the absolute nonsense in stories relating to the existence of romance and sentiment among the savages. A greater part of "Primitive Love" is devoted to the sifting of evidence, to the analysis of savage love stories, to the exploding of current superstitions touching on the "sweetness and light" among Indians, Zulus, Pacific Islanders, Australian oboriginals, Hindoos and—alas! the Greeks and Hebrews. The attack on the romance said to lurk in the perfumed and sensuous imagery of the Song of Songs will not please the orthodox, nor yet the Orientalists. We are so saturated with the Byronic and Moore poetry and *pose* of the Orient—*bayadères* with lustrous eyes and unhappy hair—that all the East is one vast emporium of romance—so it is; emporium is just the word, according to Mr. Finck, who, when he mentions a spade, underlines the word. I remember in callow madness being carried away by the gorgeous verbal orchestration of

Chateaubriand's "Atala." How noble, how virtuous were these savages, above all how romantic! With one overwhelming wave this Finckian Red Sea of criticism destroys the Egyptians of romance; there was no romance until latter days–I wonder where Dante's "Vita Nuova" comes in–and it is the romance of adoration, of, perhaps, conjugal happiness.

"Primitive Love" is a very serious work–it might be called a scientific study –to place upon its proper footing the question of sex sentiment. Need I tell you that personally I believe romance always reigned–after its varying fashions –and that to Christianity woman owes her first step in the upward path? Mr. Finck's vindication of the rights of women is noble and convincing, not that he has any sympathy with the "Shrieking Sisterhood." He abhors masculine women, and in a certain footnote on page 756 he is positively withering. Every "Woman's Page" in the country will resent the imputation, yet there is little to gainsay its truth. Women sporting masculine names, wearing mental trousers, the Bonheurs, George Eliots, the modern Sapphos generally belong to the order of female described in an appendix of Havelock Ellis' book referred to above. But the statement will not make friends for Mr. Finck; far from it. His arraignment of fashionable marriages, his quite Schopenhauerian attitude in the last chapter, "Utility and Future of Love," are alone worth the price of the volume.

Back of every paragraph, sometimes of a single sentence, are volumes of learning and the indexes by no means cover the wide diversity of Mr. Finck's reading. It is a subjective book; in it the author is not ashamed to show his personal preferences. The blondes must go–some day, he says, and large women, women wearing a sign of fat, are tabooed. Small brunettes should be grateful to this writer. I cannot say I agree with his arbitrary classifications, knowing the dangers of cabining sentiment behind bars, even though fourteen be the number given. But then I am not an authority and Mr. Finck is. He has fearlessly handled a subject as frivolous and as fluid as quicksilver, and we must admire his courage, his patience, above all his erudition. Hereafter, O Heinrich! I shall no longer doubt your apperception of the lack of amatory passion in the Brahms symphonies, for are you not, Doctor of Love, a true philosopher in her court?

Once upon a time, when my ambitions were set upon the capturing of the papal tiara, I read by the advice of my spiritual director, Sanchez's "De Matrimonio." Since then there has been little to learn, though I recommend Mr. Finck's remarkable contribution to a great subject–one might say *the* subject– and a theme avoided by the unthinking, by the heedless. Mr. Finck unquestionably agrees with Mr. Meredith, a master he might profitably have quoted, that "Men may have rounded Seraglio Point: they have not yet doubled Cape Turk."

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 41 (November 21, 1900): 23-24

The Music Lover's Library (Scribner's Sons) has already issued W. J. Henderson's "The Orchestra and Orchestral Music." In preparation are "Choirs and Choral Music," by Arthur Mees: "The Pianoforte and Its Music," by H. E. Krehbiel: "The Opera, Past and Present," by William F. Apthorp; and just issued is Henry T. Finck's volume, "Songs and Song Writers." This is the second book which this phenomenally active worker has turned out in a year; the first being that epical storehouse of facts and theories, "Primitive Love." I suggest—I am always suggesting to Mr. Finck, but without avail -that the sub-title of his latest be "Finck's Fancies," for such a delightful volume of musical passions and prejudices I never before encountered. You may disagree with Brother Finck—and it's God help you if you do!—but you are forced to acknowledge with gasping breath that he is sincere, damnably sincere. He is the sort of man who'll go to heaven and quarrel with the divine *kapellmeister* if Brahms is sung by the Choir Celestial! Ah! I know him, this terrible Finck, who sits so innocently at a piano recital with his eyes half closed, revolving the latest theories of John Fiske about the Cosmos! That's what we think, that's what the pianist sometimes thinks -until the next morning. Then he discovers that Henry Terrible Finck has put two crosses—not Baedeker stars—against his playing and he goes to a lonely suicide's grave.

However, this is not telling you about the new book, which is 250 pages long. In it you may find out all about Folk-Song, Art Song, German Song Writers before Schubert, Loewe, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Franz, Brahms, Jensen, Wagner, Richard Strauss, Liszt—already published in the *Musical Courier* -Rubinstein, Tschaikowsky, Dvorák, Chopin, Paderewski, Grieg and MacDowell, not to mention a hundred others. Mr. Finck has given biographical sketches to the more important of the composers, and the entire book is a perfect revel of his likes and dislikes. He dislikes most of the Beethoven songs, but likes Jensen. *That* is Finckian. I agree with him that Liszt is a neglected song composer, and his article on Franz is sympathetic and timely. Robert Franz is one of the minor gods, without doubt. And I was pleased to see the author acknowledging the characteristic qualities of Richard Strauss' lyrics. But if Nordica sang the "Serenade" last season, to George Hamlin, the Chicago tenor, must be credited the courage of playing the ungrateful rôle of Strauss pioneer. He was the first to give Richard Strauss recitals.

Mr. Finck puts "Lean Thy Cheek," by Jensen, in the same category with "Ich Grolle Nicht." I do not. He pays strict dues to Loewe—who really wrote big music. Schumann is rather flouted. So is Brahms—of course. Rubinstein wrote beautiful songs, and so did Tschaikowsky. The writer gives them high praise -though I think the songs of Piotor Illyitch should have been given more space. The Chopin songs?—Yes, one or two at the most. They are not *lieder* any more than Beethoven's. And why should Beethoven, indeed all song writers older than Schubert, be dealt with critically because they did not invent the *lied* form? As well quarrel with Bach for not writing like Mascagni. For Grieg Mr. Finck has a strong partiality. One can't fault him here. The Grieg songs are charming. So are Edward MacDowell's. I only wish that more American song writers had been mentioned, for American composers are especially happy in the form.

But why criticise a man of Mr. Finck's red-hot sincerity? His book, written in his usual smooth prose, is crammed full of good things; is copious in its information; is very modern; is fearless to the fighting point; and every paragraph is signed H. T. F! What more could we have in these days of specialists? "Songs and Song Writers" is fully illustrated.

Lawrence Gilman
(1878-1939)

Though he studied painting with William M. Chase and illustration at the Art Students League, Gilman was self-taught in music. As music critic for Harper's Weekly *(1901-1913), music, drama, and literary critic for the* North American Review *(1915-1923), and music critic for the* New York Tribune *(1923-1939), succeeding Krehbiel, he was sometimes compared with Huneker as a stylist. He, too, was an enthusiastic admirer of Edward MacDowell about whom he wrote much in the first decade of the twentieth century, including two books. He was also an expert on Wagner and well versed on the music of Debussy, Strauss, early Stravinsky, and Loeffler.*

Huneker and Gilman met on February 15, 1909, if not earlier, when they saw Mrs. MacDowell off on a trip to Europe. Gilman, she wrote the Hunekers, had "often spoken of his admiration for the Huneker books." Of the five known letters to Gilman, available only in the version published in Letters, *the earliest is dated May 21, 1912.*

Gilman reviewed Huneker's Ivory Apes and Peacocks *(*North American Review, *202 [November 1915]: 769-773);* Steeplejack *(ibid., 213 [April 1921]: 556-560); and* Letters *(ibid., 216 [December 1922]: 843-848). In this last review he states that Huneker's "intellectual comradeship, his generosity to his younger colleagues, was inexhaustible" (pp. 847-848).*

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 77 (May 8, 1915): 10

I have seldom laid down a book about music without a sigh of dissatisfaction; not because the writer's taste is not my taste, but usually because of the abominable style. Why music should be dealt with as if it were a mélange of ipecac and statistics I can't say, but I do know that when Lawrence Gilman writes he is always worth reading. His latest is entitled "Nature in Music" (John Lane), not exactly a winning title, for it at once may mean much or little. However, Mr. Gilman deals in his accustomed silken style with the latter-day landscape painters in tone, Wagner, Debussy, d'Indy, Charles Martin Loeffler, and Edward MacDowell. He also studies Death and the Musicians, Strauss and the Greeks, the place of Grieg, and a very timely article on a Musical Cosmopolite, who is Loeffler, born an Alsatian, an American by adoption, and certainly the most individual composer in our country. I don't lean much on the map theory in music. Chopin's is greater than all other Polish music, and Grieg is Grieg more than he is Norway. Beethoven is a German among the Germans, even if a remote ancestor hailed from the Lowlands, and Bach, despite the Hungarian strain, is Teutonic to the core. Even the Dachshund looks German, though he is now classed with the French Basset canine breed. Let us judge a man by the sheer merits of his work, and if Loeffler doesn't lead all other composers here, then I'll wager Philip Hale the omphalic scale against the chromatic. Mr. Gilman thinks the same; better still, he gives most potent reasons to buttress this belief. It may prove me a superficial observer, yet do I think that Loeffler is a stronger man than Debussy—mind you, I don't say more original; Debussy may have come first, but Loeffler has more power. Now, power is not a question of technique, atmosphere, or novel harmonic devices. You feel it, nevertheless cannot always define it in terms of rigid prose. Moussorgsky's music is an admirable example at hand. With all the tinkering of Rimsky-Korsakoff, the fellow remains a rough diamond, a musical primitive, a composer of authentic power. And didn't Debussy know it when he visited Russia in 1879, and later—at Rome, I believe—held in his hand the score of "Boris Goudonow"! I haven't the slightest doubt that without Moussorgsky we should not have had Debussy, Ravel, and others of a charming, though not heaven-storming, school. Charles Martin Loeffler is more versatile, more profoundly poetic, than Claude Debussy, though that doesn't attenuate the tribute paid the Frenchman by Mr. Gilman. We have been too long immersed in the theatrical atmosphere of Puccini and the younger Italian men who set dime novels to yellow music. Such a giant as Richard Strauss towers over his contemporaries in his "Electra," as did Wagner a half century earlier over his would-be adversaries. As a matter of fact, "Tristan and Isolde" is just around the corner in nearly all modern music.

Philip Hale
(1854-1934)

This erudite and witty New Englander was music critic for various magazines and newspapers including the Boston Post *(1890-91),* Boston Journal *(1891-1903), and* Boston Herald *(1903-1933). He wrote the program notes for the Boston Symphony Orchestra from 1901 to 1933. A graduate of Yale, he had been admitted to the bar before deserting the law for music, which he studied in Europe in the 1880s before settling in Boston as a writer and church organist. Almost as versatile as Huneker, he also wrote drama and literary criticism, short stories, and translations of modern French literature, but unlike Huneker he did not collect his work into books. Henderson, the wittiest of Huneker's*

New York colleagues, ranked Hale with Huneker as a wit and conversationalist (New York Sun, *November 30, 1935, p. 9), while Huneker, according to Leonard Liebling, considered Hale the best critic in the country ("Variations,"* Musical Courier, *82 [February 17, 1921]: 21).*

In reviewing Huneker's Chopin, *Hale remarked that he was sometimes "tempted to wish that Mr. Huneker would devote his indisputable and dazzling literary gift to literature instead of music" (*Musical Record *[July 1, 1900], p. 291). Some two years later Huneker dedicated his first book of short stories,* Melomaniacs, *to Hale.*

The admiration was mutual, Hale praising Huneker publicly (in, for example, the Musical Courier, *34 [June 16, 1897]: 11, and in the* Musical Record, *October 1, 1897], p. 1, and [June 1, 1898], p. 200, in the latter advising Huneker to collect and publish in a book his best* Musical Courier *articles). In addition to* Chopin, *Hale also reviewed Huneker's* Mezzotints in Modern Music *(*Musical Record, *no. 447 [April 1899]: 150-151);* Franz Liszt *(*Boston Herald, *November 5, 1911, p. 24);* Old Fogy *(*ibid., *July 6, 1913, p. 18);* Steeplejack *(*ibid., *September 19, 1920, Editorial section, p. 2); and perhaps others. Hale also kept clippings of some of Huneker's articles and occasionally quoted him.*

By late August, 1888, if not earlier, Hale was contributing articles to the Musical Courier, *at least one under the name of "Henry Weiss." In that journal's issue of February 26, 1890, Huneker described him as "one of the most trenchant critics and all round musicians in Boston" (20:180). According to Harriet Houghton Barry, author of an unpublished biography of Hale, he met Huneker in 1892 when he called at the office of the* Musical Courier *in connection with his appointment as the magazine's Boston correspondent. The two men were obviously friends by the end of November, 1893, when Huneker mentioned seeing Hale in Boston. He referred to him outside the* Courier, *too—for example, in the* New York Recorder, *August 5, 1894, p. 20. They had a number of mutual friends including MacDowell and Charles M. Loeffler; one letter from Huneker to Mrs. MacDowell, written in April, 1900, indicates that the Hales (whom Huneker called by their first name) sometimes visited the Hunekers when they were in New York.*

All but one of Huneker's letters to Hale have apparently been lost. Four letters from Hale to Huneker survive.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 27 (July 1, 1893): 11

A virulent letter anent Philip Hale came to the *Musical Courier* last week, and in the natural course of events reached me. The writer, evidently of the female gender, deplored the fact that Mr. Hale had too great a sense of humor; that he couldn't appreciate "Reggie" De Koven's music; and that he evidently did not believe that the "Bostonians" was the greatest musical organization on the continent. I am not the keeper of Mr. Hale's conscience, dear lady; he has that commodity well under personal control; I only wish here to add my mite of admiration for the charming and wholly original letters he contributes to these columns. *Esprit de corps* is an excellent thing at any time. I have it largely, but over and beyond that I declare that no man of the music press of this country could fill the particular, the unique niche that Mr. Hale does. His scholarship is a delight and is gentle, not forbidding; and then he has the modern note of curiosity in his work, which leads him in paths blossoming with fantastic flowers and strange odors and shapes. In a word, dear unknown vilifier of talent, he hates the commonplace, and if he quotes scripture, why, the better the book the better the quotation. This last must certainly appeal to your largely developed sense of feminine logic. Selah!

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 27 (November 29, 1893): 10

I saw wise, witty, wicked Philip, of the Clan of Hale (but not of the Clan-na-Gael) last Thursday night in Boston. You all read those weekly letters of his in the *Musical Courier* every week with the avidity I do, knowing full well that there is always something to laugh over, to shudder about (he too has the gift of the "frisson") or to admire. The clarity of his English, his exquisite sense of verbal color and his stores of learning, not, however, flashed before your eyes in clumsy, pedagogic style, place Mr. Hale's literary work on a very high plane indeed. As a man he is magnetic, interesting and a very good practical musician.

William J. Henderson
(1855-1937)

These reviews do not indicate the main reason for Huneker's admiration for Henderson–his sense of humor, which he does mention elsewhere. When Huneker became the Sun's *drama critic in 1902, he was succeeded as the newspaper's music critic by Henderson who held the post until his death thirty-five years later. He was the last survivor of the "Big Four." Severe on singers, whom he seldom praised, Henderson was entertaining to almost everyone else. He preceded Huneker in writing a musical novel,* The Soul of a Tenor *(1912).*

Henderson wrote an unsigned review of Huneker's Mezzotints in Modern Music *(*New York Times, *April 8, 1899, p. 236) and probably of other Huneker books on music. He may well have written the review of* Old Fogy *published in the* Sun *on December 13, 1913 (p. 10), and one or both of the unsigned posthumous tributes to Huneker published in the* Sun *on February 10, 1921 (p. 14) and February 11, 1921 (p. 18). But Henderson's most important writings on Huneker are the article in the* Dictionary of American Biography *(9:379-380), and one in the* Sun, *November 30, 1935, p. 9.*

Though the men undoubtedly corresponded Grenville Vernon, the assistant music critic of the New York Tribune *informed Scribner's in 1921 that he was sure Henderson had some Huneker letters–for some strange reason the two published volumes contain none. Only one such letter has turned up.*

According to William H. Henderson, the critic's son, his father's papers were destroyed after his widow's death (in 1941).

Huneker's review of Henderson's Preludes and Studies *(1891) appears below under American Music Critics.*

"The Seven Arts," *Musical Courier*, 37 (December 28, 1898): 26

W. J. Henderson, the able music critic of the *Times*, is a hard-working young man. "What Is Good Music" is still smoking in the press, and behold, Stokes publishes "How Music Developed," a volume of nearly 400 pages, stuffed with information. The book is a "critical and explanatory account of the growth of modern music," and is divided into twenty-seven chapters, dealing with the beginnings of modern music, with harmony, notation and measure, with counterpoint, with separate chapters on the evolution of the piano, piano playing, polyphonic and monophonic piano styles, the orchestra, chamber music, oratorio, opera and the music drama. Wagner is dealt with in a most thorough manner, and there are precise studies of Händel, Bach, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Gluck, Mozart, Weber and Beethoven. Italian opera to Verdi's time is treated, and the chapter most interesting to me is "Wagner and the Music Drama." In this there is such succinct statement, such a logical marshaling of facts and clarity of argument, that the Wagner heretic must retreat in dismay. Mr. Henderson's new volume is practical if nothing. It is bound to become a text book.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 38 (April 5, 1899): 31

The Music Lover's Library published by Scribner's contains as an initial volume W. J. Henderson's "The Orchestra and Orchestral Instruments." I have read all the text books on this dread subject, Berlioz, Gevaert, Prout and Frederick Corder, so I find Mr. Henderson's volume of 200 pages and more refreshingly simple in treatment, absolutely clear in exposition. The volume, as the author declares, is not a text book nor a treatise on instrumentation. It is a concise statement of how the orchestra is constituted, the various string, wood and brass choirs; how the orchestra is used; qualities of good orchestration and orchestral performance; and how the orchestra is directed. Here follows a chapter on the development of the conductor, a chapter that contains novel historical material. Then we learn how the orchestra grew from Peri to Handel, from Haydn to Wagner, and how orchestral music grew from Bach to Haydn, from Beethoven to Richard Strauss. The various instruments are illustrated and the section devoted to the transposing instruments is the best I have ever seen. The book is not only for students; it may be profitably read by all music lovers.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 43 (December 4, 1901): 26

W. J. Henderson may not consider that his newly published "Richard Wagner: His Life and Works" is his *opus magnum*, but it is—at least, thus far. The volume, 500 pages long, contains within its handsome covers about all that can be said of Wagner in an expository way. His method the author describes in his preface. His plan is not to offer any more criticism than is necessary, but to set forth before his readers a clear, concise account of Wagner, his life, his music. Indeed, the title might have been "What Was Richard Wagner and What Did He Do?" Mr. Henderson divides his elaborate study into three parts—the life, the artistic aims, the great music dramas. Everything is explained. There are no dark places in the biography that he has not explored, and the crooked paths in the "Ring" are made straight. There are many musical illustrations—part third is a practical guide through the works without indulging in any of the metaphysics and symbolism of the Teutonic *leitfaden*—and there are all the first casts of every opera, in Germany and America. These latter tables will prove a boon to the sadly beset music critic. Wagner's Symphony in C major is carefully analyzed, and there is a second appendix devoted to Wagner and the ballet. Altogether, Mr. Henderson can feel satisfied in the knowledge that he has accomplished his formidable task successfully, brilliantly.

"The New York Voice," *New York Times*, May 18, 1919, sec. 4, p. 5

A kind friend thoughtfully presented me with a number of a London musical magazine, The Chord, dated September, 1900. I fancy that the publication has ceased long ago. What I found of particular value was an article by W. J. Henderson, "Wagner's Theory of 'Wagner Singing,' " in which the well-known New York critic and voice expert goes for the old-fashioned Wagner singing in his most aggressive and candid style. I was immensely intrigued by the opening sentence, as only a few weeks ago I had written a paragraph on the subject which was denounced as "outrageous" by devotées of the dear old howling school of waddling Wagnerian singers. Here is what Mr. Henderson asked nearly nineteen years ago: "Why does the typical German singer of the music of Wagner bark, cough, or sneeze the notes, instead of producing them in a normal manner?" He goes on to say that "if what Lilli Lehmann and Emil Fischer did was right, then what Alvary, Elmblad, and others did was all wrong." Nor does he hesitate to flay Ernest Van Dyck, a Belgian, and the worst sinner of them all, although an actor born, especially as Loge. Mr. Henderson quotes Wagner, giving chapter and verse, and proving that those singers were not following the master's own wishes. Declaim all you please, when declamation is demanded, but sing, don't bark. Jean de Reszke, Milka Ternina, Olive Fremstad, and the divine Lilli always sing. Music first, then the word. Mr. Henderson gave the cast of Tristan performances at the Metropolitan during the Winter of 1898-99: Isolde, Lilli Lehmann: Brangäne, Marie Brema; Tristan, Jean de Reszke; Kurwenal, Anton Van Rooy; King Mark, Edouard de Reszke; Melot, Lemprière Pringle; the Shepherd, Mr. Meffert; the Sailor, Mr. Meux! We were blessed in those times.

Mr. Henderson owes his unpopularity with ignorance, incompetence, and mediocrity [to his speaking] in meeting right out regardless of consequences. I admire his critical attitude and I fear I lack the courage to tell the truth in the forthright manner of this William the conqueror. If a girl sings badly, but is pretty, then, like a polite coward, I praise her pulchritude. If she is both plain (for there are no ugly women) and voiceless, then I am forced to admire her character, admire the fortitude that prompts her to make a howling show of herself in public. I know that Mr. Henderson's way is the kinder: use the rapier. But Oh! the wailings, the lamentations that ensue. I am sure that in his dreams the music editor of The Sun newspaper sees the ghosts of murdered tone-productions [producers?] flit by with accusing voices–including the abuse of the glottis-stroke.

In 1888 or 1889 I heard played at old Chickering Hall an overture composed and scored by one William James Henderson. Now I don't always believe in professional musicians' criticism: nevertheless, when a man can give such indubitable proofs of his musicianship, and also write brilliantly and forcefully and with complete knowledge of his subject, then that man's criticism must be considered. But the victim of a vitriol bath never can be persuaded to admire his torturer. No doubt if I sang badly in the concert room I should be among the first to protest at such critical barbarity. But if it would only stop the foolish young women and young men from airing their immature art and voices in Aeolian or Carnegie Halls! During the past season of 1918-19 I have suffered in company with my colleagues from much bad singing and playing. If a Marshal Foch of music criticism arose, what a task would be his to clean up the Augean stalls of music in New York! He would probably resign his baton at the end of the first month. And yet they blame critics for their mask of indifference!

Rupert Hughes
(1872-1956)

Better known now as a novelist and biographer, Hughes was also, in his earlier years, a music critic and composer. In April, 1899, as music critic for the Criterion, *he enthusiastically reviewed the first book by his friend Huneker (20 [April 8, 1899]: 21-22), with whom he had worked on the recently defunct magazine,* M'lle New York. *He also reviewed Huneker's* Chopin *(*Criterion, *N.S. 1 [May 1900]: 39-40). Huneker, in turn, praised Hughes's "excel-*

lent work" as a critic in the first of the critiques printed below, and mentioned his forthcoming work on American composers on the following Jan 24th (40:27) and again on May 30, 1900 (40:22). A champion of the cause of American music, Hughes dedicated his Contemporary American Composers *"to James Huneker, musician to the tip of his pen." The book was reviewed, probably by Marc Blumenberg, in the* Musical Courier *of Sept. 19, 1900 (41:19).*

A signed weekly column by Hughes was a successor to Huneker's "The Raconteur" in the London Musical Courier *in May-August 1901. Upon his return to America Hughes wrote a series of articles for* Criterion *collected as* Love Affairs of Great Musicians *(1903).*

*In later years, Huneker and Hughes had fewer contacts with each other, as Hughes became a successful playwright and novelist. How extensively they corresponded cannot be determined because, as Hughes told me, most, if not all, of Huneker's early letters to him were destroyed in a fire about 1912. Six letters from Huneker to Hughes are known to have been written from 1914 to 1916, but none of the originals has been found; four of these are available only in the published version (*Letters, *pp. 168, 173-174, 215-217;* Intimate Letters, *pp. 187), the other two being typed copies, of which one was also published (*Intimate Letters, *p. 181). Two letters from Hughes to Huneker, written in 1916 and 1917, are known to have survived, though the whereabouts of one of these is unknown.*

Huneker also reviewed Hughes's novels. See under Fictionists below.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 38 (June 28, 1899): 22

Mr. Hughes is doing excellent work—a faint, damnable phrase, but I mean it -in the *Criterion*. Beginning his critical life with a big admiration for the abused American composer—he had at one time a little back-garden planted with the etiolated creatures and fed them on Godey pap and praise—Mr. Hughes developed a sturdiness of style and opinion that is pushing him to Parnassus in rapid *tempo*. Despite the current notion that music critics are of miraculous origin—offsprings of the sea-foam, foaled by Minerva, with Jupiter as sire—he is raised, not born. He usually begins life as something or somebody else. This is probably on account of what Mr. R. Kipling calls "our pernicious versatility." I had an insane desire to be a locomotive engineer—like most boys—and to-day envy Mr. Hazen, the author of "Tornadoes; Their Origin," more than any living human. I'd rather see a tornado—than be one as Gelett Burgess sings—but to see the beast and then write a book about its flexible spine and voracious spout—ah! that would be joy, indeed!

But to Mr. Hughes. I hate a man who agrees with everyone. Mr. Hughes does not. Yet I hope to woo him to the torrid trail of Tschaikowsky, to the stagnant fen wherein battles the somnolent soul of Brahms. The gentle critic of the *Criterion* actually had the ganglia to quote Vance Thompson, to throw Thompson at my head in the Tschaikowsky controversy. When one's intimates are hurled in one's teeth one's ire is apt to rise. Mr. Thompson—who should be called Ad-Vance, for he is always ahead of anyone else in his critical discoveries —likes the Little Russians in music. I do not. They mostly derive from Chopin, Schumann, and—pardon repetition—the Chromatic Scale. Tschaikowsky has a touch of the universal, yet remains a Russian of the Russians. Your Russian can be a trifle parochial at times, and provincial in the extreme do I find the musical parrotings of Arensky, Cui, Liadow, Rachmaninoff, Moussourgsky, *et al.* I have nearly converted V. T., and I hope some day to unseal the vision of the man who wrote of the "jouncing Jericho and horn hysteria" of Tschaikowsky. Come, come, gallant Rupert of the Band of Hope—that is not fair, even if it is alliterative.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 41 (October 10, 1900): 22

Rupert Hughes has written an extremely entertaining volume on "Contemporary American Composers" (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.) It was fully reviewed several weeks ago in the *Musical Courier* [September 19, 1900, p. 19] so there is little for me to add in praise or blame of this first book of a most versatile, talented and altogether lovable man. Naturally enough the writer, when he brings out a new edition of the work, will cut it down one-half and in five years time will cut that half into another half. This prediction is not meant in the least to detract from the validity of Mr. Hughes' criticisms: only I think that he is too amiable, that's all. But he will stoutly aver that one page of music well written is a sign of genius. Alas! a dozen bars do not make a brewery; one swallow does not assuage a thirst; nor does the penning of one pretty lyric or piano piece constitute a claim to immortality. However, criticism of a criticism is a bootless task. Mr. Hughes has done his work well and will be embalmed in the heart of several hundred of his countrymen—and forever hated by the five thousand and more whose names he omitted. O criticism, what a bed of roses is thine for the criticised; but not for the critic, the abhorred one, the damnable rascal who always recognizes others' mediocrity, but never your genius!

Henry E. Krehbiel
(1854-1923)

Krehbiel was Huneker's oldest and, next to Edward Ziegler, probably closest friend of his music-critic colleagues. As Huneker recalls in one of the articles below - the review of Krehbiel's More Chapters on Opera—*they met in 1885, the year before Huneker settled in New York. Though their tastes and style differed in many ways, they admired each other's gifts. Krehbiel is the first critic Huneker described in the account of his colleagues he wrote in 1889 (see below), and* Mezzotints in Modern Music *is dedicated to him (which must be why he did not review it).*

Krehbiel probably wrote the unsigned reviews of Huneker's Chopin *and*

Overtones *that appear in the* New York Tribune *on September 23, 1900 (p. 14) and July 14, 1904, respectively. Krehbiel's most poignant writing on Huneker was the posthumous tribute he delivered at his friend's memorial services; it was quoted in the New York* World, *February 14, 1921 (p. 11).*

Huneker wrote at least thirty-four letters to Krehbiel. Though the originals have all vanished, thirty-two survive in the form of copies, while two are available only in the published version. They cover the period from 1894 to 1920. Krehbiel's letters to Huneker have disappeared.

For Huneker's review of Krehbiel's Studies in the Wagnerian Drama *(1891), see below under New York Music Critics, second critique.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 37 (October 19, 1898): 22

Mr. Krehbiel has written a new book. It is called "Music and Manners in the Classical Period." It is published by the Scribners and dedicated to Sir George Grove, of musical dictionary fame. Mr. Krehbiel grows mellower with the years. In his polemical period he was apt to be crushing on occasion, but since Wagner has become a household word and the *Ladies' Home Journal* an advocate of the "Ring," the music reviewer of the *Tribune* feels that the good fight has been fought and won, and retiring, has left the field to Henry Finck, who continues to blaze away at the few surviving anti-Wagnerites.

"Music and Manners" is a book after my own heart. I hope that it will have the vogue of its author's best known book, for it is scholarly, and scholarly in a leisurely, literary fashion. Something of the lazy, sweet erudition of the eighteenth century blows across its pages, which aptly enough begin with a charming disquisition on Gray, the poet, and his rare musical collection. In the three essays comprised under this head Mr. Krehbiel makes a subtle bid for the suffrages of both the musician and the lover of literature. The keynote is sounded by a quotation from Austin Dobson, whose idolatry of the last century is as famous as his delicious editions of its essayists, of Goldsmith, not to mention his artistic mimicry of its courtly artificial verse. Thomas Gray's musical taste is expatiated upon by Mr. Krehbiel, who quotes Galuppi's definition of good music—"Beauty, clearness and good modulation"—and then adds, "Alas, what would he say to a score of Richard Strauss'?" Now a man who in 1770 wrote an overture for two orchestras, "which echoed each other," two organs and "two pair of French horns," would surely not be scared in 1898 with the Strauss orchestration. I mildly protest, Mr. Krehbiel, at this bit of historical pathos. But to the trail. All the Italian eighteenth century singers and composers are talked about, and the former make quite a list. The male *soprani* and *contralti* were all the rage, Farinelli the chief of the lot. I doubt to-day if we could endure the sexless *timbre* of their voices. Mr. Krehbiel goes further and makes a prediction:

> The *musico* yielded his place to the tenor before the eighteenth century expired, though he still had representatives on the stage in the earliest decades of the nineteenth; and now, a hundred years later, there are

indications that the monopoly of the tenor is at an end, and that the next generation will accept a bass or baritone lover as we accept the tenor to-day and Gray accepted the *musico*. . . .

The two chapters on "Hayden in London" are a joy. . . .

Mozart, Salzburg and the Mozart Centenary are charmingly written about. The chapter on Mozart's domestic life and the criticism of the music at the festival are interesting, but the most valuable contribution to Mozarteana, indeed the very [nub?] and nucleus of this volume, is the chapter called "Da Ponte in New York." Lorenzo Da Ponte, I need hardly remind you, was the librettist of "The Marriage of Figaro," "Don Giovanni" and "Cosi Fan Tutte." Think of it, Mozart's collaborateur in at least one eternally famous opera and a resident of New York, his bones now lying beneath the drums of the cable roads and the tramplings of fifty years. He died August 17, 1838, and was buried in the Roman Catholic–there is no such a thing as a "Romanist," Mr. Krehbiel–cemetery in Eleventh Street, between Avenue A and First Avenue. Mr. Krehbiel details how he searched for the grave, but, like Mozart's, it was undiscoverable. . . .

Beethoven and his biographer, Alexander W. Thayer, are dwelt upon by Mr. Krehbiel with his usual amplitudinous knowledge. . . .

The volume closes with an essay on "The Influence of Goethe and Liszt" on Weimar. In "Music and Manners" Mr. Krehbiel has never written on more fluent, graceful lines, and unfettered by that pedantry which is the bane of the writer on musical topics. A good book; read it.

"Gossip," New York *World*, December 28, 1919, Metropolitan section, p. 5

Henry Edward Krehbiel is not a date-hound. This may sound paradoxical, for the veteran music-critic has just published his "More Chapters of Opera," the pages of which are fairly studded with figures, facts and horrid statistics. Nevertheless, Dean Krehbiel is not a date-hound. What is a date-hound? Philip Hale of Boston-Town–Philip the word-painter not Philip L. Hale the virtuoso of the paint-brush–forever penned to paper, in his memorable phrase, the "passionate press-agent." Who, then, coined that cunning combination, date-hound? Rum-hounds we have, like the Prohibitionists, always with us. A college professor is of necessity a date-hound, for he is the Eternal Sophomore, and the sophomoric mind is elementary inasmuch as it believes that anything or everything can be proved by figures. I should say, off-hand, that a date-hound is one who delights in the proposition that two and two make four. In music he thinks more highly of a composer's birth or death years than he does of his music. Sometimes "he" is a "she." In that case imagination can go hang.

The truth is that Mr. Krehbiel is the original date tree in the garden of music. Around this tree we, the little date-hounds, gather begging for the tiniest morsel of its fruit. And like the good-hearted giant he is he shakes his branches and the promised shower falls. He mixes his facts with his lovable personality, and what would be a page of arid statistics in the book of another writer is made attractive by the style of the man. I read from Sunday to Sunday in the Tribune newspaper the various chapters of his new work–in length almost 500 pages -and I glanced through the chapter headings of the printed book to refresh my memory, but I am more interested in the author's Introductory Observations. I loathe history–which is never historical, only a group of carefully selected fictions, more or less illuminated by the historians' preferences and prejudices–but I like the note personal. Krehbiel is attractively personal. His introductory chapter is his Apologia and his artistic Credo, a sound defense of his beliefs and disbeliefs in musical matters.

Let's talk about the man, who is bigger than his book, as is any writer worth his salt. Krehbiel is certainly bigger than any of his books. And he is a large man physically. He is fully qualified to talk about opera. Forty years he has been a faithful laborer in the vineyard of musical criticism; just that and thirty-five of these years he has occupied the same orchestra stall at the opera, nothing more. Most of the slaves rowing in the same ink-pot galley with him make, from time to time, an effort to escape their cramping toil. They write books about cookery or the reduction of fat–witness Vance Thompson's witty, brilliant "Eat and Grow Thin"–or as in the case of Henry Theophilus Finck, they emulate Metchnikoff and attack the intestines as the seat of all mundane unhappiness. Good old Dr. Finck! He ought to be called the Christopher Colon of music-critics; or perhaps, the semi-colon.

But Father Krehbiel refused the temptation of extra critical work. In the columns of the Tribune newspaper he distilled his intellectual energy four decades. Well done, thou good and faithful servant! should be the applauding verdict of every music lover in the land. But it isn't. On the contrary, the younger generation of opera-goers which no longer knocks at the door, instead kicks in the panels thereof, bustles the oldsters from the "seats of the mighty." The reward of virtue is the consciousness of virtue. The reward of a critic, musical or dramatic, is oblivion, and he is lucky if it isn't obloquy. A music critic is a parasite among herd animals. Every musician's hand is against him, save those he overpraises. If he tells the truth! When he flatters–i.e., lies –he is a hero, temporarily. But always the despised and rejected. I took the ox by the tail thirty years ago when I christened the members of the press room at the Metropolitan Opera House the "Chain Gang." I have ever felt as would a convict, humble, handcuffed, dragging a ball and chain through a dreary, sunless landscape. Wherefore music criticism is the gentle art of praising mediocrity; it is a waste of time listening to other people's music making. Second, every man believes he has picked out the wrong trade or profession, even if he be a money getter. The music critic knows he has. He makes no money, notwithstanding the vulgar belief that he revels in bribes, that he drinks champagne with singers in that No Man's Land "behind the scenes," that he also likes to give pain to rotten bad singers and players! Bribes, pretty singers, champagne?

O Jeremy! where are these things? Lead me to them, sister. I've been at the game almost for the same period as Krehbiel and I've never been "approached"; no, not even by that most insidious form of bribery, Little Bright Eyes. My experience is that the wolf is never far from the door. The truth is unpalatable. When a critic writes down the account of what he has heard he summons up a cloud of enemies. And, while there is no Absolute in music criticism more than there is an Absolute in the universe, there is one critical certitude, as the Dean long ago pointed out: A critic may err as to the relative value—all is relative!—of a new composition, for he isn't necessarily a prophet; but as to a performance, vocal or instrumental, there is no excuse for not knowing whether it is good, bad or indifferent. That is a "constant," as the chemists have it, in music criticism.

If I seem pessimistic about my chosen profession just read William James Henderson in last Sunday's Sun newspaper. In reviewing his colleague's book he doesn't hesitate to spill the salt into the soup, as the Cambodians say. He smashes the illusion that a critic leads the life of a sybarite, of "shame," of inglorious ease. Again, the truth. Enemies, hatred, abuse are the rewards of a man of Krehbiel's splendid intellectual attainments—(but they read him)—a man of more versatility than people are aware of, for he has elected to sail his ship in one sea, seeking no escape. With his mental equipment and general culture he might easily have been a political leader. For Philip Hale the programme book of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is his "escape," also his literary monument—this is anticipating Death, but Mr. Hale will grasp my friendly intention. Mr. Henderson is an authority on ships. He is a sailing master. His "escape." Mine used to be piano playing, French art and literature. Now I walk about Flatbush and wonder why so many babies are born down there. Richard Aldrich of the Times newspaper doesn't attempt to escape. He is in for life. He knows it. He philosophically accepts the sentence, though he is not happy. As for Dr. Finck of the Evening Post newspaper, he is the only critic who possesses a pair of ear-muffs that quite extinguish sounds. He is the one member of our miserable guild who is care-free. No wonder!

Mr. Krehbiel is my senior by a few years, but in 1885 his seniority seemed appalling. I was a youngster; he the critical monarch of all he surveyed. I first met him at the old Academy on Irving Place, in July, 1885, and at the festival of the Music Teachers' National Association, of which Albert Ross Parsons, the distinguished piano pedagogue, was President or President-elect. "Harry" Krehbiel, as he is known to his intimates, was a young giant, a critical Lochinvar out of the West, blond as a sun-god and as genial as man could be. Lilli Lehmann named him the "Young Siegfried," for he was of that type; dignified, handsome, as he is to-day. I at once addressed him as Jupiter Tonans, thereby winning exemption from his more deadly thunderbolts. The truth is that of all his choir I have given him more bother, with my waywardness, my vagaries and my numerous excursions into the limbo of things futile. But he always welcomed home the prodigal son. The ninety and nine he had with him; it was his solicitude for the one strayed sheep that demonstrated his personal affection. Well, it has been heartily returned, this affection, and is still entertained by the entire fold. After all, Krehbiel is Krehbiel. Let him be not forgetting it, as they say in Ireland.

But it must not be imagined that he is a pessimist. Far from it. He is a merciful man, and only when aroused by some particularly vicious act—artistically, rather inartistically vicious—is he aroused to indignation. Then, please, stand from under! Yet, in his righteous wrath, he never throws down the various Temples of Gaza. It suffices that he shakes their pillars. He is always on the side of the angels. We all recognize that, even when we can't subscribe to his point of view. He knows opera in New York as no one else; indeed, the history of music criticism in America radiates from Henry Edward Krehbiel. He is its hub. There were critics before him, there will be, there are, critics to follow him, yet none will fill his seven-length boots. He is our biggest product thus far in this particular field over here . . . .

Krehbiel's "More Chapters of Opera" is an invaluable record of New York history during the past ten years. It may give pain to some, but it will please the judicious. It is a work of reference for which we should be grateful to the Hercules who has attempted to cleanse the Augean stables. *Tolla Lege!* Harry Krehbiel is a bully old musical scout.

Carl Van Vechten
(1880-1964)

Before he turned to fiction, for which he is now better known, Van Vechten was assistant music critic of the New York Times, *1906-07, 1910-13; editor of the program notes for the Symphony Society of New York, 1910-11; contributor of musical biographies to the revised edition of the* Century Dictionary, *1911; and conductor of two departments in the* New Music Review. *(In 1913-14 he was drama critic of the* New York Press.*) Thereafter he was a free-lancer, periodically collecting his essays into books.*

Though he and Huneker did not mix in the same social circles, they occasionally met at concerts from 1906 to 1912, and they had mutual friends and enthusiasms, Mary Garden being one of them. Van Vechten was well acquainted with Huneker's ebullient sister, Diana Lagen, from 1910 to 1912, after she left the stage.

In an interview on May 8, 1950, Van Vechten told me that Huneker had encouraged him publicly and privately.

Three letters from Huneker to Van Vechten are extant. In one of them, December 1, 1918 -partly printed in Van Vechten's Excavations *(1926)—Huneker called his study of Spanish music "the best in English—(and for that matter I am not acquainted with any in French or German so exhaustive) . . . ."; he also praised Van Vechten's* The Merry-go-round *(1918). Van Vechten's letters to Huneker (there was at least one) are missing.*

"Music in Fiction," New York *World*, August 10, 1919, sec. 4, p. 5

. . . When I read Carl Van Vechten's "The Music of Spain" I thought that little could be added to its comprehensive sweep of the situation. Studied in company with Havelock Ellis, his "Soul of Spain," or R. A. M. Stevenson's "Velāsquez," a pretty good notion of the arts of that fascinating country may be obtained. But when I read the same writer's "Modern Musical Fiction"–in "Interpreters and Interpretations"–I knew that he had said all that could be said on the subject up to the year 1917. I envy Mr. Van Vechten's power of mental digestion. Not that his list of musical fiction is long, but it contains little that is attractive, either to the musical person or to the confirmed novel reader. I carry libraries in my own skull, yet I balk at the task which he set himself in reading the sentimental balderdash called a "musical novel"–balderdash with a few striking exceptions.

"With the Immortals," New York *World*, January 18, 1920, Metropolitan section, p. 4

Old Sam Johnson said that "the reciprocal civility of authors is one of the most risible scenes in the farce of life," yet I am flying in the very teeth of this adage by praising the book of, I admit, a colleague, I hope a friend. (Colleagues are not always friendly.) "In the Garret" is the newest book of Carl Van Vechten, and as he is not a book reviewer I may venture to call it most entertaining. Like all his essays, this collection is authoritative and informed with personal charm. The themes are various, ranging from Havelock Ellis to the Yiddish Theatre in New York. Carl is an inveterate prowler of byways, and preferably at night. If he had lived during the epoch of the glorious Haroun-al-Rashid, he would, as his trusty Vizier, have shown that merry monarch many things not set down in the book of a Thousand and One Nights. We read herein the first detailed account in English of the composer Isaac Albéniz. Of Spanish music and the Spanish theatre Van Vechten is the soundest guide. He considers the genius of Arthur Sullivan, though he does not mention the gossip once prevalent that his real name was Seligmann. The composer certainly looked it. The portrait of the late Oscar Hammerstein is a full length, the warts not forgotten, but it is sympathetic, and also authentic. Of Mary the Garden he writes: "He, Oscar, quarrelled with Mary Garden, but she called to see him only a few weeks before his death. Almost his last words to me were about her: 'She does not know,' he said, 'how wonderful she is. She knows she is greater than any of the others, but she does not know how much greater,'" Mistress Mary was no doubt touched when she read this, fresh as she was from her recent triumphs as Cleopatra, in Paris, and her overwhelming success in "L'Amore dei tre Re" last week in Chicago. I can always reread the books of Carl Van Vechten.

Boston Critics and Composers

Of the persons mentioned in the following article, headnotes and critiques of Chadwick, MacDowell, and Hale are found above.

Anton Hekking (1856-1935) was first cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1889-1891 and of the New York Symphony in 1895-1898.

John K. Paine (1839-1906), composer, organist, and teacher, taught music at Harvard University from 1862 until his death. Among his pupils were Arthur Foote, Henry T. Finck, and Daniel Gregory Mason.

*Arthur Foote (1853-1937), composer, pianist, and organist, appeared in chamber music concerts with the Kneisel Quartet and was one of the founders of the American Guild of Organists. Huneker mentioned him in 1887 and also reported on July 16, 1890, that at the Music Teachers' National Association meeting just concluded in Detroit, Foote had "won universal admiration for his delicately wrought suite, songs and piano pieces" (*Musical Courier, *21:73).*

Louis C. Elson (1848-1920), musicologist and critic, was professor of music theory at the New England Conservatory and lecturer on musical subjects there and elsewhere. He was also editor of the Musical Herald *and music critic of the* Boston Daily Advertiser. *In 1889 he was Boston correspondent of the* Musical Courier, *which printed a cover story on him in its issue of October 1, 1890 (21:329). Among his books was* The History of American Music *(1904; rev. 1915).*

Benjamin E. Woolf (1836-1901), composer and music critic, was born in England but came to America as a child. Settling in Boston in 1870, he wrote on music and drama for the Boston Globe *and* Daily Advertiser. *Among his compositions were several operettas.*

Arthur Weld (1862-1914) was one of the country's best-known conductors of light opera and musical comedy. Huneker praised him in the Musical Courier, *21 (September 10, 1890): 255. Later he became general music director of the Savage Opera Company in Boston.*

Charles L. Capen (1850-1902), born in Dedham, Massachusetts, studied organ with John K. Paine and was organist at churches in the Boston area. He was also a composer, piano teacher and music critic. Huneker mentioned his compositions in 1887.

George H. Wilson (1854-1908) wrote for the Boston Herald *before he became music critic of the* Boston Traveller *in 1884. For ten years, beginning in 1883, he wrote a music yearbook of the United States. He also annotated the programs and turned out historical surveys of the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Later he was business manager of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra in Chicago and then manager of the Pittsburgh Orchestra.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 20 (February 26, 1890): 180

I never take to trip to Boston and meet the artists and composers of that city without coming home most favorably impressed. I do not say that New York musicians are inferior as men to their Boston confrères, but I do assert that there is a finer strain, an *esprit de corps* and a higher social level there maintained than here in New York.

No one will gainsay that the Boston Symphony Orchestra does not present a better appearance than that of any other musical organization in the country.

Such men as Nikisch, Kneisel, Hekking and a dozen others could be adduced as testimony to the fact.

I fancy it is because of different social conditions in Boston. Musicians are not ostracized socially, and with this greater freedom comes, of course, increased culture and ease of manner.

Then, too, the number of Americans settled in and about Boston practicing the divine art. They are nearly all Americans. Look at John K. Paine, George Chadwick, Arthur Foote, E. A. MacDowell, for example. Here you have Americanism with a vengeance, even to the fact that they are, in addition to being well trained and highly talented musicians, also gentlemen, a desideratum in all professions, even that of music.

Boston, too, can boast of the best galaxy of violinists in the country.

If you don't believe it listen to the strings in Mr. Nikisch's band.

Pianists, too, are as plentiful as mulberries in season, although in but several cases is high water mark reached.

Then, too, the Hub of the Universe is well supplied with music critics, and it would be hard to beat such a collection of names as Louis C. Elson; Ben Woolf, a very good musician; Arthur Weld, a composer-critic of more than budding promise; Mr. Capen, formerly of the "Home Journal"; G. H. Wilson, of the "Traveler"; Philip G. Hale, now of the "Home Journal" formerly of Albany, one of the most trenchant critics and all round musicians in Boston. He has stirred matters up a bit there and always hits from the shoulder. Yes, I think Boston can hold her own in matters musical.

New York Music Critics

For headnotes on Krehbiel, Henderson, and Finck, see above, under Critics.

John P. Jackson (?-1897), music critic of the World *until the fall of 1891 and later foreign editor of the* Recorder *when Huneker was its music critic, was affiliated with the* Herald*'s office in Paris at the time of his death. He was author of* The Bayreuth of Wagner *(1891). "We had some glorious nights together at the old Lienau cellars," Huneker recalled . . . . [He was] a fine, open-*

handed friend" (Musical Courier, *35 [December 8, 1897]: 23).*

Albert Steinberg (?-1901) was music and drama critic of the Herald *in the 1880s and 1890s. A stylist whose sarcasm made him unpopular with his other colleagues, he was Huneker's closest crony among all these critics. It was probably Huneker who wrote his obituary in the* Musical Courier, *stating that Steinberg was "about forty" when he died. The character of Albert Stone in* Painted Veils *is based on him.*

Charles Henry Meltzer (1852-1936)–the name may have been Melzer before he changed the spelling to match the pronunciation–was born in London and served as a foreign correspondent for the Chicago Tribune *and the* New York Herald *before coming to America in 1889 as drama and music critic for the* Herald. *Later he was drama critic for the New York* World *and* Criterion *magazine, Heinrich Conried's assistant at the Metropolitan Opera from 1903 to 1907, New York correspondent of the London* Daily Chronicle *from 1908 to 1915, and music critic and special writer for the* New York American *and* Cosmopolitan *magazine. Huneker praised his translations of Wagner, used at the Metropolitan (*New York Times, *August 3, 1919, sec. 4, p. 5). He wrote an important memorial article on Huneker, "The Huneker of Early Days–Our 'Jim,'"* Musical Advance, *8 (March, 1921): unnumbered page. In all likelihood Huneker corresponded with him, but I have been unable to track down his papers.*

Philip G. Hubert, Jr. (1852-1925) was music critic for the New York Evening Post *from 1877 to 1880 and the* New York Herald *from 1890 to 1894.*

William von Sachs, Jr. (dates unknown) was music and drama critic of the Commerical Advertiser, *whose writings, "The Raconteur" remarked on January 7, 1891, were "ever dignified and scholarly" (*Musical Courier, *22:4). By mid-April, 1901, and he had left music criticism (*ibid. *42 [April 17, 1901]: 36, and by the time Huneker wrote or published his autobiography, Von Sachs was dead (*Steeplejack, *2:16).*

Frederick Dean (1856?-1931) graduated from Colgate University and Columbia Law School. He was Paris correspondent for the New York Herald *and later music and drama editor of the* New York Commerical.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 18 (March 13, 1889): 203

Of course it goes without saying that the talk of the town last week was the Wagnerian Cyclus given at the Metropolitan Opera House, when the house, crowded to the door at each performance, testified to the growing predilection of Americans for Wagner, all disgruntled and opaque minded critics to the contrary notwithstanding.

Speaking of my brother critics of the daily press, it has often struck me that a pen portrait of some of them, incomplete and inadequate as it must necessarily be, would prove interesting to the readers of "The Raconteur."

Take the doughty and amiable Krehbiel, the able musical editor of the

"Tribune," who looks like an ideal "Lohengrin," so blonde and fresh tinted is his complexion and so heroic his height and girth. He is a walking repository of all facts musical, and his capacious memory is stored with nuggets of virgin musical gold. Krehbiel is a singularly fair minded man, with a most equable temperament and of conservative tendencies.

He is a devout worshipper at the shrine of Wagner, but he also has ears for Brahms, which shows a catholic taste and a desire to be just–in a discriminating manner, however–to all.

Krehbiel seldom gets mad, but when he does, stand from under, as he is *weighty* in argument and his pen falls with no uncertain ring if he is so minded.

John P. Jackson, whose countenance is as grave as Don Quixote's, but whose heart is full of jest, is the "World's" man of music. His abilities as a *littérateur*, his flexible and telling translations of the Wagnerian libretto have all made him a well-known man about town. He is also a Wagner admirer, and writes fluently on the subject.

John P. is a large, portly gentleman, with the Irish eye, in the tail of which lurks a sarcastic quip; but he is kind hearted and wouldn't hurt a child (why should he?), but he can hit uncommonly straight from the shoulder sometimes. He is a great admirer of Alvary.

Little Steinberg, formerly of the "Herald," but now of the "Evening Post" (since Mr. Henry T. Finck went to California for his health), is a *bon mot* incarnate. He possesses a mobile and almost sardonic face, piercing eyes, a sarcastic mouth, has a wide knowledge of music, particularly the vocal art (in which he is an authority), admires Seidl immensely and smokes cigarettes incessantly.

Steinberg is Gallic in his vivacity and for his capacity in uttering witty sayings.

If he is a little blasé, consider his experience in musical life. He is a Wagnerite, too.

The new man on the "Herald" is a scholarly gentleman named Melzer, whose sympathies, as expressed in his paper, are decidedly Italian, but whether they are the expression of his true feelings or merely the "Herald's" siding with all things not Teutonic, is hard to say.

Mr. Melzer writes well but not always convincingly, and in appearance is a typical university professor, eye glasses and all.

W. J. Henderson, who protects the musical interests of the "Times," is perhaps the youngest of the fraternity.

He is the genuinely funny man among them, and he can dish up a neat little criticism with an epigram in its tail that is more deadly than vials of uncorked wrath.

Henderson is a good all-round newspaper man, and a Princeton graduate to boot.

He is rather severe in his writing at times, but is unquestionably sincere, as a glance at the man instantly reveals.

He has a face the features of which are absolutely chiseled, the clear white of the complexion setting them off more strikingly. His hair is of the ruddy hue so dear to Swinburne, and denotes an ardent and poetic temperament. Indeed, W. J. is in the habit of throwing off some delicate little polished fancies, and he can also–rare gift–tell a most capital story.

He, too, believes in the mighty Richard's genius. Another!

Philip G. Hubert, Jr., now does work for the "Herald," although he wrote at one time for the "Star," and I believe the "Mail and Express." He is a straightforward critic and an intense lover of music, particularly Wagner's. Again!

The critic of the "Commerical Advertiser" is the handsome William von Sachs, Jr., whose writings, so polished and flexible and withal sparkling, are such a pleasure to read. Von Sachs is an excellent pianist and a good musician, and his critical opinions are the reflex of a cultivated and musical mind. He is fiery in his enthusiasms, worships the Kalisches and Vogrich, the pianist and composer, and, better still, is always ready to do battle for his opinions.

He is a good looking, decidedly un-American appearing young gentleman, with a brown beard and laughing eyes, and is as quick at repartee as he is to do one a good turn, and he is also another Wagnerian. Another!

Mr. Frederick Dean, who is comparatively a new comer, does the "Press" music criticizing, and while he is evidently restricted by the decidedly political tone of the paper, his work is faithful and shows ability.

Mr. Dean is a skilled organist and is a prime promoter of the new composers' club.

He has rather a striking head, more of the literary cast than the musical, and is both young and good looking.

Also, a student of Wagner. Again!

Now after this don't ever say a critic can't see anything good in his brethren.

Speaking of the "Evening Post" reminds me of Henry T. Finck, who was once the controller of its musical destinies. I saw a letter from him, sent to an intimate friend, written at Anaheim, Cal., where he is at present sojourning for his health.

He had a narrow escape of it last summer in Europe, and the glorious climate of Los Angeles country will, I hope, do him much benefit. He speaks of sitting under an orange tree and listening to a mocking bird on top which sings everything but "Home, Sweet Home," Mr. Finck remarking that "there the bird draws the line and consequently is a greater artist than Patti." He is much bothered by hearing music subjectively, and proposes to take a trip to San Francisco to hear a Chinese orchestra, in the hope that it will drive some of the themes that so persistently haunt him out of his head. Judging from some of the Chinese music I hear in the "Pearl of Pekin," if he escape with even a desire for music afterward he will be lucky.

Instead of separating the following article on Wagner literature into book reviews and printing the passages under the names of Krehbiel and Henderson, I let it stand as a unit.

Of the music critics mentioned in this critique, Jackson, Finck, Krehbiel, Steinberg, Apthorp, Von Sachs, Henderson, and Elson have already been identified. The others, all connected with New York magazines or newspapers, were friends of Huneker's, too.

Otto Floersheim (1853-1917) was co-owner and Huneker's predecessor as editor of the Musical Courier *until the end of 1892, when he moved to Germany where he was the magazine's Berlin correspondent until 1903. Huneker also discussed his compositions.*

Edgar J. Levey (1863-1912) was the apparently precocious music critic of the New York Commerical Advertiser *in 1883 (see an unsigned editorial,* Musical Courier, *22 [February 4, 1891]: 98). He was contributing to, if not connected with, other publications in 1890 (see* Musical Courier, *20 [April 23, 1890]: 373 and [June 18, 1890]: 566). A graduate of Columbia University's law school, he eventually became Deputy Controller of New York City. At the time of his death he was described in the* Musical Courier *as "a well-known musical amateur, an intimate friend of Anton Seidl, and one of the pioneers of the Wagner cult in New York . . . . a man of singularly fine culture . . . ." (44 [May 1, 1912]: 50).*

Gustav Kobbé (1857-1918), another graduate of Columbia, was music and art critic of the Herald *at the time of his death. Huneker described Kobbé's* The Complete Opera Book, *finished after his death by Katharine Wright, as "truly the most 'comprehensive handbook' I have ever seen" (New York* World, *December 28, 1919, Metropolitan section, p. 5). Kobbé's son wrote me on July 12, 1969, that he often heard his father speak about Huneker. Only one letter from Huneker to Kobbé, written in 1901, has turned up.*

Edward Irenaeus Prime Stevenson (1868?-1942), also known as Prime-Stevenson, was music editor of the Independent *at the age of seventeen, if the year of birth given in the reference books is correct. In 1895 he assumed the same position for* Harper's Weekly. *Huneker praised his work in the* Independent *and also described him as "a talented and rising young novelist" (*Musical Courier, *18 [June 12, 1889]: 476). During the 1890s and the early 1900s, Huneker mentioned Stevenson at least seven times, mostly in connection with his frequent trips to Europe. For example, he reported that Stevenson "skims desperate seas in search of peace" (*Musical Courier, *44 [January 22, 1902]: 31). Stevenson later wrote what has been called the first American homosexual novel,* Imre, A Memorandum, *published under the pseudonym of "Xavier*

Mayne" in Naples in 1908; as far as I know, Huneker did not review it, though the theme would have interested him.

"Music Criticism, Past and Present," New York *Home Journal*, April 13, 1892, p. 4

It is a sign of the times, and no unimportant one, that the literature of music is constantly growing and, be it said, growing in the ways it should grow. Music criticism in America was until fifteen years ago or thereabouts, chiefly lacking in humanism. When it was not absurdly rhapsodical it bristled with technical terms, and the average man or woman who wished to know something of the genesis, the history or the aesthetics of their favorite art was repulsed by the harsh, crabbed phraseology, and the didactic tone employed.

The perfunctory dulness of the daily newspaper music criticism was seldom enlivened by a gleam of earnest thought, and as a rule the average reporter "dished" up a symphony concert in the boldest possible fashion, or else tickled the risibles of his readers by a semi-humorous account of the conductor's personal peculiarities or the pianist's hair. As far as the last item is concerned we are not yet freed from the thraldom of the great American humorist—who was dubbed a "national calamity" by the late Matthew Arnold—and who has simply delighted himself this season with the rare Swinburnian flavor of Paderewski's locks.

The Wagnerian drama in its advent was a mighty besom which swept the old musical stables clean, and under the new régime music has come upon brighter days. Otto Floersheim, the pioneer of the Wagnerian movement, fought the good fight at a time when no less an authority than Professor John K. Paine of Harvard University, in an article in the North American Review in 1880, pooh-poohed Wagner's pretensions. Be it said however that Professor Paine views the "music of the future" in other lights, and that his conversion to the cause has been complete and wholesome. Then John P. Jackson, Edgar J. Levey, Gustav Kobbé, Henry T. Finck, Henry Edward Krehbiel, Irenaeus Stevenson, Albert Steinberg, W. F. Apthorp, W. von Sachs, William J. Henderson, Louis C. Elson and others entered the lists so that today musical questions are almost as eagerly canvassed and criticized as political ones, though the omnipotent city editor of our great dailies is far from realizing the importance of furnishing the readers of his journal with fuller accounts of a great symphony concert, an oratorio, or an opera. Be it said with regret that he is still in the toils of the pugilist, the criminal reporter and the society scandal-monger. Better times are to be hoped for.

Many tomes have been published about the late Richard Wagner, but seldom has the reader, curious for personal ana, been granted such a view as that contained in Ferdinand Praeger's "Wagner as I Knew Him" (Longmans, N.Y.).

It must be confessed that between the devil of English hostile criticism and the deep sea of Wagner's own personal estimate of himself, the world has been in a genuine critical predicament. The true Richard Wagner, with all his magnificent weaknesses, is fully shadowed forth in Praeger's volume, the writer of which had ample opportunities to estimate Wagner's many-sided and elusive personality. There is but little glossing over of the supreme selfishness of the man, and we read in bewildered fashion of his exquisite sensibility regarding dogs and horses and of his brutality and absolute meanness towards his first wife, Minna Planer, who nursed him, watched him, waited on him for many years like a slave and got for her reward practical desertion.

These may be hard terms, but the truth nevertheless. Yet many of Wagner's gravest faults were, as the French say, the defects of his qualities. He was absolutely immersed in his art theories and would have begged, borrowed, possibly have stolen, to put them into practical execution.

In plain English, the composer of "Tristan" was a music-monomanic, and like all persons afflicted with abnormal cravings, allowed neither honor, principle, the ties of friendship or conjugality, to interfere with his mania. The world of art is the richer, but the man himself became poorer, spiritually; for Wagner's music, despite all its pomp and splendor, gorgeous coloring and dramatic force, is not as great music as that made by two men respectively named Bach and Beethoven. Water never rises above its level and Wagner's music is never greater than Wagner, and Wagner as a man was not as great as the two glorious masters of Leipsic and Bonn.

The pendulum of opinion, which from excessive hostility to Wagner swung to the opposite extreme of hyper-laudation, is fast regaining its normal position. Wagner is sensuous, Wagner is mystic; he is in fact a nineteenth century blending of sensuous imagery and mystical motives, but he falls short of moral sublimity, for he lacked the nobility of character, and his music, deft craftsman though he be, reflects all this only too faithfully.

Praeger's book gives us more than a glimpse into the inner working of the man, his intense concentration, his deadly will power that blighted all that opposed it, his keen, really Gallic sense of humor, his caustic wit, and, best of all, his boyish exuberance. As a writer in the Critic recently said, in speaking of Wagner: "Athletics covers a multitude of sins." That Wagner could stand on his head at the age of sixty-five just to amuse his old friend Praeger, shows that the man was not really bad at heart. He comes well within Lombroso's definition of the abnormality of genius, and to a certain extent must not be held responsible for the revolting meannesses of his make-up. The book as a whole is interesting reading, though, for the Wagnermaniac, and there be many, a trifle disillusioning.

To pick up and read Henry Edward Krehbiel's "Studies in the Wagnerian Drama" (Harper & Brothers, New York), after Praeger, is like going to the fountain-head of Wagnerism itself. Here all trifling personalities are forgotten and the earnest student is revealed in every page. Mr. Krehbiel has long been known to the musical world as a patient and scholarly investigator of musical lore, and this new book of his more than bears out his previous reputation. It is in substance the series of lectures he delivered last year on the Wagnerian drama, and those who remember with delight the interesting subject matter of the lectures must perforce be glad to learn that Mr. Krehbiel has put them in a form where they will be of permanent value.

The book is in five chapters, devoted to: "The Wagnerian Drama, Its Prototype and Elements," in which the roots of the Wagnerian music-drama are discovered to be firmly imbedded in Greek soil; "Tristan und Isolde," a most complete exposition of the mighty love drama; "Die Meistersinger von Nüremberg," being an inquiry into Wagner's true music comedy; "Der Ring des Nibelungen," the whole meaning and motives of the trilogy; and "Parsifal," a dissection of this Buddhistic, neo-Christian, modern miracle play which as yet has not been seen or heard outside of Bayreuth.

All these themes Mr. Krehbiel handles with consummate ease, and in many instances throws new lights on his subject. That he is a Wagnerian of the Wagnerians is a foregone conclusion, but those who are acquainted with him outside of the covers of his book know him for a man whose culture is liberal, and one who worships often at the Bachian shrine, a shrine where one's ears can be purged of the many poisons of modern music. For a complete and straightforward exposition of the Wagnerian drama the reader is recommended these "Studies."

But turn we to W. J. Henderson's "Preludes and Studies" (Longmans, Green & Co.), with its sub-head, "Musical Themes of the Day," and we encounter a book about music that is refreshing in its frankness and decidedly original in several sections. Mr. Henderson, who is the music critic of the New York Times, evidently started out in music criticism with the determination that he would not wear blinkers made of others' opinions. To see, or rather to hear, for himself has been his motto, and the result as set forth in this new book of his is eminently satisfying, even if one cannot always coincide with his critical estimates.

By far the most interesting part of the volume is that devoted to Schumann. "Schumann and the Programme Symphony" is the title of the chapter, and in it the author indulges in much ingenious speculation. Pianists and piano music get more than a fair share of treatment, for the "Evolution of Piano Music" is carefully considered, and the subject is analyzed from the very foundation to the working methods of living players. Mr. Henderson writes with understanding and humor, and possesses a faculty of seeing both sides of the question which stamps him as that *rara avis*–a sane Wagnerite. In his third chapter on "Der Ring des Nibelungen," his objections to Leit-motiven are practically unanswerable. For the rest, the book is devoted to some Wagneriana which have the flavor of original speculation. Mr. Henderson is not altogether correct in his estimate of living players and will doubtless amend his opinions in the future.

These three books are all well worth the reading, the two last named showing surely that the standard of musical criticism in this country is rising.

TOPICS

American Songs

For other comments by Huneker on George M. Cohan, see under Hammerstein below and under Drama: Playwrights. The "Indian comic opera" was Charles Wakefield Cadman's Shanewis.

"The Droning Tune of Things," *New York Times*, October 27, 1918, sec. 8 p. 4

As a coda to the above desultory remarks it is safe to assert that the most popular song of the season will be "The Star-Spangled Banner." And after the war it should remain in the national répertoire at our theatres and opera houses. Such has been the custom in Europe, and one to be imitated in our land of mixed nationalities. I note, not without awe, that a composition at present running a close second to the National Anthem is from the fecund and versatile pen of a fellow-citizen, Signor Giorgio Cohanski. It is entitled–anyhow in Washington Square–"Là-bas," and on superficial analysis yields up the fact that the refrain ("Over There") echoes the cry of the whippoorwill, with hintings of "Johnny Get your Gun" as a prelude. Its popularity is immense. Why worry about the American composer with such a force as Cohanski in the foreground? "Là-bas" affects me more profoundly than did the Indian comic opera at the Metropolitan last season, which was neither fish nor fowl nor good red De Koven.

Ballet

Though the Russian Ballet was obviously not composed of American artists, I include the following little-known pieces because they touch on American taste for an art which, stimulated by the visit of the Russians, was to develop here (as the pun-loving Huneker might have said) by leaps and bounds.

Neither of the following critiques was cited by Nesta MacDonald in her Diaghilev Observed by Critics in England and the United States, 1911-1929 *(1975).*

For an extended commentary by Huneker on the ballet in America as of 1905, see the Drama section below under Topics: New York Hippodrome.

"The Russian Ballet," *Everybody's*, 34 (February 1916): 146a

The Russian Ballet is something new beneath the sun. It was a foregone conclusion that in the contemporary revolution of the seven arts, the dance, most ancient and exalted of rhythmic emotions, would not be slighted; but the task of breaking away from old traditions and rejuvenating the form remained to Russia—not the Russia of the realistic novel, but mystic, unfathomable Russia; the Russia of melancholy summer nights; Russia snow-clad and vaporous. That vast reservoir of aspirations, pessimism, and hopes, of fierce joys and sad vicissitudes, has been hardly tapped by her poets and composers.

The many-colored Slavic soul is now revealed by the Russian Ballet; the classic ballet sought to express in precise terms certain conventionalized dance rhythms; the modern school, of which Nijinsky and Karsavina are the leaders, does not define, but evokes the profound sentiment of the music. Not stately poses, convulsive curlings, vertiginous leapings, or whirling patterns, but a poignant and ecstatic interpretation of the poem and musical composition is the ideal. This new movement does not disdain the solid and solemn formulas of academic dancing, and it is impressionistic as befits the choreographic scenes. Yet, it belongs to the futuristic group. The music, not the play's the thing, and while Tschaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Chopin, Schumann, Balakireff, and Borodin are mimed with a wealth of rhythmic life, it is the more subtle and evanescent harmonies of Debussy, Ravel, and Stravinsky that challenge the interpretative powers of these incomparable dancers, who with crystal clearness show the inner meanings of the music.

Rhythm is life. Rhythm is soul. Welded in the glowing synthesis of tints and tones, of the daring and fantastic Bakst and Stravinsky, and marvelously expressed by the eloquent gestures of these gifted and exquisitely trained dancers is an eighth art, a fusion of all the others, that fusion dreamed of by Richard Wagner. Evocation, not statement, nuance, not technical pirouetting, is the characteristic of this atmospheric and symbolic dancing.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 79 (February 5, 1916): 10, 21

The Russians captured New York on the evening of January 17th; the scene of war was the Century Theatre; the invading force was headed by Generalissimo Serge de Diaghileff. The battle was an artistic one, for it was waged by the famous Ballet Russe, about the most widely advertised theatrical organization in the world. Nothing like these acting dancers, or mimes, as they are more aptly called, has been seen in America. The rage for the past half dozen years in Paris, Petrograd and London, they won a new victory here by literally dancing into our affections. Stranger still was the fact that despite the absence of the much heralded Nijinski and Karsavina the company did not seem to lose prestige, though it may be remarked in passing that the places of these two distinguished practitioners were not completely filled by Adolf Bolm and Xenia Maclezova. In a word, it is the splendid ensemble that counts heaviest in the performance of the Russian Ballet, though I fancy we shall open wider our eyes if Nijinski and Tamara Karsavina should come over for the April engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House. Nijinski is incomparable.

Odd as it may seem, it was Isadora Duncan's dancing that pointed out to Mihail Fokine the possibilities of a new choreographic art. Both Miss Duncan and Lois Fuller brought a novel variation into their dancing. Both realistic and fantastic, their work set whirling in the brain of the accomplished Russian ballet-master ideas that were truly heretical at the time. The classic ballet dancer is expressive, but her expression must be in the terms of the conventional steps, gestures, poses. Freedom, yes; but not personal license. Now the impressionistic and imaginative dancing of the Russians, while theoretically based on the classic school, is in practice a violent revolt against its principles; a revolt justified by the admirable results. There is technical virtuosity and there is individual caprice. To call this new form only dancing would be wide of the mark. It is acting, a species of spiritual pantomime, which by rhythmic gestures and eloquent attitudes reveals the meaning of the poet and of the musician. Two decades ago artistic people here fell in love with a little pantomime entitled "L'Enfant Prodigue," the music by André Wormser, the part of the prodigal son being assumed by the tiny and bewitching Pilar-Morin, in a Pierrot garb. The music was not particularly original, being eclectic; nevertheless it set many of us to thinking over the correspondence of tone and gesture. Long ago Richard Wagner discovered many secrets of the sort; the flickering of flames, the motion of water, the sound of a ship cable and the strange cries of the Valkyrie brood and their flying steeds he represented in his scores. But thus far no composer has achieved the tonal symbolism of Igor Stravinsky. Much that is enigmatic, cacaphonic, even repulsive, in the music of "L'Oiseau de Feu" when played in the concert room, is significant, dramatic, poetic and beautiful as interpreted by the Russian Ballet.

At first Fokine and Director de Diaghileff were forced to draw upon the music of Chopin, Schumann, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Balakireff, Glazanouff, Tschaikowsky, Weber and Berlioz. But the appearance on the scene of the gifted Stravinsky, the problem of a synthesis of three or four arts was partially solved. He composed two ballets, or mimodramas, especially for the company. Other composers followed, Ravel, Hahn, and Debussy and Richard Strauss. Atmospheric music, the music of moods seldom included in the tonal art, is the chief characteristic of this new art, which is symbolic rather than realistic. As important as the music is the decorative scheme invented by the resourceful Leon Bakst. This artist is no newcomer; we have studied his paintings and sketches at the special exhibition given last year by Martin Birnbaum at the Berlin Photographic Gallery. Yet it is only in the theatre that Mr. Bakst shines, and pre-eminently. What seemed violent, eccentric and ugly on canvas and paper, is positively harmonious when it falls into the perspective of the stage. The dissonant color is matched by the dissonant music; all melts into a composite organism when the dancing and miming are in action. Truly living pictures! Barbaric and Asiatic as are the designs of Bakst, you cannot fail to recognize this Russian debt to Aubrey Beardsley, whose wide-reaching and profound influence upon latter-day decorative art is not yet thoroughly appreciated. The Bakst costumes are the apotheosis of the fantastic; his landscapes, fabulous, dreamy, exotic, are the inventions of a decorator doubled by a poet. You feel the inevitable quality in this comminglement of decoration, music, costume and pantomime. While the legend is clearly expressed, the music, too, is interpreted. This is reversing the respective rôles of dancing and music, and it is the very foundation of the new aesthetic evangel from Russia.

The opening night at the Century was devoted to "L'Oiseau de Feu," ballet in two scenes by Fokine, music by Stravinsky, scenes and costumes, designed by Golovine. "Schéhérazade," choreographic drama by Leon Bakst and Mihail Fokine, music by Rimsky-Korsakoff, scenery and costumes designed by Bakst. There were also two pieces which served as short interludes, "Soleil de Nuit," sacred Russian games, arranged by Léonide Massine, music by Rimsky-Korsakoff, scenery and costumes by M. Larionoff; and "La Princesse Enchantée," arranged by M. Petipa, music by Tschaikowsky, scenery and costumes by Bakst. There's rich entertainment for you. It was almost flawlessly executed by the principals and other members of the company—who are not named on the bill, yet who are, each in his or her way, solo artists. It is, I repeat, the ensemble that tells in these performances; magnificent team-work, to employ a homelier phrase. I shall refrain at present from making comparisons between the former company in Paris and the one now in America, for the reason that I could only give the names, say, of Ida Rubinstein, Fokina—the wife of Fokine—Nijinski, Karsavina and a few others, and these names would be meaningless if not accompanied by other living presences. To have seen Nijinski in "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" is an inestimable memory. To have witnessed the acting of the lovely Karsavina in "Thamar," or in Schumann's "Carnaval," is another such memory. But we have the versatile Adolf Bolm, who in "Petrouchka" proves his humor, as he is a master of pathos in "Carnaval" and a powerful delineator in "Schéhérazade." He was not in the best form at the New York *première*, suffering as he was from a severe cold. Under the circumstances he accomplished wonders. Miss Xenia Maclezova was the Fire Bird in "L'Oiseau de Feu," and a charming personality and dancer she is. Flora Revalles, the Princess in "Schéhérazade," is a striking young artist, divinely skinny, and Lubov Tchernicheva as the Princess in the "Fire Bird," with its flaming, brilliant harmonies and extraordinary background, was picturesque.

Perhaps because of Huneker's suggestion at the end of the following critique, L' Enfant Prodigue *was revived by Winthrop Ames as* Pierrot, the Prodigal *later in 1916.*

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 79 (May 27, 1916): 10

In the Metropolitan Opera House during the last matinée of the Russian Ballet I couldn't repress my astonishment at the size of the audience. Packed like sardines thousands followed with unwearied attention the sometime complex plots of the ballets, danced by Bolm, Sokolova, Revalles, Lopokova, Tehernicheva, Massine and Nijinsky. When Pilar-Morin played "The Prodigal Son," with the graceful piano partition interpreted by Aimé Lachaume, you could count the number of souls in the auditorium. . . . This charming pantomime is far superior to much of the stuff presented by the Russian dancers (as was the ballet in "Prince Igor" in the regular operatic repertory far better danced by our local ballet headed by Rosina Galli). The Wormser pantomime was pronounced exotic by the average critic and man in the street, and now the man in the street -I speak metaphorically—crowds into the Century and the Opera House to swell the box-office receipts. Little wonder Manager John Brown smiles cynically if you speak of improved public taste. He knows. He planned and successfully carried out the publicity campaign. The present Serge de Diaghileff company is not to be compared with the original organization we saw in Paris some five years ago. High Jinkski himself seemed to tread the air on more elastic toes then. By the way, why not revive "L'Enfant Prodigue"?

The Metropolitan Opera

Another uncollected article by Huneker on Metropolitan personalities is "The Case of Amelita Galli-Curci," Philadelphia Press, *March 31, 1918, sec. 4, p. 8. Huneker's most substantial collected essay dealing with the Metropolitan of his last years is "Caruso on Wheels," written in 1917 and published in his* Bedouins *(1920).* Variations *(1921) contains his obituary of Caruso, written when Caruso was thought to be dying, but not published until some months afterward—when both tenor and critic had died.*

"Grand Opera as the Public Hears it," *Success Magazine*, 8 (March, 1905): 151-154

No matter what were his previous achievements as a theatrical manager or his successes as a purveyor of grand opera, Heinrich Conried will go down in musical history as the first man who dared to produce "Parsifal" outside of Baireuth. That the feat was accomplished in New York makes it all the more remarkable; but, if it had been successfully attempted in Bucharest, Rio de Janeiro, Paris, or Pisa, it would have been none the less extraordinary it was the total upset of the Baireuth tradition which will constitute Mr. Conried's claim to fame. That he is trying to live down this brilliant reputation only demonstrates the wisdom of the Metropolitan Opera House stockholders in nominating him as the successor of Maurice Grau.

When a man is pitchforked overboard into an element with which he is unfamiliar, his usual procedure is to make himself acquainted with his surroundings. Mr. Conried has done this, though it may be admitted that his first season was a trying one. That he had a vast experience in theatricals, that, as he somewhat naively asserted, he had even handled comic opera companies, and that he was stage manager, actor, and prompter –all these were of some assistance to him, but not as much as might be supposed. Grand opera, especially in America, was ably piloted by Mr. Grau, who confessed to a laudable ignorance of music and of stage management. But he did understand his public, the New York public, the most exacting in the world, and he was master of the financial mysteries of opera. These two qualities, rarely united in an *impresario*, placed him at the very top of his profession. Mr. Conried, with higher artistic ideals, and with a background of German theatrical experience, believed that he could improve upon the work of his predecessor by giving New York better *ensembles*, better scenic display, better stage management, and a better orchestra. He only made one mistake- he attempted the impossible during his first season. Of course, he failed.

Where he failed principally was in his belief that Americans prize a rounded *ensemble* above the singing of the "stars." We hope that, some day, we shall, but we do not as yet. It is an ideal that is not universally realized even on the Continent, where singers engaged by the year are often seen in small rôles. At Vienna, Munich, Berlin, and Dresden, this is no novelty. The musical millennium will have arrived when such things happen here. Nor was the highly creditable ambition of the new director realized during his first season in the matter of stage management, though his "Aida" and "Parsifal" were a thousand times superior to anything New York had ever before seen at the Metropolitan. The stage management was at sixes and sevens for a long time, notwithstanding Anton Fuchs was brought over from Munich, while Lautenschlaeger was imported to look after the mechanics of the stage. It seems that too many cooks spoiled the broth. Mr. Conried, whose knowledge of the Wagner music-drama is elementary, was not content to leave technical affairs in the hands of his subordinates, and often was hoist with his own petard–he would handle the lights personally, with dire results to the color schemes and the musical scores. With such a man as Fuchs at the helm of stage management, throughout the season of fifteen weeks, there would be no such awkward *contretemps* as that in December last, when a scrubwoman walked across the stage during the last act of "Die Walküre" -walked and lived to tell the tale! The last "Parsifal" performance, on January 1, saw a stage manager in full view of the audience during the garden scene!

But more to blame than any of the director's shortcomings is the Metropolitan Opera House itself. Thousands of dollars have been spent on a new stage, yet it is unsatisfactory. Like Covent Garden, our local home for grand opera was never intended for the modern music drama. Its floor is so shallow that, at night, scenery must be carted away to neighboring shelter. The auditorium is so immense that the human voice loses much of its rich coloring in its spaces, and, another vital weakness, there are not enough rehearsal rooms. This, in an establishment which averages six performances a week, is a grave defect. No wonder operas are bundled on the boards after one—or less—hasty rehearsal! No wonder that petted *prima donnas* do not go to rehearsals! Emma Eames did not attend the rehearsal of "Die Walküre," though she was to sing *Sieglinde* for the first time with Burgstaller. The consequences may be easily guessed. Things went in all directions at the performances. Nor is Madame Eames the only offender. Instead of patching up such a leaky ship as the opera house, is it not better to seek other quarters? Signs were not lacking that indicate the temper of the directors. A location nearer Central Park and on the east side of the city may see a new opera house, some day.

Naturally, when Mr. Conried gets the machine running smoother, his spoiled singers will be forced to attend rehearsals. He is what Mr. Grau was not—a disciplinarian. He has proved it by the way he managed his orchestra, which grew refractory at the close of his first season. With the support of the directors he signified to the Musical Union his intention of dissolving the regular band and importing one outright from Germany. This brought the Musical Union to its senses. Another evil which the energetic little Conried combated and at last subdued was the carelessness of the men employed to look after the stage—machinists, carpenters, scene shifters, and electricians. This group was an eyesore for a manager accustomed to be obeyed at his Irving Place Theater. During an entire season he reasoned, begged, expostulated, and even implored the dilatory offenders, but to no purpose. His Munich stage manager had better success, although his unfamiliarity with the English language told against him. As the cooperation of lights and scenic changes with the music is an absolute necessity, you may imagine what trials Mr. Conried underwent; also, the hardships of critics and audiences. This season he engaged his men by the year, and has a double shift for all night work, and thus complaints are not so loud and deep as they were. The *entr'actes*, too, are shorter. That the new management boasted of many reforms it is just beginning to accomplish must be set down to a natural disposition to outstrive the preceding *régime*. As a matter of fact the stage, when Mr. Grau held the reins, was indifferently bad, the scenic outfit often shabby, and the lighting always a nightmare. Any step in the right direction should be hailed with joy. Certainly New York has never before witnessed such stage pictures as Conried has given us in "The Ring of the Nibelungs" and "Die Meistersinger"—Conried and Anton Fuchs. When Fuchs was in New York, this season, there were few complaints to be registered. Unfortunately, this able and singularly versatile artist—he was a beloved baritone at Baireuth, under Wagner, and is stage director of the Prinz Regenten Opera House, at Munich—had to fulfill engagements at home.

It may be seen that, thus far, the principal need at our opera house is a stage manager who can cope with the tremendous tasks to be achieved.

The artists of the organization! We are now treading on not only delicate, but also dangerous ground. For the past fifteen years, when the old Teutonic order changed to the mixed Italian, French, and German, the so-called polyglot system, New York has been accustomed to roll blithely from its tongue-tip the names of Lilli Lehmann—she seems about the sole survivor of the old days, "and there were giants in those days"—the two De Reszkes, Lassalle, Plançon, Melba, Eames, Nordica, Brema, Scalchi—not at her best time when she could hum a quartet with her original tone production -to mention only a few. That this generation is slowly passing, the public is beginning to realize. Mr. Conried has realized it. Hence his hard-worked summers in Europe in pursuit of the elusive *prima donna*, the still rarer tenor, and the all but impossible orchestral conductor—who is also a *prima donna* in his exigent attitude toward his position and his high rate of remuneration. However, those pessimists euphemistically called, in the newspapers, "the old guard," have had their head-noddings and depreciating criticisms set at naught by the fact that, in the operatic seas, there still swim fish as good as ever were taken out of it. When will there be a second Lilli Lehmann? This question was answered by the apparition of Milka Ternina, a greater *Isolde*, one is almost tempted to say *the Isolde*, if her voice had revealed the superb wealth of Lehmann's in her prime. And for Édouard de Reszke we have—Plançon! Let us not look a gift bass in the mouth. Plançon is vocally an artist who commands respect and admiration. For Jean de Reszke we have Enrico Caruso. Just here the writer must admit that one tone from the Italian's golden throat is worth, in a purely tenoric way, all of Jean's voice; but the Pole is the greater artist. He has more brains, more temperament, more histrionic ability, and more musical talent than Caruso. Of the fascination he exercises on his audience—that is the magnetism of the man. It may be felt in a drawing-room as well as on the boards. It is the amazing combination in one human being of such gifts that makes Jean de Reszke the unique singer that he is. Caruso will never project across the footlights that peculiar magic of a complete personality. But Caruso has a luscious voice, he sings remarkably, and his phrasing is usually above reproach. He is simply not a Jean de Reszke—he lacks a magic personality.

Olive Fremstad and Edyth Walker are substitutes for Marianne Brandt and Marie Brema. Brandt was an invaluable artist, homely in appearance, and with a voice not seductive in quality. But she was an artist at all points. Fremstad, a Swedish-American educated under Lehmann's watchful care, is comely, has vocal organs that are equal to Caruso's in plangency, with the added attractions of youth, great dramatic talent, and musical brains. She is the best *Brangaene* alive to-day. New York saw her only once in that rôle, last season, and, as it was not a fair trial, so we have endured the mediocrities in the part. Fremstad's *Venus* was another revelation, after the apathetic performances of Nordica and others. Her *Carmen* and *Kundry* will be spoken of later. All this is written to prove that the old wail—"Where are the singers of yesteryear?"—may be answered: "They are with us to-day!"

Mr. Conried's list, as it stands this season, is this: twelve soprano—Ackté, Alten, Bauermeister, Senger-Bettaque, Eames, Lemon, Macchi, Melba, Nordica, Ralph, Sembrich, and Weed; six *mezzos* and contraltos—Fremstad, Homer, Jacoby, Mulford, Powell, and Walker; ten tenors—Bars, Burgstaller, Caruso, Dippel, Giordani, Knote, Nubio, Pollock, Reiss, and Saléza; eight baritones—Bégué, Dufriche, Giraldoni, Goritz, Mühlmann, Parvis, Scotti, and Van Rooy; four *bassos*—Blass, Journet, Plançon, and Rossi. It would be difficult to credit any other opera house on the globe with such a roster of names, eliminating, naturally, the deadwood.

The new director, who has also much to learn about the human voice, made some disastrous engagements for the present season, encountering the usual fate of *impresarios*. Ackté, from the Grand Opera in Paris, pleases more than did the shrill-voiced Breval, from the same establishment. But she is only a pretty bird. Bella Alten need not be discussed; nor need Bauermeister be criticised at this late day, at least the thirteenth hour in the existence of this useful *routinière*. Senger-Bettaque I heard in Munich when the Prinz Regenten Theater was opened. She was the sort of singer they endure in Germany. Nor is she a stranger to New York, her first appearance dating back before the Grau deluge. Her *Isolde* I cherish as something beautifully queer—surely a merit! Emma Eames is still Emma Eames. Macchi? The achievement of this artist is also something to jot down in the chambers of your memory as ideally mediocre. What a *Lucrezia!* What a *Leonore* in "Fidelio"! Melba, with the loveliest natural high soprano of them all, was ill this season during her few appearances. Lillian Nordica has seen other vocal days. She has passed her halcyon period. She is a tireless worker, else how can we explain her assumption of *Kundry* at her time of life? Indeed, ambition and an ability for endless toil are the keynotes of her existence. Although not gifted in abundance with either a dramatic or a musical temperament, she has by sheer power achieved a fair semblance of both. She is successful, she sings, or did sing, with a delightfully unforced method, and her *Leonora* in "Il Trovatore" has been praised unreservedly. But as *Brünnhilde*, as *Isolde*, or as *Kundry*, one feels the strain. She goes through the motions, but the temperament and the vocal coloring are not there—sometimes not even the notes. She sings scores to suit herself. She had over one thousand rehearsals for "Tristan und Isolde." Cerebral?—yes! Not really *Elsa*, *Isolde*, or *Brünnhilde*, but a capital intellectual *simulacrum* of each. Now in music intellect is not all. There is also the voice, and, in the Wagner music-drama, voice is not all. There is also the dramatic adaptability. That Nordica has succeeded is a tribute to her industry and our patriotism. We dearly love an American girl who succeeds. Only—when Fremstad assumes *Venus*, she *is Venus*. When Ternina assumes *Isolde*, she *is Isolde*. The sister-in-law of Édouard de Reszke, Litvinne, was a better *Isolde* than is Nordica, despite her huge figure. And the *Brünnhildes*—their name is legion. Rich, with an enviable career behind her, Nordica has gone over the danger line of the *prima donna*. It comes to them all, but they never believe it. Look at Lilli Lehmann, past sixty and still in the circus ring with Sarah Bernhardt and Adelina Patti! What a pity!

Sembrich—ah, there is perennial artistic youth for you! Simply because the woman is an artist, when her voice is in shreds she will be acceptable. Marion Weed I have not heard since she sang at Baireuth. Fremstad's is the most startling *Kundry* New York has seen after Ternina's and better than any I ever saw at Baireuth. What a picture she is in the second act! Miss Fremstad's surprise for New York, this season, was her *Carmen*. Wedded as we were to Calvé's brilliant and erratic interpretation of the Seville cigarette girl, we had lost our sense of values of the Bizet-Mérimée character. The *Carmen* of Fremstad brought us back to the correct conception. Without sacrificing an atom of its strange charm, this new *Carmen* is also a musical one. Miss Fremstad is temperamental; she knows how to produce her rich, velvety voice; she has grasped the essentials of *Carmen's* nature, and she places them before us in their rightful perspective. It is a symmetrical presentation, fierce, sensual, loving, desperate, sad, and bewitching. It is more Spanish than Calvé's, and more musical. It established Olive Fremstad permanently in the favor of metropolitan audiences.

Edyth Walker has done some sterling work, notably as *Amneris*, and as *Ortrud*. She is an individual singer with a pronounced dramatic temperament. The American members of the company suggest provincial church-choir training. Of Caruso nothing can be added. Burgstaller is painstaking, but not equipped with much natural talent. His *Parsifal* is mediocre. Dippel is a very valuable member of the company. Knote, after evoking much indiscriminate praise, soon found his level as a lyric tenor. I recall Munich when his *Walther* in "Die Meistersinger" made us all wildly enthusiastic, but only to let down the pegs of our admiration when he sang *Tannhauser* and *Tristan*. He is not a heroic tenor. Reiss is a capital *Mime* and *David*. Nubio did not count, but Saléza New York is always glad to welcome. He is an artist of charm and authority. Of his voice he is never sure; yet, when at his best, his *Don José* and *Roméo* are admirable impersonations. Bégué, Dufriche—an old standby; Giraldoni—mediocre; Goritz—a good, though not remarkable *Klingsor*; Mühlmann—a hard worker; Scotti—always Scotti and deservedly a favorite *Tonio* and *Scarpia*; Van Rooy—the greatest *Wotan* since Scaria, and a great artist with a great voice; Blass—vocally strong, but generally phlegmatic; Journet—ambitious; Plançon, last but not least—Pol Plançon of the pontifical pose and sonorous voice—surely this Conried aggregation would be difficult to better. (Not forgetting the venerable, the stupid, the outsung, and the inexperienced!)

Mr. Conried expects to absolutely rejuvenate his chorus; thus far he has rid us of many of the old choristers with their deadly gestures and soporific chanting. What he could do he proved by the flower maidens in "Parsifal." However, there is still room for improvement. The ballet, which had almost faded from view during the past decade, Conried has revived, most gratifyingly. There are excellent *ballerinas*, the costuming is agreeable, and this charming art, so out of key in our matter-of-fact age, has seemingly taken on a new lease of life.

The conductors, this season, are well-trained men, but in no sense phenomenal. We miss Felix Mottl. We miss the big note in all the Wagner performances. Hertz is a careful, studious conductor, but, when he attempts the grand manner, his orchestra becomes noisy and ragged. He has a heavy hand and lacks versatility. His admirers christen this energy "temperament." More things than temperament are demanded from a conductor. We still remember Anton Seidl—and Mottl. Vigna is another noise-producer when he aims at climacteric effects, yet there is no gainsaying his *brio* and his crescendos. In French music the *nuance* is absent. His "Carmen" is mediocre. Nahan Franko is in his first season. He deserves sympathy, for he has talent as a conductor. His "Faust" was capital, and, when he has a chance in Wagner, he may surprise us.

The orchestra is of commonplace material, though headed by a well-trained concert master, Max Bendix. We wish Mr. Conried would import that orchestra of his. Venice, Munich, Baireuth, Berlin, Dresden, and Paris—all are superior to our *kapelle*. The reason is plain: the men in Europe belong for life to the opera house, and they are not worked to death in a short season. It is, therefore, a great conductor and a competent stage manager that the Metropolitan Opera House most needs.

At the time this article was written, German opera was five times behind Italian in the number of performances, while French scored only six, even with the ballet. Wagner, however, led them all to the tune of sixteen as against Verdi's eight, Donizetti's four, Rossini's four—including that "sacred" opera, called an oratorio, "Stabat Mater." Bizet, Mozart, Gounod, Ponchielli, Puccini, Beethoven, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and Delibes's "Coppélia"—all ambled in gently at the end. The operas sung were "Parsifal," "Die Meistersinger," "Aida," "Carmen," "Traviata," "Lohengrin," "Faust," "La Bohème," "The Barber of Seville"—without a barber worth counting—"The Marriage of Figaro," "Rigoletto," "Tannhäuser," "Gioconda," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Don Pasquale," "Elixir of Love," "Fidelio," and "The Ring of the Nibelungs."

Three noteworthy events of the season must be chronicled: the failure of "Parsifal," the revival of "Gioconda," and the magnificent version of "Die Meistersinger." The first-mentioned occurrence was predicted last season. If the prediction had not come true, it would not be mentioned now; prophets are ever shy of events that, in sporting parlance, do not "pull off." Nevertheless, it needed no great powers of prevision to see that, when the emotional "crank" element had seen "Parsifal," the genuine musical community would testify to its good sense by dropping the "sacred" drama from its visiting list. The audiences have been small, though, at ten dollars a head, the management has not lost money. Whether, at half the price, this apotheosis of kingly degeneracy—Wagner really refashioned the work to pander to Ludwig II, of Bavaria (Pulpit panegyrists, please note!)—will pay, or not, we may not say. And there are almost insuperable objections to the opera's being admitted into the regular repertory. Anyone who has heard "Parsifal" at Baireuth will not be content with the New York version—our orchestra is mediocre. It also seems that the cry from the boxholders, of "too much Wagner," may modify next season's scheme. I hope not. Surely, Italian opera has been well represented, this year, while French has not.

Ponchielli's "Gioconda"—what a dreary difference there is between this respectable composition and Da Vinci's masterpiece in the Louvre!—proved to be an acceptable revivification. The corpse was galvanized and made intelligent gestures—but none the less it is a corpse. It demonstrated, however, to the many, many admirers of Puccini, Leoncavallo, and Mascagni, that the old preceptor, Ponchielli, not only taught these composers the elements of their art, but also furnished them material for selection.

"Die Meistersinger" was a delight to eye and ear—though Ackté was the *Eva*. It was modeled after the celebrated performance at Munich, staged by Fuchs, and in it he sang one of the rôles. Van Rooy was the *Hans Sachs* here, a part which he has greatly elaborated since he first sang it some years ago. His *Wotan*, however, still ranks his *Sachs*. Knote repeated his Munich success and Reiss was a characteristic *David*. The orchestra under Alfred Hertz was not commendable. We have had, on the purely musical side, better performances: Fischer, Seidl-Krauss, Marianne Brandt, Alvary, and Anton Seidl! It was the stage pictures, the grouping of the mob, the animated tableau of the last scene, the veracity of landscape and interior alike—all testified by their "atmosphere" the master mind of a stage manager who knew his Wagner.

And that leads to the final clause: when the Metropolitan Opera Company has a great conductor, a great stage manager, and a *new* opera house, therefore more harmonious performances—then the reign of Heinrich Conried may be recorded ages hence by musical historiographers as having been beneficent. Until that much-longed-for time there will be critical fault-finders in the land.

Most of the material in the following article was reprinted, slightly revised, in Steeplejack *(2:31-41, 43-54, 57-60); only a passage not found in the autobiography—where Huneker also praised Toscanini but did not mention Otto H. Kahn—is reproduced below.*

"Memories of the Metropolitan," *New York Times*, April 25, 1915, p. 15

The subvention from the private purses of wealthy amateurs grew heavier with the years, for it is an understood thing that grand opera in modern Cosmopolis means opera in German, Italian, and—though not always—French. Just at present the Gallic influence is in abeyance, and while Wagner is ever the lodestone for the genuine musical public, the Italian school is far from being neglected.

With some such idea in my mind, I asked Mr. Gatti-Casazza about his policies; mind you, only a skeleton of his plans, nothing political concerning the artistic personnel, for I don't care who sings if the singing be that of an artist. With the present dearth of great voices it would have been useless to trouble managerial serenity with vain queries. If he let Olive Fremstad go it was because that noble dramatic singer elected to leave of her own will. Whys and wherefores don't enter into my scheme. That she has been hard to replace we know—Fremstad a true artistic daughter of the incomparable Lilli.

Mr. Gatti-Casazza has weathered many operatic storms. He is the sphinx of grand opera in his grave frigidity. The man from Ferrara knows human nature, especially the nature of the bird operatic, too often a bird of prey. To sail his bark in this musical Gulf of Messina, the public a Charybdis, the singers in the rocky rôle of Scylla, was no light task. But an Italian, a diplomat, and not of a superficially excitable nature, he has held the rudder with a firm grip. To me he looks more like a banker than a musical manager (how should a musical manager appear?) whose tastes are those of a scholar (he is renowned among his associates for his historical erudition), whose whole life is concentrated in his brown eyes, the gaze of which is often very intense.

In his clearly enunciated French he told me that the policy of the house would remain, as heretofore, a cosmopolitan one; that is, the best music, by the best lyric artists procurable, for a public whose demands are, to say the least, almost impossible to meet. With the high cost of living the prices of opera tickets have necessarily soared.

A very complex organism is the Metropolitan Opera House in this year of grace. It is become a polylingual three-ring circus—this is only a figure of speech—and if the old coloratura opera is moribund—opera written for the singers, not for the music—there remains much varied and absolutely necessary material that must be utilized: Wagner and Verdi, Weber and the younger Italians, Richard Strauss and Bizet—the list is elastic and might be stretched to the inevitable Puccini or the occasional Montemezzi and Meyerbeer. As far as repertory goes, there is little fault to be found with the roster. American composers, too, are not missing. What the stage is and what the stage was is all the difference between old and new ideals in operatic picture making. . . .

The public is exigent as to the gratification of its lust of the eye. Costuming is at a high level, and the orchestra is one of the best operatic orchestras in existence. All these factors must be included in any comparative estimate of past and present managerial methods. Gatti-Casazza has the entire scheme at his finger tips. He is both conservative and adventurous. The old superstition of the star system has no meaning for him. He outlived it in Italy; but he is fully conscious that New York asks for the vocal cream of the operatic milk, or none at all. Nor can the social side be slighted. Grand opera in this city is a social institution. It is not always so on the Continent. Here we are confronted with a condition, not a theory. Caruso, like Jean de Reszke and Campanini, may leave us some day, but boxholders go on forever.

If, to ride a simile to death, Gatti-Casazza is the captain of the Metropolitan ship, then Arturo Toscanini is its musical pilot. And a marvelous navigator he is, not only in the musical shallows of the modern composers, but also in profounder waters of Wagner and Weber. To admire his musicianship, his versatility, his sheer virtuosity as a conductor, we need not necessarily subscribe to the validity of all his interpretations. I have not heard his "Meistersinger," but I have heard that he not only conducts the score from memory, but has the text at the tip of his tongue, and to such an extent that he actually corrected the pronunciation of several of the German principals in rehearsal.

The same is the case with "Euryanthe." His musical memory borders on the incredible. He is not petit-maître. He is not a metronomic conductor. He leans about freely to his bars; but his management of rubato is so exquisitely managed, so led up to and withdrawn from, that the imperceptible modulation of dynamics is the result. Like Whistler, he achieves a musical pinnacle—the technical means are obliterated in the performance. He is economical in his gestures, unlike a Latin of his temperament. He possesses a genius for rhythm. The various choirs of his orchestra never make sloppy entrances, never drag at the exits. No hit or miss methods for him. Everything is thought out, every slur is recorded. The chorus is now in the virtuoso class; think of such singing in "Boris" or the Montemezzi work. Truly remarkable. And despite this love of drill his musical imagination is never absent—it suffuses every bar.

I've often wondered at the happy conjunction of the two, but until I studied him at rehearsal I could not solve the problem. I saw him wrestling with a rhythmic puzzle—for the trumpets; I saw him go slap, dash, prima vista—that is, for the orchestra, he always conducts from memory—through a composition, no doubt mentally noting defects, then return to the weak spots, to the sore music, and keep at his men, either solo or en masse, till the difficulty no longer existed. A bulldog with a bone could not have wrestled more obstinately.

Toscanini is a superman. In that frail frame is enough dynamic energy to assult Gehenna. He is all spirit. But with all his poetic imagination, his intense elastic beat, his enormous memory and dazzling personality, in "Tristan und Isolde" he does not achieve the ultimate heights. It is a wonderfully worked-out musical picture that this Italian wizard evokes, but the surge and thunder and the elemental ground swell that Anton Seidl summoned from the vasty deep is missing. Which only shows the difference between the Italian and the Magyar. And yet, with the single exception of Arthur Nikisch, there is no living conductor whose "Tristan und Isolde" is so ravishing—in tone color, in poetic sentiment—as Toscanini's. (The ghost of Seidl still walks the lobbies!)

Of the whole-hearted devotion of Otto H. Kahn to the interests, musical and otherwise, of the Metropolitan Opera House it is not necessary to dwell upon here. Mr. Kahn comes of a very musical family, and his tastes are artistic, as all who have seen his collection of pictures will testify. He is as much concerned with the musical ideals of the opera as with the material. With Gatti-Casazza, Toscanini, and Kahn the Metropolitan Opera House is in no danger of encountering the old-time disasters that threatened every operatic institution. What's the moral to adorn my tale? There is none, unless that opera is as much a business as any other, and not a wild, haphazard speculation, as heretofore. There is less fear of bankruptcy nowadays, but, alas! there are no more great singers. Other days, other ways.

New York Philharmonic Society

Howard Shanet begins and ends his massive study, Philharmonic: A History of New York's Orchestra *(1975), with a reference to Huneker's often quoted* *dictum, "The history of the Philharmonic Orchestra is the history of music in America," which appeared in Huneker's potboiling* The Philharmonic Society of New York *(1917?) on the occasion of the orchestra's seventy-fifth anniversary. Shanet takes this rhetorical remark more literally than Huneker, I believe, meant it.*

For other comments by Huneker on the Philharmonic Society, see above, under Composers: Shelley (1898 critique).

By 1912 Huneker found the organization greatly improved. "After years of adverse criticism," he wrote in that year, "[it] has seen a great light and its programmes are as modern as you wish" (see under Painters: National Academy, 1912, in the Art section).

"Crotchets and Quavers: the Society for the Prevention of Purity in Music," *Town Topics*, 47 (April 10, 1902): 14

The Philharmonic Society was sixty years old last week. It has been dead for ten years, but it is considered bad taste to mention the fact; so people keep up the illusion of life by attending sixteen dreadful concerts every season, remarking at intervals: "Dear old Phillies! What would New York be without these delightful nerve-resting affairs!" What, indeed? However, the announcement that Carnegie and two ex-presidents would say things in the hall named after the ironmaster galvanized the Society, and Saturday night it came out of its trance for its dose of Carnegie "hot air," the same sort of dose administered to the Oratorio Society some months ago. What a joker Andrew is! He talked, he beamed through his beard, he mouthed commonplaces, but money was not mentioned. Every man-Jack in the band held his breath, thinking—"The price, oh, if he would only give us the price!" But he did not talk money.

A rumor filtered from the green-room that Mr. Carnegie was willing to put up $200,000 if some other fellow would advance a half-million. It is as easy as ping-pong. What the Philharmonic Society could do with $200,000 is hard to tell. There is a Carnegie Hall already, and a library would be useless. Besides, isn't the bar at the Aschenbrödel Verein the largest in town? What's the use of a library, when such an oaken, glittering view is at hand? The whole affair Saturday night was another of the Society's attempts to throw dust in the eyes of the musical public. And it was a dreary failure. When the organization was a half-century old, ten years ago, magnificent were the promises made. At last New York had a permanent orchestra! It had nothing of the kind. The Philharmonic Society is an occasional orchestra that meets and after two or three hurried rehearsals gives two monthly concerts. Masterpieces are pitchforked before the public, and then the conductor is blamed by the critics. I wouldn't occupy Emil Paur's position—if I could—for three times his salary. He is elected by the men who play under his stick. Figure to yourself if this master-and-man position reversed is pleasant, is profitable, or if it can lead to artistic results. As a matter of record it has not. For instance, when the programme committee, of which Paur is a member, selected two Beethoven symphonies for the celebrations, a Strauss aria was picked out for contrast. Nothing was said at the time about a "Beethoven Programme." Mr. Paur, therefore, was greatly surprised when the announcement was made, and must have enjoyed the critical raking after the concert.

In sooth, it was dull. The band has seldom played in a more stodgy, listless manner, and the Richard Strauss narration from the music-drama "Guntram" hung fire. It did not suit George Hamlin's style or voice. The First Beethoven Symphony led off, the evening ending with the Ninth by the same master. This was not a very interesting contribution to the season's music, masterly music as it is. Of course, the choral section went abominably. It always does. I sympathized with the quartet: Katherine Hilke, Mrs. Morris Black, George Hamlin and Ericsson F. Bushnell. Mr. Paur, on a starter's box ten feet high, perspired. The chorus sang raggedly. Altogether an inauspicious ending of an immemorable season. What a pity those hideous floral designs in the wall had not necrological significance! They were: "1842–60–1902." How mortuary!

As there are mutterings in the air about good things to come, the Philharmonics put on an extra spurt, with the above results. The talk about a permanent orchestra is gradually crystallizing. The matter is in the hands of the Poors, the Cowdins and a few others—the fewer the better, say I. The scheme is to raise $1,000,000, select or build a suitable hall, and give two concerts weekly from November till May, following this series with a more popular one from May till July. The prices are to be very low. Any student of music, any poor person can afford the fee, and the class of music is to be of the highest character, played by the best orchestra, conducted by a celebrated man. There are to be no frills, no lady patronesses, no nonsense. In a word, the musical millennium will have arrived when all these things come to pass—and I am not very sceptical. If the Philharmonic Society could but see the handwriting on the wall it would vanish off the contemporary canvas and cremate itself. But, being dead or blind, it will not take the hint, and that is why—Oh, God! as Maeterlinck says—it will be giving concerts fifty years hence, a band of skeletons, playing dead music in a grave fashion. *Selah!*

Opera in English

"Grand Opera in American," *Harper's Bazaar*, 33 (September 29, 1900): 1356-1358

Did Mr. W. F. Apthorp, the well-known Boston critic, anticipate the impending season of opera in English at the Metropolitan Opera House, when he wrote: " *'Ce qui est trop bête pour être dit, on le chante,'* said Figaro—one of those searching truths that are in danger of becoming trite. Yet Figaro—that is, Caron de Beaumarchais—was thinking only of the singable (and unspeakable) things in his own language; what would he not have said in English nowadays?"

And what magnificent oaths he would have sworn if he had been forced to sit through a performance in American at the theatre of Messrs. Zborowski and Savage on the far West Side! And yet they say we are ripe for opera in the vernacular. Let us see.

English opera has always been sporadic in this country, also in England. Being a luxury, the opera is either too high priced or too exotic to make the appeal popular. Not to evoke history, the Carl Rosa company sings with some success in London and the provinces, but no one ever heard of the management declaring extravagant dividends, or outvying Covent Garden in the sumptuousness of its productions. In our own country, and here in New York, the American Opera Company was the first serious attempt on a large scale to found English opera. Go ask Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber for a few facts and figures of that disastrous season at the Academy of Music, and you will be amazed at the capacity of the hungry maw of the monster called opera for swallowing carloads of gold, greenbacks, and even whole banks. Yet some of the richest men of the country, men like the late Collis P. Huntington, financially engineered the scheme. Theodore Thomas conducted the orchestra, and singers flocked from all over the world to feed on the high salaries offered them, and there were some Americans among them. Where is the American opera company today? Where are the snows of yester-year?

I realize that it is in poor taste to hold up for example to the living the monumental failures of the dead, as if one were forced to view the skeletons of men who strove for gold and perished. Sufficient for each generation are the stupidities thereof. To which Messrs. Grau and Savage will doubtless say, Amen! But the Thurber opera scheme was splendidly equipped with the thews and sinews of war. In every large city, cities like Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis, there were to be branch establishments—all to pour into the central metropolitan depot their quota of singers and receipts. It was no mere selfish aggrandizing project for upper Broadway; it was nothing more or less than the complete operatic gridironing of America. Mrs. Thurber did her share; her coadjutors did not—in this case the coadjutors were represented by the public. This public, mad for comic opera of the crudest sort—the Gilbert and Sullivan furore was fading—refused to listen to opera in English by Sylva, Juch, Hastreiter, Candidus, Pauline l'Allemand, Myron Whitney, and other artists. The chorus was admirable, the *mise en scène* unexampled, and the orchestra—the Thomas Orchestra. *N'importe!* The enterprise died a slow death, and echoes of its lawsuits still haunt the corridors of our courts of law.

Now comes a shrewd Yankee speculator, Savage by name, who cleverly saw that the people—that huge mass of unleavened culture, though music-loving after its own lights—was famished for twenty-five cent opera. He collected his companies higgledy-piggledy, and gave mere barn-storming performances. And the police had to send up a battalion every night to preserve order and safely usher the enthusiastic mobs to their seats. This opened the Savage eyes—both optics are full of business—and from Boston he spread his nets to New York, to

Chicago, and to St. Louis. He may be in San Francisco, for all that I know. But we do know that here at the American Theatre for three seasons the audiences have been so large as to set Maurice Grau pondering, and Mr. Savage smiling. Presently these two met, propositions were formulated, and next month - October 1, to be precise–grand opera in English will be sung at unpopular prices in the classic shades of the Metropolitan Opera House.

The genesis, then, of the new scheme is partly Mrs. Thurber, partly Caroline Richings, and her old English opera troupe. Mrs. Richings and her husband, Pierre Bernard, as I remember, gave at first the best of the lighter operas. "Martha" they sang well, and of course "Bohemian Girl." At the close of its career the Richings company was hacking away at comic opera of the most ordinary type. Now the Savage company, which originally began with light opera, is steadily moving upwards to storm the very breastworks of grand opera. From "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" to "Lohengrin" is a tremendous step to traverse, even though it be traversed in intention and not in actuality!

What are the objections against grand opera in English? None at all, theoretically. There is no reason that I know of why music in America should be sung otherwise but in English. We understand English, speak English, and even if our singers do not enunciate their native tongue, that would be a puerile reason for decrying opera in the vernacular. And the time is sure to come when English will rule the operatic stage here; when foreign singers, compelled by the magnetism of our gold, will study all rôles in English, as do American girls, Italian, French, and German to-day. But that time may not be at hand yet; it does not promise to wait upon the efforts of Savage and Grau. One of the principal reasons–indeed, the best reason in the world–is that the genuine opera-going class does not care a fig whether opera is sung in Zula or German–I think Zulu would be preferred. If there is any one tongue paramount in the affections of this class it is French. Certainly English has no attractions; everybody can understand English, and at a blow one of the main underpinnings of opera is knocked out–its exclusiveness.

I have spoken of the success here of the Savage ventures at popular prices. This success bordered on the phenomenal. Every night of the week saw a crowded house, whether it was "Pinafore" or "Tannhäuser," "Cavalleria Rusticana," or "A basso Porto." And these performances were not mediocre; they were downright bad, ludicrously bad, bad in a side-splitting fashion. If you have ever seen a company of desperate amateurs slay Shakspere you may form some notion of the ridiculous and vicious attempts at music a world too great for a wretched company. The orchestra contributed to the general horror, with a leader who misread every *tempo*. Of course, towards the latter end of the season the daily press succeeded, after much expostulation and beseeching, in effecting a few changes. Sapio was engaged to conduct, and with such excellent singers as the dramatic Selma Kronold, William Pruette, Barron Berthald, and a few others, a part of the cast was saved from being absurd. But an artist here and there could not recompense us for a *Faust* and *Lohengrin* like jolly Joseph Sheehan's–Sheehan, the idol of the West Side, the Chauncey Olcott of English opera!–or the *gaucheries* of Grace Golden. Yvonne de Tréville in light opera was a success; but in anything serious she was quite overwhelmed. All that I can remember of several seasons is a dreary succession of fat soprani, thin soprani, choruses that howled a persistent *forte*, no stage pictures, no *ensemble*, no light and shade, no variety, no acting, no conception, *no music!* It was so bad as to be sad, so sad as to be silly. But the public! A certain public rose to all this mish-mash of masterpieces with the appetite of gudgeons; it was a public sick of comic opera, emulative of "swelldom," and enticed by the bargain-counter prices. Don't forget that the orchestra seats cost one dollar, and that once a habitué of this paradise, always a slave to the plush. Here a girl, gallantly escorted by a young man with a real opera hat—*grace à dieu!*—feasted her eyes on the slender-voiced and fat-waisted pet tenor, or giggled convulsively at the comic bass with the big nose. Before her eyes, as in a magic concave mirror, distorting the music and manners of every composer, passed the masterworks, foreshortened, swollen, curtailed, snipped, and ruthlessly maltreated. What recked the girl of *tempi*, or rhythm and its rights, of the agony of "throaty" singing, of the villainies of bad acting? She was at "grand opera," in an orchestra seat, and after her—the deluge! The language might have been Choctaw, if the general effect were but fashionable. So the American Theatre played "the sedulous ape" to the Metropolitan Opera House; had its first nights, its farewells, and its thunders of applause for its favorites, as they solemnly stalked before the foot-lights the "very last night of the season."

Manager Savage, who cares more for the ethics of the box-office than for the aesthetics of the music-drama, said nothing, but counted his cash. And he had—has still—his defenders. "Give the people what they want, and let high art go hang!" cried many, and surely no one can fault this appeal. It is only when *we*, who love our opera undefiled, are given what "the people" want, that we raise a wail of protest. There was, thanks to the sincerity of the daily press, plenty of printed protests, but the disgruntled ones were always asked:

"What do you expect for half a dollar—Jean de Reszke?" So the money standard ruled, and when some critics staid away or sent substitutes, the management was still happier—the younger men are never so severe; besides there is always that sheet-anchor of safety for amusement managers—the advertising columns.

The question that will be answered between October 1 and December 15 at the Metropolitan, is whether the conditions will prove as successful; whether Savage and Grau may not fall between two stools—lose their old *clientèle*, and miss a new one. I shall not venture a prediction—critics are not weather prophets. The West-Side girl and her young man will never consent to pay two dollars a seat in the orchestra. That would be out of the question, and it is also quite as certain that your regular opera-goer will refuse to sit in the orchestra of an opera that is neither fish, nor flesh, nor fashionable. *If fashion comes not*, good-by to opera in English. It is fashion in New York that rules opera, and will continue to rule until the government grants opera a subvention. Perhaps the management knows of a middle class that will patronize the affair, patronize it for the sheer love of the music. I hope there is such an audience in the city, but I don't know where it has concealed itself for years.

Possibly in Greater Brooklyn. Your West-Side girl wants her accustomed orchestral chair for one dollar, and the fashionable world is busy playing golf until after Thanksgiving. There are the two prongs of the untuned fork for the management, and that is why I spoke of opera in America at unpopular prices.

It is only fair to state that the company gathered for the new enterprise is a vastly better one than the collection of curios at the American Theatre. We are promised Zélie de Lussan—for whom English opera is nothing new; we all recall her in the Boston Ideals, under Colonel Foster—Minnie Tracey, a clever American girl; Louise Meisslinger, who sang with the Carl Rosa company; Lloyd d'Aubigné, *né* Dabney, a young Southerner, who sang at the Opera here five years ago; Phillip Brozel, a new-comer; Clarence Whitehall and Lemprière Pringle, both basses, the latter an excellent artist; Phoebe Strakosch; Rita Elandi—*née* Amalia Groll, of Cleveland and Cincinnati; Inglebord Balstron; Elsa Marny; Francis Rogers, a young Boston barytone; William Paull; Chauncey Moore; Leslie Walker; and Mr. Hamlin. There was some talk of the engagement of Olive Fremstad, but the matter appears not to have been settled. This contralto, a pupil of Lilli Lehmann, has sung at Baireuth, and would have been a decided acquisition. The conductors announced are Signor Seppilli and Richard Eckholdt. The former we know. He is a good man. With a competent chorus there is hope that the undertaking may succeed. I do not for a moment pretend to say that it will not; Grau and Savage are shrewd speculators, and Mr. Grau has told me more than once that the moment the tide set towards English he will give it all the headway it needs in his operatic docks. I am merely setting forth the pros and cons of the situation. There is a sinister rumor that certain members of the old company—the more inartistic ones—may appear in the new gathering. I hope that this is not true. Nor can I see much hope for seven performances a week. Opera every night, even with repetitions, is too much for New York, saturated as it is with amusements. Nightly opera would be no longer art, but an epidemic.

Will the language really make much difference to our audiences? I think not, especially as your typical opera singer cares little for clear enunciation and proper pronunciation.

Who cares if Wagner or Bizet is sung in American? I confess that I am prejudiced in favor of the native tongue of each composer; the music was set to the language, and no translation can do its meanings justice.

I fancy when we have our own operas written in English by native-born composers, that the time for opera in English will be ripe. Divorced from its own speech, foreign music is not at its best. Perhaps the Savage-Grau experiment is the first step in the right direction—not forgetting Mrs. Thurber and her heroic attempt. Let there also be more talk of interpretation and less of language. Music is the main issue, not nationality.

Roof Gardens in New York

Perhaps the most memorable part of the following essay is the passage on Oscar

Hammerstein I (1847-1919). Huneker later included a short chapter on him in Steeplejack *(2:61-84) where he elaborates on the story of how the impresario wrote an opera on a bet; he gives no date for the event, but Hammerstein's biographer, Vincent Sheean, places it in 1893 (*Oscar Hammerstein I, *p. 78).*

A few weeks after Hammerstein died, Huneker, revising this chapter from Steeplejack, *reprinted it, together with his reminiscences of Antonin Dvorák, in an article in the* New York Times, *August 24, 1919 (sec. 4, p. 5), which was collected in* Variations.

One wonders whether the article below, on a somewhat off-beat subject for Huneker, was inspired at all by the fact that Harry K. Thaw's murder of Stanford White on June 25, 1906, occurred in a roof garden—at Madison Square Garden; Huneker mentions that place early in the piece.

"Some Roof Gardens," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 24 (September 1906): 781-786

Who was the first man to introduce the roof-garden in this city? Was it not some descendant of those Babylonians who enjoyed the pleasures of the Hanging Gardens in Nineveh? History saith not. Yet, it is but a few years ago that Aronson, then the debonair Rudolph, transformed the top of the Casino into a miniature midnight paradise, where music and beauty mingled beneath the stars, and all New York flocked to the spot. It was my first roof-garden. There may have been predecessors, but I can't remember them. And to my taste, it was the most picturesque. In those days I dreamed of a roof-garden with clustering palms, luxuriant plants, mysterious shaded alleys of green, filled with hammocks or lounging chairs, tables—not too many—and music. But not the music of the hard-handed band player; instead, a string orchestra, well concealed, discoursing a voluptuous Strauss or Waldteufel valse, or pulsing with the mad fiery rhythms of the Hungarian Gypsy. Above all, no ragtime, no travesty in the nature of the African cakewalk. Music for the nerves; music for the soul. In summer one wishes to relax, and music in the severer classic forms is not to be thought of. . . . I even went so far as to fancy a pianoforte artist, a Pachmann, for example, who, hidden behind a bank of roses, would play divinely for us Chopin mazurkas and ballades. It was a dream. Rudolph Aronson did not deny that the scheme was a delightful one, but he demurred, asking, naturally enough, whether this exotic plan of mine would draw an audience. It would not. That I knew. Yet, how far superior to the noisy platitudes of the vaudeville, the inevitable vulgarity which soon ruled every establishment of the kind!

I had hoped that the ingenious Oscar Hammerstein, when he built the colossal New York Theatre, with its roof-garden, would introduce something novel. He hadn't the time. Madison Square Garden offered excellent opportunities for an inventive mind. But, one and all, they patterned after the Casino, so that the roof-garden in this year of grace is only a variety show, elevated a few hundred feet above the sidewalk, and, as a rule, crowded, hot and uncomfortable. All are under roof; when it rains you might as well be in the stuffy auditorium of a theatre. Furthermore, nearly every hotel has its own garden on the roof, and I have found such places more to my liking than the stereotyped resorts, as the music is not too obstreperous, and there is seldom a crowd. Thus was a charming novelty spoiled by the usual managerial submission to popular lack of taste.

Wasn't it during the early roof-garden craze that some unknown bard blossomed into the doggerel which set all Broadway smiling?

"Oh, the little Aronsons, Aronsons,
Aronsons,
Oh, the little Aronsons, up on the roof.
Oh, the little stockholders, stockholders,
stockholders,
Oh, the little stockholders, down in the
soup."

I'm not certain of the other verses; I vaguely remember that the names of the Frohmans, the Haymans and managers who have since vanished were introduced with burlesque effect. Now those days have been swallowed up by the remorseless maw of forgetfulness, and other Kings rule in Israel. (Excepting, of course, the Frohmans, Haymans and the perennial Oscar of the Lucky Hat.) New York tired of roof-gardens for years. Then came a revival of the habit. Men who stay in town must have a cool spot whereon to congregate, to chat and sip their drinks. To-day the roof-garden is a summer show. Often a bad one, for the patience of the public in the open air is amazing. Plays and vaudeville "turns" that would not be tolerated in winter time are received with perspiring approbation, and the "chaser" of the regular vaudeville hall is often the star of the roof-garden.

One night last month, when the heat was fairly endurable, I made a round of the roof-gardens, from Hammerstein's "Paradise" to "Heidelberg in the Air," and was deeply impressed by what I witnessed. The best thing I saw at the "Paradise" was Oscar himself. I say this in all sincerity. Hammerstein is unique. He is a man who loves good art, though he might say, with Faust, that in him two spirits struggle. Music is his passion. I recall gleefully the famous forty-eight hours, when, at the instigation of Gustave Kerker, he immured himself in a room at the top of the Gilsey House, where he composed the music and text of an opera. I was one of the judges. The result was "The Kohinoor," which was actually performed at his theatre, now the New York. Here is an instance of his ingenuity—to trap him at anything is difficult: The opening chorus merely consisted of "Good morning, Mr. Morganstein; good morning, Mr. Isaacstein," sung on one note, while the orchestra made a few simple modulations. Time was thereby gained. And Oscar introduced the first pony ballet—ladies with flowing horse-tails. The opera was a success. Hammerstein became the rage of the paragrapher. One thing he has never forgiven the jury. We hired a hand-organ, a persistent Italian, to grind out horrible sausage-like music below his window. Oscar shook his fist from time to time at the man, but the fellow had been too heavily bribed to take the hint. A policeman finally drove the music away. Oscar might have claimed a "foul," but he didn't. Furthermore, when the jury, with characteristic bad taste, sent him ham sandwiches and pork pies, he ate them without a murmur. And he won his bet. I shall not dwell upon the quality of his music. I have since heard worse.

To-day the love of art in Oscar has triumphed. He is about to give New York grand opera, and on a scale, he asserts, that will be a tribute to his intelligence and foresight. He was happy as he related the difficulties he had overcome in gathering together a company of superior and "world renowned" singers.

"Artists, every one of them, my dear boy," he said with that peculiar open-arm gesture all of his own.

"I'm not boasting, but I've never failed in anything I have undertaken—at least, I didn't know when I was 'licked'—and I think I understand New York audiences by this time." He certainly knows how to cater to the public's appetite for vaudeville.

The audience that night was large; there is space in plenty at the "Paradise." (What a Hammersteinian title!) Sitting at tables, or in the regular numbered seats, [we observed] the accustomed profile of human beings in summer undress and eager not to be bored. The man who said "Isn't it hot?" was absent. We all pretended that it was mid-winter, and applauded vociferously. After the Spook Minstrels had finished their shadowy, though far from silent act, Dronza, the speaking head, an evolution of the old head of Robert Houdin and Pepper's artificial human, came in for its share of interest. Its interior was revealed. No fraud could be detected. Ventriloquism was out of the question. And we surrendered ourselves gratefully to the illusion—not believing in it for a moment. It was a surprise to see Charles Henry Melzer attentively following the show as if he had never heard of the San Francisco earthquake or Herr Conried. Even Max Hirsh, whose benign countenance is familiar to every opera-goer in the country, sat in a box, and forgot that he reached New York, after the Californian quake episode, with a hotel key and his accustomed amiability.

Probably the audience was the better part of the performance. One man in it laughed too hilariously for a team of "artists," and he was asked to go down on the left and get his money refunded. The occurrence had a suggestion of the fine Italian hand of Oscar. The Russian giant was so tall that I wondered at the size of his brewery bill. He must drink by the keg. Full of subtle curves and youthful beauty was Lalla Selbini, "The Bathing Beauty." Isn't that a midsummer's night dream of a name! She pedaled like a great *virtuosa* her bicycle. She defied the laws of gravitation as she discarded its front wheel and triumphantly circled about between heaven and earth, a miracle of undress and charming insolence. A prettier girl is not seen many times on the boards. Her bathing costume struck the masculine beholder as quite proper for the dog-days—lucky dog!—and something altogether gratifying in its open-eyed freedom. A gesture of the Selbini refutes all the heresies of Puritanism. But the temperature rose when she was on view, and soon I fled across the street, not daring to take my pulse, temperature or respiration in the transit.

The Aerial Gardens, at the NewAmsterdam Theatre, are pretty, but, unfortunately, a drizzling rain had set in, and the vista of shrubbery and the floors and tables, glistening in the wet, were not inviting. So I went into the theatre, where Manager Harris was presenting a musical play by the Yankee Doodle comedian, George M. Cohan. It was called "The Governor's Son," and its subtitle was "A Summer Song Show." A piece full of old-fashioned complications, it is like an old Palais Royale farce, without the salt. But the young man Cohan is clever. He makes the most of his native mannerisms, and he is always droll and entertaining. At his age, however, Harry Dixey was an artist. George Cohan is a natural low-comedian, with a keen eye for sheer burlesque traits. Where his forte lies is his versatile grip on popular taste. He gives the public a medley of fun, slang, music that it likes, and in his own performance there is a sub-acid flavor of ironic jocularity that appeals precisely to Broadway. You laugh, and you forget all about him five minutes afterward. But he is amusing and his company capital. His father, "Jerry" Cohan, I remember long as a fun-maker. Ethel Levy, Truly Shattuck—amplitudinous now—Helen Cohan, William Keogh, and Jack Webster—son of Nellie McHenry—made a well-trained ensemble.

So the rain was negligible, and after an act I traveled to the New York roof-garden. There I saw Carrie de Mar, the Rain Dears, Ned Weyburn's aggregation; the Carmen Sisters, Chiquita, the midget—shall I continue? It was the same old story—a tale thrice told, signifying boredom for the seasoned New Yorker, but joy to the uninitiated. Frankly, I envy them, our cousins from the country, our brethren of the East and West Sides, whom this glitter and bustle, noise called music, shrieking called singing, and knocking about called comedy, fill with contentment. It is like the real thing, Broadway; the Great White Way; in two words—New York. And I assure you that it is difficult to revivify one's early illusion. I dislike the posture of the used-up man, with his air of blasé; and, really, isn't the roof-garden one of the particular plagues invented by a malign deity, and further developed as an instrument of torture and boredom by the theatrical manager! We are all moths at some time of our life; Robert Louis Stevenson once said that the young man who hadn't made a fool of himself wasn't worth talking about—or an idea to that effect. (It's too hot to verify quotations!) The roof-garden, then, came into existence to supply the demand for summer foolery, for a new accent in the silly season. Let us feebly commend it; let us raise our voices in a fatigued hurrah. But for me, my own roof-tree and its comparative silence—anywhere, anywhere away from the blare and glare of the New York garden. Luckily for that breezy institution, few think as I do. Hence the *al fresco* show, with its monotonous, mediocre vaudeville, its easily amused humans, and its astute management. The roof-garden is an enduring institution of our Gotham.

DRAMA

PLAYWRIGHTS

David Belasco
(1853-1931)

Huneker corresponded with Belasco but his letters have disappeared; some of the early ones may have been in the Belasco collection lost in the San Francisco earthquake and fire in 1906. Three unpublished letters from Belasco to Huneker are extant in addition to the published one reprinted below.

The Darling of the Gods *and* Adrea *were the second and third of three plays on which Belasco collaborated with the American writer, John Luther Long (1855-1927). (The first was the best known,* Madame Butterfly *[1900], on which Puccini based his opera; Huneker apparently did not review this play.)*

Sweet Kitty Bellairs *opened on December 9, 1903, and ran for 231 performances within a year. In it Jane Cowl made her first stage appearance.*

The libretto of Puccini's opera The Girl of the Golden West *(1910) is adapted from Belasco's play.*

"The Theatre," New York *Sunday Advertiser*, October 27, 1895, p. 5

"The Heart of Maryland," in the Herald Square Theater, has caught the popular fancy. That was a foregone conclusion after the curtain fell on the third act last Tuesday night. Mr. Belasco is the cleverest man in his business in this country. No one knows better how to cunningly contrive a situation, and the best of it all is that while his technique is directly inspired by Sardou, his application of the method is not for mere brilliant display, but rather the exploitation of some simple phase of human feeling. Mr. Belasco's work has been accused of smelling of the footlights, and he is unquestionably theatrical at times, but he hankers after the human, the tender side of his story. He is as sentimental as Herr Engel, but the expression of the mood is English, or, rather, it has the reticence of the American.

The love element dominates all in this play. It is the pivotal point for the playwright, until you finally begin to believe that the war of the rebellion hinges on the fate of Alan Kendrick and Maryland Calvert.

And this is as it should be. The dramatist parcels off a tiny piece of emotional territory and says: "Here will I dig and delve, here will I plant and reap." To be sure, Belasco reaps with other men's seeds (no reference to the "Schlimme Saat!") and if the physiognomy of his work is occasionally reminiscent we can console ourselves by remembering that the Master of Marly himself [Sardou] does not disdain to assimilate.

There is the point. Belasco has assimilated everything thoroughly. There is no suggestion of rawness, even if the huge machine creaks at times.

I confess quite frankly that I do not care for war plays and that my taste lies in the direction of the ultra-modern drama. If I can't get Sudermann, why give me Marlowe at once. Better that dreamy gasper of the unknown, that groper after the unutterable, Maeterlinck, the Poe of the footlights, than much of the garden truck foisted on us and ripened by unhealthy foreign suns. So, in admiring portions of Mr. Belasco's play, I am setting my own critical teeth on edge and am therefore quite sincere.

You know the style of story. The bad, bad Southern Colonel—something like Russ Whytal's "For Fair Virginia" villain—and the complications that arise because of a father's devotion to the Southern cause and a son's allegiance to the Stars and Stripes.

It is well handled here, and the second act alone would float the play into the harbor of success. The third act is sensational, too much so for good taste, but it is where Belasco said "I will do or die."

He did and lives.

There was some patriotic buncombe and much galloping of steeds, but "The Heart of Maryland" is not the average war play. It is uniformed, but it does not cannonade. Indeed, the bayonet is mightier than the bomb, and love rules the roost.

Maryland, my Maryland, is one of the historical Calverts—Lord Baltimore's clan. She has flaming hair, and her passion matches her hair. Mrs. Leslie Carter, looking too sleek for war times and too well gowned, surprised us as the heroine. She did not quite reach the climax in act second on the opening night. The note of sincerity was jangled and out of tune. But at the finale of the second scene of act third she became positively ferocious. I thought of "La Tosca," and yearned for those sinister candles!

In the great scene she proved an exquisite equilibrist. Seriously, Mrs. Carter has gained in power and repose—rather a tautological remark, as true power only comes through repose. Her voice is the chief offender in her personal equipment. She is still throaty, still harsh and lacking in tonal variety. More mellowness, Mrs. Carter, I beseech of you!

The company at the Herald Square is a strong one and well cast throughout . . . . When the strains of "Maryland, My Maryland," were heard I evoked images of hot, sullen nights in the melon patch on the Chesapeake and the swish of thirsty lips, or the wild chase after the savage and untamed terrapin in its native lair; I heard the rustling of the oysters as they gently conversed in gray and crusty tones in the Shrewsbury River, and I said to myself; "Great is David of the Belascos, and may his local color never wane."

"The Darling of the Gods," New York *Sun*, December 4, 1902, p. 7

It would seem that the *crescendo* in the matter of magnificent stage productions, which began two weeks ago with "Mary of Magdala," then modulated to "Julius Caesar," surely culminated last night at the Belasco Theatre in the gorgeous, fragrant, fantastic Japanese drama by David Belasco and John Luther Long entitled "The Darling of the Gods." As in "Madame Butterfly," Blanche Bates is the heroine of this new offering. Enacted before a representative audience, "The Darling of the Gods" achieved a distinguished success. It deserved it, for the play is novel at all points.

For the critic in whose veins blood, not ink, flows, the new piece will prove a drain upon his vocabulary. After unleashing all his adjectives at the Heyse and Shakespeare productions his stock of superlatives is reduced to hunt in couples. We may say "magnificent," "gorgeous," "superb," and "sublime, yet there are shades within shades of qualification for these overworked vocables. The musical and melancholy prose of Pierre Loti, or the delicately discriminative phrasing of the expatriated Lafcadio Hearn must be borrowed to fully express the delights afforded eye and ear last night. David Belasco has played the veritable rôle of poet and painter in his stage management.

There are some scenes that intoxicate the eye, drug the senses with their blending of hue and tone; even the nostrils are assailed by drowsy odors. For sheer unearthly beauty, nothing in Doré's version of the "Inferno" equals "The River of Souls," with its plasticity of wave, its haunting lights and the dim wraiths that flit through this Oriental Styx. Between the gloomy, inaccessible crags roars the flame-tipped smoke of Hell. The Heaven that follows is a white blinding radiance upon floating hummocks of cloud; and, like all attempts in verse, on canvas, or in stagecraft, it leaves us with the serene chilliness of an apotheosis. Balzac's "Séraphita" never speaks to the heart like the cordial humanity of his village curé.

And it is precisely this human element which prevails in "The Darling of the Gods." We began with the two last scenes, after the two principal actors in this fiercely passionate poem have departed from earth; one to suffer a thousand years' punishment as expiation for her sin–committed through excess of loving –the other a tarrier on the hither side of eternity that he might clasp the cherished woman. It is a complete reversal of the rôles of *Senta* and the *Flying Dutchman*.

The earth story is a fascinating one and in the Oriental frame is quite novel, though the old tune of young hearts is played with delicious variations. To tell the tale except in mere silhouette would be a task of supererogation. It is clearly related upon the stage; it cuts its way through the diverting pictures like a stroke from the terrible and death-dealing *samurai*. Indeed, the play is a song of the sword, a miniature epic of that two-sword caste suppressed by force of arms in Japan about 1871.

Yo-San, princess of a lordly house, is, with her father, saved before the action begins from bandits, and by an outlawed nobleman, *Kara*. Recognized, he is bidden to "The Feast of Thousand Welcomes" at the palace of the grateful elder man. Although he is hunted for the price upon his head and the heads of his gallant band of forty reduced to ten, he goes, and here the curtain rises upon a fairyland.

To visualize a purely Japanese interior with a perspective of plain, hill and soft sky, Mr. Belasco has had recourse to plates of Hokusai and other masters. The stage is a picture of many-colored costumes, tripping geishas, screen bearers, *mousmés*, jugglers, acrobats, incense bearers, richly and quaintly armored warriors, while is heard the odd and antic music, so strange to Occidental ears, of the *Biwa*, the *Gekkin*, the *Genkwan*, the *Ku*, called so in honor of the hideous god, the cluttering stringed *Shunga*, the *Kokyu*, the *Samisen* and the *Yamato Fuye*. Gongs reverberate and the crisp roll of drums with the sharp, short cries of welcome aid the illusion of this far-away world of pigeon-toed maids and slant-eyed men, where the landscape sounds music and a pretty philosophy is the staff of daily life.

The Minister of War, *Zakkuri*, is the motor element in the drama. Splendidly cruel and subtly portrayed by the art of Mr. George Arliss, it is he who pursues the lovers until their death is compassed. Despite the law of sanctuary proclaimed by the host of *Kara*, the Minister determines on the capture of the outlaw as he leaves the feast. *Yo-San* defeats this plan by keeping *Kara*—already grievously wounded—in her apartments. The close of this act with the sinister gleams of the searcher's lantern and the dull monotone of English horn and tiny tympanum, is very effective.

Both the exterior and interior of *Yo-San's Shoji* are shown us as the web is woven by the suspicious official. Sanctuary is violated, but the spies are driven off after the love-smitten princess swears that she harbors no one within. It is this passion of hers that causes her to detain for forty days in her apartment *Kara*. Apprised by an arrow that his faithful band await him, he seeks flight—for he has discovered the loving lie of *Yo-San*. Her father intercepts him and death must wash out fancied dishonor. A duel is interrupted by the surrendering of *Kara* to the minions of *Zakkuri*. And then we arrive at Act IV, the most stirring of all.

It is in the torture chamber of the Prince of Hell, *Zakkuri*, who gives "nothing for nothing." The surroundings are peculiarly impressive. A huge idol, many-armed, triple headed, brandishing swords, dominates the gloomy cabinet. Below are the compelling fires of the executioner. Now the action has a familiar ring. It is Sardou with its duo of lust and torture, and not without recollections of "Alla" and its sonorous trumpets. To save *Kara* from a diabolical death *Yo-San* betrays the whereabouts of his ten surviving comrades, and by doing so condemns her own soul to wander through the mists and miseries of a thousand years.

Miss Bates, who previous to this depicted the virginal, coquettish, unspoiled and blithe nature of *Yo-San* with unflagging and gracious art, in this sombre episode strikes the dark chords of tragedy. With Mr. Arliss as the potent spur for her distraught mind, she reached a telling dramatic climax of renunciation, defiance and woe. It was a triumph for these two artists. The memory of the scene itself is an abiding one, with its priests, torturers and warriors. The entrance of the *geishas* is a note of bright relief.

How the noble outlaws of the *Samurai* were trapped and how the lovers die in the Red Bamboo Grove, with its sullen red and setting sun, must be seen, not related. We gratefully recall the moon-bathed waters in Act II, the graceful symbolism of the butterfly chase—and again the chamber of horrors, the abode of *Zakkuri*. All these scenes are not made vital by reason of their mere pictorial qualities, but because of the strong, virile motive that rules the action like *Siegfried*'s sword theme in Wagner's music-drama. It would not be going far afield to institute comparisons with the music-drama in general and this Belasco-Long play. Its form is so encompassed by the sister arts of music, painting, plastic poses, lights and dancing that it might be aptly termed a melodrama *en miniature*. . . .

As is a keyboard to a skilled pianist so to his cast is Mr. Belasco; he always touches the inevitable key of character. So we found Robert T. Haines as *Kara* the right actor for a part that demands a certain rigidity of action, nobility of ideals and inflexible pride. Mr. Charles Walcot, Mrs. Charles Walcot—who gave a bit of comedy with much spirit -were happily cast; Harry Benrimo gave value to the small rôle of a fisherman; Albert Bruning made an admirable foil to the hero, being a lotus-eating dandy, and Eleanor Moretti in the brief moments she was upon the stage proved her artistry.

There are bewilderingly pretty *Geishas*, *Kago* men, giants, a hunchback, coolies, runners and musketmen. The stage is often crowded, but the grouping is lifelike—there was no sense of suffocation. Artistic handling of all the varied materials at his disposal again revealed the cardinal fact that David Belasco is a phenomenal stage manager, a man of fastidious taste and knowledge.

"The Darling of the Gods"—*Miko* is the Japanese title for the happy *Yo-San*—will enjoy a long prosperity. It is poetic, it is picturesque, it is thrillingly dramatic—a trio of qualities rarely united nowadays. And it is without the jarring pseudo sentimentality of Japanese stories written by Western scribes. No "foreign devils" intrude their ugly clothes and manners in this charming masque of chivalric Japan. All the characters are native.

A new drop curtain of singular richness was shown for the first time last night. The performance, considering the many mechanical problems, the complex lighting effects and the unforeseen hitches of a metropolitan première was remarkably smooth. As a whole, the play is a little too long, and the hypercritical might ask how all this twentieth century Western emotion comes to be transposed to philosophic Japan. But we must halt somewhere and let the imagination have its will with dry facts. There are no dry moments in "The Darling of the Gods," and it is not a single-part play for which many thanks!

Mr. Belasco was called before the curtain and made a short speech of thanks. With him were his colleagues, Mr. Long, Mr. Furst, Mr. Ernest Gros (the admirable scene painter) and Miss Bates. Their reception was a joyous one.

"Sweet Kitty Bellairs," New York *Sun*, December 13, 1903, sec. 4, p. 6

In the veins of David Belasco runs Oriental blood, and as his forebears were Portuguese I like to think that perhaps there was an original mixture of Moorish. His imagination is pictorial; he views his stage as a huge canvas upon which he may embroider arabesques, fascinating in hue and line. After the exotic rhapsodies in color of "The Darling of the Gods," "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" will seem trite in theme to some of his admirers. But, as I pointed out in the review of the first night, it is Belasco's ingenious treatment of a subject that has been worn to the bones by legions of romance purveyors and dramatic hucksters that renders so attractive the new comedy. The eighteenth century has been so vilified that only a liberal study of Fielding, of Hogarth, of Rowlandson's coarse prints will purge away all the false sentiment, the cant and the artificial *frou-frou* of impossible costumes. As a matter of sheer fact, the epoch was a great, coarse, free one. Men and women wrote and jested on things that would jail them in our smug, hypocritical age. Even such a master as Thackeray presented an essentially false portrait of the century in his great "Esmond," false because romantic. Whatever else it was, the eighteenth century, the "age of reason," was miles removed from romance, even if that master of puling sentiment, withal a master of feminist psychology, Richardson, did write "Clarissa Harlowe." George Meredith, in his "Chloé," followed in Thackeray's footsteps, though after his own brilliant style.

The Egerton Castles preferred to make the appeal popular. They knew that the first chapter of "Diana of the Crossways," as was well said by an American critic, will always prove as big a barrier as a thickset hedge to the average reader. So they desiccated *Diana*; they left out her soul and her brain, retaining her witty tongue, her beauty and her compelling magnetism. Kitty Bellairs is only a silhouette of *Diana*, but she is a fascinating creature all the same, and in the person of Henrietta Crosman she forestalls criticism. The Belasco Theatre will be crowded for many months before public curiosity is satiated with *Sweet Kitty*. She is an adorable girl; her brogue is like *paprika* it lends a biting piquancy to her words. And she has a heart as capacious as the moon. Miss Crosman has never had a modern part that better displayed her versatility of mood, volatility of gesture, or one in which she could so easily shift from tears to smiles. Her bantering scene with the Bath women was very strong; she skated over the thin ice of scintillating repartee, while underneath her whole nature was on the point of being dissolved into the deep water of woe. She made a pretty use of alternate grief and gayety in the inn scene; and the final tableau was touching—a veritable Millais, with its falling rain, its forlorn woman, in whose breast hope had been renewed, the whole an astonishingly beautiful picture.

Mr. Belasco has outpointed all stage managers in the realism of this rainy day; it is real rain that falls, and it is much better managed than the terrific deluge I saw in Paris last summer at a representation of Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." The other scenes I have expatiated upon at length. The ball is marvellously managed. It gives to the eyes all the sensations of a ball, at which there is dancing, feverish and decorous. The general performance now moves at a swifter pace. There are some excellent impersonations necessarily overlooked in the rush of a first night's record. Frank Westerton as a tattling officer with an undercurrent of malignancy in his nature, and J. Malcolm Dunn as a fine tempered, open hearted Irish Captain are both noteworthy interpretations. Edith Crane, imposing and handsome, deserves praise for her work as a jealous belle, and Louise Moodie is a dowager to perfection.

The best thing in Edwin Stevens's acting was not alone his jovial drunken scene, but the manner with which he took leave of his nephew at the close of Act II. The mixture of boozy dignity, outraged propriety and shocked military honor were all admirably expressed in the curl of his eloquent upper lip.

"Sweet Kitty Bellairs" is too long—the play, not the lady—and when shorn of its excess verbal baggage, it will float as lightly as its winged wit; its dialogue is the best yet heard in any Belasco play.

"Stage Heroes and Heroines," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 19 (February 1904): 741, 743

Henrietta Crosman, with a fine old Irish brogue, and wearing the superb Gainsborough costumes of the eighteenth century, has made the success of her career at Belasco's Theatre, in a new comedy by David Belasco, called "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." The production borders on the marvelous in its versimilitude, its artistic elegance, and its striking pictorial episodes. The last act alone, with its real rainstorm, would make the fortune of any piece. Sweet Kitty may be encountered in the Castles' novel, "The Bath Comedy." Mr. Belasco used an outline of the story for his pretty play.

"The Drama of the Month," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 22 (April 1905): 112, 114-116

"Adrea" is grand opera, though called a tragic play on the housebills of the Belasco Theater. In reality it is the best libretto for grand opera or music drama written since that prince of librettists, Eugene Scribe. Consider the plot. Whatever John Luther Long, who, no doubt, built the phraseology, devised in a way of situations, David Belasco it was who rounded each one, presented it in the most vivid fashion—pictorically is not meant in this instance—and worked up the crescendos to a big climax. And "Adrea" is all climax. The absence of humanity in the principal personages, the barbaric and dazzling color, the monstrous cruelties, that flare of lightning and metallic crash of thunderbolt, the vague mysticisms, together with the old-fashioned pompous rhetoric, these and the exotic costumes, rhythmic groupings and unreality of the events so magnificently marshaled before our astonished eyes—what is all this but food for the modern composer?

Twice within five years I have assisted at the massacre of two grand opera books, massacred because of the inferior music. One was the Reyer-du Locle version of Flaubert's "Salammbô"; the other Armand Silvestre and Eugene Morand's superb "Messalina" mated to the wishy-washy music of Isidore De Lara. At least Reyer attempted an admixture of the grand manners of both Meyerbeer and Wagner, dull and dignified as was the result. But neither of these librettos can be compared to "Adrea." It is simply gorgeous, though, considered as a tragedy, it is often heavy melodrama.

For years Mr. Belasco has cast longing eyes upon the music-drama. A decade ago on long midnight walks he confided to me his admiration for the Wagnerian comminglement of drama music, pantomime and myth. With his eye of a painter he saw the values of color, tone, gesture and sonorous vocalism. "Gismonda," by Sardou, at the old Fifth Avenue with Fanny Davenport and Melbourne McDowell, was very near the Belasco ideal. But the action was sparse, there were weary lengths, above all there was not the intensity that Belasco has infused into the stark situations and scarlet-hued tumult of "Adrea." This latest of his work is his approximate attempt at a music-drama—though music perforce plays a minor rôle in it.

I do not expect that Mr. Belasco will endorse this verdict, but the fact is not to be evaded. When the wicked Iulia Doma mounts the throne of "Adrea" I expected—possibly from mere habit—a stirring aria in which the lady would sing her fierce hate and lust. And what an opportunity for an *adagio lamentoso* at the entrance of Adrea! I fancy that Mr. Furst, who wrote the incidental music, must have longed for that moment to be given him. Any composer with dramatic blood flowing in his veins would. And does not one instinctively feel that the magnificent tirade of Mrs. Carter in the throne room should be sung! There is a boundary to reasonable speech and the mixed emotions, rage, regret, horror, love, despair, disdain and desire for cruel revenge are apt to modulate into hysteria when speech is the only medium. To sing that episode is its only chance of tragic grandeur. That Mrs. Carter did so well with it speaks volumes for her vocal improvement, variety of intonation and *sostenuto* effects. (As I write I drop naturally into the music critic's *blague*.)

If I cared to try your patience I could enumerate point by point, situation by situation in "Adrea" that lend themselves to my theory. Mr. Belasco knows that I do not care for this type of play, as it is outmoded and operatic. Yet, with all my preferences for the New Drama, I am not blinded to the fact that in "Adrea" he has contrived and revived a very attractive form; above all, he has given it a setting that even in these times of stage splendors should become historic. I consider David Belasco the Hans Makart of the theater, yet a great painter spoiled. The antique fresco is his proper medium for expression—vast spaces, vast decorations and the most burning tints of the palette. His talent forced to fit within the more cramped frame of the theater is, nevertheless, striking. Not a false note; not a remote corner of the picture displays a lack of values; every tone has force and meaning, whether in the darker end of the scale or in the blazing sunlight. Recall that triangle of blue in the Tower of Forgetfulness; or the open window in the Queen's room; or the daylight in the throne scene; or that marvelously fashioned chamber in Arcady—atmosphere, always atmosphere!

The story struck me as a curious admixture of d'Annunzio's "Dead City" and Sardou—any of his later exotic librettos, such as "Gismonda" or "Theodora." The blindness of the unhappy heroine in d'Annunzio's incestuous drama is here, and Mrs. Carter suggests Duse in that very Duse-like trait when she blinks tragically at her fingers. As a play "Adrea" is extravagantly overwrought. The shocks become so terrific that at the close our emotional epidermis is too stunned to respond to the pathos of the epilogue. The authors fire their heavy artillery too early. Very pretty and quite superfluous is that last scene—as was the final episode in d'Annunzio's "La Gioconda," which it vaguely resembles. And the scene of the Queen's room is in general plan similar to one in the Italian dramatist's "Francesca da Rimini." I set down all these resemblances because "Adrea" is in reality unlike the exquisite poetic art of d'Annunzio, yet in its external characteristics of cruelty and lust very much akin.

"The Drama of the Month," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 22 (June 1905): 369-370

The following letter from Mr. David Belasco, the well-known playwright, is of interest; it came a few days too late for insertion in our last issue:

Belasco Theater,
March 20th, 1905.

My Dear Mr. Huneker:

Your brilliant review of "Adrea" in the current *Metropolitan Magazine* has interested me deeply, and in more ways than one. I thank you for all the good things you say of the play and of me; but I must take exception to your remark that "Mr. John Luther Long . . . no doubt built the phraseology." I wish to contradict this statement and I claim the right to ask you to contradict it. Had Mr. Long alone "built the phraseology," my name would not have appeared on the bills. Moreover, I have been proud of this "phraseology" of "Adrea," to which I have given two years of hard work, and when you imply that I had but a minor hand in it, you do me a grave injustice. In point of fact, I am very, very weary of having others continually credited with my work. The etiquette of collaboration permits me to assure you that I did fully my share of the building of the phraseology, and, as I said before, I would ask you to counteract the contrary impression which you have given in your review.

Faithfully,

(signed) David Belasco.

Mr. Belasco's letter speaks for itself. The writer of the criticism was misinformed as have been others regarding Mr. Belasco's literary participation in his dramas. He is a man overflowing with dramatic ideas; and the proof that he can write a play was the success here of "Du Barry," while in London, as put on in the original of Jean Richepin, "Du Barry," with Mrs. Potter in the leading rôle, has been critically adjudged as mere fuss and furbelows.

"The Drama of the Month," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 23 (February 1906): 636

As I am ever an advocate of emotional melodrama I sat through David Belasco's "The Girl of the Golden West" with sincere pleasure. Apart from the marvelous settings there is meat in the play, meat in which the players can set their teeth. The figure of Sheriff Jack Rance will long loom in the history of the American stage, as will the memory of Frank Keenan. In France, such a realistic impersonation of a character essentially romantic would make the lifelong reputation of its interpreter. Nor is it the only performance to be placed to Mr. Keenan's credit. Blanche Bates has never been so suited in a part, has never acted less artificially, never appeared so charming. You realize what a wizard is Belasco when you see well-worn situations which have done duty for a half century, blooming with new vitality at his touch. He is the master of what Mr. Harry Thurston Peck calls "the little touches," only these little touches are scenic, not social. Robert Hilliard, "handsome Bob," and the entire company are so many notes in a perfectly preserved atmosphere. The music, too, under William Furst's guidance, adds to the veracity of the picture. If you wish to study the art of spinning a story, study the last two acts of this play. Mr. Belasco actually ventures on the repetition of a situation but it is so cleverly juggled that we do not relax our faculty of attention for an instant. "The Girl of the Golden West" will prove the gold of the Eastern manager before this picturesque play is withdrawn from the boards.

On May 12, 1910, Belasco thanked Huneker for his "kind and gracious" article. "Anything you write always means much to me," wrote Belasco, "and I am deeply appreciative of your sympathy and interest. The article has already brought me many letters" (Yale University).

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, May 8, 1910, sec. 3, p. 4

If Richard Wagner had had such a stage manager as David Belasco he might have realized his stage pictures to the full. Wagner saw in his imagination the gorgeous epic of wood and wind, of sky, earth and water, but how crudely these were translated by his various scenic artists those who went to the performances at Bayreuth during the earlier years well know. There is much improvement since then, though Vienna with Prof. Roller and Munich at the

Prinzregenten Theater have set the pace. The point we make is that Mr. Belasco, who has the genius to embody on the boards what he mentally visualizes, might have kept Wagner from committing the numerous sins against good taste from which the visitor to Bayreuth suffers when in the auditorium at the festival playhouse. We remember with a shudder that glaring flower garden with roses like cabbages and fat, foolish *Parsifal* moving about in the hideous chromatic medley of badly attired flower maidens headed by a *Kundry* who weighed half a ton. Decidedly the Belasco "little touches" would have softened the picture, for Belasco is a painter born.

Just how the playwright works it has been our privilege to witness. Glowing tales of a magnificent atelier furnished with Oriental luxury, a dreamlike atmosphere, music languorously pulsing through the perfumed air, with the magician, the *Klingsor* of these enchantments, sumptuously arrayed, composing in an ecstasy his plays as he sips sherbet or puffs at his nargile, have been narrated; but unlike is the reality. The Belasco studio situated somewhere in the Belasco-Stuyvesant Theatre is truly magnificent, but not in an exotic sense. The interior reflects the artistic tastes and mental habits of its occupants. It is full of beautiful objects, and emphatically the abode of a working man, a man who spends at least sixteen hours of his day in protracted concentrated labor. It is the atelier of an artist who employs the big frame of the stage instead of a few feet of canvas upon which to record his forms and colors.

To reach that secret retreat is as difficult as to gain a Vatican audience; and when your passports are viséed by the watchful chamberlain Roeder, even then you are mystified by the manifold approaches to the dramatist—up circular iron staircases, down long corridors, across chambers where the engines of theatrical construction puzzle the neophyte, up more stairs, down again, until you think of enigmatic engravings by Piranesi in which immemorial humans wander from dungeons to air swept spaces, only to descend for no particular purpose in the world except the fantasy of the artist. Finally you do enter through a low narrow doorway and you do find yourself in the presence of the picturesque master, who is in a house robe beneath which pajamas show. There is no pose in his welcome, no pretentiousness in his surroundings. The simplicity and good taste of everything at first deceive you, for the room is crowded with rare things, furniture that is not only wonderful in design but of historic interest. Evidences that Mr. Belasco attended the sale of the late Stanford White are borne strongly in upon you at sight of marbles and marvellous wood carvings of clocks and the great gilded iron lion which swings above; of French bagpipes and bellows, of stamped leathers and Middle Age tapestries, lamps, shields, escutcheons, medals, coats of arms, stairs that lead to upper chambers. A collection of Napoleon pictures, books, letters, manuscripts, even a lock of the imperial hair proclaim Belasco a lover of things Napoleonic. Books that range from sixteenth century vellum covered volumes of fiction of yesterday are of interest to those who seek in his reading the real man; but there are matchless Dresden sets, embroidery, Damascene blades, old pewter, brasses—several singular plates with quotations from the Torah carved on them, a mediaeval Bavarian dining table with jugs that date to the Crusades or thereabout, desks before which kings and queens sat and wrote, mirrors into which gazed Du Barry and beakers out of which poets drank, rugs, draperies—it is like a masque of the old, all these inanimate yet eloquent objects with which the artist is encircled. What a setting for a play in which a philosopher or poet or composer would figure!

Wagner in his prosperous years had to garb himself like a Persian satrap so as to excite a flagging musical and poetic imagination. Some men have written immortal dramas in a cellar. The modern playwright is not of this sort. Sardou loved luxury and books, pictures and costumes. Belasco works best in his studio because he is cut off from the world, and because after he has conceived a scenic setting he can cross to another room and make a practicable working model so as to test his ideas. Mindful of an interview we once had with Paul Hervieu, the French dramatist, we questioned Mr. Belasco as to the way he saw his stage pictures; whether a dingy room in an old fashioned boarding house, or a misty morning, with soldiers riding in the distance, or a moonlit dream of old Japan. He convinced us that he is what the psychologists have called a "visualist," which Hervieu is not; also an "auditive," which Hervieu is. Belasco hears every bit of dialogue he composes (and he always refashions every speech of his plays, whether written in collaboration or not). He dictates dialogue and "business," and from the hasty notes he builds up his scenes. To do both these things a man must have the eye of a painter and the ear of a musician.

When an operatic artist acts, for instance, like Victor Maurel or Renaud, he is forced to employ a different scale of gesture and attitude from that of the actor who is on the stage of the regular theatre. The *optique* of opera demands it and the stage manager who is also an artist and a playwright—not a usual assembly of gifts—must see things largely, must paint his picture in broad strokes or, better still, evoke the picture by his artistic cunning; arouse the imagination of the well fed citizen and his bored spouse; suggest rather than state. David Belasco can compass all these; and while his stage pictures satisfy the lust of the eye, they make appeal to the fancy. That is why we wish he had collaborated with Richard Wagner. To our notion he has not thus far written or produced a play in which his unique powers of a painter did not ride triumphantly over all else. Possibly we prefer to regard him as the painter only, an artist in whom the decorative impulse predominates.

"Music," New York *World*, January 17, 1920, p. 11

Zaza hardly needs an introduction to our readers. All theatregoers remember Mrs. Leslie Carter storming through the piece when it was produced Dec. 25, 1898 (the better the day the better the deed!) at the Lafayette Opera House, now called the Belasco Theatre, Washington, D.C. In that remarkable book about a remarkable man, "The Life of David Belasco," by the late William Winter, the curious will find a history of the play and of its productions in Paris, New York and London; also the original New York cast at the Garrick Theatre, Jan. 9, 1899, a cast, let it be said, that would have floated to success any play, much less one of such sensational quality as this. We easily recall handsome Charles A. Stevenson as the hero, Marie Bates in a matchless low comedy part, and the child Toto of Helen Thill. Mr. Winter pointed the fact that while the original play had more unity, Mr. Belasco's version was more viable; in a word, the only acting edition possible for the English speaking theatre.

The famous dramatic critic of the Tribune newspaper did not lose the chance to castigate the play. And, good Lord, what classic English was his! His choicest verbal color box of adjectives was freely drawn upon, the mildest term being "harlot." He would have employed the comical "Mrs. A," only that journalistic ethics forbade its use. When you finished his review you felt that *Zaza* had reached immoral abysms lower still than the "rill of Bulicame" of which Dante sings. Now, whatever else she is, *Zaza* is not Dantesque. She is a simple sinner. She is even ingenuous. She is vulgar. She is stupid, oh! so stupid. Berton and Simon portrayed without any hypocritical fuss or feathers an episode in the life of a music hall singer, her love for a married man, her relinquishment of revenge, a mean, miserable, projected revenge, after seeing the tiny daughter of her bored lover. Why oceans of sentiment and thundering pulpit polemics should have been expended on this utterly unimportant episode sets you to wondering over the profound imbecility of humans, especially in those who try to regulate our private life.

With this flair of a man of the footlights Mr. Belasco saw that the mainspring of the mediocre mechanism was the child. The woman of loose life redeemed by the conversation of her lover's daughter. Obvious, you say! Not at all. The stressing in the original version does not bear too heavily on the pity-breeding incident of Act III. Mr. Belasco, it was, who underlined it and sped the rickety theatrical vehicle to triumph. In Leoncavallo's libretto it is the same, though this libretto is a thing of shreds and patches, containing unblushing doggerel only matched by the English paraphrase. Daisy Ashford might not have disdained to utter such a magnificent phrase as "Queen, you certainly said a mouthful!" Yet we fancy she would shudder at several of the neologisms in the translation of the Italian to the vernacular.

This essay was reprinted in American Drama and its Critics *(1965), pp. 29-39, and is the only piece previously published in book form to appear in the present book.*

Four days after the date of this issue of Outlook, *Belasco was honored at a testimonial dinner by the Society of American Dramatists.*

The Crummles Huneker referred to in the following critique and in the one on James A. Herne below is Vincent Crummles, the eccentric actor-manager of a provincial theatrical company in Dickens's Nicholas Nickleby, *who used a real pump and washtubs as realistic props to bolster interest in the hack plays he presented.*

"David Belasco," *Outlook*, 127 (March 16, 1921): 418-422

"David Belasco presents Mrs. Leslie Carter!" I read no more. The faded playbill on my desk set whirring the subtle mechanism of memory, and presently I was launched on a little excursion into the past. Psychologists tell us that we live forward, think backward; a formula that neatly divides the past from the future; two aspects of one and the same thing. So the old-time announcement that headed this theater programme served the purpose of liberating from my frozen subconsciousness a cloud of recollections which swarmed like moths about a summer lamp. David Belasco was the lamp, and my memories of him the incessant moths; a mere piece of paper that became as potent as some antique and muttered conjuration whose magic evokes the wraiths of vanished years. I saw, crystal-clear, a young man with raven-black hair, eyes so large and luminous that their iris had no defined color, the thick lashes and eyebrows a color-note for the face; the delicate aquiline nose that seemed less Syrian than Assyrian, and a profile that had something archaic and Eastern. You may see such sharp silhouettes on Babylonian or Egyptian tablets and tombs in the British Museum. Exotic, yes; but the vitality that burned in the eyes of the man and his few, significant gestures revealed an intense, concentrated nature, one that could be stopped by nothing short of extinction. And the personality of David Belasco to-day is not a whit altered -if anything it is intensified; not mellowed, because he was born without angles. He is as much a riddle as he was three decades ago. Personality is an eternal enigma.

This young man was given to wandering about the streets at night. Hard working in the daytime, after he saw the curtain fall he loved to walk, not alone for the fresh air, but to commune with his thoughts. He was always a mighty wrestler with his ideas. The logic of life implanted in his brain, and filtered through the sieve of heredity, was importunate. Why? it asked, and he had to furnish an answer or feel defeated. Nor were the questions that assailed his maturing brain only those of the theater. He had asked, Why? from the time he began to run away from his mother's apron-strings on those "wandering feet," as she satirically yet tenderly described his propensity to disappear daily from the hearth. All of us pretend to some philosophy of life, and the little David began early to construct one. When I first met him, he had definite ideas of art and life, though the crystallizing process was at its commencement. Notwithstanding the simplicity of his speech and bearing, David Belasco is a complex personality.

The paradoxes are many. He was, luckily for him, born a "Sunday-child," as the old German saying hath it; and there is in him a generous admixture of feminine sensitivity and intuition, a temperament that feels before it reasons; in a word, he "resembles his mother," the Irish phrase it. Now this responsive and sensitive nature of his—one that has caused him much sorrow as well as joy—presents a masculine surface of so resistant a fiber that it has been as a coat of mail his life long. Many are the battles in which it has protected him. He is an idealist, but his idealism would have proved his undoing if it had not been served by a volition that could never be swerved. It seems strange to relate that such a dreamer possessed pugnacious prowess. This man with a sense of the beautiful could hold his own when necessary. There was once a famous English pugilist among the Belascos. In searching for the salient traits in the personality of David Belasco this little fact must not be forgotten. It is a paradox, all the same.

As there is a reason for everything, a peep at his forebears may aid us in the search for the characteristics. There is Jewish blood in his veins, more than enough to furnish the "precious quintessence" of which George Du Maurier wrote. This, allied to the Portuguese strain, has, no doubt, lent to his fancy its rich coloring. But it is unsafe to generalize in these matters. There is Arthur Pinero, for example, who is of the same origin—both Portuguese and Jewish. He is all logic and realism; imagination seldom rules in his work. His beaver-like brow betokens the builder, not the dreamer. He is, while eminently the master of contemporary British drama, its least imaginative creator. Of course I mean what is commonly accepted as poetic, fanciful, whimsical, such as the productions of Barrie, Shaw, and the wonderful John Synge. Dramatic characterization and invention Pinero has in abundance. No one but a play-boy of the Western world could have conceived two such masterpieces as "Iris" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Nevertheless his Pegasus does not often climb starwards.

The foreign strains in David Belasco have made him true to type. Orginally Portuguese, his parents hailed from England. Well known in the theatrical world, a restless race of beings, their gypsy strain has peeped out more than once in their son. He had an actor father, versatile to the point of destructiveness—for versatility is a good servant and bad master; and a mother, the homemaker about whom rallied these diverging units, a central point that gave the inquisitive lad some sense of stability. But always the quest after new fortunes; the far West, the Northwest, large cities and little, the bare hills beneath the few stars, the noisy mining towns and their crudeness. Like his Semitic ancestors, David was a wanderer on the face of the earth before he was out of short clothes. However, there were modifying influences. He came early under the mild and beneficent influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood. California was still semi-Spanish. With his inherited love of all that is mystic, exotic, of rich and ordered ceremonial, of the luxury appertaining to the Lord in the ritual that recalls the Hebrew, even more ancient faiths, it is not surprising that the lad should fall in love with a strange religion. He loves it to-day. I have heard him speak with reverence and enthusiasm of the mysteries of Catholicism. They soothed and made captive his too centrifugal temperament at the hour when he was most given to flying off at a tangent. He is ever grateful to the sympathetic priest who saw so clearly into his youthful soul. But David Belasco has an older racial pull in him, and it has been the prime factor in his remarkable performances; for a virtuoso in several arts he is, a much greater actor than some he fathered artistically.

Yet I suppose if you asked him what he is, he would promptly reply: "I am an American." It is true. Race manifests itself principally in his aesthetic predilections. For religious dogma he has never cared beyond putting into practice the Golden Rule. But he is a patriot, and from the moment he began to feel his vocation he has never ceased considering the problem of our native drama. And always optimistically. Not a propagandist with drums and trumpets, it will be found after the roll-call has been sounded that David Belasco's contribution to the American theater, both as producer and dramatist, has been of historical importance. He began with a Crummles and pump realism, as was the fashion of his day, but he is far from all that now. David Belasco had to submit to the law of growing organisms, he had to develop, and in his particular case it was either progress or a perishing of soul and body. He was cast out early on his own resources. A roving spirit, he was curious of life at all hazards, and this curiosity sometimes led him into dubious places. He knew the seamy side of San Francisco. There were moments when his mother despaired of him. But he was never dissipated. He frequented barrooms and did not fear other aspects of the underworld. In his juvenile way he tried to see life steadily and as a whole, but what he saw sometimes confused his reason.

He loved mankind because he had the semi-divine gift of pity. This transposition of his mobile personality was no adroit sentimental play-acting. David, the would-be slayer of the Goliath of sin and sluggishness, has never lost his profound sympathy for his fellow-man. At times it amounts to sheer divination. It is his feminine side in operation. Sometimes it slips into mere sentimentality, and his art suffers thereby. And it is also the keystone to his success in training his artists; a sixth sense, that serves him infallibly as an agent of clairvoyance. In his art Belasco is clairvoyant. He has been called a wizard, but his wizardry deals with externals; his genuine distinction lies in his ability to comprehend character.

Consider the inevitable current of his career. "I, too, am an actor," he could have said, without parodying Correggio, after he saw Charles Kean. Though the road was obscure, he boldly ventured forth on its tortuous thoroughfares, and whether as clown, bareback rider, peddler, newspaperman, call-boy, "super," actor in small parts, or prompter, he assumed his devious tasks with a vim that singled him out as one of the foreordained. No doubt it was a will-o'-the-wisp, this mad pursuit of an impossible ideal, but striving after the highest is the best intellectual gymnastic for a future artist. Nowadays, thanks to the debased ideal of the theater, the very mention of discipline revolts the soul of the beginner. Where, indeed, are the glorious examples of yesteryear? The only prize to be run for and wrested from an indifferent public is pecuniary success. Let art go hang!

In the days of Belasco's youth the American stage shone like a constellation. There were not only stock companies everywhere, but there were such men and women as Edwin Booth, Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. John Drew, Barrett, McCullough, Modjeska, Lotta, John T. Raymond, the elder Sothern (most incomparable of comedians), James A. Herne, Clara Morris, Genevieve Ward, Jeffreys Lewis, E. J. Buckley, Maude Granger, Harry Montague, Frederick Warde, Charles Coghlan, Rose Coghlan, Charles Thorne, F. F.

Mackay, the two Western sisters, the lovely Adelaide Neilson—the list might be prolonged for many pages. Young Belasco saw these people at close range. He studied them. He worked with that prodigal of talents, Dion Boucicault. He became acquainted with the classics of the drama. He heard Shakespeare where Shakespeare is best heard—on the stage. He was a student at first hand, and, not having the time, he did not trouble himself about the aesthetics of playwriting, but kept that task for his leisure later years, after he had learned more in the fire of the footlights than the professors of the drama can ever tell him. He has always been catholic in his tastes, always receptive to new influences, never rejecting novelty because it wore a repellent mask, instinctively knowing that practice comes before theory, that creation is the parent of criticism.

Let it be said, and it cannot be said too often: The theater is the theater; and if this is a platitude, then engrave it on your memory, for it is a golden platitude. In derision as well as sorrow, some Frenchman said that over the portal of every playhouse should be inscribed this legend: All Reality abandon ye who enter here! Precisely. Though it was meant in a subversive sense, this warning embodies the first law and last of the theater. It must not be real, for reality is a slayer of illusion. It may be divorced from life, divorced from literature, yet remain invincibly itself. The frame is quite rigid. There it is, that bald, cold, empty space which during the traffic of two hours you must fill with what seems like life, else fall by the wayside with those who cannot unravel the secret of the Sphinx. It is all so inviting, so hospitable to every form of literary talent; but the laws of the Medes and Persians were not more immutable than are the drastic limitations of the theater. Zola went further when he declared: The theater of the future will be naturalistic or it will be nothing. It is not yet and never will be naturalistic. You may reel off at the tip of your tongue the Three Unities and the Thirty-six Situations, but the knowledge of these and a thousand axioms besides cannot make of a sow's ear a silken purse. "How to Write a Play" lectures have never taught any one the art of play-making.

During our nocturnal promenades Mr. Belasco opened his heart to me concerning his artistic aspirations. He had not been in New York long, though already recognized as a man of promise. Necessity pinched, for he had a family to support, and in him the domestic virtues had early blossomed. He was then at the Madison Square Theater; it was during the Mallory régime. He worked unremittingly. And not always in congenial surroundings. Theaterland is hardly territory where altruism is indigenous. The struggle for life therein takes on the ugliest semblance; at times buccaneering, with its concomitants, cutting throats, walking the plank, and plundering, seems more merciful. To be sure, there were some noteworthy managers—Lester Wallack, A. M. Palmer, Augustin Daly, Daniel Frohman, J. M. Hill, and a few others—who upheld standards, but then, as now, the rank and file were the same. Charles Frohman, a gentleman by the grace of God, was a close friend of David Belasco even during the time when divided by business interests, and the living manager speaks of his dead associate with unmistakable affection.

As a stage director he always achieved success. There was no disputing his mastery of his material. Years of adapting, rewriting, translating, had endowed him, coupled with his enormous experience, with swiftness in attacking any problem that presented itself and an inevitable tact in the handling of his forces. The principal reason why he has been successful in his fashioning of raw material is that, apart from his technical training, he is an untiring student of human nature. The procrustean theory of training he discards. That way lies the arbitrary, the machine-made. He, if I may be allowed a slight exaggeration, fits his play to his actors. This simply means that he studies the instrument from the keys of which he extorts music. No two humans are alike. Belasco spies on souls. He makes his inferences; sometimes he goes on a wrong tack; not, however, often. He finds what he wants. A touch or two and the organism plays its own tune. He literally educes from his woman or man what is already in both of them. When he encounters a great natural mimetic gift like David Warfield's, he is happy. A hint to such an intelligence suffices. With lesser people he seldom fails, for he varies his procedure with each person.

My personal belief is that he hypnotizes his players–let us call it that for want of a better word–else how account for the many instances of actors and actresses who won success, artistic and otherwise, and have faded into mediocrity when they passed from under his personal domination? I know this has a Svengali flavor, but I am willing to let the statement stand for what it is worth–that under the intellectual supervision of this keen critic artists give out what is best in them. This much may be said without fear of contradiction: There is no precise Belasco method, no particular school; no actor or actress has ever lost his or her individuality; rather has that individuality been accentuated and defined. Mrs. Carter's case is a signal instance, as well as that of Blanche Bates. I have sat through rehearsals at the Belasco Theater when a full-dress rehearsal was as long and torturesome as an initial rehearsal. I have seen this impresario of accents, gestures, and attitudes go through an entire night, till morning found his guests pallid, nervous, irritable, while he was as fresh as his company; his enthusiasm kept every one vital, every one save the curious students in the stalls. David Belasco is the last of that old line of stage-managers who teaches by personal precept. And I don't mind telling you that I suspect there is concealed in him somewhere an autocrat.

I once wrote of him that if Richard Wagner had collaborated with him in stage management it would have been to the lasting benefit of Bayreuth. The first garish school of stage decoration was an ugly dissonance in Wagner's attempt at a synthesis of the seven arts. Primarily David Belasco is a painter. He wields a big brush and paints broadly, but he can produce miniature effects; effects that charm, atmospheric effects. Nothing so exotically beautiful has ever been shown as the *décor* of "The Darling of the Gods." Never mind the versimilitude of the story. The scenic surroundings were more Japanese than the play itself -an attenuated echo of Pierre Loti's exquisite "Madame Chrysanthème." But the stage was a marvel of evocation. "The River of Souls" brought into the theater a vision almost as mystical and melancholy as a page from Dante's "Inferno." Truly a moving picture. A proof before all letters! One that since has been paraded abroad as a triumphant discovery of the New Art. In all the theaters I visited at London and on the Continent I saw nothing that had not been forestalled by the genius of Belasco; not the startling lighting effects of Gordon Craig, nor the atmospheric innovations of Reinhardt, nor the resonant decorations of Bakst, were novel to me, for I had watched the experiments at the several Belasco theaters, had heard the discoverer himself discourse his theme.

His fastidious taste in music he demonstrated by abolishing music during the *entr'actes*. The double-stage, an invention of the fertile Steele Mackaye, anticipated the Munich revolving stage by years, and was utilized by Belasco when at the Madison Square Theater. But credit for his innumerable devices, artistic and mechanical, has yet to be given him in many quarters; though the tendency to over-emphasize his abilities as a manager at the expense of his dramatic triumphs is deplorable. Mr. Belasco is not a theatrical upholsterer. He is more interested in the play than its setting. That he provides an adequate frame for his picture testifies to his disinterested love of perfection. If a period is to be illustrated, he illustrates it. The exact *milieu* is his motto. The sumptuous Du Barry epoch, the gorgeous exoticism of the Japanese, the American interiors in "The Easiest Way," the austere simplicity of "Marie Odile"—four walls, a table, a few chairs, an image of the Madonna, a painting, two or three pigeons, and a small cast—to mention a few of his productions, testify to his sense of the eternal fitness of atmosphere. Nothing ever smacked of certain American scenes more than "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "The Heart of Maryland," "Peter Grimm," or "The Music Master."

His art has grown in *finesse*. He has become more impressionistic. He suggests, rather than states. The contemporary stage, thanks to the rather bleak decorative scheme of Ibsen and his followers, has become simpler in accessories. Despite the color extravagances of the Russian Ballet, the furnishings of the drama are more sober than, say, a decade ago. The picture itself has become simplified; formerly one couldn't see the forest because of the trees therein or follow the piece because of its *mise-en-scène*. I have watched plays in fear and trembling because of the cart-loads of things on the stage, among which the actors painfully threaded their way. And that, too, was a passing fashion. Everything changes in the theater except the theater itself. George Moore in a recent preface tells a story about Granville Barker. That ingenious manager, actor and playwright was explaining to a friend the "mentality of his characters" in a projected play of his, when he was thus interrupted: "Get on with the story; it's the story that counts." In this anecdote is compressed the wisdom of ages as seen through the spectacles of practical Mr. Everyman. For David Belasco the story's the thing.

He has written and collaborated in the writing of many plays. He has had his failures. I recall his "Younger Son," an adaption from the German, put on if I remember right, at the Empire Theater. Something went wrong, though it had several fine episodes. The adapter was implacable; he it was who insisted that the piece be taken off. He was always his sternest critic. For nowadays this play would be a masterpiece. I remember, too, "La Belle Russe." It was merely sensational in the violent style of its day, and Gallic to the core. However, this is not a record of Mr. Belasco's achievements as a dramatist. He fought hard for recognition and won his way slowly and not ungrudgingly. In his naive and candid autobiography you may read the unique record of his climb to fortune. He is not without a touch of mysticism; was there ever any one connected with the theater who was altogether free from its harmless superstitions? He believes in his star. Why not? It has hung there on the firmament of his consciousness since he can remember. He won't admit the fact that he hung it himself. But there it is. And, call it his ideal or what you will, he has followed this glowing symbol from the wilderness into the promised land. Nor has it ceased to shine for him. He is as full of artistic projects as he was forty years ago. Happy man to grow younger in his heart though his head is gray! To-day the vivid-appearing young man of the late eighties looks like a French abbé in some courtly scene by a pastelist of the eighteenth century. His smile has the benevolent irony of a nature that will never become cynical.

During our walks and talks in those far-away nights I often quizzed him about the Moderns. At that time, instead of writing books about Ibsen and Hauptmann, Maeterlinck and Becque, I was working in the critical trenches, throwing bombs at the uncritical old guard, which would die rather than surrender the privilege of calling Ibsen and the new dramatists "immoral, stupid, cynical, inexpert." Well, David Belasco knew all these revolutionists; he still reads them, as his library shelves show. He knows more about the practical side of Ibsen (for he admires the great Norwegian's supreme mastery of dramatic technique) than do his own faultfinders among the so-called amateur pocket playhouses. We discussed the entire movement—now a matter of history—till sometimes we were hoarse. The truth in the matter is this: David Belasco was literally born and bred in the great dramatic traditions of the golden age. Shakespeare is his god. Then the romantic French theater. And little wonder. Sentiments more than ideas are the pabulum of his plays. He is unafraid of old conventions. He is an abnormally normal man. The New Movement is less a dramatic revolution than a filtration of modern motives into the theater. The Ibsen technique dates back to the inexhaustible Scribe; while the Norwegian leans heavily in the matter of the thesis play on Dumas *fils*. Characterization is his trump card.

Now, problems of a certain sort do not intrigue the fancy of Mr. Belasco. He dislikes the pulpit in the theater. While he willingly admits that in the domain of drama there are many mansions, he is principally interested in what the psychologists call the primary emotions; the setting is of secondary interest. A piece full of black class hatred and lust, like the extraordinary "Miss Julie" of Strindberg, does not appeal to his sensibilities. Why? Question of temperament. Its "modernity" has nothing to do with the matter. It is, with all its shuddering power, too frank, too brutal, for him. He demands the consoling veils of illusion to cover the nakedness of the human soul. If a man loves the classic English school of portraiture and landscape, the suave mellow tones of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the fragile grace and delicious melting hues of Gainsborough, the humid glory of the clouds in a Constable country scene, shall we quarrel with him for not prefering Manet or Degas? Mr. Belasco admires Ibsen, and he appreciates the skill and sincerity of Degas and Manet. But he sticks to his Reynolds and Constable and Gainsborough. Other days, other ways.

He has said: "The true realism is not to reproduce material things; . . . it is to reproduce the realities of inner life." The theater, despite its obvious exteriority, has its inner life. I don't think that Mr. Belasco has cared to explore certain crannies of that "inner life," because the dwellers on the threshold are rather disquieting to behold. Ibsen still speaks in an unknown tongue to the majority. This is not an apology, but an explanation. For me the popular play of the day is no better, no worse, than it was years ago. It is for public consumption, and in the theater we Americans like to sip sweets, not to think. In the meantime let us rejoice in the possession of Belasco's rare artistic personality, for he has done so much for our native theater. And on this note I must end these halting impressions summoned from the past by the sight of an old play bill: "David Belasco presents Lenore Ulric in "The Son-Daughter."

George M. Cohan
(1878-1942)

For an earlier (1906) critique of Cohan, see Roof Gardens in New York under Music: Topics.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 79 (March 11, 1916): 10, 20

George Cohan, dramatic critic, will probably outlast the drums and tramplings of George Cohan, dramatist. Strictly speaking, he criticizes contemporary theatrical productions in his new "Cohan Revue 1916" at the Astor—where the crowd reminds one of an army of flies on a molasses barrel. Mr. Cohan is nothing if not satirical. He has his little fling at the successes of the season. That he is good tempered in his criticism does not make his wit less tingling. Here, you chaps! he seems to say, this is what I think of your stuff. This is what it might have been, if you only knew how; and this is what it should have been! And then he proceeds to dissect a half-dozen comedies now on the boards, and sometimes if the humor is cruel the fun is fast and furious. Mr. Cohan is just telling them. He is only carrying to illogical conclusions the themes of the various plays, not to mention a slight and pardonable exaggeration in the characterization. He not only points out the inherent weakness of the dramatic structure, but he remedies them in the rebuilding. This is creative criticism. George Cohan is a constructive critic. His ethical note may be submerged by the aesthetical, but the big drum makes the synthesis; and merry art is the result. Hail, George, the critic!

Old father Flaubert literally foamed at the mouth when he would read that "Sarah Bernhardt was a social expression." Then all the worse for society! cried the indignant great man, who abominated facile phrase-making, cheap, smug, socialistic wisdom. Nevertheless, I'm inclined to believe that Sarah was, in her fashion, a social expression. And I think George Cohan is also a social expression. A French visitor asked me the other day what precisely did George Cohan stand for in the American theatre, in American letters? (portentous words). He seemed puzzled when I told him that Mr. Cohan, probably unconscious of the fact, was the mimetic expression of a certain type of young man to be found only in the Tenderloin. (I had to translate this into Parisian *argot* before I made myself clear.) That in his delineation of the gay young fellow in search of sensations Mr. Cohan mirrored the body and soul of innumerable clerks who daringly hoped to conquer the Great White Way on a weekly salary of ten dollars. Balzac created the type in his immortal Rastignac, who shakes his fist at Paris and exclaims with such an air, "A nous deux maintenant!" Now, George Cohan, man about town—which means Broadway, and Jack's and Rector's, and all the dancing roofs and cellar cafés—doesn't shake his fist at anyone, much less at Greater New York. He toddles out before the footlights, cane in hand, with that nasal intonation in his very original tone production, and he skips a few steps, looks the ladies over, winks one supernally knowing eye, then lightly twirls on his heel and the trick is done. To a man the audience rises and thunders its applause. The girls vow that George is a bewitching boy. And he is; just a boy, a careless fun-loving kid, wholly irresponsible in his conduct of a clouded cane, yet somehow giving you the impression that he has carefully, even elaborately, composed the character he happens to be impersonating. I noted years ago the same *dégagé* quality—sublimated irony; in Americanese, plain "flip"—in the art of Marguerite Cline, whom I christened "The Brünnhilde of the Bowery." Later I heard that Maggie had sedulously studied how *not* to sing so as to reinforce the illusion of her magnificent tirades in "Throw Him Down McCloskey." Mr. Cohan's art has its secrets despite its surface smoothness, obvious sincerity. But, monsieur! remonstrated my French friend, the poet Jules Laforgue, of whom you may not have heard, says that there are no types, only humans—! I interrupted him. Just so! George Cohan is a human—descended from a good old Harp—and if he sums up the follies and ambitions of youth he is none the less individual. Therein is the mainspring of his power as a comedian. He is George Cohan.

He is an old hand with the saw and axe. He is a stage carpenter of the first rank and will knock off for you a rude but serviceable structure in short order. He thinks swiftly. He works rapidly. If in his acting he shows us the rather melancholy figure of the young man who misquotes Shakespeare when he says the world's my lobster, it is in his plays that our lightning stage carpenter poses the problem thus: In my experience of life, admittedly limited, I have met some persons, male and female. I'll paint the guys plainly so that my first night audience will recognize them. It won't be difficult, for they are at my elbow day and night. Paul Potter, with his accustomed acuity, puts it this way: George Cohan knows his public because he is one of the public himself. Mentally he sits in the middle of his theatre and mentally envisages every situation, every speech, every gesture. This is not a dab at dramatic psychology, but a simple low-brow statement. And then he is so jolly vulgar with a vulgarity in the better sense of that abused word. The vulgarity of the familiar (Henry James would define it as the "emotion of recognition"); the vulgarity that relieves itself in ventral laughter, in the roar from the midriff, the tickling of the rib risible. George is our mirth-maker, yet I hear that his humor has been called "local" in Boston. Well, Boston is quite "local" herself; Boston, that is, beef à la mode, when compared with the juicy Tenderloin of New York. The devil take the hindmost might be the motto of the Cohan dramaturgy. (My God! I'm becoming high-brow myself as I write of the glittering Cohanesque art.)

It is hardly necessary to review a Revue; which would be like writing a sonnet in praise of a sonnet. An Olla Podrida, the new Revue at the Astor Theatre contains some noteworthy feeling and much keen, if implied, critical comment on the plays of the year. "Major Barbara" comes in for several sly digs, and G. B. S. would laugh at himself when his cannon-maker, "Andrew Overdraft," is introduced to his own children. It is not a whit more absurd in the parody than in the original. And with Harry Bulger in the rôle you may guess the devilish combination. The Salvationist who beats the big drum is told the letter "E" added to the "Corps" would be appropriate to his cause. Subtle? Very—if you think it over. Charles Winninger gives a capital imitation of Leo Ditrichstein as "The Great Lover." Of course, it is only skin deep; certain vocal mannerisms, the pose, the clothes, but not the spirit of the polished and charming comedian at the Longacre. Still, you laugh when Jean Paurel exclaims "Chérie!" and invites the chorus girls to luncheon. Richard Carle as Dr. Booberang goes Arthur Baron one better in the burlesque of Mr. Belasco's success, "The Boomerang." I found the scene of the doctor's office uproariously funny, funnier, for example than the much vaunted dentist chair episode in "You Never Can Tell." And Playwright Cohan introduced a decidedly novel variation. Fancy an edible shaving cream, lather that tastes like charlotte russe! Miss Juliet in imitations of Emily Stevenson, Ethel Barrymore—with her fascinating Rittenhouse Square drawl—and Gaby Deslys proved herself a "strong attraction" in the long-drawn-out cast. John Hendricks as Bill Bones, the pirate, crystallized the gory little melodrama in the pocket edition of "Treasure Island."

There is plenty of good dancing. Of the music I'm no judge. George Cohan as a composer puzzles me; but then so do Irving Berlin and all the other syncopated silhouettes of the Tenderloin. It seems to be rhythmic noise that sets in motion the heels of the public rather than an appeal to the emotions, or higher cerebral centres. Personally, I prefer Richard Strauss, even Arnold Schonberg. But as I may be doing young Mr. Cohan an injustice I'll say no more. There must be music-critics especially constructed to justify these simulacra of queer sounds.

One dire failure of the stage carpenter I may be permitted to record: Mr. Cohan can't keep the hideous male chorus off the stage; but neither could that mighty operatic reformer, Richard Geyer Wagner. As compensation, Impresario Cohan provides the prettiest girls in town. It is the Revue among Revues, this 1916 version. Again, hail, Thane of Broadway, Thane of the box-office! "Jimmie" Hackett, having staked a claim on Glamis and Cawdor, is the present proprietor of the "Macbeth" mine at the Criterion. Otherwise, George I rules the theatrical roost on Broadway. All Cohans are not alike to me.

Rachel Crothers
(1878-1958)

For a critique of Crothers's The Three of Us *(1906), her first New York success, see below under Moody.*

Huneker apparently never knew or corresponded with her.

Richard Harding Davis
(1864-1916)

*Though seven years older than Davis, Huneker recalled playing with him as a boy (*Steeplejack, *I:138). He mentioned him as early as 1889, praising* The Stage, *the "extremely bright" weekly magazine coedited in Philadelphia by Davis, whom he described as the "talented son of the well-known writer, Rebecca Harding Davis" (*Musical Courier, *18 [April 17, 1889]: 303).*

"The Taming of Mr. R. H. Davis," New York *Sun*, April 5, 1903, sec. 3, p. 6

There was one new play and several revivals the past week: "The Taming of Helen," "Lover's Lane," "A Message From Mars" and "My Partner." Mr. Richard Harding Davis heads the list. In company with "Audrey" and "Gretna Green" his comedy is one of the three mediocre productions of a most mediocre season. It is not so *rococo* as "Audrey," nor does it contain such intense lines as "*Audrey* of the witch-hazel eyes"—didn't a speech run something like that?—yet is "The Taming of Helen" a tame performance, as tame as a kitchen cat on a houseboat. We have not read the earlier Davis story, "The Lion and the Unicorn"; the play is said to be built upon it. It matters little one way or the other. Compared to it "The Bird in the Cage" and even "April Weather" are both masterpieces. Mr. Fitch couldn't if he tried erect so shapeless a dramatic structure as the piece now at the Savoy, and God knows he is not a Master Builder!

In a little volume of essays entitled "Criticism and Fiction," Mr. Howells once wrote (1891):

> It used to be one of the disadvantages of the practice of romance in America, which Hawthorne more or less whimsically lamented, that there were few shadows and inequalities in our broad level of prosperity; and it is one of the reflections suggested by Dostoievsky's novel, "The Crime and the Punishment," that whoever struck a note so profoundly tragic in American fiction would do a false and mistaken thing—as false and as

> mistaken in its way as dealing in American fiction with certain nudities which the Latin peoples seem to find edifying.

In a certain superficial way Mr. Davis, who is certainly one of our popular purveyors of fiction, adheres to the Howells formula; in his technical practice he is miles from it. He is a romancer—that is, a distorter of facts. We care but little for the hard and fast classifications of idealist, realist, romanticist, psychologist, symbolist and the rest of the phrases, which are only so much superfluous baggage for literary camp followers. All great romancers are realists, and the converse is true. You see it in Dumas and his gorgeous, clattering tales—improbable, but told in terms of the real. For my part, I often find them too real, with their heroes that smell of the slaughterhouse and their lusty wenches. Turn now to Flaubert, master of all the moderns without exception; you can trace the romancer dear to the heart of Hugo, or the psychologist in "Madame Bovary," the archaeological novel in "Salammbô," or cold gray realism as in "L'Education Sentimentale," while his very style, with its sumptuous verbal echoes, its resonant, rhythmic periods—is not this the beginnings of that symbolism carried to such lengths by Verlaine and his followers? Shakespeare himself ranged from gross naturalism to the quiring of cherubim.

Walter Scott was a master realist if you forget his old-fashioned operatic scenery, costumes and epoch. It is to Jane Austen we must go for the realism admired of Mr. Howells—and justly. Her work is all of a piece. The wonderful Russians are realists, but with a difference; and that deviation forms the school. Taking Gogol as the norm of modern Russian fiction—Leo Wiener's admirable anthology will surprise you with its specimens of earlier men—we see the novel strained through the rich, mystic imagination of Dostoievsky; viewed through the more equable, artistic and also pessimistic temperament of Turgenev, until it is seized by Leo Tolstoy, a giant in power, and passionately bent to serve his own purposes. Realism? Yes, such as the world has never before seen, and yet at times as idealistic as Shelley. It is not surprising that Mr. John M. Robertson wrote, as far back as 1891:

> In that strange country where brute power seems to be throttling all the highest life of the people . . . there yet seems to be no cessation in the production of truthful literary art . . . For justice of perception, soundness and purity of taste, and skill of workmanship, we in England, with all our freedom, can offer no parallel [ellipses Huneker's].

Perhaps "freedom" is the reason.

And what will this rare critic among critics say of the *De Profundis* of Maxim Gorky? Are there still darker depths to be explored? Little wonder he calls Kipling's "the art of a great talent with a cheap culture and a flashy environment." Therefore to talk of such distinctions as realism and romance is sheer waste of time. It is but a recrudescence of the old classic vs. romantic conflict of seventy-five years ago. Some one once said that a classicist was a dead romanticist. It still holds good. But here in America, "the colorless shadowland of fiction," is there no tragedy in Gilead for souls not supine?

Some years ago Mr. James Lane Allen, who cannot be accused of any hankerings after the fleshpots of Zola, wrote an energetic protest against what he denominated the feminine principle in our fiction. He did not mean the books necessarily written by women–in sooth, they were for the most part boiling over with the joy of life–but he meant the feminism of so much of our novel writing, and, as a rule, put forth by men. Still stronger were the utterances of that very forcible woman and writer Gertrude Atherton. With a candor that made some wince she openly proclaimed the fact that American fiction was drivel, that no matter the talent a man possessed he would sooner or later become emasculate–else not earn a bare subsistence. All this was no news. Lots of live men and women knew it; but Mrs. Atherton said it aloud.

If fiction here is a sanctuary for the old lumber and dry rot of the romantic school, our stage is even worse. Love, unless it be treated as a joke or a social gumdrop, is sternly waved away from managerial precincts. We are in darkness regarding an entire dramatic literature that Germany has enjoyed for the past quarter of a century. When we do get a few modern masterpieces they are mutilated, lines excised, sentiments expunged, and meanings suppressed. Mr. Howells's words were balefully prophetic. The censor in Russia by his very stringency has caused a great fictional literature to blossom, despite his forbidding blue pencil. In America the sentiment of the etiolated, the brainless, the prudish, the hypocrite is the censor. Not that Mr. Howells is straitlaced, narrow in his views–but he puts his foot down on the expression of the tragic, the unusual, the emotional. With him, charming artist, it is a matter of temperament. He admires with a latitude quite foreign to English-speaking critics such diverse genius as Flaubert, Tolstoy, Turgenev, Galdós, Jane Austen, Emilia Pardo Bazán–a greater than any modern woman fiction writer–Mathilde Serao, Henry James and, of late, George Moore. But he admires each on his or her native heath. That their particular methods might be given universal application he does not admit. There is no tragedy in America! And forthwith tempests are brewed by our novelists in teacups, the grounds carefully treasured for the telling of sentimental spinsters' fortunes.

We dislike the pinkness of American fiction, for the reason that most of this fiction is transferred to the boards, and our drama is thereby the sufferer. Our drama! Our fudge! Yet Bronson Howard is far ahead of the fiction makers, and we would not exchange an hour of Clyde Fitch for a cycle of Richard Harding Davis.

Are we really to believe that feminine we employ Mr. Allen's phrase as a handy one–will rule forever? Why is there absent the tragic note in America? Why are there so few shadows and inequalities? They exist, no doubt about that, but the vanilla-*cum*-lemonade school will have none of them. It is bad taste to dig up ground that is dirty and ill-smelling! Rather cover up the boggy spots–turning heads politely away from the rank odors of corruption with pretty turf, sentimental grasses, flowers of fancy. Then poke in an American flag, cheer suavely–patriotism is rather coarse–and get away as quickly as possible from the pest-breeding territory. Has that been the practice of the great novelists—Charles Dickens, William Thackeray—not to forget a certain Henry Fielding before his time—Charles Reade, Daudet, Balzac, Zola, not to mention the Russians? Did they not thunder at the corruption of social systems, at the bandages put on natural sores by sneaking politicians, at abuses of Church, State and monarchies? In America, of course, according to Mr. Howells, these things are out of place. How self-satisfied and optimistic we are!

The truth is that we have no great novelists or playwrights. No need to blame it on the country, on its prosperity, on its superiority to other nations. That way Pecksniffism lies. And why have we no novelists such as Thomas Hardy or Gorky? Simply because we would throttle them in their cradle at their first outbreak—metaphorically speaking. In "Peer Gynt," Ibsen's ironic, fantastic poem—a topsy-turvey *Faust*—the erratic hero encounters in one of his adventures the *Boyg*. What is a *Boyg*? Like the Snark, it turns into a Boojum when you attempt to overcome it. Its chiefest power is non-resistance, an Oriental trait. It is vast, it is slimy, it is all encircling. Push it from you and the *Boyg* gives way—so do you; you fall into it, are encompassed by it. It cries aloud but one phrase, "Go roundabouts." It is public opinion, habit, the spirit of compromise. William Archer calls it a "vague, shapeless, ubiquitous, inevitable, invulnerable Thing." When the time is ripe here a man will be born who shall slay the *Boyg*, as *Siegfried* slew the dragon. Like the painted flames hemming *Brünnhilde's* rock, the *Boyg* is a fiction. It has no objective existence —except in the back offices of publishers. There it rears its horrid head and feeds upon royalties. Sometimes the *Boyg* is called Mrs. Grundy.

It is this impalpable monster—a sort of "What-is-it" in the story of Fitz-James O'Brien—that sits so heavily upon the national conscience. It drove a master into the skirting mists of allegory Hawthorne; it unsettled Poe; it sent Henry James to England. Mr. Howells was never at war with the phantom, so it did not molest his gentle idealism. When Edgar Saltus wrote some exceedingly accurate and brilliant studies of New York life the *Boyg* promptly spat out its abuse. Mr. Saltus was pronounced "immoral." To-day these novels might be read at mothers' meetings in Brooklyn. The *Boyg* shifts every few years. Frank Norris—a dead genius—gave the *Boyg* battle and it retreated; it always does; there is the danger. The victor advances brandishing his pen—and presently the vapors lay him low. He becomes popular. Probably the one man who had the brain and brawn to drive the *Boyg* away for a time—only for a time, be it remembered; the *Boyg* is eternal—was Marion Crawford. Think of his early "Drifting to Leeward" and think of—no use to particularize! You recall your Browning? "The Lost Leader"? The *Boyg* got him early. 'Tis the *Boyg* that makes balkers of us all.

And the case of Richard Harding Davis—oh, yes! we were speaking of him, were we not? Well, the taming of Mr. Davis must have been in the nursery. He has not an ounce of genius, though he has a pretty trick of telling a tale. We are inclined to think that Mr. Charles Dana Gibson has played the part of *Jekyll* to Mr. Davis's *Hyde*—or put it the other way; better still, call them the *Gemini* of the American fiction firmament; the Castor and Pollux of New York's Paternoster Row. Mr. Davis without Mr. Gibson is a thing inconceivable. Mr. Gibson sent the Davis young man and the Davis young woman into the world stalking and swimming. The dress patterns with which Mr. Davis filled his story books had a local habitation when Mr. Gibson's clever pencil traced their outlines upon his drawing board. This is is not meant to attenuate Mr. Davis's talent. The De Goncourts collaborated, and to-day there is an author in Paris who signs his books "J. H. Rosny." There are two of him–two brothers who write as one.

We do not exaggerate when we say that Mr. Davis fulfils one of Mr. Howells's precepts. He avoids reality with meticulous care; he is often operatic, though as a rule his women are of wool and his men of sawdust. They are tall, lanky, dressed *à la mode*, and they are provincial in their manners and tastes. They may be seen at the Waldorf-Astoria and kindred establishments. Incredible as it may sound, some Americans, mostly from out of town, youthful and not too intellectual, endeavor to act and look like the Davis folk. However, to have influenced the garb of one's generation for a brief period is something.

Once Mr. Davis did write a story, a short story about a man put on probation by an ecclesiastic whose daughter he wished to marry. Therein he began well. But he met the *Boyg*–in his case social prestige. Art went under, ideals vanished in the hothouse atmosphere that surrounds certain sections of the vast, encircling creature. When he wrote for the stage–how easy it all seemed! Dear old Van Bibber and "Soldiers of Fortune"–and now "The Taming of Helen." It is not *Helen Cabot*, but Richard Harding Davis who is tamed, tamed by the snares of the *Boyg!*

The avoidance of all that reveals the soul; the elimination of poverty, crime, sin, despair; the selection of namby-pamby, frivolous men and women, mostly in their teens; the abstaining from large emotional expression and the slurring over with the sick music of false rhetoric all the cruel facts of life–these are the stock-in-trade of the American novelist and dramatist. Mr. Howells, with his jewelled art, his miniatures of men and women, his delicate phrasing of elemental truths, has influenced his juniors more than he knows. But where he is reticent they are flabby, where he paints with sure though dainty touches their pictures are faded, insincere; and though he loathes the *genre*, nevertheless the ridiculous tinsel and cheap mock heroics of historical romance were bound to follow in his wake. He has preached against the historical novel all his life, and lo! the thing happens under his banning pen. One healthy whiff of realism in the pages of a strong, virile writer would have expelled this fog of romance. Where is he? And shall we know the master when he comes–to echo a question of Poet Gilder's?

The notion, carefully disseminated by an outworn school, that realism means the garbage cart is false. Frank Norris showed that he was attempting a broader synthesis in his novels. Love was, as it always will be, the keystone of the arch; only the Norris arch was bigger. No tragedy in America? Never have there been such opportunities for its delineation. Future generations of artists will look back regretfully to our time, saying: "Ah, those were the days! A glorious country in the act of fusing its vast mass of warring racial interests. All nationalities in the melting pot. North, East, South, West fighting for supremacy. Did Russia offer such wonderful problems? Yet Russia had a school of fiction, the greatest the world ever possessed—a regiment of prose epic makers, while America—!" Whose name will be found on the artistic maps then? The question is dangerously indiscreet. Let us resist its importunity by exclaiming in mid-Victorian slang: "Not today, baker—call tommorow with a crusty cottage."

To throw open their doors and windows and let in the fresh breeze of heaven should be the ideal of our young dramatists and novelists. Don't fear the *Boyg*! Its bark is worse than its touch. "Go roundabout—skirt the edges of the real—never be truthful—beware of the beautiful—hate poetry—and write of life as a thing of bon-bons and pretty proverbs. Let it be one grand, sweet song of giggling, love and golf." This is the song of the social *Boyg* that lurks for young artists; lies coiled in slinking silence near the delectable land of sugar and spice and all that's nice.

Passion, misery, hopes that sicken by the wayside—these are themes for tramps, Bohemians, not for polite writers and Paters in petticoats! And they will write of love; love is their trump card. Heinrich Heine in one of his bitter moods described his contemporaries as emasculates, trilling and singing—singing and trilling of love!

Huneker praised Davis's next play, The Dictator, *in a review most memorable for Huneker's singling out of young John Barrymore's performance for special comment. Passages in the following critique on John and Ethel Barrymore (who was in the audience) are deleted at the point indicated and reproduced below under Performers: John Barrymore. (The notice of* The Dictator *that appeared in the New York* Sun *on April 5, 1904, was probably not Huneker's.)*

"The Luck of William Collier," New York *Sun*, April 7, 1904, p. 7

Mister Bill Collier daily pinches himself at the Criterion. His warrant for such cruel attacks on his person lies in the fact of his success. That iridescent bubble-word, "Success," has lined his fall and winter rainbow dreams with a tantalizing splendor; but the reality—(the Weberfields motive is softly sounded on the *Shofar*!)

And now, and now—oh, Willie! You have the play, you have the part and your company have good parts, thanks to Richard Harding Davis and his new farce, "The Dictator." There is no denying the fact that the piece is of a peculiarly frothy kind; and there is also no attempt on our side to deny that

"The Dictator" is one of the jolliest, laughter breeding plays of the season. Why did not Mr. Collier grab it earlier? For the very good reason that it was not there to be grabbed. Mr. Davis had not finished it. Not originally a novel, though it might be transformed into one, "The Dictator" is quite in the happiest vein of Richard the Relator of South American Anecdotes. Strictly speaking, the farce is an expanded anecdote built on the slenderest and most improbable idea, and developed in such an oblique fashion that you feel William Collier, actor, at the elbow of the dramatist more than once—and this latter notion may be pure supposition on our part.

The star has one of his familiar characters to portray. Every word, every gesture is stamped "Collier, 1904." It's not what he does, but the way he does it—as Adelina Patti admiringly remarked of Robert Grau. Not since the night when at the Bijou Mr. Collier was accidentally "sent up" and wore convict stripes has he presented such a mingled assortment of nervous woe and desperate courage. No one, of course, has the secret of Fred Stone's "I'm *so* nervous;" yet William at the Criterion reveals a very limp individual when the Secret Service man turns up on the deck of the steamer Bolivar in the harbor of Porto Banos. The poker game in Act III is another signal for uproarious laughter, though, to be frank, this same last act dwindles to mere sparring for wind until the dénouement. It is needless to retail the plot—all is in the acting thereof.

[Paragraph on John Barrymore follows]

. . . "The Dictator" is well cast. Edward Abeles, in a part that would be insignificant if handled by a less talented mime, was thoroughly enjoyable. George Nash, usually lucky in his assignments, enacted an exaggerated United States Consul and made the unprincipled scamp real. Robert McWade, Jr., as a Latin-American President, was forcible and lifelike. Nanette Comstock, comely always, had little to do; Lucille Watson—who is said to have kept the curtain waiting at the matinée yesterday for over half an hour—was good in a small character, and Louise Allen's Senora was a *tour de force*, for there is little foundation in her personality to have warranted such an assumption. Yet she succeeded. "The Dictator" should be seen for its laughs. . . . [Two paragraphs on Ethel Barrymore follow.]

"The Drama of the Month," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 24 (April 1906): 123

"The Galloper," by Richard Harding Davis, at the Garden is farce-comedy of a superior order, and as enacted by the clever Raymond Hitchcock is a thing of joy, if not a beauty forever—to alter the old saw. Mr. Davis struck his gait in "The Dictator," and he is now a prime favorite with the New York public. In "The Galloper" he has re-shaken the kaleidoscope of his memory and we get a lively picture of journalism *en route*. It is well worth seeing.

Minnie Maddern Fiske
(1864-1932)

*According to Archie Binns, two four-act, one two-act, and at least four one-act plays written by Mrs. Fiske were produced. Three of the latter–*The Rose, The Eyes of the Heart, *and* A Light from St. Agnes–*"became classics" (*Mrs. Fiske and the American Theatre, *pp. 50, 399). W. Franke Harling's opera,* A Light from St. Agnes *(1925), which Binns called "perhaps the first authentic American opera" (p. 347), was based on Mrs. Fiske's play.*

For Huneker's comments on Mrs. Fiske's more famous–if more ephemeral–work as an actress, see below under McLellan, under Mitchell, and under Drama: Performers.

New York *Morning Advertiser*, March 20, 1896, p. 5

Minnie Maddern Fiske was on view at the Garden Theater last night as a playwright. She wrote a little one-act tragic play called "A Light from St. Agnes." . . .

It is theatric, even melodramatic, but was played powerfully and naturally by Miss Maddern and Mr. Neill, although I was reminded of Bill and Nancy Sykes.

This was preceded by Ibsen's "A Doll's House." Last night Albert Gran was the Krogstad. The rest were not in the picture. It was a telescopic version, or perversion, of the piece. Whole scenes were omitted, and the tempi were all too hurried. A deplorable performance altogether and Miss Maddern hardly gave us more than a shadow of the Nora we saw two years ago.

"The Drama of the Month," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 22 (June 1905): 373-374

Some years ago I attended a performance of "A Doll's House" at the Garden Theatre, with Mrs. Fiske as the Nora. I never witnessed such a swift performance. Blocks of the dialogue were cut out and the curtain rang down on the last act at a record hour. But we did not go away, because an afterpiece by Mrs. Fiske was on the bills. It was called "A Light from St. Agnes" and in it the famous actress assumed the part played last month at its revivial by Fernanda Eliscu. When Mrs. Fiske sees fit to leave the stage, her pen may prove mightier than her memory. Three one-act plays were given by her in special matinées at the Manhattan Theater. The other two were "The Rose" and "The Eyes of the Heart," neither of which was so original as "A Light from St. Agnes." But all three were extremely well acted, while the stage was managed with the usual artistic solicitude of productions at this playhouse. The story of "A Light from St. Agnes" is simple. Laid in one of the Louisiana bayous, the chief characters are two abandoned creatures—a drunken outcast and his mistress. In her endeavor to prevent him from plundering the dead body of her benefactress—the corpse lies exposed in the church—the woman is murdered. But about this brutal story Mrs. Fiske has woven most human and exciting details. It is and it is not the play of a professional: that is, it contains striking points—such as the St. Agnes light streaming on the murdered woman; but it is not made up entirely of these points, nor is the strength of the tale weakened by senseless "business." A very moving little drama, this. It was excellently interpreted by John Mason, Miss Eliscu—who was very strong—and William Mack.

"The Rose" was seen here before with Felix Morris. It is pretty. George Arliss was in [it], and our old friend Étienne Girardot, of "Charlie's Aunt" fame, made a decided hit. "The Eyes of the Heart" brought out some of Mr. Arliss' best qualities, though the psychology is rather far-fetched. Mrs. Fiske acknowledges her indebtedness to Italian plays. Emily Stevens and William Mack were capital aids to Mr. Arliss.

Clyde Fitch
(1865-1909)

The most successful American playwright while Huneker was drama critic of the Sun, *Fitch had caught the former's attention almost ten years earlier. The lack of virility in his plays disturbed Huneker, who all but utters the forbidden word "homosexual" in the longest of the critiques reproduced below, the translation of the Latin phrase being "the soul of a woman confined in the body of a man."*

One letter from Huneker to Fitch—regarding Egoists—*has turned up, but the two that Fitch is known to have sent Huneker are missing.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 27 (November 29, 1893): 10

Mr. Clyde Fitch has now reached the pulpy state as a dramatist. In "Beau Brummel" we got the young author in stays, so to speak. His finical cleverness was boosted up by a framework which is hard to believe was built by the same hands that fabricated "April Weather" and "An American Duchess." There was a sense for form, and if trifles were set forth they were not given undue prominence nor overelaborated. The talented character drawing of Mr. Richard Mansfield did the rest. But Mr. Fitch since he outgrew the tutelage of Mr. Mansfield has rapidly run to seed. He gushed milk and water in "April Weather," which was an apotheosis of pap and the glorification of the commonplace. In "An American Duchess," which first saw the light of New York in the Lyceum Theatre last week, we get a glimpse of Mr. Fitch smoothing out the creases of the social trousers, Mr. Fitch tying his necktie before the social mirror, Mr. Fitch bowing down in lowly worship before an English social Mumbo-Jumbo of his own creation, and Mr. Fitch rolling up his "panties" when the storm signals are hoisted in Upper-Tendom, signifying that Jupiter Pluvius reigns in the British metropolis.

If the word were not too gross, I would say that Mr. Clyde Fitch fairly wallowed in the lofty social tone of "An American Duchess." As George Gordon, Lord Byron, once remarked, apropos of the poet Moore's snobbery, "Tommy dearly loves a lord," so might I remark, in humble imitation: "Clydey dearly loves a duchess." This particular duchess is a very well bred person, but a bit of a bore with her recollections, and as I told you before, the incidents of the play are wildly improbable and are treated in a fashion which lacks vitality or credibility. Mr. Fitch may believe in his characters; his audience cannot.

More spectral than any, despite his after dinner air, is Herbert Kelcey, who wears a tweed suit with more dignity than the family coat of armor. He is an impossible husband whose reformation smacks of the ending of an E. P. Roe or J. G. Holland story. In the early part of the play he is a brute, in the last scene or two a bore. Naturally Mr. Kelcey could not be seen to advantage in tin; he is essentially a broad cloth histrion. Even his monocle, usually so obedient, refused to stay in its orbicular prison, when its owner was incased in tin. Little wonder the Duke heard of the sale of his genealogical tin factory with a sigh of relief.

If the duke was tin the balance of this choice portrait gallery of social vacuities was velvet, but with a cotton backing. Shoddy is just the term to sum up this latest effort of the young playwright who studies the hand glass instead of nature.

The effect on me was as if Mr. Fitch had read Henry James to disadvantage, and had said unto himself: "Go to, Clydey! I too will set forth the wrinkles on the brow of society; with cunning will I pencil the poison which corrodes her face. Nay, more! I will set society herself on the stage and cry out: Behold yourselves!" And what do we get? A mob of people who never lived in London or Tacoma. A lord who is a howling cad and another who [performs] antics of a French dancing master who has absinth-ed too much. Besides Mr. Fritz Williams plays the violin too well for a sprig of the British aristocracy. His legs, to requote a contemporary, are the best lines of the play. As for the "Duchess of Holderness" I can only say that she seemed better bred than her surroundings, and Miss Cayvan contrived to infuse a measure of life into her narrow nature. The villain had a G. P. R. James coloring. He too might have been seen riding over a gloomy heath on a mysterious white horse.

His beard was as darkling as his utterances, and his lust for the duchess smacked of the Italian operatic stage in its palmy days. Thrice happy Clydey to suggest in one play the two Jameses, the very antipodes of literary art, with a dash of Donizetti!

Yet pulpy is "An American Duchess" and the Pavane (the Peacock dance of yore) which was evidently introduced for a Lyceum audience, proved innocuous and tiresome. Ah, that some dramatic Brown-Sequard elixir could be injected into thy veins, dear Mr. Fitch, and that your petty bickerings and banterings would cease! Invertebrate as a pillow case, interesting as cambric tea and as highly colored as a faded daguerreotype is "An American Duchess," and may her shadow melt into oblivion! R.I.P.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 31 (October 23, 1895): 18

Mr. Clyde Fitch's new play, "Mistress Betty; or, the Career of Betty Singleton," quite an unfortunate and Henry Arthur Jones title, does not do the author justice. It is a patchwork and the seams and gaps in the workmanship are distressingly apparent. If, as is said, the play was written to order it must have been written in great haste. Not one of the four acts is finished. Faulty character drawing and a looseness in development are apparent. The fourth act alone is compact, but it does not ring as genuine.

Of course Madame Modjeska can make artistic straw without bricks, but her technical resources were tested sorely in the second and third acts. The scene with *Lord Phillips* and her husband was ridiculously melodramatic, artificial. The first act will please the public and Modjeska's farewell is a masterpiece of delivery. Actors like plays of this sort I am told.

What awful stuff the author makes the two brothers talk about the succession to the title! It is unnaturally cold-blooded.

Why go to the eighteenth century with Mr. Fitch? Why become more artificial than you are?

No doubt Nordau is right in diagnosing this tendency as degenerative. Why not deal with problems of the day? Hang the costumes! Hang the picturesqueness! Emulate Augustus Thomas, who plants his feet firmly on the Now and refuses to budge an inch. Wig and sword comedy was better written by the writers of the wig and sword epoch.

Really, I begin to feel that Mr. Fitch has more of the literary in him than the dramatic. He is fond of the flowery episode, and I have read one or two of his short stories that were charming—and artificial. He needs a good healthy breeze of actuality to blow all this powder puff sentiment, this furbelow and nonsense out of his mind. But I hope the breeze will not fetch another April Weather.

The day after this article appeared, Fitch wrote John Corbin, the drama critic and Huneker's friend, that he was puzzled by Huneker's criticism. "He judges me outside instead of in. He believes I'm insincere (like other people who don't know me, who seem to get it from the manner in which my hair is or isn't brushed, and the cut of my coat), so can't understand or appreciate, or realize my sincere work" (Montrose J. Moses and Virginia Gerson, Clyde Fitch and his Letters *[1924], pp. 232-233).*

"The Case of Clyde Fitch," New York *Sun*, February 15, 1903, sec. 3, p. 6

The case of Clyde Fitch!

This has an ominous ring, as they say in scalp-freezing fiction. But it is only an amiable arraignment of an amiable young dramatist who has the talent of success. Let there be no mistake; Mr. Fitch is an uncommonly clever man. At Atlantic City, where he is now reading this estimate of his powers, he doubtlessly smiles superciliously over the Paul Hervieu cravat that he wears with such distinction. Nevertheless, Mr. Fitch is clever to succeed as he has. His income is not princely, for there are more beggar princes than we know of; his income is trust-like. A moderate computation puts it about $3,000 a week. This estimate is too modest. He earns over $100,000 a year, much more perhaps.

Now to have diverted, canalized is a better word, so much wealth into his coffers proves the playwright to be a man of brains. Let us drop the mask of criticism, let us drop the cant of art and face this Fitch problem with naked eyes—not green eyes, O! men and brethren, but the unashamed optics of curiousness and wonderment! Mr. Fitch is a tremendous worker. Considering his physical equipment he accomplishes marvels. Admit that like Shakespeare and Dumas he finds his plots; admit that much of his work is crude, hasty, ill-scumbled, and often pitch forked upon the stage; there still remain the unescapable facts that he writes a half dozen plays every year, makes the productions himself and pockets big royalties. And he deserves them. Another admirable trait among many of the author's is his capacity for taking advice and his urbanity after a regimen of the critical and well-pickled rod.

But the tide of fortune—sweet old battered phrase—is bound to change. Such a continuance of luck has been miraculous; if it endures another season it will be positively uncanny. Already the playwright notices the convulsive breathing of his once far-distanced rivals. They follow him with the loping leaps of hungry wolves—for all dramatists who have not "arrived" are a-hungered of many things: fame, love, luxury. As he rides abroad in his carriage Mr. Fitch must hear the hoarse bay of his competitors in the race for money and honors. It is a race in which constitution and endurance will tell; in the end he is bound to be beaten unless——

Unless he drives his horses into another road. And just here it is that the case of Clyde Fitch becomes problematical.

You have seen the young man! His face is "interesting." It is slightly melancholic rather than strong. He is of the slender, nervous type, rather overwrought than robust. The sensitive predominates in his work—delicacy, tact and a feminine manner of apprehending the meanings of life. To his artistic credit it may be said that he recognizes his own limitations and plays his temperament for what it is worth. By his limitations you shall recognize the master -said the wisest of modern men—Goethe. The psychologists would put the case thus:

Anima muliebris virili corpore inclusa.

So in his various studies of manners we note a certain harmony often absent in the work of more masculine writers. It is peculiar harmony of the sexes, a series of modulations which merge the characteristics of his men and women. He is a sharp, a shrewd observer of the *minutiae* of *quotidian* social life. He has intuitive perception in his dialogues, a perception not quite masculine. He has had abundant opportunities and utilized them. The "little touches," as Mr. Harry Thurston Peck so happily calls them, go to the composition of the Fitchian comedy. As we once said, there are no bold, sweeping lines of character building, no virile combinations in which man and woman face each other, their souls stripped of conventional draperies. Mr. Fitch is not at his best when he poses a passionate problem. But he can paint character after his own method —in tiny, sly, subtle stipplings; in the evocation of a shallow woman's soul or the vain hollow brain of a man he is a master. It is miniature painting this, yet supremely clever in its genre. Its chiefest defect is that it is not inevitable enough, to employ Mr. Brander Matthews's famous phrase.

Those eighteenth century engravers who in colored dotted plates give us a scene *à la* Watteau or an interior of elegance and folly—they are forerunners of the feminine school. He takes to the exotic-fashionable as a duck to water. It is his *métier*. We admire him in it; and it is only when he essays the gruffer bass tones of his contemporaries that we detect the note of insincerity. Not that Mr. Fitch's art is sincere. It is the very flower of insincerity—the sincerely insincere. This subject matter is of its nature artificial; a hothouse growth. Yet it exists and has its being. It may be depicted only by a painter of manners. Mr. Fitch is an acute delineator of manners.

Yet——!

It is true that he should do more; having gone thus far he might go further. Every night before he sleeps he should pray to Pinero: *i.e.*, read the Portuguese-English playwright, read him with humility and understanding, for humility is the narrow gateway through which must pass all true artists. Supplement Pinero with George Meredith's masterly "Essay on Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit," and no other literature is necessary.

How much there is in physiognomy after all, especially in the cases of those for whom self-expression is an art. We have learned to recognize the typical orator face, with its lines of emotional fluency about mouth and nostril. The priest, the actor, the politician, have their approved masks; the philosopher, the deep thinker, the composer, are more difficult to pin down to a set formula of externals. It is the interpreter that wears his heart on his face. Pinero in the Rothenstein drawing has the predaceous beak, the jutting nose of the student of mankind. His eyes are deep-set, the cup large, Oriental. His brow is beaver-shaped, the dome-like constructive head. Such a man is a born critic of his fellows and to this add an ineradicable curiosity about life, character and a plastic gift of expression, and you have Arthur Wing Pinero, certainly the greatest dramatist England has produced in a half century.

The Hebraic strain tells in his artistic workmanship, in his broad and tolerant spirit. He has sympathy for the imperfections of humanity, healthy sympathy, while his temperament and fine intellectual equipment have enabled him to outlive an early tendency to soggy British sentimentalism, really the fault of the traditional theatre in which he has so long worked. Pinero was an indifferent actor he tells us, but his brain is a stage upon which many actors are created. He is a model to pattern after technically.

Mr. Fitch has principally worshipped at French dramatic shrines, sometimes with advantage, often to his artistic discomfiture. All said and done, he is among the few playwrights of his generation who have given us real American men and women of the class he has elected to portray. That we cannot admire his selection is not the point; we must criticise a man for the manner in which he handles his material. It was a conclusion foregone that he could not go on shaking his horn of plenty and showering upon his audiences the best that is in him. Henrik Ibsen produced a masterpiece every two years. Mr. Fitch pours out nearly half a dozen plays in a season. It can't last. This season has proved it.

"The Stubbornness of Geraldine" is his best offering, and in it there is an alarming shallowness. "The Girl With the Green Eyes," which has been overpraised, is a Gallic theme treated episodically, without development, sustained interest or revealing much grasp of character. The opposite of all this has been written, yet we maintain our position. The introduction of the Apollo Belvidere was not, as some thought, in bad taste; it was an artistic blunder, a cannonading of canaries; the accessory overshadows the essential in the scene. Of "The Bird in the Cage" there is little to be said. It is an adaptation of a weak original. And with "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" Mr. Fitch ends his busy season, incidentally spoiling the savor of a bright, rattling little comedy by its ineffective transplantation. His titles are the better part of his later plays.

Mr. Fitch is a rich man. He is a man of leisure if he wills it. We harp on this significant string because we wish to remind him that he can now accomplish what he set out to do—write a real, sterling American play. He has *technique*—not alone the piffling deftness of a man-milliner; he has much knowledge of the world; he has a lively wit, is fertile in devising original situations, and despite the contradiction involved of a statement made above, he has sounded nobler, deeper music in "Nathan Hale" than in his later productions.

The exploitation of the decadent in modish life has one chief drawback—it soon becomes monotonous. Even that prose master, Joris Karl Huysmans—that "Eye," as Remy de Gourmont calls him—has dropped his corrupt *vibrions* for themes of more vital import. It is needless to dwell upon the increasingly depraved quality of Mr. Fitch's men and women. Aristocratic imbeciles and degenerates are cropping up on his canvases with alarming frequency. Yet his characters are sexless; there is no tonic in their utterances, no real passion. We have no faith in the efficacy of critical remonstrance. An artist goes his own way *malgré* the advice or dispraise of pen and ink. Nor has a critic ever added one jot or tittle to a man's real artistic stature. But when a tendency betrays signs of becoming a defined aberration, there is no reason why we should not call attention to the fact; or, for that matter, any reason why the play-writer himself should pay our remarks the slightest attention. He may overlook–he can't forget it.

Enfin, Monsieur Fitch, after all this prosy Sunday sermonizing–what? Simply that you are now, as you never were before, at the crossroads of your very remarkable career. You have succeeded as has no American writer of the stage before you; and if, as they say, lightning never strikes the same spot twice, your success may have no future rivals. It therefore behooves you, son of toil and art, to rest, rest for a year, rest for two years, and turn out a masterpiece in miniature. Never fear that aggressive rivals will thrust you from your throne –it is too firmly rooted on bullion; never fear the proverbial short memory of your audiences–you have left a dozen plays that will be self-supporting for years. Simply give your brain leisure to digest new plots, new situations, above all, new characters–for we are tired of the silly men and women who sacrifice themselves for others. They never do it in real life so morbidly. A big dose of Nietzsche should be prescribed for these contemptible pity mongers on and off the stage.

Then Mr. Fitch will gladden our hearts and he will enjoy more satisfaction than in a dozen half-baked successes. As soon as a young man makes an artistic hit he is plagued by managers, publishers and dealers in brains to repeat himself and put money in their purses. He succumbs to the temptation–for the American is usually a money grubber at heart–and his talents are butchered to make a manager's holiday. We dislike the humbug gabble about "artistic ideals" and think the workman worthy of his hire, yet there is a difference between art and the selling of tripe. Mr. Fitch has perpetrated pot-boilers, has sown wild-oats, has outlived, we hope, his salad years and has made money. There is no longer an excuse for hesitation. That trunk of early manuscript plays somewhere up in New England, into which he dips when pressed by the managerial wolves, throwing them a play as does a sledded traveller pursued by wolves in Siberian wastes; that trunk, we repeat, should be burned on Yale campus with all its paper contents. Then the writer will be no longer lured to patch and cobble his juvenile efforts.

Is it not strange, the narrow circle in which travel our dramatic authors? This winter we have had two or three plays with identical motives. "Gretna Green" had a nobleman in disguise; so has "The Earl of Pawtucket." "The Girl with the Green Eyes" denotes efforts of a foolish male to assume the sin of another; "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" is built about the insane act of a silly female endeavoring to bear the burden of her sister's wrongdoing. If these great sacrifices–of course, we omit "The Earl of Pawtucket" as being pure farce-comedy–were presented in a dignified, credible fashion; if the men and women involved were real humans instead of cretins and idiots, we could accept the well-worn dramatic device calmly. But there is no characterization; for it are substituted stale situations and purposeless gesticulation and idle clatter. There is no march of character, no spiritual unfoldment, no life in these dreary theatrical shadows.

To be quite frank, when the reaction comes we fear its results, for with our national impulsiveness we shall swing so violently to the opposite pole that Ibsen will be voted old-fashioned and all that is morbid and extravagant in modern dramatic literature may prevail. There are signs that the doll-and-mannikin play has had its day. London has served us with a detestable brand of comedy, the so-called healthy, insipid, teacup slops left over from the Tom Robertson school. Capt. Marshall is an offender; so is H. V. Esmond, who, by the way, might have recalled the fact that Mr. Pinero wrote a comedy called "Imprudence," produced in July, 1881. And Pinero is like a revivifying breeze, after all these journeymen, apprentices and sentiment mongers. Certain weak-minded persons of both sexes who miss the sweetened gruel of sentimentality in Pinero raise the cry of "cynic," always the cry of the moral coward fearful of facing life; but it has not availed or prevailed. Was it not Ellis who said: "Every true cynic is, above all, a moralist and a preacher"?

Mr. Fitch is seldom sentimental—it is not his forte, this drawing out of the soft-stop with gummy tears—for which the god of comedy be praised. Indeed, it is the undoubted undercurrent of irony and the delicate note of cynicism which are so grateful to our palates. He is master enough to contrive scenic illusion; his drawing rooms are full of real persons idly chatting, displaying their vacuous souls and their delightful gowns. They are all snobs, meanly admiring mean things. In a word, Clyde Fitch can paint fashionable life, with its monkeys, its dolls, its occasional tragedies, its constipated emotions and its undoubted picturesqueness. He has shown us several high-bred men and women and a wilderness of apes and wantons. His work lacks the distinction, say, of a Boldini or a Helleu, though it is better far than a score of his picture-painting contemporaries', here and abroad.

Mr. Fitch in some illusive way has impressed us as a man from whom more may be expected, more and better than he has hitherto exhibited. He is evidently overworked; his touch is nowadays dull and toneless, and the making over of foreign plays proves that the young man needs a vacation. His talents are too good to spoil in perpetual hack work; for what profiteth it a man if he hath a large balance at his banker's and dyspepsia—mental and physical—on his hearth rug? This morning, you see, we are playing both preacher and physician. However, the game is worth the candle.

Go to Switzerland, Mr. Fitch, this spring, forget all about your promises to Charles Frohman, your promises to your bankers. Forget all about this open letter and think only of the artistic future of Mr. Clyde Fitch. The Spanish have a saying, *Puesto ya el pie en el estribo*. You have one foot already in the stirrup, Mr. Fitch. Get both. And then gallop to a hazard of new fortunes and fame that shall be permanent.

The amusing parody of Fitch's The Girl with the Green Eyes *and* The Bird in the Cage *with its reference to Richard H. Davis, reminds one of Huneker's sly remark that the "great American play" might be a cross between a Davis and a*

Fitch work in which the "Gibson girl will woo the Fitch boy and all end well" (New York Sun, *November 29, 1903, sec. 3, p. 4).*

"Books about the Theatre," New York *Sun*, March 15, 1903, sec. 3, p. 5

Last week we briefly considered one of the many imitators of a great dramatist. We remarked in hollow oracular tones that every big man has his ape. Doubtless this profound chunk of wisdom—mere slag from the fiery furnace of glittering generalities—consoles actors when they think of their critics. But it must not be applied too seriously, else, what from sheer ennui we are about to attempt may be cast in our modest teeth. In a word we would be "assiduous apes"; we would try to play the "sedulous ape" to two latter-day dramatists—both great men. And, let it be said with reverence, that it is fatally easy to parody the mannerisms of genius!

[After a parody of Ibsen's *Ghosts*, Huneker continues.]

And there is Mr. Fitch. He is the American dramatist of the moment. To hold the distorting mirror before his genial creations and clever *confections* ought not to be a matter of dire labor. He is famous. He must pay the penalty of his celebrity.

The Petulance of Bertie

> [A medium-sized drawing room. *Louis Quinze*. At rear, balcony opens on lawn. Baby carriages full of dolls. The dolls must look as if they had eaten too much—sawdust or dinner. This is important. From a lustre in centre of ceiling depends a delicate chain of crystal. It touches floor. On walls are portraits of celebrated cats. Bric-à-brac predominates. The air must be heavy with incense. Enter *Lord Bertie*, a slim, gilt youth, with more collar than legs, more legs than body, and more body than brains. He is dressed like an American actor who reads Richard Harding Davis's stories of English high life. He is in a hurry. In his right hand he carries a large bronze bird cage, from which protrudes the head of an impudent green parrot—not too green, please, *M. le Régiseur*! With his left hand he swings a dainty lady's opera bag.]
>
> *Lord Bertie*: "There! You beast! [Deposits cage on ground] I'll be hanged if I carry you any further, even if Lady Colique wishes it. I say! —hang her beastly impudence!—*what*? To think I've come all the way from Piccadilly—I mean from Tiffany's—with this beastly bird! Oh, I say! What!" [Drops hat and opera bag.]
>
> *Parrot* [in a disagreeable contralto voice]: "A private office is a public trust! What? I read *Puck*, too. My memory's wonderful! Pick me up, pick me up, or I'll sing! I'll tell Lady Colique that you've dropped me from your set!"

Lord Bertie: "Oh, I say! what a beastly talkative bird–What! Now, Polly! Keep quiet–there's a good polly! And don't sing–if you do I'll wring your naughty neck. A bird with green eyes in the cage is worth two on the stage. Oh, I say! what a jolly good epigram that was–what! I'll have to tell Clyde Fitch."

Parrot [screaming]: "I've heard it! I've heard it before." [In his embarrassment *Lord Bertie* goes hand over hand up the crystal chain: *confetti, bonbons, bijouterie*, gloves, flowers, drop from his pockets as he disappears. This will produce a terrific sensation. Murmurings are heard–brilliant epigrams explode and are showered shudderingly through the door leading from the lawn. It is the dolls feverishly gabbling. *Lady Colique* swims in at right, accompanied by seven devoted pugs, one speechless dachshund and more epigrams *en corsage*. Chopin's *Berceuse* is heard as a rhythmic and harmonic background for "Under the Bamboozle Tree." Curtain.]

"The Stage Here and Abroad," New York *Sun*, April 24, 1903, p. 9

Clyde Fitch's address before a Harvard club contained many good things. Mr. Fitch, like Joseph Jefferson, is opposed to a national theatre. Who shall run it? he considers a question not to be lightly answered. He thinks Ibsen a master who has influenced playwrights, but one that never can be popular in America. For that matter neither is Shakespeare popular. The circus is the only real popular form of amusement in America. Its appeal is universal. Naturally when we say Shakespeare we don't mean scenic productions, with the poet shoved into a corner and only allowed to emerge when a burst of lime light splendor has ended. *That* is popular. And *that* is not Shakespeare. The genuine Shakespeare, therefore, is not popular.

It was mean, however, of Mr. Fitch to fool the dramatic critics. They are a credulous, confiding lot. They take the dramatist–any old dramatist–at his own face value. They believe in him. So to fool them, to juggle with their ingenuous souls, is committing an unpardonable offence. According to Mr. Fitch's account he introduced a scene in one of his plays wherein he made "half a dozen women talk all at the same time in sentences of such absolute silliness that one had to laugh for no other reason than the perfect insanity of the thing." The solemn, trusting critics "described the scene as remarkable for its brilliant dialogue."

Why not, Brother Clyde, why not? Making half a dozen women talk all at once was a brilliant stroke to begin with: making them say absolutely silly things was tremendously truthful and brilliant. Playwrights are so under the iron dominion of feminine influence in this country that they put all their good speeches in the mouths of their women characters.

Not to do this is to be as daring as an Ibsen: it is to tell the horrid truth.

Women are *not* always brilliant when a dozen converse in dissonant ensemble. Mr. Fitch has dared to say so. He has given us a slice of life—as Zola phrased it; he is a pioneer. And his critics, with true critical prescience, announced the fact only to be flouted, made mock of and otherwise held up to scorn in a New York newspaper. O sharper than the canary's whistle!—&c.

What was this play? Was it "The Frisky Girl with the Stubborn Green Cage"? Anyhow, the Fitch dialogue of one play is about as brilliant as the Fitch dialogue of another play. Perhaps that is where the critics up-slipped! Why wax wroth at worthless wax, Mr. Fitch? The next play of yours we shall be timid about the dialogue—the plots, being healthy and usually middleaged, can take care of themselves. Their ocean trip always does them good before a New York appearance.

"Clyde Fitch's New Play," New York *Sun*, September 29, 1903, p. 4

"Her Own Way," a new four-act comedy by Clyde Fitch, was produced last night at the Garrick Theatre and was cordially welcomed by a large audience. The play was designed as a vehicle for the public disclosure of Maxine Elliott's attractions as a "star," and let it be recorded at once that as such it proved to be a genuine success.

Something more than this, however, may be said. Mr. Fitch has written a very charming comedy, filled with bright and agreeable conceptions, presenting in a natural and lifelike manner recognizable types of humanity and treading with unusual certainty the narrow and treacherous path of stage intrigue and misunderstandings.

Those who have watched with interest the development of Mr. Fitch's skill as a playwright will probably agree that this is, on the whole, the best product of his craft. It shows all of the author's cleverness in device, as in the charming picture of the opening scene; his easy mastery of the technics of construction, his ability in the penning of natural dialogue, his delicate and tasteful treatment of sentiment and his neat handling of situation.

It has some of the familiar Fitch inattention to details, as in the case of the young officer ordered to the Philippines. He distinctly states that his regiment is ordered there, and yet it is the Seventy-first of New York. Mr. Fitch does not state that the regiment has been enlisted in the Volunteer army or that the Constitution of the United States has been amended so that the President may order a militia regiment to foreign service. Yet one thing or the other must have happened.

There is something too much also of a talkative hairdresser, whose long speeches in the third act delay the final situation without any apparent reason. But the comedy will survive these defects. It will even survive one more radical; namely, that it is founded largely on one of those easy misunderstandings which are common on the stage, but are quickly cleared up in real life.

It will survive these defects because of its decided merits. Seldom has the local stage presented a more charming scene than the children's birthday party with which the comedy begins and still more seldom have four such clever children been found to enact it. The acting of children is usually a bore, but Mr. Fitch has the happy faculty of putting real children on the stage, and the juvenile actors understand their parts and play them intelligently and with unction. Of the four children on exhibition last night Donald Gallaher deserves especial mention for the truthfulness of his impersonation.

The portrait of the wealthy young cad, uneducated and unrefined, who thought by trickery to compel a lovely woman to become his wife, is a character study of fine fidelity, and it lost nothing in the hands of Arthur Byron, whose *Sam Coast* will be added to the list of this admirable actor's praiseworthy impersonations.

Miss Elliott herself is called upon to enact the part of a generous, warm-hearted girl, who has loved a youthful friend from mere childhood and who sees him go away to war in a distant land silent under a misapprehension as to her relations to the cad.

The part is excellently suited to her histrionic powers and her temperament, and she plays it with insight, sympathy and sincerity. She uses with excellent effect that technical skill which she first acquired under the tuition of Augustin Daly, and which she has since wisely cultivated.

As *Mrs. Carley*, the stepmother of *Georgiana* (Miss Elliott), Eva Vincent was equipped with a rôle conceived in Mr. Fitch's happiest vein, another half vulgar, ambitious climber up the society ladder, with dyed hair, jewels and many discomforts. She played the part excellently.

Nellie Thorne acted *Mrs. Steven Carley*, wife of *Georgiana's* brother with skill, with force and a picturesque demonstrativeness in scenes calling for it. She deserved all the hearty applause which she received. Charles Cherry was manly, honest and tender as the young officer, *Lieut. Coleman*, and R. C. Herz made a good study of *Steven Carley*, the weak husband, whose mania for speculation lost every one's money. George Lawrence was competent as the hairdresser.

The play was excellently mounted, and the performance moved smoothly. Mr. Fitch was called out at the end of the third act and made the usual speech, which, to his everlasting credit, consisted of one line.

"As to Plays Made by Critics," New York *Sun*, January 3, 1904, sec. 3, p. 4

I hope to go on record as the only man in town who has *not* made a pun on Clyde Fitch's "Glad of It." And to return to our Zangwill "mutton," do you remember the awful pun he allows Kate Pattison Selten in the last act—"What's the good of being a countess if you have nothing to count?" Now that line goes to the accompaniment of roars every time it is uttered by the clever actress at the Garden. Why? In the café or the drawing room in church or in jail, it would call for howls of derision. It is beneath Mr. Zangwill. Yet our "collective consciousness" theory of the theatre audience explains it perfectly. When I first heard it something seemed to snap in my head, and my mouth wide opened to let out brainless laughter. Again why? *Cherchez-moi!* as they say at Franco-American table-d'hôtes. To be sure everybody appeared ashamed afterward and wept the more copiously when Miss Robson turned on the *tremolo*.

But Mr. Fitch? Oh, he seems quite cheerful, thank you. I don't suppose this brand new theory of an idiot dramatist writing down to an idiotic audience will appeal to him, yet what else has he done in his Savoy farce? You sit and giggle, go out and get a giggling drink, return to giggle, go home to—no, not to giggle. You turn fiercely on yourself and declaim, "What *infernal* rot!" Judged by Stratford-on-Avon dramatic standards it is. Judged by New York's subway theatrical standards it is not. No one knows this better than the author. He gave us one excellent comedy this season, "Her Own Way"; he gave us a historic comedy, "Major André," which was whisked off the stage before the general public saw it, and in "Glad of It" Mr. Fitch evidently determined to be a comedic realist. He says in effect to those who have been asking for a "slice of life": "Here you are; life in big chunks, copied on the spot." While he doubtless exaggerated the manners of many worthy floorwalkers and numerous "salesladies," there is too much truth in his sketches of life behind the counter, the footlights and at seaside paradises to be palatable. There again we have the realism of life that does not come out "real" in the theatrical wash. The conversation of those porch wives in the last act is a literal transcription from life. It will never please more than a limited public, for the majority of shoppers and gossips by the sea will catch no fun in it all. It is too real, and real people seldom recognize or relish themselves when transferred to the boards.

The second floor of his last act cottage is another evidence of Mr. Fitch's ruthless and microscopic vision. A man dresses in one room with the shades up, a woman in another with the shades down. But her silhouetted shadow is eloquent enough. Is all this art? Where does the drama come in? ask enraged oldsters. Nowhere! "Glad of It" is not a drama, or comedy, or burlesque—it is too real for the latter. It is a distinct invention of Clyde Fitch. He might call it—"Spiritual Vaudeville."

The stage rehearsal is also too real to amuse for more than a few minutes. I witnessed once a rehearsal at the Casino during which several partners, two stage managers, three costumers and a rich "angel" quarrelled and brayed enough over the color of a serio-comic's gown to have battered down the walls of a second Jericho. The chief fault of the Savoy play is its length. Boiled into "twins" it would prove more amusing.

"The Drama of the Month," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 22 (April 1905): 120

Melodrama is in the air; melodrama seems coming into its own. Nor can we object—that is, if it be real melodrama and not the anaemic sheep masquerading in wolf skins. Clyde Fitch's latest success, "The Woman in the Case," at the

Herald Square Theater, is melodrama with one thrilling act and a sound skeleton of a narrative. It is all commonplace, but theatrically effective. Blanche Walsh is an actress of melodramatic instincts; she was educated in that school, and while she lacks personal distinction and the supreme tragic temperament, she has a certain force and is pleasing to the eye. Mr. Fitch has written a strong part for her in the conventional sense, and with the cooperation of Dorothy Dorr—an actress of far finer artistic caliber—Miss Walsh and the new play have sailed into public favor. But the theater-goer of twenty-five years ago would be horrified at the public taste of to-day. What was then the theatrical pabulum of East Side theaters is now, with a little extra gilding, the nightly food for Broadway. Americans are so desperately romantic, said a foreign visitor in print the other day, noticing our raw taste for bloody adventures and stupid medieval plays. Romantic—or else too hard-worked to think! Where the noble art of that man of genius, Joseph Conrad—surely an apparition in dusty English literary life with his formal perfections, his glow, his color, vitality!—is tepidly praised, the public raves over the dime novel in disguise on and off the boards. O Strenuosity, thy other name is—rubbish!

William Gillette
(1855-1937)

Before seeing this play Huneker stated that he had heard that it was "altogether an admirable specimen of American playwrighting. For which the gods be thanked," he added, "for we are getting so tired of the taunt of the Briton when an American playwright is mentioned" (New York Sunday Advertiser, *October 4, 1896, p. 7).*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 33 (October 14, 1896): 21-22

Secret Service is a great play. It is not a great American play or the great American play, but simply a remarkable contribution to the stage of any land. It is by William Gillette, and is being enacted now at the Garrick Theatre.

Personally I prefer the play of problem, the play of soul. I like for that reason—purely personal bias, mind you!—the character studies of Henry James far better than the rapid, clever, shallow stories of Anthony Hope. Yet to withhold the heartiest meed of admiration from the new Gillette play would be the rankest prejudice, and while I am free to admit that a critic without prejudices is a colorless creature, a one-eyed critic is worse.

I once called *Gismonda* "glorified melodrama." I felt tempted when the curtain fell on the second act of *Secret Service* to quote myself. But thinking it all over in cold blood, I have reached the conclusion that melodrama is a title that does not do Gillette justice. The several false notes in the play doubtlessly suggested the phrase. Why, for example, should such a past master of technic resort to incidental music? It is good music—not the "sneak" music of melodrama—but is it necessary at all to emphasize his points, especially when those same points are so effective?

A technical fault—and one which is not permitted to *Lewis Dumont*, if you will notice—is the use of "asides." They are sparingly used, but they are there, and they detract. Something else I could not understand was the overlooking on the part of *Benton Arrelsford* of the fragments of paper in *Lewis Dumont's* pocket. I refer, of course, to the third act. *Arrelsford* is watching *Dumont* and he must have seen him tear up the dispatch, hesitate about throwing the pieces in the waste basket and finally pocket them. Those very pieces of paper might have sent him to his death, for *General Randolph* was a hot headed man and acted in a reckless, impulsive fashion.

Now, as to the characterization. The author has been taken to task for making a hero of a spy. Yes, *Dumont* was *Captain Thorne*, a spy in Richmond, but he was for us up North a hero, a member of that invincible, fearless band, the United States Secret Service. It is all in the point of view. As a matter of fact, *Dumont* betrayed his trust. He should have sent that message, despite his love and gratitude for the girl who saved his life. Yet he is such a gallant, such a lovable, even noble fellow, that you excuse his treachery—to the United States—and let him off on the score of his brother's death.

Major André is a historical spy, yet who has not deprecated his brutal death? The English naturally regard him as a patriot, and surely there can be no comparison of the nobility of his motives with those of Benedict Arnold.

So I cannot in the least understand why Mr. Gillette should be accused of foisting upon our sympathies an unsympathetic, base character. I will go a step further. Granting, for the sake of the argument, that *Dumont* was a blackguard who deserved death, how deftly Gillette has won us over to his peak of observation!

Before I speak of the leading motive of the piece, let me ease my mind as to the comedy element. You know the dreadful "comic relief" of most serious plays. The clowning, for the sake of the laugh of vacuity! Even so admirable a playwright as Henry Arthur Jones disturbed seriously the technical equipoise of his *Case of Rebellious Susan* by the introduction of two farce comedy characters. Pinero's judgment in this matter is usually fine, his taste discriminating. Not less so is the touch of Gillette, for I can instance no play by an American writer in which the main current takes on such delightful, swirling eddies, and, remember, the rush of the action never halts. The unities of time and place are rigorously adhered to. Even the diversion and sweet foolery of the young lovers melts into the story, and from being at first blush subsidiary determines in reality the dénouement.

This is supreme art. There is no lean streak of tragedy superimposed upon a fat streak of comedy. The strands of this stirring tale are woven closely, yet is the fabric ever elastic, human and not merely a triumph of the dramatic weaver's art.

What a masterly touch, for instance, is the remark made by *Caroline Mitford* about all the girl friends having beaux "at the front." It is the keynote of the fiery little puss of a patriot. So her behavior at the War Department telegraph office is admissible, although her ignorance of the wires is hardly credible.

I have spoken before of Odette Tyler's charming impersonation of the part—a part that the average theatregoer, as well as the average stage manager, would classify as a soubrette one. But it is not. The *Mitford* girl is made of real flesh and blood, and you love her from the first. This character has the luck to suit the rather volatile, yet curiously subtle, personality of Miss Tyler. She has never had just such a part, and she has never given us such good work before.

Another intensely sympathetic character is that of *Wilfred Varney*, and it is presented most sympathetically by young Walter Thomas. The boy's strenuous patriotism, his love for his mother, for his sweetheart—what old stories; yet how refreshingly and movingly retold by the dramatist! A stroke of human nature is the farewell to his mother. Blood is stronger after all than romance, and the young fellow's heart goes out to his mother, while *Caroline*, her foolish little heart almost breaking, is left standing afar, her face a mask of suppressed agony.

And not once is the purely pathetic harped upon, hawked about the stage and made dramatic capital of.

Edith Varney is the most difficult figure for realization of all. Even in the hands of a more capable actress than Amy Busby it would not be quite comprehensible and sympathetic. If *Lewis Dumont* is open to censure, what of this girl who betrays her family, her country, and she the daughter of *General Varney*?

Love is lord of all, sings the poet, and Gillette does not deny it. I find in *Edith Varney* implications of character not even shadowed forth by Miss Busby. The girl is high strung, nervous, a true Southerner, and, while she tries to believe in her lover, she is easily tempted by her mother and *Arrelsford*. She behaves the true woman at the close, even though breechloaders are startling in 1865 and her dresses just as startling for beleaguered Richmond.

Mr. Gillette has been accused of not acting. I fear the accusation is true. He does not seem to act. Yet the man who can hold so lightly yet so masterfully the exciting situation of the finale of Act II must know something more than the elementary rules of acting.

His critics—chiefly members of his own profession—accuse him of writing plays to suit his individual peculiarities. Can you blame him? I would not care to see him wooing *Juliet* in the soft, magical moonshine of Verona. But what a man he is, or gives us the simulacrum of one in *Secret Service*. Every nerve at highest tension, a heart wildly beating with passion, a desperate, hunted creature in the very stronghold of the enemy, a chivalrous spy, a brave fellow. Pooh, sir or madame, as the case may be, if Mr. Gillette does not act *Lewis Dumont* then is Duse a poor attempt at portraying *Santuzza* in *Cavalleria*

Rusticana!

The frugality of movement—a symbol of one who has to guard the wavering of an eyelid, for his life hangs upon the look of recognition he may bestow upon his brother—the logic of his speech, the absence of all that smells of the conventional, the heroics of the footlights, in all these negative qualities he is the master. On the positive side he proves himself bold in expedient and a character you cannot help admiring. In the last appeal to *Edith* he paints the wretched life of the spy—the unmarked grave, after a lonely fight against odds. It is the nearest approach in the piece to a special appeal, but it is tactfully written, tactfully spoken and so is not a false note.

Technically this interpretation of Mr. Gillette's is the best he has given us.

An arch humorist—or, rather, the exponent of an irony peculiarly American—this playwright has forsworn the cap and bells. Sombre, tragic, this story of an incident of a war, if signed by any name in contemporaneous dramatic literature excepting Ibsen would be hailed as a fine exemplar of the art of playwriting. The Ibsen technic Mr. Gillette has not mastered. No living dramatist has it, not Pinero, nor the Wizard of Marly, for it is a technic of characterization based on vast human experience and a powerful poetical dramatic foundation.

Nevertheless has Mr. Gillette written a great play.

I can hear my old Ibsen friends hurling "renegade" at me, but hard words do not fracture my feelings. *Secret Service* has its melodramatic moments. It is obviously written for the great public. The device at the close is as old as Victor Hugo, as new as Herrmann the Great, yet it is a powerful play.

The handling of minor details is almost perfect. The villain, if you choose to call *Benton Arrelsford* a villain, is very human. He, too, is a spy and is fighting for his country and his girl. It would be an omission not to call attention to the strong acting of Mr. Campbell Gollan in the part. I can foresee the popularity of the play in the South. The *Varney* household, the subdued, intense patriotism of the mother, faithfully pictured by Ida Waterman; the imaginative touch in having a wounded man upstairs, the reality of those two black servants, the soldiers, grimy, gallant to women, Southerners to the core; the harsh galloping of mounted men, the shelling of the city—what pictures for the imagination Mr. Gillette presents.

I like Act II the best, but the interest is kept up, despite the dramatic magnificence of the climacteric of that act. Technically Act IV is the weakest. I had hoped for the shooting of *Dumont*. It would be poetical justice, besides solving a situation that becomes blankly interrogative at the close, yet there are some things that a dramatist may not dare.

Truth violated is the keystone of the dramatic edifice. Instead of the Garrick being nightly thronged, people would shudderingly speak of *Secret Service* as that awful play.

As it stands now it is sufficient of a model to hale to the front row of dramatists the name and person of William Gillette.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 34 (February 17, 1897): 21

That was an interesting article several weeks ago in *Harpers's Weekly*, by W. D. Howells. The critic-novelist praised *Secret Service* in no mild terms.

"In any case he has given us a drama which tingles with Americanism, and which we cannot see without fancying ourselves a nation, if not a race."

Those are strong but truthful words, and I am sure Mr. Gillette must have felt proud for such praise. While I do not believe the American play has been written—the country being too vast and containing clusters of sharply contrasted nationalities—yet when the big blending has been accomplished, when the mighty soup has boiled down and the scum and bubbles disappeared and evaporated, then will the playwright arise in all his might and write a play that will be gloriously and cohesively American.

At present we grasp at a few widely isolated Yankee types, the Yankee, the Hoosier, the Southern man and the man of the Pacific Coast, and make neat, correct sketches, but not intense or comprehensive pictures. Until the great time arrives let us be content with writers like Mr. Gillette, who avoid machine-made types and conventional situations, and who try to extract from contemporary life that which is racy of the soil.

I was struck with one sentence of Mr. Howells. "I do not know," he wrote, "how much a sense of all this was in Mr. Gillette's mind, or how much his play was merely an effect of his nerves, his instinct."

The "sense of all this" refers to a consideration by Mr. Howells of the contrasted civilizations of England and America, the former's "environment is dense and established and strong; the American environment is sparse, mobile and weak, and the difference is simply inevitable in the drama which proposes actuality itself."

The question of nerves and instinct in *Secret Service* is an interesting one. While I know Mr. Gillette to be a thinker and a man who pursues to its lair any involution or evolution of a dramatic theme and situation, yet I also believe that he gets his effects in their finality through his instinct—his nerves, to quote Mr. Howells again. There is always some mystery, something dark and hidden in the mental processes when a climax of passion is reached. The thought leaps over many intermediate barriers in its flight toward solution. Goethe, you may remember, said the same thing of the poet and his happy choice of words, situation and idea. It comes like a flash if you have the right sort of stuff in you, and when it comes it is inevitable. You cannot escape its logic.

Musicians have told me that in composition they reach certain conclusions without a clear comprehension of the methods of evolution. It is that mighty basin, the sub-consciousness, the memory full of the odds and ends, the disjecta membra, the flotsam and jetsam of life experienced. The greater an artist's sub-consciousness the greater his fertility of invention, and, while I gabble about technic for the dramatist, I know that he must first be born (*i.e.*, have lived) before he is made (*i.e.*, have studied).

In *Secret Service* there are certain effects, both of atmosphere, characterization and situation, that are really a nervous tour de force. Mr. Howells is right, after all. Temperament is worth a ton of technic. Yet temperament without technic is a crippled man in the light, while technic without temperament is a man walking in the dark.

"Theatrical," New York *Sunday Advertiser*, March 7, 1897, p. 7

Friday night I saw "Secret Service" from the stage point of view, and while the illusion of reality was destroyed interest was bred in another way. I noted the machinery for producing all the lifelike effects, the simple machinery that sets working the imagination of the audience. The booming of the siege cannon, the bells, bugles and simulation of cavalry trotting, the hoarse shouts of the troopers, all are produced in the most simple, the most effective manner.

Better still was the short interview I had with that remarkable man, William Gillette, the man who without any theories, any aesthetic guides, has nevertheless contrived to write the most powerful play of his generation. I confess I am curious to read Boston's critical judgment of the piece. Boston is very modern, and also very finical in its dramatic tastes. "Secret Service" will appeal to both the old and the new. It has the "heart interest"–dear, venerable and weather-beaten phrase–and it makes its melodramatic points without straining. Then the low pitched tone of the dialogue and the absolute sincerity of the treatment–all these things must appeal to Boston.

The company will be there for seven weeks and then London is to see the production.

Mr. Gillette, as I said a moment ago, doesn't bother himself with theories. He knows his Ibsen, but he feels his America. He is a man of power and considerable reserve and with all his modesty I suspect, indeed feel, abundant temperament well concealed in the background.

The present company goes to London. I think that Odette Tyler will create as much of a sensation there as Henry James' "Daisy Miller." She is an American of the Americans, the veiled caprice, the reckless buoyancy, the subtle feminine previson. Fancy taking the elfish woodland creature unawares! Why, she sleeps with her eyes shut and both ears wide open, and the deep abiding personal charm, all will be grateful to theatergoing folk in London. The racial tang is there, and that, independent of Miss Tyler's art, would be a sufficient attraction.

Sadakichi Hartmann
(1867-1944)

Hartmann and Huneker had a number of interests and friends in common. In addition to being a creative writer and a critic, Hartmann, who is only now beginning to receive due recognition as a pioneer art critic, was, like Huneker, a champion of Ryder, Marin, Sloan, Luks, Lawson, Henri, Bellows, and other American painters; he was also an admirer of Alfred Stieglitz's efforts on behalf of modern art and a frequent contributor to Stieglitz's magazine, Camera Work. *Huneker had met Hartmann by the late 1890s, but they never became close friends.*

Hartmann seems to have liked Huneker's music criticism better than his art or literary criticism. In his unpublished book, "Esthetic Verities," Hartmann wrote that "my old friend" Huneker, "so erudite in his Mezzotints *and musical biographies . . . as soon as he begins to enumerate the merits of painters and literary men turns into a goat milker and jay hawker." If he had expressed something of this opinion in print a coolness might have developed on the part of Huneker who does not even mention Hartmann in* Steeplejack *where far less colorful figures appear.*

Though Hartmann is not best known today as a playwright his dramas were read rather than acted–the following selections are included here because they deal with the plays.

*For details concerning the association between Hunker and Hartmann, see my article, "James Gibbons Huneker's 'An Early Estimate of Sadakichi Hartmann,'" (*Sadakichi Hartmann Newsletter, *1 [Winter 1970]:4-5.*

Huneker's 1898 critique of Walt Whitman, reproduced in the Literature section below, contains a reference to Hartmann's book on the poet.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 31 (October 2, 1895): 19

Sadakichi Hartmann sends me his *Conversations with Walt Whitman*. The thin pamphlet is interesting and bizarre, as is most of the work of this curious blend of Japanese and German. Mr. Hartmann's *Christ* is a play that defies analysis, and I need hardly say presentation. It is absolutely the most daring of all the decadent productions.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 35 (March 2, 1898): 20

Have you ever seen Sadakichi Hartmann? You would never forget him if you had. He is tall, he is angular; he has a Japanese face with a German expression, and he walks like a man dazed.

He paints impossible pictures, reeking with impossible color schemes, and his choice of subjects would necessitate a private gallery far from the despotic eye of Anthony Comstock. Hartmann has literary ability of a rare order, yet he is chained to the galley bench of a daily newspaper life. He writes in German, yet his English is remarkable for a man whose father was German, whose mother was Japanese.

His visiting card looks like a devil out on a furlough. He is weird, is Hartmann with the funny first name, and one of the sensations of my lonesome latter years was reading his dramas, "Christ" and "Buddha." Such a luxuriant imagination and such rolling, deep-mouthed phrases, and united to a mode of thought that would jail the poet-dramatist if his works ever got before the footlights. In a word Sadakichi Hartmann is a deep-dyed decadent, and beats the lot for his audacity and extraordinary plainness of speech. His personal modesty is overpowering. He simply knows that he is unique, so takes no especial pains to impress his listeners with the fact. Hartmann literally exudes genius.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 42 (August 10, 1898): 20

Will Sadakichi Hartmann send his address to this office? Someone wants to buy his "Christ" or his "Buddha," and as these two remarkable plays are not to be found in any of the bookstores, the only way to get them is to importune the author. So signalize the whereabouts of your abode, O Sadakichi of the Green Eyes and Dragon Smile!

The "Lingwood Evans" mentioned in the following passage was Huneker's close friend, Vance Thompson, who invented this Australian "anarchist, libertine, mystic" as a hoax when he and Huneker were editing M'lle New York *in 1895 and again briefly in 1898.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 42 (June 26, 1901): 21

Sadakichi Hartmann is hard at work finishing his epical plays "Mahomet" and "Confucius." Some day when I feel strong I shall tell you all about Hartmann's earlier plays, "Buddha" and "Jesus Christ." His is a strange, powerful, morbid, unrestrained talent. Like Lingwood Evans–ah! that thrice unhappy, mad, bad, sad, glad red-headed poet–Sadakichi needs the chastening influence of sorrow, experience and years to perfect and clarify his art. There is no denying the merits of "Buddha" and "Jesus Christ." But they are not plays for the public. Hartmann is a Japanese *primitif* with the soul of a Schopenhauer. He may end on a throne, he may end in a mad-house, or he may become foreign editor of some anarchistic journal. Anything is possible for this remarkable young man with his Hokusai profile, broad Teutonic culture and New York "nerve."

James A. Herne
(1839-1901)

An actor and playwright, Herne collaborated with Belasco on Hearts of Oak *(1879), later reworked as* Sag Harbor *(1899). The quiet realism of* Shore Acres *constituted a landmark in the development of American realistic drama. The brief, unsigned editorial note that appeared in the* Musical Courier *dated June 5, 1901–three days after Herne died -may have been written by Huneker: "By the death of James A. Herne the American stage has lost a dramatist who sounded a fresh, simple virile note in all the banality of his surroundings" (p. 18).*

In Steeplejack *Huneker identified the "well-known local critic" who called Herne's* Margaret Fleming *a "Didy Drama" as Edward A. Dithmar of the* New York Times.

Eugene A. Saraceni, to whose attention I had called Huneker's critique of Shore Acres *after Saraceni had completed a doctoral dissertation on Herne, wrote me in 1974 that it was "illuminating." It "leads me to feel," he added, "that I was a bit harsh with Herne . . . [when] I charged that he never quite outgrew the sentimental acting style of the mid-nineteenth century. Huneker's review is one of the few really objective accounts of Herne's work I've ever seen." This statement, together with the absence in the index, at least of Huneker's name or review in* James A. Herne: The Rise of Realism in the American Drama *(1964) by Herbert J. Edwards and Julie A. Herne, underscores the fact that Huneker's uncollected writings on American dramatists deserve wider dissemination.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 27 (November 8, 1893): 11-12

Anatole France, the French critic, romancer and follower of Ernest Renan, made as a cardinal principle of criticism that it should be subjective, impressionistic, in a phrase, it should be the adventures of my mind among the masterpieces, to quote a familiar saying of Mr. France. In hardly any other mental attitude is it fair to judge James A. Herne's beautiful story of "Shore Acres," which was produced at the Fifth Avenue last week. Temperament plays quite as important a part in criticism as it does in creation, and "Shore Acres" can only be approached from this view point. "But I don't like babies," cries one. "The action is too slow," remarks another, to which I can only reply, "Temperament, gentlemen, temperament again."

"Shore Acres" is not a play in the ordinary sense; it is rather a series of impressions as true to nature as stage craft permits, and presented by an actor whose methods and personality are absolutely unique. Without Herne his play would not be possible in the sense that it now is. Dealing with elemental feelings, with human nature almost in the raw, there are scenes in it which wring the heart, where the pathos is almost poignant, and one shudders at the idea of "Nathaniel Berry" being in the hands of any other actor.

It is purely a character part, but what a character! Despite the absorbing qualities of Mr. Herne's acting, one occasionally wonders what manner of man is this who fills the picture with such a play of humanity, who reveals a heart so tender, so large, so touching. The illusion is so perfect that the artistic formula of Mr. Coquelin hardly holds water in this instance. If it is pure simulation on Mr. Herne's part, then he is the greatest actor in his genre I have ever seen; if, however, and I think this is the case, we get a peep of Mr. Herne's personality, pure and unadulterated, then it is one of rare nobility of nature, great brain, great heart. In either case it is, as I first said, an unique individuality without artistic collaterals on the American stage, with the exception of Mr. Joseph Jefferson.

There possibly is a dearth of action in "Shore Acres," and its sweet, homely atmosphere may not appeal to all, but as a specimen of American playwrighting, as a depiction of a phase of American life, it is far ahead of kindred productions. We have the people from Maine brought before us, though I set no particular store by the realism of the piece. The real cooking stove, pumps, ship scene, &c., are not integrals, but mere accidents of the environment. Mr. Herne is too great an artist to make of them essentials. They but frame his gallery of character paintings and give them a local habitation and a name. The charge of Crummle-ism—to coin a word—which has been brought against Mr. Herne falls to the ground after seeing the artistic subordination of all these externals to the real play of character. And how wonderful it all is! How, with a matchless art that conceals art, he unfolds for us the noble nature of his "Uncle Nat!" The problem of a man uniting in his person so much that is unselfish, so much that is lovable, so much pure humanity, so much of the feminine in its affection for children, for the weak, for the oppressed, is difficult of solution, until you see it played by Mr. Herne, then it all becomes clear, tangible, possible. He possesses all these qualities, he is "Uncle Nat."

Therefore I contend as a revelation, psychologic in its nature, the "Uncle Nat" of Mr. Herne is something to be seen and never forgotten.

The slow moving measures of this Maine pastoral are full of the perfume of sunshine, the open air, the ocean breeze, and ever so much more artistic. . . . When "Uncle Nat" overcomes his brother and laboriously mounts the staircase to the light, we know that he has conquered, that the dying light will be replenished and the "Lidy Ann" saved from destruction. The scene that follows taxes one's credulity too much, besides being entirely superfluous. However, I suppose Mr. Herne has still to pay tribute to the unimaginative contingent, hence the lighthouse, and hence, alas! the slow music, which almost spoils some of the best scenes.

Dear Mr. Herne, why this agonizing music? Why employ such a cheap adjunct when your facial by-play is so superb? The play begins with music, and the Shore Acre Farm is at once made theatric and impossible. Soft music is never heard at "hayin' time" on a farm. Away, I say, with such unworthy, such outworn tricks! "Shore Acres" is built on too pure lines to require such factitious aids.

The very melodramatic intermezzo is a return on the part of Mr. Herne to his earlier, his "Hearts of Oak" manner. But it is partially justified on the score of furnishing a vivid contrast to the first and fourth acts. It is melodramatic, that I readily admit. Why shouldn't it be? The fierce fraternal struggle is quite possible, [if] only . . . [he] had left more to the imagination in the matter of the Lidy Ann, the vessel of "Skipper Ben Hutchins." We do not care to see an indifferent stage picture of an averted shipwreck, and if that scene could be cut out entirely the play would gain by the curtailment, as it is too long, and the result would be just as effective. Healthy beyond compare, it presents for us without exaggeration, without satire, the life of a sequestered, narrow people; but the old elements of love, hate, avarice, unselfishness are shaken into new shapes, the substance being endurable as ever. The story is so simple as to be hardly worth recapitulation. "Uncle Nat" is a sort of guardian angel throughout the play, but he is never mawkish, never sentimental, always simple and always natural. This bracing quality of absolute naturalism saves the part from becoming tedious. It certainly would in any less capable hands. Mr. Herne's artistic tact, both in commission and omission, saves several trying moments.

The babies are too much in evidence, that I will admit; but then these miniature artists act so naturally that you forgive their prominence. The little "Mandy Gates," who plays a "thinking part," as it is called, was most artistically presented by tiny Florence Richards. If you may remember, Mr. Herne used a baby as a pivotal point in "Margaret Fleming," which play was facetiously christened a "Didy Drama" by a well-known local critic. In "Shore Acres" we get children galore, but the material is ably handled, and unless you positively hate young people you can't help feeling that they add to the picture, amplify it and give it a taste of picturesque truth.

Another point of the play has been criticised and I think unjustly. When Helen defies her father, "Martin Berry," only "Uncle Nat's" interference prevents a horrible scene. Father and daughter rush at each other with uplifted hands and the scene seems to many forced and unnatural. No so. "Helen Berry" had much of her father's temper and intensity, though tempered by feminine fantasy and feeling. She loved her lover devotedly, and would fight if interfered with. When two such strong wills clash, action of some sort is inevitable. Painful as it all is it is truthful. It happens every day. The character of "Helen" is admirably drawn for two acts, and admirably portrayed by Katharine Grey.

a young actress of much temperament, dramatic instinct and good looks. She presents a clear cut figure of "Martin's" daughter, and as a test of intense feeling, her parting with her uncle was most satisfactory. If she did nothing else throughout the play, this one scene would set at rest any doubts as to her future. She is slightly mannered at the outset, but in the main her work is most telling. In the last act our interest in the character dwindles. She looks too prosperous. She betrays no curiosity about her little brothers and sisters, and her husband wears a smug look and a Philistine beard.

"Martin Berry" is also a strongly outlined character and strongly played by Charles J. Craig. He is not altogether a bad man, for he is "Uncle Nat's" brother, but he is weak, grasping and listens too readily to "Josiah Gates" who, in the hands of Mr. Franklin Garland, is natural and looks like the Reverend Talmage. "Joel Gates," the old weather beaten grass widower, is delightfully presented by George W. Wilson. He is a marked type. "Mrs. Berry," with her funny repetition of sentences, seems very lifelike, and Grace Gayler Clark does not destroy the illusion of her existence. Her boy, the dime ovel reader, is also a real, selfish, spoiled boy. Master Lynott does well with the part. David Murray is excellent as the young free thinker, "Sam Warren," though he looks orthodox enough in the last scene. The rest of the neighbors are all in capable hands. The ending is very unconventional. The curtain falls on an empty stage. The expressive pantomime of Mr. Herne for ten minutes before the close is magnificent. Many emotions are pictured on his kindly face and very affecting is the long look he takes through the open door, after his brother has gone to his sleeping rooms. It is the history of a life of self sacrifice which is summed up in that mournful gaze. Mr. Herne must be credited with giving us one of the sweetest, sanest and most compelling characters in American dramatic literature.

Julie A. Herne
(1880-1955)

This playwright-actress, daughter and biographer of James A. Herne, was not as well known as her sister, Chrystal Herne, who created the title rôle in George Kelley's Pulitzer Prize play, Craig's Wife *(1925). Both sisters acted in* Richter's Wife, *which ran for five matinées after its opening on February 27, 1905. Julie Herne had written at least one earlier play, and an incomplete, prompt-book copy of a play (*The Outsider*) written about 1915 exists, though I find no record of its production in New York.*

"The Drama of the Month," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 22 (May 1905): 250

Instead of feeling discouraged by the necessarily severe criticisms of "Richter's Wife," Julie Herne, the author of the promising drama, should pursue her dramatic studies without fear. She has talents, a real *flair* for the dramatic situation, rare enough nowadays in masculine or feminine work. Ibsen, to be sure, is hardly intimate enough material to practice one's dramatic five finger exercises upon; but better Ibsen in petticoats than the usual reams of dreary unheroic blank verse. Miss Herne, like her charming sister, Chrystal, is a born actress.

And why not? The Herne name is still something to conjure with in our theaters. The mantle of the father has fallen upon the shoulders of his children and they seem capable of wearing the garment with both grace and ease.

Henry James

For Huneker's comments on Henry James as a playwright, see below under Drama Critics: William Dean Howells and the November 1898 critique of James under Literature: Fictionists.

Charles Klein
(1867-1915)

In one of the following critiques Huneker refers to Charles Klein as "my old friend," but the details of the friendship are not known. H. L. Mencken corresponded with this once popular but largely forgotten dramatist whom he recommended in 1943 for inclusion in a new edition of Twentieth Century Authors (The New Mencken Letters, *ed. Carl Bode, [1977], p. 515). Born in England, Klein settled in America and enjoyed several big successes including* The Music Master *(1903) and* The Third Degree *(1908). He went down with the* Lusitania.

Huneker was also acquainted with his brothers, whom he mentioned in the review of The Music Master. *Herman Klein (1856-1934) was a well-known vocal teacher and music critic in both London and New York. Manuel Klein (1876-1919) was a composer and director of the Hippodrome Theater orchestra in New York from 1904 to 1913. For Huneker's comments on him, see his article on the Hippodrome below.*

"A New Year for the Drama," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 21 (January 1905): 504

David Warfield at Mr. Belasco's pretty playhouse made the hit of his career in a play of the type that will draw crowded audiences until doomsday. Anything more unreal than Charles Klein's "The Music Master" I do not know, unless it be a heliotype of that popular picture "Rock of Ages." Yet the simple, unaffected art of Warfield and the "fine Italian hand" of David Belasco have made possible this medley of impossible people, sentiment and situations. The night I saw the play men about me were wiping the tears from their eyes, while the women were hilarious over the macaroni eater and the patched roof in the attic. And that composer! Come, come Mr. Klein, you have brothers who make music! Can you conceive such an idiot as your composer writing a line of good music? Composers are not always fools. But the type of a melancholy moon-struck calf long ago wormed its way into fiction and the public will never abandon it. The musicians themselves wear their hair long not because they like it but because they must act their part else not be taken at their true value. False psychology usually prevails on the stage, hence this eternal convention of a music master who talks and acts like a somnambulist overtaken by the vision of Welsh rabbit dipped in a low Dutch dialect. Verily Catulle Mendès was right when he said that the motto to be affixed over the doors of all popular theaters should be, "Abandon all reality ye who enter here!"

However, I shall not quarrel with Mr. Klein, who is clever enough to give his public what it craves: mush, music, moonlight and amusement. If Mr. Pinero's "Letty" is mid-Victorian, Mr. Klein's piece is prehistoric. His garret scene recalls "Vie de Bohème" at its palmiest worst. Even Du Maurier would have smiled at that broken window pane. Warfield is wonderful. He almost makes you believe that Anton Von Barwig once lived on Houston Street and played the piano at a Freak museum. His comedy is perfection and he touches the pathetic chords quite effectively. I for one will never doubt that he, too, gave piano lessons some time during his life. That music lesson is studied from life. Marie Bates and the supporting company make "The Music Master" the success it is, not forgetting Mr. Belasco's picturesque settings.

"The Drama of the Month," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 23 (February 1906): 630, 636

I wish some of our dramatists would write a companion play to "The Walls of Jericho," but boldly espousing the cause of the upper classes. Poor unhappy rich! On what evil times have you not fallen! Not only does the other class assume the ownership of all the cardinal virtues, but presently it will assume the burden of your bank accounts. Let me call the attention of my old friend Mr. Charles Klein, whose "The Lion and the Mouse" has achieved such a brilliant success, to this subject. In company with Mr. Belasco, Mr. Fitch, Mr. Thomas and some other American playwrights, soon he will be among the rich. So let him make a play defending his class. Give the downtrodden millionaire a chance before he is finally absorbed in the social revolution (A.D. 1999.)

"The Drama of the Month," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 23 (March 1906): 755-766

"The Lion and the Mouse" is not composed of so many popular ingredients as the same author's "The Music Master"—this latter literally vivified by the elaborate and touching art of David Warfield—yet it is a portrait of Mr. Charles Klein's future as a dramatist. With one weak, and one superfluous act, the remaining two acts are singularly rich in promise; one is tempted to say more in promise than fulfilment. Mr. Klein's earlier efforts, the least of them, always contained one idea. He has been consistently American, not seeking some theatrical Arcady as a background for his story. He believes in Here and Now. He also is courageous enough to pit his characters against each other, instead of contriving false theatrical situations for them in which to work out their destiny. Not that theatricalisms are absent from "The Lion and the Mouse." Show an effective play without them! But real men and women fight their battles before us, and we are convinced and stirred. Such a human play is worth a wilderness of epigrams. It is gray, crude in spots, but it is sincere. The playwright has not failed to profit by his study of Ibsen—though it is the Ibsen of "Pillars of Society," and not the later necromancer of "Hedda Gabler," "Rosmersholm" and "The Master-Builder."

The interpreters of the piece at the Lyceum Theater—where it has enjoyed a long run—are excellent. Grace Elliston realizes the heroine, Richard Bennett is admirably lifelike and modern as a wealthy young man with a will of his own, and Edmund Breese is masterful as the millionaire. Mr. Klein is to be congratulated. All signs are in his favor, and his next play ought to be a big one. (I hope, however, he will develop a genius for the first act; also a resolute avoidance of the piffling tricks of the stage he has shown in that first unbearable exposition scene.)

Edward Knoblock
(1874-1945)

Born and educated in America, Knoblock (originally Knoblauch) became a British citizen in 1916. His most successful plays were Kismet *(1911) and* Marie-Odile *(1915), the latter produced by David Belasco, as was his* Tiger! Tiger! *(1918). As adapter and "play doctor," Knoblock collaborated with Arnold Bennett, J. B. Priestley, Vicki Baum, and Beverley Nichols.*

The passage on the acting of Frances Starr has been removed from the following critique at the point indicated and reproduced under her name in the Performers section below.

"The Seven Arts,"*Puck,* 77 (April 10, 1915): 14

If by any chance, the manuscript of "Marie-Odile" had been submitted to me for my immature judgment, I should have rejected it for several potent reasons: The theme, I would have argued, is hopelessly ill-adapted for dramatic treatment; again, it is a subject bound to give offence to Roman Catholics and people who have Teutonic leanings. But, behold, when I saw this play of Edward Knoblauch's at the Belasco Theatre, these objections vanished, and with them several others. I had forgotten, in my hypothetical case, the intervention of David Belasco; also, the tact, the foresight, and dramatic sense of Mr. Knoblauch. Of a decidedly risky situation he has extracted the dangerous qualities, and given us a touching picture of a naive soul. The haze of legend envelopes the close of the story, and, on the purely material side, Mr. Belasco, with his unfailing handling of values and atmosphere, has contrived a setting that effectively buttresses the illusion; for illusion it all is. Five minutes' reflection after the curtain has fallen, if you set operating your logic cells, the play vanishes in agreeably-tinted smoke. It never for a moment has had a basis of reality. No such novice ever existed. Mother Superiors are never so harsh and inhuman as this one. A girl like Marie-Odile, in the parlance of certain Irish peasants, would be called an "innocent," which, in plain English, means half-witted. No matter how ignorant of the central fact of life, her sex-intuition would have told this would-be nun the truth; indeed, her beloved pigeons might have shown her the way. With the arrival of the man, the father of her future child, she so completely chimes in with his desire that she would be denounced as "over-sexed" by indignant ladies who believe that children must not be allowed to play with dolls because they might incite to maternity. But once admit the truth of the thesis, that the mind of Marie-Odile, like that of Virginia–in "Paul and Virginia"–was a *tabula rasa*, that she believed children grew like flowers, or were fetched by the stork, and you succumb to the magic spell of the author, artfully aided thereto by the magician, Belasco. No possible offence can be conjured up, for the scene is a lonely convent during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, and anyone who has read history, or studied the astonishing series of etched plates by the great Spaniard, Francesco Goya, entitled "The Disasters of War," need not be reminded that the nuns in Spain were not spared by Napoleon's men, or by the English troops of Wellington. War is war. No nation is exempt from charges of rapine, plunder, and wanton bloodshed. Making due allowance for the patriotic tinge of hatred in certain fictions of De Maupassant and Zola, or the Margueritte brothers, there is no doubt that the Prussians made themselves generally disliked in 1870. But if any sensitive critic should cavil at the soldiers in "Marie-Odile," let him, if he be a theatre-goer of experience, recall Paul Potter's "The Conquerors," at the Empire Theatre, about two decades ago (I'm not sure as to the date), a dramatic version from a story by De Maupassant. Brutal is the only word to describe that very strong and very effective piece. Mr. Potter didn't care a rap for race prejudice, and laid on the colors thickly. To-day, the play might be hissed. But, as race and religious prejudice is largely an affair of irritated personal sanity, I think the less said the better. If our Jewish-born population can, good-humoredly, stand "Potash and Perlmutter," no Roman Catholic or German-American need wince at the situations in "Marie-Odile," which are both reverent and tactful. Of course, with "The Playboy of the Western World," by that man of genius, J. M. Synge, the case was different. Lady Gregory and her players had to contend with the Professional Irishman. Who ever heard of a Professional Hebrew?

I've dwelt at some length on the anecdote–it is hardly more–of this novice in a little Alsatian convent. She is left, by an oversight, in charge of the convent, hastily emptied at the approach of the enemy. She is treated well, too well, rather than wisely, by a young German officer, and is looked after by a simple gardener–who must have known how to adminster twilight sleep at a critical moment—and when the nuns return there is a tiny child in a cradle for them to wonder over. Surely an anecdote, with small opportunity for dramatic development or stirring climax. Nevertheless, Mr. Knoblauch has produced literature, not merely a "literary drama"—horrible phrase!—and tells his story unaffectedly, charmingly. But the interpretation! Ay! there must have been the rub. [A passage on Frances Starr follows.] . . . . The ensemble scene of the Prussian soldiers recalls the best traditions of German team-work at the Irving Place Theatre. The nuns are excellent, although their Latin pronunciation is dubious. One line only grates on Roman Catholic ears—and I am not alone in sustaining this objection; it is the speech of Marie-Odile, in which she rapturously mixes the mystic bridegroom at the sacred altar with her earthly lover. No doubt this is sound psychology in her case, for she has no data of experience, confounding, as she does, the divine and the real. I raise this particular point, because otherwise no fault may be found. When you see "Marie-Odile," don't forget it is legend, not the transcription of reality. Then you can't escape its appeal. It is what all women know, but what many women nowadays refuse to recognize—maternal love; the child, churched or no, as its own justification.

C. M. S. McLellan
(1865-1916)

The details of the friendship between Huneker and Charles Morton Stewart McLellan (who usually used only the initials of his first three names) are not clear. The Maine-born McLellan was drama critic for Town Topics *when Huneker joined its staff, but apparently left soon afterward. Of all the New York drama critics of the 1890s, McLellan was the wittiest, Huneker remarked in* Steeplejack, *and "his theatrical column in* Town Topics *was worth reading, though it stabbed some one in every sentence" (2:144).*

Under the name of Hugh Morton, McLellan wrote the librettos of seven musical comedies (music by Gustave Kerker) produced in New York from 1896 to 1901, including the sensational hit, The Belle of New York *(1897); under his own name he wrote the book and lyrics for four musical comedies (music by Ivan Caryll) produced in New York from 1911 to 1913, the best known of which was* The Pink Lady *(1911).* Leah Kleschna *(1905), his most successful serious play, was written in England where he spent his last twenty years and where he died.*

"The Drama of the Month," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 21 (March 1905): 752-757

The author of "Leah Kleschna," Mr. C. M. S. McLellan, is a very lucky playwright. Not only is his piece one of the big successes of an etiolated dramatic season, but his half-hearted though exciting melodrama is interpreted by four brilliant actors and a famous actress at the Manhattan Theater. In this case the players are the thing, for all said and done the rôle of Leah is thin material for an actress of Mrs. Fiske's caliber. Showy rather than sound, "Leah Kleschna" is melodrama, and we wonder why the ascription of this style should detract from its merits as an acting piece. Surely there is no esthetic crime in building a melodrama! And are there not more specimens of this form masking as genteel dramas than we care to admit? Why then shy at the well-worn though honored title?

Whether or not the play originally derived from foreign sources is not to the point. Its name hints of Austrian or Slavonic, or more likely, Jewish traits. In reality it is distinctly in the vein of Gaboriau or Lecocq, a tale of criminals with the inevitable colorless good man in the center of the stage smiling his superior smile and preaching in his accustomed deadly fashion. Like one of Dumas' *raisonneurs*. A young woman with a capacity for remorse, repentance and moral rehabilitation is posed as heroine; surround her with a wicked father and a sentimental criminal accomplice, then start the machinery—presto!—a melodrama, refined if you like, withal a melodrama, is the result.

Now a play wherein there is little or no characterization, wherein action dominates, is not a drama, notwithstanding its use of the semi-scientific thesis of criminology, and of the old-fashioned doctrine—in a theatric sense—of reformation through faith. And it is just here that the dramatist has fallen between the two stools of psychology and melodrama; he started out very bravely to give us a picture of Leah's ennoblement by the force of love, but lapses after several scenes into violence for the sake of violence. Across many awkward coincidences and unthinkable situations, there are bright patches of moralizing *à la* Tolstoi. Indeed, the entire play is a shrewd blending of "Raffles" and "Resurrection," burglars and pious buncombe.

The people are lifeless theatrical types, overworked for the last half century. We see a cruel, vindictive, yet tender-hearted father who sends his daughter to rob a house and alternately weeps and curses because she does not return—weeps for fear she may have been captured, curses at the very notion that she may be converted. Here is a Bill Sykes higher up in the hierarchy of burglardom. His Nancy is better educated and there is no murder, thanks to the offices of the melancholy Schram—another Pierre, fresh from the "Two Orphans." All the rest are lay figures from the dramatic loft, mere puppets of the property man. What this play would have been in the hands of a West Side company, we may easily guess. Again we say, Mr. McLellan is a lucky man.

The story you know. How Leah, at the instigation of her parent, attempts the robbery of M. Sylvaine, the gifted political hero, who, alas, saved her from a real shipwreck; how she fails in her mission and instead of going to jail is lectured on the enormity of her crime, treatment before which the most hardened desperado would quail; how love set her soft bosom in revolt against her mode of life; how she returned to sunny Austria and the lowly lettuce-fields—these and several minor incidents are now public property. Act I is easily the best because simplest. It seems less "arranged." As an exposition scene it counts, even if the introduction of Valentine and Sophie seems cumbersome; some one is needed for Leah to visit in the fourth act, hence this couple, which vanishes thenceforth. Act II is exciting until Paul Sylvaine turns up the lights and talks kindly to Leah. Any self-respecting thief would have shot him or herself in preference to such bathos. Sylvaine is a prig; he is something worse, he is a sentimentalist. Such a character could never have achieved forensic or parliamentary honors in Paris. Of different stuff is the political lawyer, *là-bas*. Captain Marryat in one of his stories describes a comical philanthropist who attempts to reform criminals by a phrenological machine which elevates and depresses their bumps as the case demands. Sylvaine is of that type. You may demonstrate your reformation in the leisurely pages of a novel as did Charles Reade or Wilkie Collins, but seldom on the stage where a foreshortening of events and character is a necessity. Cleverer writers than Mr. McLellan have attacked the problem, such as Dumas, Brieux, Curel and some of the Théâtre de l'Œuvre and Théâtre Antoine dramatists, but seldom with success. And "Leah Kleschna" is not a play in the manner of Antoine. Logic, nature, and passion are the qualities expected by the wonderful actor-manager of the Boulevard de Strasbourg, and these are absent in the McLellan melodrama.

However, a play is none the less enjoyable for lacking logic. Nature is not always logical, and so "Leah Kleschna" is enjoyable, even thrilling at times, thrilling and enjoyable as are those productions at West Side theaters with their machinery of villainy frustrated, heroism rewarded and repentance made tearful. But if you assert these characters, or the characters of the Manhattan Theatre, are viable, then we differ as to what is and what is not artificial. At no time dare you believe in that fuming father who does nothing but utter maledictions and threaten the lowly Schram; McLellan has condemned him to absolute inaction. Schram is much more real. Raoul Berton the alcoholic degenerate is much more probable. He frankly confesses that he seeks Leah as his mistress; he frankly steals the jewels the night of Leah's failure—at no time does she suggest the clever crackswoman—and he frankly exhibits a horrible fear when the arm of the law is ominously nigh. He does something, does this Berton, who is superbly played by George Arliss. The master-thief, Kleschna, is a mere silhouette, a windy braggart. And what becomes of this trio? Why are the skeins dropped? In Schram there were possibilities, but they remain undeveloped.

Sylvaine is supposed to fall in love with Leah, but this emotion is not "prepared" in the earlier scenes. He appears in the lettuce-fields and walks off with her. That is all. Of his feelings, of his suffering or joy or growing affection we are given no hint. Perhaps there may be a moiety of love as well as admiration at the end of Act III, when he sees that Leah is a trump but it is not expressed by John Mason. Mr. Mason talks well. He invests the rôle with the rightful degree of pompous self-satisfaction. He looks like a well-groomed clubman and he really carries off with some degree of credibility the trying situation in which he catches Leah at his jewel safe; yet a hollow effigy, a contrivance to spout platitudes, not a man. The much-praised end of Act III is a replica—though, possibly, an unintentional one—of a scene in "Raffles," cigarette and all.

Leah is colorless. In presenting her Mrs. Fiske employs her familiar method of eliminating useless detail, striving for a totality of broad effects—"simplifications" the painters call this mode of technic. But she squeezes out all there is in the part. She is good to gaze upon. She is very strong—again by suppression of melodramatic tendencies—in the burglary scene, very artistic at the end of Act III—a weak act at the best—and affecting when she bids farewell to her father in Act IV. The epilogue is so unnatural that praise must be awarded this actress for the admirable manner in which she covers the poverty of the situation. Oh, these silly endings! Admirable, too, the way in which she expresses her gratitude and shame when Paul and his future father argue her culpability. The ending of this act is capital. The situation is this: Leah, receiving a note the morning after the robbery, repairs to the very villa which she had feloniously entered. General Berton, a stupid old aristocrat, has called for the jewels —Paul's wedding present for Claire Berton—the priceless Sylvaine family jewels. Instead of the jewels General Berton finds the amiable Paul with excuses for the alleged thief. He knows by a series of ratiocinative processes that the general's good-for-nothing son has stolen them. To keep Leah from prison, to screen Raoul Berton, to allay the suspicions, natural under the circumstances, of his *fiancée*, is a task which Mr. McLellan essays with signal success, aided, too, it may be confessed, by Mr. Mason. This climax, after a mass of ineptitudes, is unmistakably effective. And here the action which has hitherto proceeded by fits and starts ends. Nothing happens afterwards, for the scene in the thief's garret is not development; while the lettuce is a mere salad for the dear old public.

By ordinary device Mr. McLellan makes the young lady who was destined to become Madame Sylvaine a most unsympathetic creature. This design is not balked by the young woman who presents the person at the Manhattan. All the minor rôles, with the exception of Etienne Giradot as an absurd Frenchman, are indifferently shown. For Charles Cartwright as Kleschna and William B. Mack as Schram, nothing but commendation is due.

We admire Mr. McLellan for his crisp dialogue, and we admire his flashes of dramatic power in several strong situations. His sense of character values is not apparent; yet we are loath to believe that he will not write a real drama some day. It was the general flatness of the surrounding theatrical territory in this city that made "Leah Kleschna" loom larger than it is—that and the superlatively fine acting. A clever writer, a charming personality, a brilliant wit, a man of brains, let us look forward to a new play from Mr. McLellan with more life and truth than "Leah Kleschna" reveals—also a play in which the bad taste of the public will not be so artfully tickled. We hope that its author, following the example of Augustus Thomas, will select an American theme and *milieu* in his next essay. When C. M. S. McLellan was in journalism in this city no pen was more divertingly satirical, none so truthful and mordant. In the meantime the Manhattan Theatre has been thronged for months by huge audiences. Who dare say that melodrama does not pay!

George Middleton
(1880-1967)

Five of Middleton's plays were produced by Belasco.

As an unpublished letter from Huneker to Middleton indicates, the playwright sent the critic three books containing the plays he mentions in the selection below: Embers . . .; One-act Plays of Contemporary Life *(1911);* Tradition . . .; One-act Plays of Contemporary Life *(1913); and* Nowadays *(1914). On April 18, 1920, Huneker thanked Middleton for sending him other plays–probably* Masks . . .; One-act Plays of Contemporary Life *(1920).*

With Huneker's permission (given in an extant postcard written May 24, 1920) Middleton quoted in his autobiography, These Things Are Mine *(1947), from this letter (pp. 137, 149) and also from the review below (p. 146). Here, too, he implied that he and Huneker met at least once (pp. 77-78).*

Middleton's letters to Huneker have apparently not survived.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 76 (October 3, 1914): 8

I have carefully studied the plays of George Middleton, and admire not only his technical dexterity, but also his sympathetic characterization. Technically speaking, he can give cards and spades to many successful playwrights. I can't say that I am always interested in his thesis; his men are too often victims of the strategy of "superior women," but, as Henry James suggests, it is always dangerous to question an author's choice of theme. I found myself admiring the psychological insight of "The Gargoyle," and the broader canvas of the three-act comedy, "Nowadays," an expansion of an earlier one-act play. I've not seen these plays of Mr. Middleton's in the theatre, and I'll not venture a prediction as to their acting quality–always a dangerous prediction–but I can answer for their readable quality. He has a light touch in comedy, and there is both comedy and tragedy in "Their Wife."

Langdon Mitchell
(1862-1935)

Though they were both born in Philadelphia within five years of each other, Huneker apparently did not know or correspond with Mitchell (or with his father, S. Weir Mitchell, the eminent physician and well-known author). In a reminiscent article about New York drama critics of the 1890-1914 era, Langdon Mitchell did not mention Huneker though he did recall a couple of comments *on* The New York Idea *made by other (unnamed) critics, one of whom wrote: "A good woman stays at home and loves her husband and children. Let Mr. Mitchell learn this, if he is capable of learning anything" (*New York Times, *April 9, 1933, sec. 9, pp. 1-2).*

The New York Idea *was revived in 1933 by the Snarks, an amateur theatrical club, and again in 1948 by a group known as On-Stage. For Huneker's detailed review of* The New York Idea, *see below, under Moody, second critique.*

"The Drama of the Month," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 25 (February 1907): 645-646.

Mrs. Fiske started tongues to wagging in her production of "The New York Idea," at the Lyric Theater. Divorce is the motive, and whatever may be said for or against this play, as to its subject, its treatment, or its acting, this much at least must be said: it amuses. It keeps the audience in a ripple of laughter from the beginning to the end. And you laugh just as heartily at the jokes that are dragged in by their heels as at those which come spontaneously. Mr. Fiske, as usual, has cast the play to its best advantage. Mr. Mason and Mr. Arliss are excellent in rôles which show their talents in a new light to New York audiences. Mrs. Fiske plays her part well. In the purely satirical portions she is convincing and she would be so in the sentimental third act, if it were not for the satirical acts which have gone before it. "The New York Idea" is a play that is to be accepted without stopping to weigh it, or not at all.

William Vaughn Moody
(1869-1910)

In the North American Review, *about the same time this article appeared, Huneker referred to Moody as "poet and mystic, and like all true mystics, a realist in the conduct of quotidian life. He has actually written a popular play,* The Great Divide, *he the Fire-Bringer" (184 [January 18, 1907]: 194).*

*On that very date–January 18, 1907–Moody wrote his wife-to-be that he was going that night to see a Yiddish play on the Bowery "by one Kr[e]mer, American dramatist' " (*Letters to Harriet, *[1935] p. 321). Theodore Kremer (1873-1923), German-born playwright, wrote melodramas. Huneker's description of him, source unknown, must have been written in jest.*

"The Drama of the Month," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 25 (January 1907): 512-515.

The dramatic season is shaking itself together. Many hectic productions have brought sorrow to authors and managers, and distress to the public, only to be forgotten with the Holiday season; in summing up it leaves a balance of a few solid successes that would make history for any year. Mr. Jones' "The Hypocrites" and Mr. Pinero's "His House in Order," early comers, have been discussed from every point of view, dramatic, moral and histrionic. Of the newer arrivals Mr. Henry Miller's and Miss Margaret Anglin's performance of "The Great Divide" may be mentioned first, because it is an American play by an American writer, attacking a definite problem, and in a way that pronounced it a solid success on its opening night.

Ruth Jordan has been raised in the shadow of Plymouth Rock and the fear of the stern tenets of the early New England settlers, who carried guns to church without meaning to break the Sabbath. Far from New England in an Arizona desert with her brother, running a ranch in an effort to save her mother's small fortune, Ruth hears a call at which the antique portraits in the old homestead at Milford Corners, Mass., would have wrinkled their canvas brows. She hears the call of the desert, and scarcely comprehending, feels happier than ever in her life, at which her brother frowns in place of the absent portraits. Left alone in the ranch house, through a combination of mischances one night, Ruth is attacked by three intoxicated men on their way across the desert from a dance. In a taut, dramatic scene she persuades one of them, Stephen Ghent, to protect her from the others, with her promise "on the square" to marry him. Ghent buys one, a Mexican greaser, off with a chain of gold nuggets, and takes the other outside, and in fair fight shoots him. Ghent, sobered by this time, leaves his revolver within her reach and turns his back. Had the portraits been present undoubtedly she would have shot herself, but listening to the call of the desert she interprets it as the call of life–broad, wonderful, full of promise. She throws the gun down in protest; she will have her fling. Then the impluse to shoot the man comes to her, but there the Puritans win, for she has given her promise.

In the next act they are in their mountain home, where Ghent has struck it rich. Carried away at first by his chivalry and consideration, she has now awakened to the shame of her wooing and the bargain that had made it possible. Ghent is now to her only the drunken miner whom she would have shot had she not remembered her promise. His love, his chivalry, his reform, cannot obliterate that picture; when he showers her with gifts there is no thought of the love that prompts them, only the reflection that her price has risen. Weaving blankets and baskets she makes money enough with her own hands to buy from the greaser the chain of nuggets with which he had been bought off, and this she throws at her husband's feet and returns East with her brother and her sister-in-law and the sad young man who had wooed her in an unsatisfactory and purely Puritanical manner even before the West had pronounced him "too finished."

The third act must solve the problem, and in view of the portraits in the house at Milford Corners one gasps at the slim chances of Ghent, who has quietly followed his wife East on the next train six months before the rising of the curtain. Ghent lets her know he is in the village and asks one last interview. He has protected her mother's dwindling fortune, and now her mother, pleading for him, tells her that Ghent is there and is leaving for the West that night. She refuses to see him until in a burst of confidence she tells her mother of her marriage, then realizing that she has broken her promise, her conscience demands that she confess. She sees Ghent and flings it at him that her price has risen until he has bought even her family. In five minutes Ghent tells her more truths than she has ever lent ear to before. Calmly, judiciously, he reviews the probable shortcomings of the originals of the portraits. He shows her that good was bound to come out of their marriage, and that good did come out of it since it had made him a man. He asks her, giving her the necklace of nuggets, to show it in the years to come to their son and to tell him about his father. But she has realized in these five minutes that it is she who has made their married life wrong, and that it is she who has sinned in her attitude. She yields to the fact, though unwillingly, that it has made her all the more unhappy because she has loved him, and she puts the necklace over her head with her own hands, not because she wants to, but because she cannot help herself.

The story is treated with a technical skill which holds the audience breathlessly expectant. Miss Anglin has seldom displayed her emotional acting to better advantage than as Ruth, and Mr. Miller plays a difficult part creditably.

"The War of the Sexes," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 25 (February 1907): 608-611.

The eternal duel. The war of the sexes. The universal theme of the theater. And the subject of several successful plays in New York this season. Two of these have been hailed as the long expected American masterpieces.

It is hardly necessary to explain now that the unique drama, the unique novel, will never be written in America any more than in England, or in France. Literature is not a peak but a chain of mountains. Dickens, Thackeray, Jane Austen, Fielding, George Eliot, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, George Moore—which one of these is the unique English novelist? Balzac quite dominates French fiction; but the realists followed Balzac; Flaubert, Goncourt, Zola, Daudet, Maupassant; Italy can boast of such various novelists as Manzoni, d'Annunzio, and Fogazzaro.

In the United States the problem is vaster. A universal poet or painter of manners would have no less a task than the dramatic depiction of people that range from the Golden Gate to Hawaii, from Chicago to Manila, from New York to Key West, from—why go into geographical nomenclature?

Let us be content to take our drama, our fiction in regional fashion. Walt Whitman outlined a gigantic and impossible plan; but Mark Twain hit the middle course, and is in Europe considered more representative of our country than any American writer, living or dead. So much for a sense of humor.

I am stirred to these profound commonplaces because of two theatrical spectacles I witnessed this winter. One was "The Great Divide"; the other, "The New York Idea." Both are from the pens of cultivated men, neither of whom, is—rather, was—a practical playwright. If I cared to I might linger to expatiate upon the mysterious fudge that is uttered wherever the word "drama" is discussed. Any intelligent and ambitious man or woman may master the practical technique of the stage, but to few is given the gift of story telling–the dramatist's gift. Paul Hervieu put the thing in a nutshell: if you have the story in you, it might as well be staged as bound between covers. By story, a novel is not meant–just a story in which characters come into collision. Now, Mr. William Vaughn Moody–who is a poet of rare and exquisite power–has a story to tell in "The Great Divide"; while Mr. Langdon Mitchell (let us call him a chip off a delightful old block), has a story to tell in "The New York Idea." One story is melodramatic, the other farcical, and both deal with the sex idea.

Is "The Great Divide" at the Princess Theater the great American play? I have endeavored to show that a sectional play can never be called American in the sense of Universal American–although the West has somehow or other usurped in the popular imagination the exclusive right to that title. But a play may be great even if its action be limited to a cabbage patch. "The Great Divide" ranges from Arizona to Massachusetts; withal not a great play. Starting with a thrilling, vital, melodramatic idea, it develops into a drama of character, and the conflict arising from widely opposed temperaments. All of it seems real enough in the heat and fury of the performance. No girl in her senses would think of keeping her word to a drunken ruffian. If she had been whirled off at his saddle-bow in Sabine fashion it might be credible.

Stephen Ghent, however, has begun to sober up; he is repentant, he even drinks water. Ruth is cool-headed enough to bind his wound and the departure of the unhappy girl with her conqueror has something voluntary in it. She is romantic. We see her before the invasion of the cabin, full of the joy of life, touched by the mystery of moonlight–and sex. It may be no lyric exaggeration when, later, she tells her friends that she has known Stephen for aeons. He is, though coming as he does in such questionable guise, her pre-elected male conqueror; the primitive man who has captured his mate by throwing a flint hammer and seizing her while in a stunned condition. The basic element of both Ruth's and Stephen's character is sex. No play ever produced in America has so concerned itself with sex. It reeks with sex. If it had been signed by Bernard Shaw there would have been a hullabaloo, but Shaw could never have dealt so fervidly with sex; in reality what the public resents in the Shaw plays, "Mrs. Warren's Profession" in particular, is their lack of the true sex element. Shaw is asexual as a dramatist, and while he descants upon the sexless American woman, his own feminine characters are deficient in sex, in temperament, though not in superficial cattishness.

Sex, then, is the fundamental idea of Mr. Moody's play. Theatrically considered, it is an excellent work; its story is coherent, if not altogether probable; the action moves steadily; the dialogue is sober and of the quality that would be spoken by its people; while, as a whole, the piece never fails to be interesting except, perhaps, in a rather weak last act. Therein the public is considered, though a happy ending is inevitable. But never will Ruth be happy with Stephen. As to the main theme, marriage by the vilest sort of coercion, one suspects that at first the author may have had a more brutal idea. His original title, "The Sabine Woman," would seem to argue for this view, although he has privately denied the theory. But he would have been truer to life if he had adhered to such a scheme. Flaubert taught us this when his Salammbô loved Matho after the violence of the tent episode. But granting the existence of a girl to whom her word was her real honor, there is a weak link in the chain, when, at the close of the second act, Ruth Jordan leaves the father of her unborn child to go away with her brother. Mr. Moody needed a third act, also the need of suspense; yet it is a blemish difficult to overlook. The playwright knew this when he depicts Ruth in the next scene as an unnatural mother, hating the child because of its father. She admits her selfishness, blaming it on her puritanical training—which is severe on New England.

The idea of Stephen being her husband, her conqueror, rankles in her weak flesh, and she goes back to him, not for duty's sake, but for love's. Thanks, Mr. Moody, for this plain truth, for this bold avoidance of the usual hypocritical motive of our theater-made plays, our theater-made morality. Nor is the word "renunciation" employed throughout. Stephen begins as a ravening beast and ends as a plain man, one become strong through his sorrow. Ruth is a sentimentalist and a sensualist to the close, with brief interludes of bigoted puritanism and a tendency to enter into the metaphysics of feeling. She is an egotist. She turns her soul inside out for Stephen's benefit, and talks like a Yankee prude. She is so superior to the man! And he leads with a tiny cord.

Not for a moment in any one of the three acts did I feel that Stephen and Ruth were real characters. For me, they were types, not individuals. The Western rough diamond, the New England woman—a trifle more sophisticated in matters of sentiment than the average—who meet and war upon each other until the stronger wins; doubtless this is what the poet strove to set forth. The blind force that makes constellations to move in their appointed orbits is the force that from the swift glance of men and women builds nations. Schopenhauer has recorded this fact though he has been denounced ever since by women for speaking the truth in unromantic phrases. But he was romantic although his was the cosmical romance. Mr. Moody, brushing aside everything but the essentials, has sought to say this truth anew, in the terms of the theater, as Wagner said it in "Tristan und Isolde," in terms of music. So it matters little if his characters are not keenly differentiated from stage types. I could only see Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller, not Ruth and Stephen, working out the problem of their fiery souls.

As to the performance, one trembles to think what such a play would have been in less artistic hands. Miss Anglin always had the gift of tears. She knows now how to control her tendency to a lush emotionalism. Of her charming presence, her grace, her capacity for winning the suffrage of her audience—these are things already known. She has learned to speak clearly, propelling every sentence across the footlights. A vastly different artiste this from the young lady who essayed "Camille" in a dark wig. Mr. Miller is a ripe actor; years ago we discovered that he had in him the qualities of a character actor as well as the voice and mien of a bishop. It was in "Gudgeons" and in that strangely unsuccessful yet artistic play of Mr. Jones, "Michael and His Lost Angel," Henry Miller surprised his best enemies. He also surprised them as Stephen Ghent. It is a veritable impersonation. His stage management shows for itself. "The Great Divide" is the great surprise: William Vaughn Moody, mystic, poet, professor of English literature, and the writer of an American play, a successful one! Why, then let us hope that Oliver Herford will finish that vast mural decoration of his, which is to hang in the White House—it portrays the impossible: Theodore Roosevelt—a Still Life. Or mayhap Marguerite Cline will really appear in her original impersonation of Brünnhilde. The realization of either of these things would not seem to me as extraordinary as the fact that the author of "The Fire Bringer" wrote "The Great Divide." But he did. And—as Henry James says—"there you are"—with your theories and your giddy guesses.

Mr. Mitchell's play, "The New York Idea," might have been better named "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil." It is not in the least like New York any more than it is like Chicago, Salt Lake City, or even Dakota. The action transpires in a theatrical No-Man's land, one traversed by Pailleron, Labiche and Shaw. There is one-third Shaw, one-third Gallic, and the rest American. Let it be said at once that the dialogue is not inferior to either Shaw or the Frenchmen. It even outpoints Mr. Shaw in brilliancy, impudence, and cynicism. One line topples over another; the witticisms hunt in couples; you draw a deep breath after each curtain fall, for the ideas of Mitchell are oppressively clever. It is the defect of his humorous apparatus—its plentitude, its variety. There are enough *bon mots* in this piece to float the entire playhouses of London through a long season. But there it ends. For the "idea," as well related and carried out as it is, is truly hellish. Divorced couples have met, this world being a small footstool in the firmament, have been civil, have flirted, sometimes remarried. But surely not in the outrageous style of these people. Hatred is not always a concomitant of divorce—as the man said when he paid his former wife's dressmaker's bill. Divorce is the devilish third of Mr. Mitchell's trio, the world and the flesh playing smaller rôles. As Judge Brack exclaims in "Hedda Gabler": "People don't do such things!" And in the first and third acts of "The New York Idea," "such things" are done that would make the recording clerks of a Western divorce court weep with joy. For such is the Kingdom of Divorce. Such is believed to be the real New York (shades of Rupert Hughes!), and such will be accepted as solid reality when the play goes to London. At last the English man and the English woman will be enabled to point the finger of approving scorn at this play and exclaim, "Here is (are) the real Yankee goods (canned)." Dear old London!

Like Mr. Moody's people, these characters of Mr. Mitchell's are types—types of a different idea, flimsy, farcical on the surface, yet an idea that is satirical and destructive. It was, I think, a mistake to set down as all superficial the swift gabble and kaleidoscopic rush of incident in this farce-comedy. The writer of it has a very definite evil to tilt against; but he uses a rapier, not a rake. What we are coming to if the divorce evil grows—that is his thesis. And when you remember that not so many months ago a dinner of divorced persons exclusively was given in New York City, Mr. Mitchell's first act is not so far-fetched. That ex-wives and ex-husbands mingled at this dinner was not the case; but isn't that a mere detail? The world moves fast and the mills of divorce grind no longer slowly. Let us take the new word "idea" as it was intended. It is shocking, it is breathcatching, and it is, sad to say, amusing.

Here is another play that would suffer untold treatment if enacted by a company of smaller calibre than Mrs. Fiske's, at the Lyric. Played in the key of high comedy, without the suspicion of a smirk, or of a speech unduly underlined, artistic dissonances were sounded that proved very agreeable to the palate. This clashing of keys, this air of reality maintained in the very teeth of the absurd, gave to its scenes a flavor of the abnormal. What could be more comical, for instance, than the end of the first act? And what more mock sacrilegious than the interrupted wedding? The second act, notwithstanding Marian Lea—an accomplished actress—and her genuine highbred languors, has too many doors, too many exits and entrances. One looked for Palais Royal screens. The fourth act registers the only obtrusion of sentiment. As played by Mrs. Fiske and John Mason it escaped the banal. Besides, in it Mr. Mitchell drives home his moral with a deft, hammer-like stroke. The sentiment is pretty if slightly spun out, and whatever cynicism had scorched the earlier acts vanished at the end. What a wicked episode is that of the window and the man waiting below! Another dissonance, a capital one. The cast is perfection. Mr. Harbury—dear old Charles Harbury!—is the judge to the life. George Arliss makes vital the lightly sketched part of Sir Wilfred, one of his finely finished portraits of an eccentric English lordling; and John Mason is a real American sporting man. Mrs. Fiske, who is nothing if not versatile, as a gay, reckless woman of wealth and "horsey" tastes, looks ten years younger than last season, younger, more vivacious, and yet carrying the character throughout on the edge of smiling tears. She is the old Minnie Maddern Fiske with a command of a more ample technique.

"The Three of Us," at the Madison Square Theater, one of the successful plays this season, does not set forth the war of the sexes as much as it illustrates the struggle between two men for the desirable woman. By Rachel Crothers, the piece unheralded, nevertheless proved to be a delightful and a natural one. It contains no new idea, no new background, no vivid and surgeon-like articulation of character. Its men and women, boys and girls, are of a familiar pattern; and their frame a Western mining camp. The playwright was new to fame, but she has contrived to write her name very clearly in the annals of this season. Without the apotheosis of instinct, without worldly scintillating wit, "The Three of Us" may hold its own longer than either "The Great Divide" or "The New York Idea"; and because of its homely sincerity. It is illuminated by the acting of Carlotta Nillson; her title for admission into the ranks of foremost actresses can now never be disputed. Miss Nillson had an uphill task to reach the Parnassus of the theater. But she is there and on her way thither she dropped her superfluous baggage—her mannerisms, her vocal faults, her temperamental instabilities. She achieves a climax now by the most subtle gradations; she can play nearer the verities of everyday life than any of her English-speaking contemporaries and without leaving the atmosphere of art; and she has control over the mechanism of gesture, intonation and facial mobility. She has this in common with Scandinavian actresses, such as Fru

Betty Hennings, she can play at a white heat, her very core aflame, without tearing passion into shreds, without losing command of herself. She reveals passion itself with a daring yet discreet touch. In this she is Scandinavian. How many actresses are there in America who could handle the climax in act third without drifting into theatricalism? It is well written, this scene—the woman who, scornful of both admirers—mere doubting men—turns her back on them and goes her own way. Miss Nillson is like a volcano masked in ice.

The dramatist holds the scales so well balanced that our sympathy is until near the end with both men. Personally, I prefer Louis Berresford; I am tired of rough diamonds in blue flannel—is there no more virtue in "boiled" shirts and bank accounts? Berresford, too, is played by Henry Kolker, an attractive actor with both temperament and method. Carlotta Nillson, however, is the play, and she has come "into her own," as the chroniclers have it. We recall her as a remarkable Mrs. Elvsted, in "Hedda Gabler," and there are some of us who would like to see her as that perverse, fascinating sinner. But that, I suppose, is asking too much. Yet—yet there is a craze for Ibsen this winter, Ibsen afternoons! Why do not Manager Lawrence and Miss Nillson talk it over? Another Hedda or Nora, Rebekka West, or, dear Miss Nillson, there is Gina in "The Wild Duck," and Rita Allmers in "Little Eyolf"! And Strindberg's "Countess Julie" has never been seen in New York. What a miraculously unpleasant hour you could give us as Julie, the unhappy Julie, a perfect victim of the war of the sexes, of the eternal duel!

Channing Pollock
(1880-1946)

Pollock's best work as a playwright did not appear until the 1920s, after Huneker's death. He was George Jean Nathan's predecessor as drama critic of Smart Set, *Nathan assuming the post in 1908.*

"The Drama of the Month," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 24 (April 1906): 122

"The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt," Mr. Alfred Sutro's new comedy at Daly's, did not repeat the impression made by his "Walls of Jericho." The thesis is slighter, the characterization not so strong, the construction far weaker. But there is brilliant dialogue, and the company, headed by Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Frank Worthing, do full justice to the English playwright's work. If the story had been more credible and the chief rôle a more sympathetic one, we could easily pardon the essential artificiality of the situations; as it is, you can't become deeply interested in these people of Mr. Sutro's.

Far more real because more sincere, though not so sophisticated in dialogue or structure, is Channing Pollock's "The Little Gray Lady," produced at the Garrick. We remember Mr. Pollock for his excellent adaptation of Frank Norris's "The Pit," a novel lacking in dramatic essentials. He has transferred the homely and gossiping atmosphere of a medium-class Washington boardinghouse to the boards and has contrived to tell with excellent art a moving little tale; he also revealed a genuine gift for characterization. Little wonder Mr. Belasco has secured his pen for a term of years. Mr. Pollock's is a fresh talent.

Augustus Thomas
(1857-1934)

Thomas wrote more than sixty plays, many of which depict the American background.

*In an encouraging letter written in 1905 to Thomas's roommate, Walter Prichard Eaton, the drama critic, Huneker referred to him as "never the doubting, ever the serene Thomas! He is to pattern after" (*Letters*, p. 38).*

"Thomas' New Play," New York *Morning Advertiser*, September 10, 1895, p. 2

He is still the Doubting Thomas.

Here you have in solution the elements of a strong, even thrilling, drama of contemporaneous interest, but the arrow shot falls short of the mark; in a word, not to further mix metaphors, Augustus Thomas' new play, produced at the Standard Theater last night, might have been the play of all his plays.

It was not, I am sorry to say.

It was no wag that remarked that hell was paved with good intentions. It is too serious a remark. So is "The Capitol" quite the most serious play I have yet witnessed from the pen of the native born playwright.

But it is paved and packed with good intentions—intentions frustrated by the author's timidity—or, shall I say, technical shortcomings?

I incline to the former. If Mr. Thomas had pitched overboard all of the cheap theatric artifices of his craft and had been as true as in "In Mizzoura" and "Alabama," the new play would have been a great artistic success. But he chose the facile middle course, and the result rings not satisfactorily.

An admirable story—a couple separated, wife runs away, husband becames a Roman Catholic priest; the child, a daughter, reaches womanhood, marries a Congressman and then the play begins. We are introduced to the heart of the great political mystery in Washington. Politics and religion are ably handled. Mr. Thomas' intimate personal acquaintance in the capital has stood him in good stead. With ease he draws for us a half dozen familiar types, with ease he steers a perilous first act through the dangers of dialogue and a "dark" scene, with ease, I repeat, he levies on his memory, and the result would have been infinitely satisfying if the author's constructive skill had been on a par with his sense of personal values. And, then, he struck many false notes.

I liked exceedingly the extreme air of the natural, the sluggish gait so characteristic of the subject, and only when that false note sounded—the note which Ruskin so happily called "the pathetic fallacy"—did I lose heart. The "curtain drops" were unconventional, but oh! that erring and repentant wife, the Red Cross, the Clara Barton plus the sob—why was she so much in evidence? And what a magnificent opportunity was lost through the inability of Mr. Thomas to resist the temptation of bringing the parted parents face to face!

If he had but dropped his curtain on the priest's refusal to reopen an awful wound!

What a superb dramatic stroke that would have been, besides the avoidance of an anticlimax.

"The Capitol" is a serious play and in the right direction. I like it because it treats of things which are left unsaid by the everyday dramatist. There is little "comic relief," for which the gods be praised, and the love element is not paramount, for which Mr. Thomas should be crowned with bay leaves. But it is not given to all to master the Ibsen manner, even though the manner be germane. I applaud Mr. Thomas. He is one of the few men we may look to for something distinctively American.

"The Capitol" does not compass the height and breadth of his great talent, I hope.

The performance was mediocre.

Huneker reviewed Thomas's The Other Girl *after its opening and then discussed it a few days later. The review, noteworthy for its praise of Lionel Barrymore, is reproduced below in its entirety except for the passage on Barrymore, which is deleted at the point indicated and printed under Performers. Excerpts from the second notice follow.*

"Pugilist, Parson and Play," New York *Sun*, December 30, 1903, p. 7

Before an audience still exhausted by laughter and within the walls of the Criterion Theatre last night, Mr. Augustus Thomas made one of his solemn speeches of thanks, in which he said comical and ironic things about his new comedy, "The Other Girl," produced on this occasion; about sensitive clergymen, still more sensitive pugilists; about his manager, Mr. Charles Frohman; about newspaper folk and also about himself—for despite his apparent coolness the playwright is a doubting Thomas when the subject is himself. This has been remarked at times in the Lambs Club by absolute strangers.

He had no reason, certainly, to doubt either the success or the cleverness of his new piece. It is no exaggeration to say that "The Other Girl" is the funniest and most entertaining comedy of the season, one that will make an especial appeal to New York folk. It is New Yorkish, with a peculiarly intimate quality that the majority of our realists in fiction may well envy. Mr. Thomas has caught a note, a distinct note, of this metropolis which sets vibrating our laughter.

He has followed the example of the masters of comedy by opposing two totally different characters, and has worked out his theme with a skill that commands admiration. Best of all, he is humorous, with an unforced humor that neither wounds nor yet grates upon the sensibility. In a word, "The Other Girl" is without a trace of cheapness or vulgarity. Mr. Thomas is a public benefactor.

His story, however, is simple to triteness. But his ingenious variations are a delight. A parson who goes in for athletics; a pugilist, a prize man in his class; the infatuation of a silly girl; an intercepted elopement; the vicarious sacrifice—Ah! you cannot do without this antique device, *Fra* Tommaso—the clouded faces of the suspicious family; all ending in a happy finale.

There is a skeleton to the play; it has firm bones, if somewhat old ones; you are left gasping in midair because of the audacity of the dramatist, but never in search for a missing clue. "The Other Girl" is a much better made play than "The Earl of Pawtucket," and quite as funny; indeed, the fun is not confined to one character. It is better distributed throughout.

The performance was admirable. The iron hand of a drillmaster was apparent; besides, the ladies and gentlemen of the cast were all well placed and all well known.

[Passage on Lionel Barrymore follows.]

. . . Joseph Wheelock, as a young man in society, made another hit. His appearance after the automobile accident, his garrulous description of it, while suffering from ether and excitement, and his fainting episode caught the fancy of the house. Mr. Frank Worthing as the parson—surely Mr. Thomas is not painting the portrait of a well known clergyman?—was all this finished actor could do at his topmost.

He was evidently suffering from a cold, but it in no wise impaired his impersonation of a muscular Christian, yet ever the priest and gentlemen. His demolition of *James*, the servant, was a vivid bit of realism. Mr. Worthing seems a handy man with his "fives." His lovemaking was discreetly tender, his entire performance manly and dignified.

Richard Bennett as the reporter was a full length picture that bore the stamp of truth. Mr. Thomas has studied the guild closely, as his reference to journalists in his speech proved. Both the technical elements of pugilism and newspapering were clearly exposed.

The actresses were not a whit behind their male colleagues. Miss Elsie de Wolfe with her air of delicate distinction and looking her Boldini best as to gowns, was the sacrificing girl who made the automobile elopement.

She really looked as if she enjoyed the adventure, and acted with her accustomed finesse. Miss Drina de Wolfe, as the idiot girl in love with the physique, not the "profession," of the man, displayed herself at her best. She was a veritable Wolfe at the door when she kicked in the panels of that imported door. Selina Fetter Royle as a matron, Ralph Delmore as her husband, Frank Burbeck as a Philadelphia father, Ida Greely-Smith as a typical cook, Maggie Fielding as a maid, Joseph Whiting as an irate judge, R. R. Neill as the servant and Lou Middleton as the pugilist's real sweetheart were all capitally disposed and worked hard for the general success of the performance. Mr. Thomas has made a judicious selection.

He also, impressionist that he is in his dramatic work, suggested, perhaps unconsciously, that he has devoted some thought to pugilism since the dose of rochelle salts he administered to a certain editor. He has lumped his dislikes most happily. No prizefighter, no journalist, no clergyman, no automobilist will gainsay the pleasure and amusement derived from "The Other Girl."

"As to Plays Made by Critics," New York *Sun*, January 3, 1904, sec. 3, p. 4

It is a pity that Augustus Thomas did not adhere to his original title, "The Parson and the Pugilist," for his comedy now at the Criterion Theatre, "The Other Girl." We have had, and still have, and always will have, so many "girls" on the stage, that his first idea is, in the very nature of his play, the better of the two. But, if he had stuck to the former title, his first-night audiences would have missed part of a most delectable curtain speech by the author, one is tempted to say, the most carefully elaborated impromptu that ever passed his witty lips. So why complain–and the Lambs Club only forty blocks away!

Mr. Thomas grows apace. "The Other Girl" is as far superior in its quality of humor to his "Earl of Pawtucket" as is Leonard Boyne's aristocratic fop when compared to Lawrance D'Orsay's. And the newer comedy is fairly clamped by conventions of all varieties. It is presumptuous to say that his characters are impossible, for a scant mundane experience shows us that nothing is impossible as to freaks and follies of the human race. What does not ring true–and his people in the piece do, for the most part, ring true–is Mr. Thomas's sentiment and "tall" talk. He is a kindly satirist with ironbound limitations. You can easily see that training and temperament in his case have erected a barrier between himself and, if not the appreciation, at least the delineation, of the finer shades. Without being vulgar, Mr. Thomas's stage folk are never quite refined. He can't sketch one of gentle blood with complete mastery. Nor need he. A caricaturist, he makes our ribs bulge with laughter, and he is a bore only when he becomes stilted. The trail of the Tenderloin is over "The Other Girl," but we hold no brief for any special quarter in this great city. To sound one of its multifarious notes is a feat, and this Mr. Thomas has done. So let us not look a gift 'Gus in the mouth! . . .

The successes of Lionel Barrymore and Joseh Wheelock have been chronicled. "The Other Girl" should be one of the season's big hits.

Owen Wister
(1860-1938)

Wister's popular novel, The Virginian *(1902), was dramatized by the author and Kirke La Shelle (1862-1905), better known as a producer associated with Frank Daniels, the comic opera star.*

"A New Play from Barrieland," New York *Sun*, January 10, 1904, sec. 3, p. 6

What Owen Wister's "The Virginian" might be if dramatized effectively, we may surmise. What it now is at the Manhattan, we know. There is a remnant left in the land which has not read the novel. Some of this remnant may go to the play—and be disappointed. It is inutile to argue that the novel cannot be transferred to the boards; that was a conclusion foregone. If you have to rob a story of its color, atmosphere, motion, characterization and vitality, what is left but colorless, stagnant puppets? Thanks to the personalities and acting of Dustin Farnum, Guy Bates Post—easily the better artist—Mattie Earl and Frank Campeau, the piece is not a failure; but to consider it seriously as anything but crude melodrama is a waste of time. Curiously enough the hen, *Emily*, is heard, not seen. Here is the Barrie motive inverted. . . .

Apropos of successful novels and their attempted dramatization, why should the author always follow his book literally? If his characters are viable—and Mr. Wister's are in the story—why not give them their head and let them create, as fictitious men and women will, entirely new combinations? Any writer knows when he has endowed a character with life that it takes the guiding reins and leads the author where it will. "The Virginian" has too many potentialities to be tied up to that sour souled, conceited Yankee girl. Suppose he should tire of her—he is bound to—what would become of him? And what would become of her? The spectacle of a big hearted, big bodied six footer trembling in the enchantments of a priggish, anaemic woman with a New England conscience is always saddening. The awakening of the *Virginian* and his discovery of the squeaky nerves, shallow nature, wooden brain and chilly heart of his idol—not to mention the abnormal size of her feet—would be worth while analyzing. But it would not be "idealism"—oh, pastilles and seltzer water, that wretched combination doled out by novelists and dramatists!

PERFORMERS

Maude Adams
(1872-1953)

As he implies in the following critique, Huneker first saw Maude Adams on the stage in the 1890s when she was appearing with John Drew. He was temporarily out of drama criticism in late September, 1897, when she starred in Barrie's The Little Minister. Peter Pan, *which opened on Broadway in early November, 1905, made her famous.*

"Stage Heroes and Heroines," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 19 (February 1904): 741

Maude Adams returned to the stage, after nearly two years' absence, in a romantic play by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, at the new Empire Theatre. Miss Adams was received with open arms by a violently enthusiastic audience, evidently more pleased with the actress than her play. It is called "The Pretty Sister of José" and is mildly exotic without much scope for Miss Adams' capability as a comedian. But she looks as ever, sweet and pretty, and her sweetness and prettiness is of the compelling order. Evidently Miss Adams' prolonged vacation has done her good, and has not severed the loving ties which exist between her and her public.

"The Drama of the Month," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 23 (January 1906): 502

And now to leave the rarified atmosphere of the pulpit for the more human air of the congregation, let me add that being over forty and honeycombed with sentiment (hypertrophy of the intellect; "every man over forty is a scoundrel," says John Tanner), I confess to having been fascinated by "Peter Pan" and his merry little crew. Miss Adams is ideal in the rôle. She was always an elfish character, and we, none of us, doubt that her mother kept the windows tightly closed when she was growing, for fear of her winging her flight to the land where the firefly winks his naughty appendix at the stars. Everything she does on the stage of the Empire is inevitably right. She looks Peter, she acts Peter, she *is* Peter. And how she dances, and sings "Sally in our Alley." If I had breath for some musical psychologizing, I should ask why that old tune brings tears to the eyes after all its hard service. Is it because it, too, is immoral—like most of the darling things of life? Or does it only depend on the trick of interpretation? Miss Adams had a rich contralto when I first heard her sing over ten years ago—was it not in "The Bauble Shop" with Mr. Drew? The voice is weaker now, become more pallid from wear, but its pristine sweetness has not fled.

Ethel Barrymore
(1879-1958)

*Although he probably was not personally acquainted with Ethel Barrymore—neither she nor Lionel replied when I wrote them about their possible association with him—Huneker knew her grandmother and father. During his boyhood Mrs. John Drew (1820-1897), the matriarch of America's most famous acting family, managed the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia which his father occasionally decorated; attending it in the 1870s was, as Huneker recalled, his "chief dissipation." His brother John and Mrs. Drew's actor son, John Drew, were classmates (*Steeplejack, *1: 68-69). Huneker saw John Drew make his début in 1873 and considered him, long afterward, a "comedian of the first rank" (*Puck, *80 [December 9, 1916]: 9). In New York Huneker was a drinking companion of witty Maurice Barrymore who had married Mrs. Drew's daughter Georgiana in 1876. "What an Apollo he was," Huneker remembered, though "rather slack in his acting" (*Steeplejack, *2:146).*

Ethel Barrymore, who made her début in the mid-1890s, enjoyed her first big New York success in 1901 in Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines. Cousin Kate, *which Huneker reviews twice below, was her next play. She went on to become one of America's finest actresses.*

When the English drama critic, A. B. Walkley, asked Ethel Barrymore in 1904 if America had any drama critics, she immediately thought of Huneker. Walkley wrote this to the latter the following year.

"New Hudson Theatre Opens," New York *Sun*, October 20, 1903, p. 7

[*Cousin Kate*] gave Miss Barrymore and Mr. Bruce McRae an admirable opportunity to display their skill at light, bright comedy. Both were extremely natural; he, a little suggestive to old playgoers of the younger Sothern in "Captain Letterblair"; she, evoking faintly perhaps, yet none the less effectually, memories of her brilliant mother, Georgie Drew Barrymore. It was not until the thunderstorm (again Mr. Davies forced his hand) that Miss Barrymore seemed a trifle artificial, a trifle unsteady in her note of pathos.

She was throughout too young for 29; too girlish for the bookish Kate Curtis. But her spontaneity, her genuine wit in the utterance of wit far less than her own, her personal charm, above all her cool naturalism. were so many blinders to the questions that perforce occurred to her audience. She enjoyed a positive triumph. And she deserved it.

She also played the piano—some bars from the "Magic Fire" music in "Die Walküre." Possibly there was intended some sort of recondite allusion to the tea kettle that later furnished the love motive. Ah, these young folk! They even go back to the Tom Robertson comedy in 1903 to find an excuse for their gentle erotics. Gentle is the play, harmless and sentimental. Mr. Davies lets off a perfect *girandole* of epigrammatic fireworks in Act I, some quite clever, none quite new. It is only when he essays the serious that you feel the thin ice breaking, and you are much relieved to reach the firm earth in a playful allusion to man and woman and the rest of things supernal.

Grant Stewart, as a conscientious curate, was, as usual, capital; Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, as a mother who hardly knew what to do, excellent. Beatrice Agnew was *Amy*, the girl who found her affinity—she acted the part exactly in the right key—and Harold Grau, a young man, undersized but brave. "Cousin Kate" was a success, and will continue to be one for a long time. Miss Barrymore has a rôle that fits her like a glove.

"Stage Heroes and Heroines," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 19 (February 1904): 732

Ethel Barrymore, decidedly a lively chip off the Drew and Barrymore blocks, scored in a neat little comedy of sentiment and humor at the Hudson. It is called "Cousin Kate," and was written by Hubert Henry Davies, whose work was promising enough to have won him recently several London successes. Miss Barrymore has a part for which she is literally too young. But that matters little; she has personal charm, a breezy, wholesome charm, and she has a sense of humor—not to mention a comely face and figure. She is still angular and her art is far from finished; but she achieved a success.

"The Drama of the Month," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 24 (April 1906): 121-122

As I have been "filling" my critical "belly with the east wind" all winter, if I may be permitted an honored quotation, I am heartily tired of the play that masquerades as a play but is not a play, only a fable or a sermon. Is it any wonder that we long for good, rare dramatic beef into which we may set our critical teeth! The play, the play's the thing to catch the conscience of a critic! I faintly enjoyed the latest Barrie offering at the Criterion. "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" is like its name—sweet and vermicular. It is what our German brethren would call *Bandwurm*. In it I saw Miss Ethel Barrymore endeavoring to suppress her adorable self, crush the Ethel in her, subdue the Barrymore of her, to fit a nice, ladylike rôle, a mother who is misunderstood by her children. It is all pleasing tomfoolery with as much relation to life, to art, to the theater, as is the pollywog. In despair I read "Mrs. Warren's Profession" after I left the playhouse to rid myself of the sickly surf of Barrie's futile and brackish ideas. And I assure you I do not care much for this particular play. But any astringent for the mental palate after the Barrie *confitures.*

His "Little Mary" marked the low-water mark of dramatic formlessness. "Alice," etc., is a trifle better. I do not include "The Admirable Crichton" as that clever piece was first written by Ludwig Fulda, then adapted without acknowledgment. However, The Barrymores triumph if Barrie does not. Miss Barrymore is not an Ellen Terry for whom the part of Mrs. Grey was written, nor does she fully express the character, but she has tender and motherly moments. John Barrymore improves, and in the curtain raiser, "Pantaloon," is a very effective clown. Herein Lionel Barrymore tops his family. His Pantaloon is an exceedingly clever impersonation. Beatrice Agnew, in both the Barrie plays, displayed her versatility and personal charm. She is worth watching in the future. I can go "Peter Pan," but no more Barrie for me if it is to be of the "Alice, where art thou?" type.

John Barrymore
(1882-1942)

John Barrymore made his New York début on December 28, 1903, in Clyde Fitch's comedy, Glad of It; *Huneker reviewed the play but did not mention Barrymore. The actor's next rôle was in Richard Harding Davis's* The Dictator *(1904), which Huneker also reviewed (see above under Playwrights), and this time he gave Barrymore the enthusiastic notice that follows, and also mentioned Ethel Barrymore's presence in the audience. For Huneker's comment on John Barrymore's performance in Barrie's* Pantaloon, *see the critique immediately above.*

"The Luck of William Collier," New York *Sun*, April 7, 1904, p. 7

John Barrymore easily tops his colleagues in interest in the rôle of a telegraph operator with a thirst. There is something droll about this young man, droll and individual. He is handsome, devil-may-care and as time passes begins to recall his father, ill-fated, dashing Maurice Barrymore; but with this difference—the elder Barrymore's wit and humor were seldom exhibited before the footlights. In private life he was unique at verbal fence; in public, his quality, owing to his habitual carelessness, was seldom apparent. Now his son has just the Barrymore tang. His slouching walk in the present impersonation, his reckless yet drawling manner and his wicked, gleaming eyes evoke his father in his prime off stage. Like his brother Lionel, John Barrymore may go far as a character actor, if he so wills it. He divides honor with Mr. Collier, and let it be quickly added that Mr. Collier in his accustomed large and free style seems willing to share the applause with any of his company—a characteristic trait. . . .

Ethel Barrymore, looking impossibly youthful, sat in a stage box at this matinée and was visibly excited before the curtain went up. Conductor Manuel Klein paid "Cousin Kate" a visit, and to the amazement of involuntary listeners the pair discussed the "Don Quixote" of Richard Strauss—of all subjects! Then Leschetizky and his technical method was mentioned, and Ethel of the Shining Teeth (this is not a Soxoscrape ad.) shed her volatility and hummed motives from the Ring and also from the latest ragtime. She uttered the magic name of Chopin several times, but looked volumes of relief when the curtain rose. For the first time she saw her brother "Jack" in a play, and she did not hesitate to give evidences of her approval. At intervals Miss Barrymore giggled—the word will out!—and giggled enthusiastically. Every shade of Jack Barrymore's ironic, dry humor was instantly noted. It was a very pleasing, very human spectacle, all the more delightful because not set down on the programme.

Naturally the actress was watched by an audience, largely composed of her own sex. One man who was zealously pointing out the sights of New York to his companion said in a loud, self-satisfied, Cook's guide voice: "Ah, there's Ethel Barrymore!" It is a pity that his tactless ears did not hear her mocking commentary: "*There's* another one of the *Ethel* Barrymores——!" she whispered with sardonic glee.

Lionel Barrymore
(1878-1954)

Lionel Barrymore made his New York début in Herne's Sag Harbor *in 1900. The first play in which he appeared after Huneker became drama critic for the New York* Sun *was* The Best of Friends, *which Huneker reviewed in the first of the following critiques. Barrymore received feature billing in Augustus Thomas's* The Other Girl, *which Huneker reviewed at length (see Playwrights above). Huneker also mentioned him in a 1906 notice of a performance of two Barrie plays on the same program,* Pantaloon *and* Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire, *the first including both Barrymore brothers in the cast and the second starring Ethel; see under the latter above.*

"A New English Melodrama," New York *Sun*, October 21, 1903, p. 5

Thirty-five people were in the cast and many in the mob. Some of the former were not happily cast; yet there were individual hits. Agnes Booth, as an old circus rider, strong woman and parrot queen, was capital. She had her audience with her from start to finish. Her accent was pure cockney, her humor unmistakable. Lionel Barrymore again displayed his skill in make up, and, better still, characterization, as the Boer commander. Young Joseph Wheelock returns looking stonger, and acted with his oldtime effect a rather foolish part—foolish and sentimental.

"Pugilist, Parson and Play," New York *Sun*, December 30, 1903, p. 7

The hit of the night was made by Lionel Barrymore, who played a prize-fighter and trainer to perfection.

Mr. Barrymore is versatile, and that fact has never been borne in so heavily upon us as it was last night. His pugilist was not a "tough" nor a bad lot. He was manly, without a trace of the heroic, a quality usually bestowed upon him by idealistic dramatists of the East Side; and in gait, garb and speech the illusion he created is not to be forgotten. And those speeches! Mr. Ade must look to his laurel of slang.

Maurice Barrymore
(1849-1905)

Huneker praised Maurice Barrymore in the following passage in his review of Belasco's The Heart of Maryland, *reproduced above. He also recalled the actor, who died insane less than a year later, in a notice of his son John's performance in* The Dictator, *printed above, under John Barrymore.*

"The Theatre," New York *Sunday Advertiser*, October 27, 1895, p. 5

I feel impelled to hurl some verbal bouquets at Maurice Barrymore. He might, however, grow careless again, and you know when he is bad he is indeed horrid. At his best he is a memory to treasure. The first two acts are his—he is the commanding vital figure.

Maxine Elliott
(1868-1940)

Maxine Elliott, actor Nat Goodwin's third wife, appeared with him in a number of plays by Clyde Fitch and others before starring without him in Fitch's Her Own Way *(1903). (For Huneker's critique of that play, see above.) Fitch's* Her Great Match *(1905) was written for her. Three years later, she built and managed the New York theater given her name. A personal friend of King Edward VII, she was extremely popular in England where whe retired shortly before World War I only to reappear on the stage and in films beginning in 1920.*

"Stage Heroes & Heroines," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 19 (February 1904): 730

Maxine Elliott has by legitimate methods backed by a laudable ambition pushed her way into the sky of theatrical stars. She heads a company in Clyde Fitch's capital little comedy, "Her Own Way," and as the heroine presents a natural embodiment of a very normal young American woman; she has never done better work than this, and her confluence with Mr. Fitch has proved happy for both actress and author.

Minnie Maddern Fiske
(1864-1932)

Mrs. Fiske was one of Huneker's favorite actresses, especially as an exponent of Ibsen. He probably reviewed the following plays in which she starred in New York: A Doll's House *(1894 and 1896);* Marie Deloche *(1896); her own* A Light from St. Agnes *(1896);* Tess of the D'Urbervilles *(1897);* Mary of Magdala *(1902);* Hedda Gabler *(1903);* Leah Kleschna *(1904);* The New York Idea *(1906); and* Erstwhile Susan *(1916).*

For remarks by Huneker on Mrs. Fiske's performance in Leah Kleschna *and* The New York Idea, *see Playwrights above, under McLellan and Mitchell, respectively.*

One letter from Huneker to Mrs. Fiske and three from him to her husband, Harrison Grey Fiske, have survived.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 31 (October 9, 1895): 19

A really strong individual actress is as rare as a finely fired oyster outside of Philadelphia. The comparison is not graceful, I know—culinary comparisons seldom are—but really the rarity of a celebrated oyster fry in this city is something silly.

Therefore, with timbrel and shawn, sackbut and rejoiceful song, I salute Minnie Maddern Fiske's return to the stage. This slender hipped woman, with auburn hair boiling over her shapely head and whose strange regard fascinates me, absented herself at a time when she was most needed. Full of magnetism, the owner of a lithe technic, a coal of live fire, all she attempted she heated to intensity by her great talents.

I saw her *Nora* in *Doll's House* and liked it better than Réjane's. The Frenchwoman, despite her great technical finesse, did not play in the right key. Mrs. Fiske does. Her touch is almost faultless. She is the little Scandinavian *Frou Frou*, with that curious consciousness of the Ibsen and modern woman.

The re-entrance of Minnie Maddern Fiske is a distinct gain to the American stage.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 31 (November 20, 1895): 19

Minnie Maddern Fiske is the most individual artist to-day on the American stage; indeed, it would be difficult, short of the great ones, to duplicate her rare personality and absolutely natural methods, even if one includes foreign players. She has a marvelous faculty of leaving things unsaid—things that most actresses and actors so greedily make you aware of. This tact of omission and gift of reticence, this power of suggestion, allied to a talent, vivid, vibratile, fervent, changeful and full of mood versatility, makes her a unique study for the student of things dramatic.

She was at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, last week, and in *A Doll's House* and *The Queen of Liars* she proved her right to be called the American Duse. Harrison Grey Fiske has made an English adaptation of Hennique's and Daudet's *La Menteuse*, a play that is neither very logical nor original. But it served to show Mrs. Fiske's brilliancy and command of the modern technic. In Ibsen's *A Doll's House* she is known to us, her *Nora* being conceived and executed on a higher plane of artistic excellence than either Réjane's or the overrated English actress, Janet Achurch's.

I hope that Mrs. Fiske will play in New York this season.

New York *Sunday Advertiser*, March 22, 1896, p. 7

It was the afternoon of Feb. 15, 1894, that I first saw Minnie Madern Fiske play Ibsen's "Doll's House" at a benefit affair in the Empire Theater. Mr. W. H. Thompson was the Krogstad and Courtenay Thorpe the Helmer. This was before Miss Maddern had, of course, even seen Duse or Réjane, and, to be quite frank, I see nothing in her work that reminds me of these two great artists, except her unflinching sincerity and naturalism. Miss Maddern, on the afternoon I speak of, played Nora with marvelous skill, viewing the character from many sides, giving us a Nora vibrant with life, rather conscienceless, until awakened, and not at all knowing or cynical. Her scene with the children was delightful and the tarantella, the interview with Dr. Rank and the finale were all capitally conceived and executed.

For some reason Miss Maddern not only cut the important scenes in the presentation of the play last Thursday night, at the Garden Theater, but she seemed to have lost her grip on the part. At least she did not play it very sincerely or naturally. I suppose the production of that afterpiece was the cause.

We were disappointed, and not only on Thursday night, but also on Monday night, for "Marie Deloche" is not a worthy vehicle for the exploitation of Miss Maddern's rare talent.

I look for better things next Tuesday evening in "Césarine."

New York *Morning Advertiser*, March 3, 1897, p. 5

Thomas Hardy's well known and powerful novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," was put on the stage at the Fifth Avenue Theater last night, and achieved popular and artistic success. The dramatic version is by Lorimer Stoddard, and is in reality a free fantasy on themes from the novel, one whole act, the third, and the beginning of act four, being entirely new, while the dramatist has not hesitated to use his license in topsy-turveying events, mixing motives and giving novel twists to certain characters. . . .

The new piece will surely be a success, for it has plenty of "heart interest" and while it only fairly follows the story it is close enough to the text for all practical purposes. The very melodramatic incident of the killing was executed by Minnie Maddern Fiske with superb power. At no time did she physically or mentally suggest Tess, for she is too complex a woman, too subtle, too superfine, too modern, but her skill at no time deserted her and so she imposed her interpretation upon us, and it was a technical tour de force. The confession in act two was most human and affecting; the killing most horrible, most morbid and almost worthy of Bernhardt in all its intense miniature effects.

The note of naturalism has seldom sounded so clear and passionate as in Mrs. Fiske's work last night. She is a finished artist. The close was admirable, the delicate woman expanding with a great joy as the end came. I shall never forget that picture.

Annie Irish as Marian made a vivid impression of power, reserved, volcanic power. It is the best thing this gifted girl has given us since her advent here as Miss Tanqueray. Charles Coghlan was Alec, and played the part with refinement and almost too much finesse. His assumption of brutality at the close was artistic and furnished a half reason for the murder. Edward M. Bell was Angel Clare, and did as much as could be expected with the rôle.

John Jack and Mary Barker gave a capital impersonation of the Darbeyfields, while Alice Pierce and Edith Wright were very real young people. Nellie Lingard and Bijou Fernandez were the other dairy maids.

But what uncanny power has that electric Minnie Maddern! Her Tess was the most decadent girl imaginable, and the thrill was there. Of Hardy's large, out-of-door, sweeping and vigorous manner there was no suggestion, yet I may venture to say that half of the women of this city will be weeping for the next few months over Tess of the Maddern-Fiskes at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

"Theatrical," New York *Sunday Advertiser*, March 7, 1897, p. 7

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is drawing big houses at the Fifth Avenue, as I expected it would. A finer psychologic exposition of character I have never seen since Duse's work. Minnie Maddern Fiske's conception is not what the student of Thomas Hardy looks for, but it is a logical, masterly, fine, nervous performance and the more you see it the more it grows upon you. I saw the play twice last week and at the second hearing was forced to admit that I was hopelessly outgeneraled by the tiny, slender wòman with the electric will and uncanny charm.

Tess is a big, even brawny, woman, and despite what may be said of her spiritual nature, she was of the soil. Her mother, it must not be forgotten, was a milkmaid, a mother of children, rather sensual in her tastes and decidedly earthy and material in her views of life. From the fantastic Sir John, from the degenerate D'Urbervilles, Tess got the other strain. She was a lady, she was fine, and it is in the conflict of the two families in her that Hardy makes his problem so fascinating.

Granted her innocence, her lack of passionate motives in the first adventure, yet her return points out most clearly that the woman felt and felt deeply.In her eyes Alec was her husband in the sight of God, no matter how she inclined toward Angel. Why, Angel himself in the book suggests that idea to the simple, superstitious girl, and Alec harps on it most nauseatingly.

Whenever two or three women get together, and Tess is discussed, the rock on which they invariably split is the return of the woman to Alec. I have known of families to meet coldly at breakfast because of divided opinions on the subject. Far more difficult to me is the return of Tess to Angel, although Hardy makes it sufficiently clear by putting her in the position of a fugitive, a hunted down murderess.

In the book the preparation for her second alliance with Alec is consummately handled. She is wretched, deserted, fancies Clare has left her; she is worked to death, and after that strong episode when her mother cries: "What shall we do now, Tess?" the situation dawns on her. They are starving, the family to which she brought so much ill-luck, and there is an easy method to escape. Pure, why the woman was always pure, but a pagan at heart. She may have been religious in her own obscure way, but she belonged to the Wessex soil, to her the rich valley, steaming with bush vegetation, the slow moving cattle, in the haze of dawn the great round sun, all were objects for worship. She was a pantheist, a nature worshipper, and she has strong analogies with some of the ox-eyed, Juno-lipped women of Walt Whitman, the divine natural women who are born to be mothers, wives and loving creatures.

Outwardly, Mrs. Fiske gives us but few indications of this side of Tess—indeed, her physical limitations inhibit her from the attempt but her clear presentment of a woman's soul, of Tess' soul, is marvelous. She only hints at the physical rim, but the richness of the periphery, the soul-core, is painted, or rather sung with a power that is absolutely seductive. The soul of Minnie Maddern, the soul of Tess, is seen as a bright, thin flame, a singing flame. She has torn asunder the corporeal to reveal the spiritual. Quarrel with the conception, you cannot, for the artist imposes from the very start her dream of the character. The whole execution is perilously near genius. No living actress on the English speaking stage could approach Mrs. Fiske. She suggests—and a curious composite it is—she suggests both Duse and Bernhardt, the former in the first two acts—ah, what pathos, what exquisite pathos there was in the recital of her mishap to Angel—and in the fourth act in the murder scene she is pure Bernhardt. That scene suggests Sardou, the knife, its handling and the distressing and eerie fit of shivering after the murder are all ultra Gallic, "theatre libre," as Charles Henry Meltzer said.

I did not care for the third act. It was obviously machine-made and obviously made to excuse Tess' return to the scamp Alec.

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is by no means Hardy's masterpiece. In power and style it ranks below "The Return of the Native," and it is not a book as one would select as fit for dramatization. Therefore, the further Mr. Lorimer Stoddard gets from the novel the better is his work. It was a happy idea to introduce the Durbeyfields and use them as comic relief. Marian is also skillfully handled, and as interpreted by Annie Irish she is the most vital figure on the stage after Tess.

The company is a strong one and the play should have a long run. Minnie Maddern Fiske is the talk of the town.

The following are excerpts from Huneker's review and analysis, respectively, of Paul Heyse's Mary of Magdala, *which he described as a "brilliant success." "Twenty years ago," he added, "such a play would not have been possible in America." Most of his two articles deals with the play rather than with Mrs. Fiske.*

"*Mary of Magdala* Played," New York *Sun*, November 20, 1902, p. 9

The *Magdalen* is not drawn for us in the voluptuous lines and with the enticing curves of a courtesan. It is a woman who has begun to weary of her life like Anatole France's *Thaïs.* She thinks rather than feels, and it may be well imagined that Mrs. Fiske did not fail clearly to indicate the more sombre and cerebral sides of the woman's nature. To be warmly praised is the natural key she maintained throughout; there were few outbursts and when they came they told heavily. Especially convincing were her final words.

Here was a chance for rhetorical overemphasis and it was tactfully avoided. It was her great moment, greatest because sincerest. Mrs. Fiske as usual concealed beneath the clock of her subtle, natural art all its adroit mechanism. She deserved the many curtain calls she received. After act IV there was a demonstration which might have ended in a speech. For her refusal she should be thanked. It would have been slightly out of perspective.

"Mrs. Fiske and Her New Play," New York *Sun*, November 23, 1902, sec. 3, p. 6

As to the much-discussed assumption of Mrs. Fiske, we may only say that this versatile, vibratile woman always selects parts for which she seems to possess no temperamental or physical aptitudes. Then to demonstrate the victory of art over mind and matter she proceeds to play whatever she has set out to do. We all exclaimed, raising aloft incredulous hands, when *Tess* was announced. Yet Mrs. Fiske gave us a *Tess*, not Hardy's *Tess*, but her own stubborn reading. For that matter the play was not Hardy's either. The sparkling creature we called Minnie Maddern—shades of "Fogg's Ferry!"—did not reveal potentialities for Ibsen; yet her *Nora* was a more memorable achievement than her *Frou-Frou*. Consult the list of plays she has appeared in since the frisky days of Gallic farce-comedy—you will find Mrs. Fiske trying ever for the big note, the note not naturally in her compass, but somehow or other sounding it before she relinquishes a rôle.

Her *Mary* is salient rather than seductive. She is often disenchanting. In her eyes are the shadows of regret. *Judas* disappointed her, *Flavius* disgusted her, the time was ripe for her soul to seek the higher life. It came in the guise of a god-man. Edgar Saltus, with psychologic audacity and profound insight, depicts *Mary* as loving the Messiah. It is a lofty love, yet the love of a woman who worshipped while she adored. For this *Judas* betrays his Master, and it is this motive that makes the Saltus novel strong, and it is its absence that weakens the credibility of the Heyse drama.

But that way lies blasphemy; and blasphemy—alleged or real—does not rhyme with box office. Mrs. Fiske's manager was wise in keeping to blasted political hopes and ideals as the springboard for the revenge of *Judas*.

There is no doubt that the occasional inelasticity and lack of rhythm in Mrs. Fiske's impersonation the first night will be corrected. She burrows her way into a character until by superior mimicry it becomes flesh of her flesh. We all remember how tall she seemed toward the end of the *Tess* season. She will end in illuding us with a *Mary* who, if not a voluptuous courtesan—which is not the idea of Heyse—will be a woman whose face is an incarnate desire. The playing of the rôle in the modern key is not an unpardonable offense. It is to be commended, not condemned. Perfervid elocution is deadly, even in a play full of spouting, "purple" lines. Mrs. Fiske knew this, knew that the danger line was near and avoided it. She is best at the close of the fourth and fifth acts, though the modulation of character begins before the first act closes.

The following is an excerpt from Huneker's reply to Mrs. Fiske's anti-Ibsen article published in the Christmas issue of Theatre *in 1902. Mrs. Fiske told Alexander Woollcott fifteen years after it appeared that what she had published was "a preposterous article on Ibsen the pessimist, Ibsen the killjoy, an impulsive, scatter-brained article which I read now with a certain detached wonder, feeling as you feel when you are confronted with some incredible love-letter of long ago." She was aware of Huneker's reply, for she added: "And just when I think it has been forgotten . . . some one like Mr. Huneker, whom* nothing *escapes, is sure to resurrect it and twit me good-humoredly" (Alexander Woollcott,* Mrs. Fiske: Her Views on Actors, Acting, and the Problems of Production *[1917], p. 58).*

*Binns quoted from Huneker's rejoinder with the comment that it was "one of the ablest commentaries on Ibsen ever to be written in America" (*Mrs. Fiske and the American Theatre, *p. 133).*

"Ibsen and his Teachings," New York *Sun*, December 21, 1902, sec. 3, p. 6

Since 1880 we have had a few straggling performances of Ibsen, but without much affecting the public curiosity. "Disagreeable" and "powerful" were the epithets applied. Some of the older critics refused to discuss him; and Paul Potter once asked us if the Norwegian was not an immoral man; Ibsen, whose married life has been miraculously free from discord! Decidedly Ibsen has failed to touch our national consciousness. The afternoon of Feb. 15, 1894, Mrs. Fiske played *Nora* in "A Doll's House" at the Empire Theatre. It was a benefit performance. Her support was unusually strong; W. H. Thompson, the *Krogstad*, evoked critical admiration for the manner in which he suggested the shades of a character whose possibilities for good and evil are perplexingly interwoven. Mrs. Fiske was, however, the surprise of the day. Shedding her *Frou-Frou* skin, she sounded every note on the keyboard of *Nora Helmer's* character. She was bird-like, evasive, frankly selfish, boiling with material enthusiasms, a creature of air, fire, caprice, gayety and bitterness. Excepting Agnes Sorma no one has indicated with such *finesse* of modulation the awakened moral nature of the woman. And it is to be doubted if Mrs. Fiske ever bettered that first rapturous interpretation.

Judge then of our regret when reading this gifted artist's formal abjuration of Ibsen in the Christmas number of the *Theatre*. She admits Ibsen's "tremendous and original dramatic power"; but he "furnishes food for the alienist and the pathologist, rather than for the normal thinker." (Again appears that man of straw, "the normal thinker.") He is not picturesque, poetic, beautiful; he is inferior–is he not?–to Dumas, and has "banished beauty, nobility, picturesqueness from the stage." To the last clause we must take exception. Mrs. Fiske is at the present time appearing in a picturesque poetic play by Heyse, "Mary of Magdala"; Blanche Bates is to be seen nightly in a gorgeous Japanese fantasy, "The Darling of the Gods"; Julia Marlowe, richly endowed by nature for the portrayal of exquisite types, is giving all her energies to the commonplace–God knows it's normal!–and scattered throughout the length and breadth of this great city sentiment sizzles at dramatic grates; even Shakespeare's withers are wrung by Mansfield.

Little fear, then, of too much Ibsen influence; though later we propose to show Pinero caught in the cross-currents of his genius. The sad thing is Mrs. Fiske's defection, for with her clear brain and powers of adaptability she would have been an ideal interpreter of the Scandinavian's varied feminine gallery. But are her assertions to pass unchallenged? Is Ibsen a creator of abnormal types? Is he the anarch of dramatic literature? . . .

And this brings us back to the defection of Mrs. Fiske. We refuse to take it seriously. She has won fame, wealth, in plays removed from well-worn paths—why should she turn her shapely shoulders on Ibsen, that Ibsen who was her greatest inspiration! A woman has the privilege of changing her mind, and is it not Emerson who says that only fools are consistent? We are quite willing in this case that the nine and ninety be lost if the one wanderer from the Ibsen fold be gathered safely therein.

When Mrs. Fiske returned to Ibsen in 1903 in Hedda Gabler, *one of her greatest rôles, it evoked both a review and a long analysis of the play from Huneker, the latter still being quoted half a century later (Binns, p. 142). The following are excerpts from the two articles. When Huneker revised the analysis for* Iconoclasts, *which focused on dramatists, he removed the references to the actress.*

"Mrs. Fiske in Hedda Gabler," New York *Sun*, October 6, 1903, p. 7

Mrs. Fiske's version of *Hedda* is not a neurotic one. Rather is she like unto a sleepy tiger cat which slowly puts out a destroying paw, a paw sheathed in velvet, and lazily crushes its prey. For at least two acts the actress left us in mist as to Ibsen's possible meanings.

Hedda did not seem quite clear to her—as possibly *Hedda* was never quite clear to herself until she realized the futility of her acts, the vanity of her feeble attempt at vice. But an audience should not be left in doubt as to a character. We hardly knew until Act III if *Hedda* was deeper than a shallow rivulet or merely an inveterate mocker.

Mrs. Fiske suppressed all the familiar symbols by which we might have made our way through this chartless forest. But as her incantations began their deadly work the bewildering motives were untangled with a surer, steadier hand—the actress had felt her way into the part, and after the last interview with the wretched *Lõvborg* she sent a shiver through the house by her presentation of an utterly depraved—let us imagine also an element of madness here—woman. The final scene with *Brack* saw her at her best.

Her pause, with its significant silence, where you literally saw the idea of suicide start into life, was very strong. Yet she did not exhaust one-half the possibilities of the character, especially of *Hedda's* cold, capricious devilry.

Nor is this to be wondered at. A woman like Duse has given ten years to a study of the rôle, and this was the first attempt of our genial American actress. But she is sure to grasp, or rather portray, all of the wayward, enigmatic *Hedda*, the modern epitome of what Baudelaire called "*la femme damnée*."

Hedda has her own particular sorcery, but Mrs. Fiske did not see fit to give her as aught but a cynical demon.

Otherwise she noted the surface nature, the bored, frivolous and loveless temperament. She is to be praised for not underlining the sarcastic speeches, a temptation difficult to resist. She gowned *Mrs. Tesman* becomingly and–intentionally–quite beyond the means of her doting husband. . . .

There was much applause. Mrs. Fiske came before the curtain several times, once with Miss Nillson, who kissed her hand fervidly–a very pretty testimony to Mrs. Fiske's unselfish and accustomed behavior with her fellow artists.

"*Hedda Gabler*, a Great Play," New York *Sun*, October 11, 1903, sec. 3, p. 4

Mrs. Fiske deserves more than conventional critical praise for her courage in attempting such an ungrateful task as putting "Hedda Gabler" before American audiences. *Hedda* has been played here in German; and in March, 1898, Elizabeth Robins repeated her English performance, but without troubling the surface of sluggish critical complacency. Mrs. Fiske is nothing if not bold, and though her interpretation left many sides of *Hedda's* character untouched, especially in the earlier scenes–which were cloudy as to motive–as a whole, it was interesting, significant. Duse crouched over the fireplace muttering with sombre ferocity the ghastly words of the exasperated *Hedda*. Mrs. Fiske does the same, and it is to be hoped that she will not make the episode more theatric–as theatric, for example, as the Bible burning scene in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." And what joy such a part as *Hedda Gabler* must afford the true artist! The very discussion Ibsen arouses proves him still a living issue in contemporary drama.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 79 (February 19, 1916): 10

Mrs. Fiske, after a regrettable absence from New York for several seasons, returned to us in a comedy entitled "Erstwhile Susan," at the Gaiety Theatre. It is the adaptation of a novel by Helen R. Martin, "Barnabetta," and made by Marian de Forest. It does not bear close critical inspection, yet the characters in it are novel: Mennonites of Pennsylvania and speaking the quaint jargon known as Pennsylvania Dutch. But the piece is saved from being a hayseed and scrapple farce by the art and individuality of Mrs. Fiske. I went to see her and not the play. Her Susan Miller–erstwhile Susan–is the best comedy part she has essayed since her delightful, if preposterous, Mrs. Bumstead-Leigh. She is now a western woman of the "uplifter" variety, and while she makes the character sympathetic, the satire is delicately underlined. Every rôle that Mrs. Fiske essays she lends distinction. She is an artist. I still do not despair of seeing her in Ibsen's "Wild Duck"–almost Shakespearean in its humor–the rôle of Gina. What a pity such a production is impossible. With George Arliss as the quixotic photographer Ekdal, the performance would be a classic. But Mr. Arliss is on tour in "Paganini," and Mrs. Fiske is making us laugh as erstwhile Susan, instead of delineating that Sancho Panza in petticoats, Gina Ekdal.

In the article excerpted below, Huneker did not refer to Mrs. Fiske's 1902 essay on Ibsen.

"The Wild Duck is at Last Produced in New York," New York *Sun*, January 21, 1917, sec 6, p. 8

When Mrs. Fiske gave her memorable production of "Rosmersholm" in this city we suggested in these columns that she play "The Wild Duck." As *Regina* she would have been irresistible, and with George Arliss as *Ekdal* the performance would have been historical. But it was not to be. Ibsen's irony instead of whetting our wits chills them. In theatrical art we are still naive. Put the cards on the table, face up. Write the plot on the screen. Let there be no underlying meaning. Call a spade a spade. Give us externals—money, motor cars and chewing gum—but do not unveil the depths of the soul. There is too much that is disconcerting below, as the Master Showman, Thackeray, has pointed out.

Quick, clap on the cover, Truth may abide in the well, but at best she is not a welcome guest! Now—on with the Movies, where are exposed the pulchritude of Pickford (Mary) and the simian gestures of Chaplin (Charles). No, decidedly Mrs. Fiske was right in not running the risk of assuming here the rôle of *Regina Ekdal* in "The Wild Duck.". . .

With the abiding memories of Mrs. Fiske as *Rebekka West*, and once in Stockholm, of *Gina Ekdal* interpreted by the many sided Fru Betty Hennings, we feel assured that the mightiest modern dramatist would appeal to cultivated audiences here if artistically interpreted. In the meantime there is Rudolph Christians and the superlatively excellent performance of his company to console us for the shortcomings of our local stage.

Nat C. Goodwin
(1857-1919)

One of the most popular comedians on the American stage, Goodwin was appearing on Broadway during Huneker's early years in New York in such plays as Turned Up *(1886),* A Gilded Fool *(1892), and* In Mizzoura *(1893). In two of his biggest hits,* An American Citizen *(1897) and* When We Were Twenty-One *(1900), he played opposite the third of his five wives, Maxine Elliott, who was also his co-star in Clyde Fitch's more serious play* Nathan Hale *(1899). (For Huneker's critique of her, see above.) According to Georgiana Carhart, Huneker's intimate friend in the 1890s, Goodwin used to play cards with Huneker's younger brother Paul (1859-1909).*

"Stage Heroes and Heroines," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 19 (February 1904): 729-730

Nat Goodwin has paid his tribute to Shakespeare with chary results. The production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Amsterdam Theatre was beautiful—as beautiful as is this new theatre itself. Mr. Goodwin played *Bottom* with droll humor and his customary histrionic cleverness; yet the public would not go and see him, either here or in other cities. Why? There is no American actor so justly popular as this one. He is gifted and many-sided. But whether the Shakespeare fairy piece gave us too little of Mr. Goodwin, or whether the tragic Shakespeare is more welcome than the comedic, the spectacle failed to attract and was wisely shelved by its managers. Mr. Goodwin has gone back to quotidian comedy and merely smiles if you tell him that high art pays.

Joseph Jefferson
(1829-1905)

This actor, prominent on the American stage for over seventy years, was most famous for his rôle as Rip Van Winkle.

"Joseph Jefferson: Our Most Beloved Actor—His Life and His Art," *World's Work*, 10 (June 1905): 6317-6320

Notwithstanding his exquisitely polished art, it was the very human personality of the late Joseph Jefferson that made its deepest and widest appeal to the theatre-going public. And human is the precise word that crystallizes his art. All the years of struggle and study, of suffering and defeat, were caught up and woven into the texture of this beloved actor's impersonation of Rip Van Winkle; leaving no trace of the labor, suggesting no mechanism, however delicate, and being both effortless and spontaneous. In posterity Jefferson will be remembered by the echo of this achievement—alas! that the actor's art and personality should be but memories which cannot be indelibly recorded. His personality was Joseph Jefferson's chief asset. It is only just to add that no jeweler ever ground, smoothened, and beautified a precious stone more than did Jefferson the various qualities, physical and spiritual, which went to make the complete man and actor. Like Henner, the French artist, he never painted but one picture all his life long; but that picture well nigh bordered upon perfection.

Nor should we of a later generation hastily accuse Jefferson of having lacked in versatility. His individuality was well marked; well defined were his limitations. But the actor who played more than a hundred parts during his stage life, who gave us such finished portraits of Rip, of Caleb Plummer, of Pangloss, of Salem Scudder, of Tony Lumpkin, of Acres, of Moses (in "The School for Scandal"), of Dogberry, or of the First Gravedigger in "Hamlet"—to mention a few—surely should not be called one sided. Not an iconoclast, not a path-breaker, he preferred the safer, narrower way. For him to be great in one rôle was more than loud-mouthed success in many. And he was great in a small, not particularly noble character -until he took it up and by the combined magic of his exquisite miming and kindly humanity he transposed the poor, unfortunate drunkard Rip Van Winkle from a mere stage puppet to the seats of the dramatic mighty.

Many played Rip Van Winkle before Jefferson; but in the combination of Washington Irving's delightful good-for-nothing and Joseph Jefferson's temperament and technique there was precipitated a masterpiece. The young students of to-day's drama whose only recollection of Joseph Jefferson is the spare, stooped figure, the cheery, wizened features, the failing voice and memory, can form no definite idea of what he was in his prime—and remember that his prime extended far beyond the allotted years of the actor (there were giants in those days!). Rip Van Winkle was a picture that grew before your eyes, the brushwork so deftly applied that no one could say where art began or nature ended. In his last decade the performance was as if too many impressions had been taken from the engraved plate—the lines were cut too deep, the delicacy blurred, the bloom vanished.

It was only part of this man's aspiration toward self expression that he sought relief from the footlights in the practice of a kindred art. He loved the open air; he loved fishing. He adored landscape painting, and while his pretensions as a painter were humble, he was a skilled student and an excellent critic. As if he had realized the fleeting and impermanent essence of acting, he sought continually to fix upon canvas his picture of a world that, despite the many slaps from fortune, he always worshiped. Doubtless it was this ruddy optimism that lay at the base of his enormous magnetism. Just as a trill from Adelina Patti in her prime, a scale from the singing fingers of Rubinstein could hold an audience, so Joseph Jefferson had only to walk across the boards and his public would feel a shiver of sympathy.

Perhaps—and this is not intended as a comparative study -Jefferson's Pangloss was bettered by J. S. Clark's; perhaps his Caleb was topped by J. E. Owen; perhaps Harry Beckett was droller as Acres—and nearer Sheridan, perhaps—and yet, after the critical yardstick is laid aside, there remains that inexplicable residuum—the rich personality of Joseph Jefferson. It attenuates somewhat our theories of the objectivity needed to embody the dramatist's creation, when confronted by Jefferson's native gifts—the evocation of tears and laughter—and mere routine art is apt to go a-begging in such a contest. And yet it was art—every motion, every lifted eyelid, every quiver of lip and helpless fall of hand -art, art, art! Coquelin himself does not more closely conform to the dicta of art than did the creator of Rip Van Winkle. His scene in the mountains with the dumb gnomes was a supreme specimen of pantomime, of vocal inflection, of facial expressiveness. In these details Jefferson never had a superior, neither on the English nor on the Continental stage. And Rip's homecoming to the village was a triumph of emotional reticence, withal tear compelling.

So this was the paradox in Joseph Jefferson's performance; his art was concealed, yet it proved a powerful leverage to his personality; and his personality was so suffused by his mellow, homely, sweet humanity that as he uttered that celebrated toast, "Here's to your good health," each member of his audience felt as though the wish had been leveled at him. And that was the triumph of Joseph Jefferson!

From early childhood Joseph Jefferson manifested a delight in his surroundings. He was literally reared in the theatre—his father managed one in Washington and little Joe played behind the scenes as other boys play in barns. He began acting on his own account with the children of the neighborhood, and once was a tiny Jim Crow, his face blackened. In 1837 the Jefferson family, after a sojourn in Baltimore, removed to New York. The first appearance of Joseph was September 30, 1837, at the Franklin Theatre. He was then eight years old, and with a certain "Master Titus" he fought a duel with cutlasses and managed to slash off one of his opponent's toes.

Tired of New York, the father of Joseph went to Chicago, where in that young community he hoped for better fortunes. It was all pure barnstorming. In Springfield, Ill., there was an encounter with the law as represented by some bigoted aldermen. It seems that the elder Jefferson and his partner had built a rude wooden theatre and for a time they enjoyed prosperity. Then came a religious revival and the "wicked play-actors" were unpleasantly surprised with a heavy license, so heavy as to be practically prohibitive. The town was full, the Legislature in session, and the actors' available capital locked up in their slender enterprise. They were in despair. A young lawyer undertook their forlorn case. So skilful were his arguments, so tactful his wit, that the tax was remitted and the players permitted to go on. That lawyer was Abraham Lincoln.

A nomadic life followed, for there were no theatrical circuits, no chain of theatres girdling the country, as now. Canal and river boats were the usual mode of conveyance. The Jeffersons proceeded south. They encountered disaster in Memphis, where business was so bad that the theatre was closed. The father of Joseph took to sign painting in order to provide the necessities for his family. In Mobile he died of fever. His survivors had so little money that a benefit was organized and money enough secured to relieve them of black want. Young Jefferson went to Texas and joined a company. In 1846 the war with Mexico sent him on the trail of the army. In Mexico it is related that he supported himself by keeping a coffee stand. He arrived in New Orleans one day and was soon acting at the St. Charles Theatre, where were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Ann Cora Mowatt and James H. Hackett. The acting of John E. Owens, he declares in his autobiography, fired his ambitions. He had already supported James Wallack and the elder Booth. But it was the "Solon Shingle" of Owens that gave him the necessary clue to his own personality. He resolved to become a great comedian.

From 1846 to 1856 he acted chiefly in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington. In the fall of 1849 he acted at Chanfrau's National Theatre, New York, and there met and married in 1850 his first wife, Margaret Lockyer, an actress of ability. In Philadelphia he also appeared at the Amphitheatre, where, for the munificent salary of $20 a week, he enacted various rôles. At Chanfrau's in New York he was Jack Rackbottle, in "Jonathan Bradford." The "Poor Soldier" brought him in contact with his wife, who was an English girl and only eighteen years old. She was the Norah. At his wedding Barney Williams was the groomsman, Jefferson's sister acting as bridesmaid. In 1850 Jefferson and his wife went to Mitchell's Olympia. From 1851 to 1852 he acted at Niblo's with the Irish comedian Hudson, and later entered into a partnership with John Ellsler and went South with a troupe which did not fare very well. Jefferson returned to Philadelphia after a second season in the South with Julia Dean. At the Chestnut Street Theatre, under John Gilbert's management, he played Bob Acres, Dr. Ollapod, Dr. Pangloss and other stock comedy rôles. In 1853 he was stage manager at the Baltimore Museum, of which Henry C. Jarrett was the manager, and later went to Richmond, Va. for John I. Ford. The trip he made to Europe, in 1856 and in the steerage, was for the purpose of advancing himself in his professional studies—he clung tenaciously to his original idea. In London he did not act, but saw Buckstone, Compton, Robson, Chippendale, Wright, and the most versatile of them all, Samuel Phelps. That this careful study of his art in London and Paris proved valuable may be seen from the fact that on his return to America he joined the company of Laura Keene at her theatre, 622-624 Broadway, where he found himself in such goodly company as J. H. Stoddart, Cornelia Jefferson, George Jordan, Charles Wheatleigh, and Charlotte Thompson. This theatre was the first that gave him his lift to fame, for on August 31, 1857, he appeared in Colman's "The Heir at Law" as Dr. Pangloss.

Yet this impersonation was not received with open arms by the critics. The actor was accused of tampering with the text and adding new "business"—and in such a dramatic classic as "The Heir at Law"! Jefferson was Augustus in "The Willow Copse" at the opening of the third season. But October 18, 1858, was presented for the first time Tom Taylor's "Our American Cousin," in which Jefferson impersonated the part of Asa Trenchard and Edward A. Sothern, Lord Dundreary. Both men won fame and fortune with these rôles. The play ran 750 nights.

In 1859 Jefferson was in a dramatic organization managed by Dion Boucicault and William Stuart at the Winter Garden Theatre, formerly Laura Keene's Varieties. "The Cricket on the Hearth," with Jefferson as Caleb Plummer, was the initial attraction. He enacted during the following months such parts as Newman Noggs, Salem Scudder, Granby Gay, Sir Brian and Rip Van Winkle. His adaptation of "Oliver Twist" met with success, for the cast was remarkable. In 1859 he bethought himself of "Rip Van Winkle." It had been dramatized several times, and as early as 1828. At first his performance was not a success, owing to the muddled construction of the piece, but when he returned to England in 1865, he commissioned Dion Boucicault to rewrite the old play, and September 4th of that year, and for 170 nights afterward, he played the part of the dear old vagabond with consummate success. He left America in poor health, which was accentuated by the loss of his wife. He went to San Francisco, thence to Australia, where he enjoyed four prosperous years. From Tasmania he traveled to England by way of the Isthmus of Panama. It was in Australia that he appeared in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" before an audience composed of convicts, an experience he narrated with much pride.

Jefferson came back to America and was seen in the new "Rip Van Winkle" at the Olympic Theatre, New York, on September 3, 1866. He created a furore. His last appearance on the stage was at Paterson, N.J., as Caleb Plummer and Mr. Golightly. This was May 7, 1904. He spent his latter days, when not on tour, at his estate at Buzzard's Bay, Mass., and at his winter home, Palm Beach, Fla. He was a passionate fisherman. He published a fascinating autobiography, and he lectured occasionally on "The Art of Acting." In 1892, after an address at Yale College, he received the degree of M.A.; Harvard College later gave him a like degree. He was at the time of his death president of the Players' Club, succeeding Edwin Booth, its first president, in 1893. His most intimate friends, among many, were Grover Cleveland, Richard Watson Gilder, and William Winter, dean of the dramatic critics, and the late Edwin Booth. Mr. Jefferson had children by both of his marriages. He left a large fortune, the result of hard labor, careful husbandry and judicious speculation. He was charitable in private life, though he studiously avoided theatrical enterprises of all sorts. Possibly the disastrous experimentings of his father and of Edwin Booth may have warned him against any attempt to fuse the artist with the theatrical manager. After a wonderful career of more than seventy years on the boards, Joseph Jefferson died at Palm Beach from a complication of diseases, Sunday, April 23, 1905. His funeral was private and occurred at the Bayview Cemetery near his old home, Buzzard's Bay, Sunday, April 30th. There was a public commemoration service in New York at the Church of the Transfiguration, "The Little Church Around the Corner."

Many are the stories told of his kindly humor. He was fond of children. His grandchildren adored him and did not hesitate, after the manner of spoiled darlings, to apply whip and spur to their respected grandsire when he played horse for their delectation. He counted his friends in every rank of life, and from Maine to the Golden Gate. He enjoyed practical jokes, but of a mild order. He had a fine sense of humor and his retorts were always neat.

I saw Joseph Jefferson during the first week of his "Rivals" revival in 1880 at the Arch Street Theatre. Ten years later, when I knew him personally, I found him off the stage as he was on—a charming companion. The only example of his dry humor that I can now recall was a slight incident which took place in Union Square, before a store where the actor occasionally stopped to purchase painting materials. I was at his elbow as he alighted from his carriage and as I saluted him I said: "Buying paint for the country, Mr. Jefferson?"

He halted, and in those shrewd old eyes—Celtic eyes—was just the ghost of a twinkle.

"Better paint barns than the town, young man!" and he went into the shop for his tubes, brushes and canvas. It was characteristic Joseph Jefferson.

Florence Kahn
(1876-1951)

Though Huneker may never have realized it, this critique of the American actress who married Max Beerbohm in 1910 was largely responsible for Beerbohm's notoriously nasty review of Huneker's Iconoclasts *which appeared in the* Saturday Review *of July 29, 1905, and which Huneker never forgot or forgave.*

In London in the summer of 1904 Beerbohm, then drama critic of that journal, met Florence Kahn, the daughter of a merchant from Memphis, Tennessee. She had graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in 1897, performed in Echegaray's El Gran Galeoto *in 1898, and acted as Richard Mansfield's leading lady from 1899 to 1901 and as Rebecca West in the first American performance of Ibsen's* Rosmersholm *before appearing in* When We Dead Awaken. *While she was still a student Huneker had seen her in the first English performance in America of Maeterlinck's* L'Intérieur, *which he discussed in the* Musical Courier *on February 26, 1896, without mentioning her (32:24). A few years later, hearing her at a private reading of an English translation of Hauptmann's* The Sunken Bell, *he reported that she read with "admirable taste and temperamental power" (ibid., 39 [November 15, 1899]: 28). On March 29, 1904, after seeing her in what he considered a botched production of* Rosmersholm, *all he said about her in the New York* Sun *was that she was one of two members of the cast who "seemed to be better drilled than the others" (p. 7); a few days later, in his long article on the play, he conceded that there weren't a half-dozen actresses in the world who had fully grasped the rôle (New York* Sun, *April 3, 1904, sec. 3, p. 4).*

Beerbohm corresponded with Miss Kahn after she returned to America in November, 1904. According to Katherine Lyon Mix, author of Max and the Americans *(1974), the actress read and rather liked the not altogether unfavorable critique printed below and apparently wrote Beerbolm about it (though this letter has not turned up). Beerbohm's reply from Dieppe in July, 1905, was discovered only after Beerbohm's death and was first published in Mrs. Mix's book. In it appears the following passage:*

> *I wrote yesterday . . . a rather virulent attack on Huneker apropos of* Iconoclasts. *And rather disingenuous, too, for I have pretended to believe him quite a young man. I really wanted to wound the gentleman. I simply detest his writing. And I think I detest him more because* you *like it. A sort of jealousy enters me! I want to make a fool of him in your eyes I think. I really did enjoy writing the article. Probably you will think the article very unfair (as indeed it is) and not at all damaging (as I hope it* will *be).*

Forty-seven years later, in 1952 when Beerbohm replied to my query about his review of Huneker, he made no reference to the latter's criticism of Miss Kahn or her opinion of him; and not having seen Huneker's critique—or not knowing, then, details of her early relationship with Beerbohm I could not tell the full story in my biography of Huneker. I am glad to be able to do so here.

"The Drama of the Month," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 22 (May 1905): 245-246

I admire the courage and managerial unselfishness of Maurice Campbell in staging "When We Dead Awaken." I once saw the piece in Swedish with a strong cast—its symbolism hardly got across the footlights. In Berlin it was no better. Like "The Lady from the Sea," the music of the dramatist's motives sounds too faintly for the spaces of the theater. And the earlier play has a comedy interest—this Epilogue none at all. Therefore I was not greatly surprised at the Knickerbocker Theater a few weeks ago at the performance. Carefully produced the play hung fire except in certain episodes: the first wrangling and veiled rancor of the married couple went very well and the advent of Irene was very effective—it is a telling stroke of Ibsen to introduce this death-white apparition just after the boisterous conversation of the very life-like hunter. But Act II moved slowly in the beginning, and while the scene of Rubek and Irene at the lake—a sinister idyll—is poetic, the only exciting moment was when Irene, gradually succumbing to her blood mania, contemplates the assassination of Rubek. All this was very well done, despite Frederick Lewis' lack of plasticity and Florence Kahn's monotony of diction. The last act went best of all—it has theatric values.

Miss Kahn's Irene is much better than her Rebekka West. Her uncanny personality—I hope she will pardon my freedom!—is not so much unlike Irene's, and her contralto organ boomed dolorously in the second act. Its melancholy bourdon suits the vocalism of Irene—surely a part to be chanted, not screamed. Florence Kahn has temperament, given as she is to projecting it through stained glass. America is not her field—we like more modern, more theatric methods; above all we despise poetic individualities. It is a pity she is not on the German stage, gaining technical experience in servant girl rôles, or else playing in "Pelléas and Mélisande." It is either Maeterlinck or domestics for her; she lacks variety, yet has the possibilities of a Mélisande—surely a puzzling young woman! She is a Maeterlinck young woman and I am sure she must be ghostly off the stage. She has voice, face, imagination—a trinity of gifts that she may thaw out some day when she becomes less self-conscious. But I deny that her Irene was mediocre. I have seen others no better and they were acclaimed to the skies. And then, she was something to gaze upon. It is an awful rôle—an impossible rôle, a disembodied spirit, returned to the glimpses of the moon. . . .

Richard Mansfield
(1857-1907)

The most substantial of Huneker's references to Mansfield in Steeplejack *is a two-page evaluation. "Richard Mansfield and voice!" he summarized. "All the rest was scowling and wire-drawn mimicry. Yet he possessed pathos and was effective in a powerful crescendo." His early opinion of the actor, reproduced here, later changed somewhat. In 1902 he decided that Mansfield's temperament and imagination overshadowed his technical deficiencies and made his performance as Brutus in* Julius Caesar *"a memorable event in the theatrical history of New York" (*New York Sun, *December 2, 1902, p. 9). Huneker also discussed Mansfield in the* Sun, *April 10, 1904, sec. 3, p. 4.*

Though Mansfield, in a surviving letter to Huneker, invited him to dine and chat with him about his forthcoming production -the first in English–of Ibsen's Peer Gynt *and expressed his "great admiration" for the critic, Huneker declined, wishing to remain completely independent. "It was my loss," Huneker recalled, "not meeting the gifted and musical man." Mansfield's reply to Huneker's letter -both have vanished–is quoted in* Steeplejack *(2:236-238).*

Chevrial *is a character in Octave Feuillet's play,* A Parisian Romance *(1883), which Huneker mentions several times in the critiques on Mansfield.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 33 (December 23, 1896): 24

I congratulate Mr. Hoyt and Mr. McKee on their new star, and also suggest that they take out heavy life insurances before entering into the scheme. Mr. Mansfield is no chicken, and if Hoyt & McKee handle him successfully, why, then the millennium is at hand, or Richard is not himself.

I do not see the necessity of Mr. Hoyt or Mr. Mansfield stating that high-class plays are to be produced. One of the best things Mr. Mansfield ever did is *Prince Karl*, something quite in the Hoytian vein. Why shouldn't Mr. Mansfield play in a Hoyt production? He has appeared in stuff that is a thousand miles artistically below Mr. Hoyt's clever and sometime truthful pictures of American life. Compare *Castle Sombras* with *A Texas Steer*! You cannot, except to the detriment of the former. Compare *The King of Peru* with *A Black Sheep*! Which is the truer transcript of life?

It is the fashion to criticise Mr. Hoyt as a maker of rude farce, but his vision is a keen one, and he has certainly given us some truthful types of American life.

As for Mr. Mansfield, I wonder if we shall ever get anything really satisfactory from him. This sounds impertinently paradoxical, but I mean it in all sincerity. He is continually being called the leading actor of the American stage, and a rival of Tree and Willard.

What has he done to justify this claim? I see nothing but a magnificent array of failures and a man who, with a goodly amount of the histrion's temperament, has gone wrong from the start. I admit that he has mimetic talent and temperament, although the latter in no large quantity; yet he has turned his face from nature most stubbornly and refused to play in any but morbidly artificial pieces, and in them has developed mannerisms that choke and almost completely obscure his native gifts.

Versatility, forsooth! In what play has Mansfield disguised for a moment his objectionable elocution, his shambling gait and fantastic personality? He is most successful when a part fits his curious and almost inhuman individuality. I never saw an actor who was less versatile, by the grace of God, as the Germans say.

His *Chevrial* is an old tottering paretic, a slobbering paralytic, who mouths and mumbles. Is this the character?

Not quite. Mr. Stoddart refused to play the part because it seemed too young for him, and not–as I have read–because he could make nothing of it. The baron was not a senile idiot, but a man who interested women. Is Mr. Mansfield's *Chevrial* interesting to women, except as a shuddersome, loathsome creature? He is not the man of the story, by any means.

Of Jekyll and Hyde it is not necessary to say much. It is a bogieman piece, to frighten children–a melodramatic, limelight piece–without a suggestion of the profound psychology of Stevenson! *Dimmesdale*, *Napoleon*, *Nero*, *Don Juan*, *Brummel*, *Shylock*, *Rodion*, *Gloucester*. *Sir John Sombras*, all shallow variations and without the shadow of versatility. Mr. Mansfield stalks through them all. Mr. Mansfield, mincing, elaborately finical, self-conscious, without a ray of humor, of kindliness, of human nature.

Surely here is no achievement–nothing that a character actor of fair abilities could not compass.

Mr. Mansfield has imposed his foibles, his affectations, his stilted, narrow, hard, stippled art and his lofty mannerisms on us until by sheer dint of the man taking himself morbidly serious the public has followed suit. The result has not been favorable for his development. He has stereotyped himself into an image of disdain. He is rigid, his enunciation resembles no spoken tongue, his gestures are wooden, his walk–heavens! what is the Mansfield walk?

Originally modeled on the famous Irving limp, it has outdone a bad model in its irresolute, ungraceful gait. Mr. Mansfield's poses are so artificial, so lackadaisical of late that he now resembles Patience on a poor pay day. His voice, originally a fine, supple, vibrant organ, has become a thread, a wimper, a gurgle, a groan. It is overlaid with fashionable tints, and the other night I wondered what had become of the manly fellow, the promising young man of ten years ago, who charmed us, magnetized us.

Dear Mr. Mansfield, I have never seen you in private life, but you must be human sometimes. Pray, before it is too late; pray, for the sake of a stage that can ill spare you—a stage that is being hunted down by the vaudevillists—pray give over these supreme dandyisms of yours! Be as manly, as resolute as nature intended you; give up this lisping dilettante style of delivery, and also stick to your last. You are not a great romantic actor, nor indeed a great actor at all; certainly not a great classic actor. Find your groove and spare your admirers the mortification of recording another Mansfield failure. You play *Prince Karl*, *Beau Brummel* and *Bluntschli* in *Arms and the Man* to perfection; why not follow in the channel for which nature intended you. Shakespearian scholars declare that your phrasing of the master's music is not phrasing at all, and the groundlings have long ago testified to their displeasure when you play *Gloucester* or *Shylock*.

To hitch your wagon to a star is Emersonian, and would not do for you; but remember if you are a star—and you evidently take yourself as a serious one—that a star must sink himself in the part he plays. Banal all this, but sound truth nevertheless. It is a pity to waste good dramatic material, and Mr. Mansfield is wasting himself nightly. He has become a dilettante actor, and his end is easy to predict—that is, unless he changes his methods completely.

I really believe, however, that Mr. Mansfield in private life is a much abused person. Once give a man a reputation for snobbery, and it is difficult for him to lose it. Yet the most singular stories have reached me—stories that suggest megalomania, nothing less. Can it be possible that the playing of eccentric rôles makes a man so vain, capricious, haughty and fidgety as Mr. Mansfield is said to be behind the scenes?

Have you noticed that he seldom, if ever, plays quite sane characters? *Prince Karl* is the best balanced of his rôles. It seems a pity to see an actor of such potentialities making himself a bad copy of an eccentric original—Irving.

Mr. Mansfield has excellent musical taste, and he is, naturally enough, fond of displaying his skill in public. In *Castle Sombras*, with its Mysteries of Udolpho flavor, he plays a few chords on a cabinet organ. The painted pipes give this organ the look of a stately church organ, but the player has to supply the wind with his feet.

It occurred to me that more sequential and churchly harmonies might be played by Mr. Mansfield. Some of his chords were not of King Charles' time, but very modern in color. . . .

While I am obsessed by Mr. Mansfield's nature, let me conclude by saying that *Castle Sombras* can be made a capital travesty with but little trouble. Just a shade more of exaggeration in the execution and you will have a lovely antidote to the Stanley Weymans, Anthony Hopes and all the bastard historical bric-a-brac plays of the sort. Why, dear Mr. Mansfield, do you not do this? You are a master of spiritual irony. Make us laugh and be merry. You owe it to us after witnessing patiently your unparalleled pantheon of sick brained, hysterical and weak-kneed characters.

"Some Topics of Stageland," New York *Sun*, December 5, 1902, p. 5

There is a popular impression that Richard Mansfield is a harsh-tempered, disagreeable tyrant with his people, that he mutilates a few stage hands before the curtain "rings up" every evening, and that after the performance he goes home and beats the cook. Nothing could be further from the truth. Mr. Mansfield does not exactly feed upon infant mush; nor does he cry for the soothing Castoria. But he is a gentleman and not a ruffian. Like all sensitive men and artists who have to earn a living among provoking people, he is quick to resent impertinences, quicker to detect extortions. He loves children as he loves himself, and he plays the piano for recreation. He has never, except in self-defence, imbrued his hands in the gore of a fellow being and yet every drunken rapscallion who is discharged by him for incompetency relates horrid stories of his brutality. The fact is that he is an actor able to take care of his own with his good, brave biceps. The man he "puts down and out" usually fabricates a lie about unprovoked and unforeseen attack.

But our *Brutus* has met with reverses. One who shall be nameless had an encounter with Richard Rex. Result—the eye known as the Bleeding Kidney variety for the tragedian.

At present Mr. Mansfield is writing a book to be entitled "Thugs I have Slugged." It may be dedicated to Shakespeare.

"Stage Heroes and Heroines," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 19 (February 1904): 731-732

But let us look at the successes. There was Richard, the only Mansfield, in the English adaptation of Meyer Foerster's very Teutonic play, "Old Heidelberg," which was first seen in its original garb at the Irving Place Theatre, and in the vernacular version at the Lyric. Mr. Mansfield as Prince Heinrich Karl, who is forced by a sense of duty to give up an impossible love for his throne, was, as he always is, an artist to the tips of his fingers. He looked youthful, and he acted with his old-time fervor. As a play, "Old Heidelberg" is pretty, picturesque and stuffed with fatuous sentiment.

The play that occasioned the following critique was the first New York production of Alexis Tolstoi's Ivan the Terrible.

Arthur Hornblow (1865-1942), English-born novelist and dramatist, was editor of Theatre Magazine *from 1901 to 1926.*

"Richard Mansfield's Art," New York *Sun*, March 6, 1904, sec. 3, p. 4

If a vote were polled on the Theme of Things Discussed, I fancy no one would include such a subject as–of all ridiculous things–the critic who weeps! Our critical body in New York prides itself on its sanity; we may be critically lax but we are seldom lachrymose. The particular reason to which I make allusion is–well, because as old as I am, as hardened in critical crimes, I found my tear ducts treacherous on Tuesday last at the New Amsterdam. On the right of me sat Marc Klaw, an emotional man, whose example is a poor one–especially in productions at his own house. He wept at "Mother Goose," while a few weeks earlier my eyes overflowed in "Midsummer Night's Dream." On my left, far enough away for killing purposes, sat Senator Arthur Hornblow with his serious and editorial Roman profile. I mention these details because, as Mr. Mansfield himself knows, nothing succeeds like nerves.

So there you are–as Harry James says at orphic intervals in his novels. We admire Mr. Mansfield because he delivers across the footlights a species of nervous dynamite. What the play he appears in–ah, that is but a small matter.

I remember that nearly seven or ten years ago I broke loose on the idea of this actor's acting. It happened to be in a comically small morning paper, since extinct; but what I wrote seemed at the time golden words. I called Richard names. I said in my exaggerated manner–Edward Dithmar calls it "hustling"–that if R. Mansfield did not learn to walk across the stage the future of the drama would be at stake. In reading my review of "Ivan the Terrible" I recognized the same jejune quality. Under the spell of this man with the crazy eyes I wrote–well, extravagant words. Do I wish to withdraw those words? Not one of them! And now I near my horrible, horrible confession. The same man Mansfield, with his wild make-up, brought tears to my eyes. Why, I know not. Seldom has the stage been assailed by so perfidious, so unsympathetic a wretch. Yet my eyes were not dry–and now I reach the nub of my discourse.

Richard Mansfield is a dynamic actor. His German breeding, his Continental culture, his evident predilection for the external methods of Henry Irving, all lend to his work a quality totally un-American. Our greatest actors are least national. Mansfield, born on a German island, is still cosmopolitan in speech, gesture, action. Indeed, to be quite outspoken, Mansfield is an absolute representative of the Teutonic school of dramatic training. He certainly favors Irving; but he has a more remarkable, a more varied voice than the Englishman. Irving at his best was never such a master of vocal dynamics as is Mansfield–and now I am nearing the core of his success. Voice, voice, always voice. There is a Latin quotation which I have forgotten, and I am too lazy to verify. But this will declare the same idea. Voice has Richard Mansfield–voice and Mansfield! He stalks the stage, always impressive, always imperious and always

Mansfield. How well I know those vocal cadences! How often has this actor sung them, whether as *Chevrial* or *Nero, Hyde* or *Brutus;* and always with the same overwhelming effect! He has a miserable part in the new play. He comes on the boards not one-third of the evening. And yet so potent is *Graf* Tolstoy's dulness that when *Ivan* does appear he is a welcome apparition. Mr. Mansfield knew better than any one in his audience that his lines were absurd—yet how thrillingly he delivered them! No Russian, no descendant of Rurik could criticise the lingual sincerity of this actor-artist.

Other days, other ways. I spoke to Edward Dithmar, handsome and white-bearded—he has been in London for serveral seasons and there is a rumor that he had the courage to tell Smalley not to wear scarlet neckgear on foggy days—I repeat with emphasis that I met Mr. Dithmar in the cigarette chamber of the beautiful playhouse on Forty-second Street. The principal reason why I mention this meeting is the fact that—whether Mr. Dithmar or Mr. Mansfield believes the fact—the former named gentleman "made" the latter. In the old days which I am glad to say are no more—because I was younger and more miserable—"Dick" Mansfield needed critical encouragement. Dithmar gave it him. I am glad to pin to paper this fact, for I do not think actors are, as a rule, very grateful. And mind you, not knowing Mr. Mansfield personally, I can't speak of his rhetorical gratitude; though I may surmise that the sense of gratitude is not keeping either the actor or his former critic awake of nights.

Frankly, on the parallel level, if you wandered into a theatre and saw this German-looking actor, whose English is more than Heligoland's, what would you say? Tuesday night I interviewed Herr Pulvermacher of the New York *Staats-Zeitung.* I confess I did this with a certain satisfaction, as Herr Pulvermacher regards American actors and American plays rather cynically. I was not considerably surprised when he remarked that Mansfield was a representative type of the old-fashioned German actor, Friedrich Haase. As a matter of record he looked more to me like Mr. Conried.

Let me record what Mr. Mansfield did the other night. He looked like—hell and all its unloosed furies. His eyes, awful eyes without their correcting lenses, converged. His make-up as the vile *John IV* of Russia was perfect; a straggly beard, eyes which pierced the surroundings like the eyes of an obsessed man; a vagrant garb, tremulous speech—God, what a picture of a mind ruined by Caesarism.

This actor, who always handles a *crescendo* as would a great musical conductor, vainly endeavored to fire his rôle with a semblance of vitality. He only gave us Richard Mansfield *redivivus.* He moaned, he staggered and he sang his lines like the true operatic barytone he is. But—except for the emotional critic—he did not do a thing which he had not done before since 1890. Shall I say it?—and I still enjoyed the old music.

When J. H. Stoddart gave up the rôle—a wretched one—of the *Baron Chev-*

rial, it was rumored in theatrical circles that his abandonment of the part was because of its youthfulness. Mr. Mansfield undertook it and, as we all know, carried his assumption to brilliant lengths. That he interpreted his author no one pretended to say. But he made the hit of his life. And ever since then he has been depicting decrepit types. His *Richard the Second*, his *Dare-Devil Dick*, his *Nero*, even his *Prince Karl*—all exhibit men with trembling wrists, but with a voice resonant with the buoyancy of an implacable vitality. And is not Mr. Mansfield's art suggestive of something of the implacable and the cruel? If I but dared to say all the things in type that I surmise, I should write, *inter alia*, that Richard Mansfield, son of a most artistic mother—I knew her very well in Boston years ago—is in reality a man built by nature, temperament and previous training for the operatic stage. Just consider his great successes—are they not in their climaxes, every one of them, operatic? Do we not go to see Mr. Mansfield as we attend the performance of a great tenor? And here I am again butting against my vocal theory—the Mansfield voice is a magnificent organ.

"The Drama of the Month" *Metropolitan Magazine*, 22 (June 1905): 370-371

Richard Mansfield's return to New York was marked by the usual crowded houses which this versatile actor always attracts. The New Amsterdam was packed when he revived his striking version of Shylock. Of the Molière production I shall have something to say next month. Yet—yet one grieves at the faded even stupid repertory of this gifted man. He makes money. So does the comedian who "mugs" in some Broadway "show." Mr. Mansfield is not on the stage primarily to amass a fortune; though this ideal is dearest to the majority of mummers. He is said to be wealthy. But that need not concern us. The chief thing is whether such ridiculous and shabby plays as "Beau Brummel," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "A Parisian Romance," or the flabby rhetoric and horrific attitudes of "Ivan the Terrible" are really worth the while for such an artistic actor as Mansfield. Triumphantly he can point to his audiences and say: there is answer enough to your strictures!

But Shakespeare is also a good counterblast to this hypothetical reply—as a matter of fact Mr. Mansfield has long ago lost interest in the advancement of the drama. But when he plays Shakespeare he crowds the theater. And I assure you it is rather depressing to see him still stalking about and mumbling in that parody of a play, "A Parisian Romance," or gibbering and squeaking in such fustian melodrama as the travesty of Robert Louis Stevenson's story. "Beau Brummel" no doubt rests his brain—it does not demand a modicum of wit or passion to portray the dandy. Personally I should like to see him in modern drama—in Echegaray, in Shaw, in Pinero, in Ibsen, in Sudermann. Strictly speaking his training as an actor was Teutonic. He has the modern note when he so wishes, and his temperamental quality would find admirable opportunities in many of the great parts provided by the new men. When you think of the waste of energy and brains Mansfield permits himself in his mediocre repertory, is it not an occasion for sorrow, for bewilderment? He is not a poetic artist–his Cyrano proved that to the judicious. It is in the delineation of passion, eccentric if you will, in the ghastly illumination of some wretched soul that he excels. Not a classic actor, his tragedy is best seen when portraying a mind overtaken by calamity. His Brutus, I shall never forget, despite its deflection from the beaten track of routine. The interpretation was almost pathologic. Nor can we forget the few big moments in "Rodion, the Student," Meltzer's adaptation of Dostoievsky's "Crime and the Punishment." In Europe, and in a stock company like that of Otto Brahm's at the Lessing Theater, Berlin, or at the Deutsches Theater under Dr. Paul Lindau, an actor of Mansfield's rare magnetic personality, intense temperament and thrilling voice would be entrusted with characterizations that might set all Germany talking. Think of [him] as Rosmersholm or the valet in Strindberg's "Fräulein Julie," or the Captain in "The Father" by the same writer! But Richard Mansfield prefers facile triumphs to the peaks of dramatic art–where the air is often chilly–and overflowing coffers to spiritual adventures. Nor must we censure him. What has art to do with the American theater nowadays?

I recall his Shylock when it was first presented here. It is more polished now, but he still adheres to the narrower–and more forcible–reading of the character. The basis, racial and religious hatred of the oppressor, is very effective, and setting aside some theatrical clap-trap–the hints of suicide–Mr. Mansfield and the part blend most satisfactorily. Poor Shakespeare is flouted, however, almost butchered to make a Mansfieldian holiday.

"The Drama of the Month," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 24 (June 1906): 376-379

Some years ago, perhaps ten, I gravely warned Mr. Richard Mansfield that if he did not mend his histrionic ways, his art was doomed to decay–or some such solemn adjuration. Richard, I said, your legs are not synchronous, your arms have the anxious rigidity of a Dutch windmill; your face, because of your myopia, is lacking in mobility. Furthermore, you play every part alike. You are always Richard Mansfield. Look to it, or else a decade hence, your name will be a mere will-o'-wisp in books of theatrical reminiscence. These were not the exact words but they convey the meaning. Now comes the strange part of my tale. As far as I know Mr. Mansfield did not even exclaim: "Pah! Another idiot!" Nor did he put upon me the Heligoland curse, that blasting spell of his own deadly brew, which has proved so efficacious during his career, as may be seen by the necrological list of certain critics, stage managers, stage carpenters, personal representatives, musicians and press agents with whom he came in contact. Not a response; not even a challenge to play, at sight, new piano music for four hands. Instead–and oh! how this rankles–instead, he has clung closer than ever to his Mansfieldian mannerisms; has added many rôles to his already vast repertory; has steadily grown in popular and critical (alas!) favor, and to-day is the accredited head of the stage in America. Now what, I earnestly demand, are you going to do wth a man so deficient in humor, so lost to advice, so tactless as to turn his back on well meant words from a youthful critic. (I said ten years ago, remember!)

Some of my brethren in the House of Ink would have capitulated, would have commended Mr. Mansfield for his steady pursuance of an ideal, however misguided a one. Not I! His behavior is heart-breaking. And if he persists in his mistaken path, I shall not hesitate to deliver another critical pronouncement which may open his eyes before he reaches the pinnacle of American dramatic history. Oh, these actors who refuse to absorb critical wisdom! Ingrates! Why they are more obstinate than the managers who attempt to force down the unwilling maw of the public a bad play. If ever I have the leisure I'll write a book about Mr. Mansfield and add injury to insult by dedicating it to him. It will be called "Der Fall Mansfield," which means, the horrid case of Richard.

But oh! Richard, oh! *Mon Roi!*—as the song has it—do, before you take that final Curtius-like leap into the chasm of prosperous obscurity, do before you actually abdicate, play for our benefit one big modern rôle! You gave us two admirable presentations of Shaw's superscoundrels; give us the real thing, give us an Ibsen play. If you can, with your subtle, imaginative art galvanize such a clanking thing of bones and rattling rhetoric as Roger Chillingworth, think what you could do—perhaps, in the privacy of your study, have done—with such a tremendous character as Rosmersholm, the very Hamlet of all dramatic clergymen! Welcome your cadenced step, all hail to your eloquent elbows, more power to your binocular glare—all these and other things would but go to swell the general chorus of your masterly interpretation. Masterly it would be—though I would probably be the first to fault it; but never mind that. Critics are but human, and our copy books say that to err is human. The main thing, *lieber* Mansfield, is for you to devote the last year of your artistic existence to the performance of notable modern plays, just to set a standard, just to show us, especially the doubting ones, how far superior is Ibsen to all his clattering crew of imitators, who are the "Shakescenes" and corrupters of the great original. Then we shall sing in our holy gratitude, *à la* "Tannhäuser," "*O Kehr zűruck du Kühner Sänger.*" And I sincerely promise never again to allude to those "mannerisms."

There is one shortcoming this rarely gifted artist has escaped, thanks to nature: a mediocre voice. His tones are sonorous, charged with color, thrilling in their eloquence. I recall his Brutus because of its vocal memories. It was a reading that set on edge the teeth of those who had seen Booth. And Booth's voice was an exquisite organ, in the baritone register of a tempered violoncello. But if Mansfield did not give us the accepted, the classic interpretation, we had the voice, and we had the sinister atmosphere with which he contrived to envelope the character. I confess, I felt the shudder, the *frisson,* so dear to the modern spirit; indeed, a persistent note of the modern spirit. It failed to appear in "Don Carlos," though there was plenty of power at the end of the fourth act. Mansfield's voice rang out with all the passion of an avenging soul. It was superb. And in the first act there was expressed with an easy control of the dramatic gamut, love, scorn, wrath, sardonic humor. Oh, Mansfield has the full octave to his intellectual and emotional instrument. But I venture to suggest that "Don Carlos" is hardly in his key. The irritating side to this question is that he has been circling about, but not quite touching, the class of plays in which he would be pre-eminent. He is distinctly modern—pardon the abused word—yet he clings to the romantic style of fustian in which Irving excelled. Why not "The Bells" and be done with it, Mr. Mansfield? It is a better play, antique melodrama as it is, than "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (Oh, abomination of desolation) or "A Parisian Romance"—in which you make Baron Chevrial too old, or—the list is long, superfluously long. After that scene, magnificent in its intensity, in its delineation of an overwrought mind, which you showed us when Dostoievsky's "Crime and the Punishment" was adapted by Charles Henry Meltzer under the title of "Rodion, the Student"; after that episode of sustained horror and madness, the tortures of Mathias' conscience would be an easy adventure for your bold technique.

Schiller in English! No, certainly not in the botched, mutilated version presented by the Mansfield Company. Old-fashioned, Schiller may be; his action is not the rapid miming of to-day's stage with its hustling, cross-fire dialogue, and its fatal lack of beauty or deep meanings. But Schiller is Schiller. He demands trained actors. He demands actors who can use their voices, who can speak with intelligence, and therefore he is seldom for the American theater. I have seen on the German boards some awful versions of "Don Carlos" and not a thousand miles from the Metropolitan Opera House. Notwithstanding the mediocrity of the performance, the ensemble hung together. In the otherwise excellent Mansfield Company, there was not good ensemble work. Mr. Mansfield was a towering peak of Darien; the others floundered in the sands, and through no fault of their own. They were one and all mis-cast—that is, mis-cast for Schiller.

Julia Marlowe
(1865-1950)

This English-born actress, whose real name was Sarah Frances Frost, came to America at the age of five and made her New York début in 1887. Huneker's early opinion of her acting, reflected in his review of her Juliet, was not favorable (New York Sunday Advertiser, *March 15, 1896, p. 7). She was probably referring to this when she wrote him on March 29, 1910, thanking him for a book he had sent her: ". . . I have never told you how much I admire your writing, barring a newspaper article you once wrote many years ago." As the following critiques indicate, he changed his mind.*

Three unpublished letters from Huneker to Marlowe are extant. In one of them, June 11, 1907, after her artistic triumph in London, Huneker wrote: "I told you so! . . . When I wrote 2 years [ago] in the Sun *what I thought of you and your art, some English daily newspapers mildly reproved me for my enthusiasm. I wonder what Walkley would say if I took him to task over his*

Marlowe enthusiasm!" (The English drama critic had been quoted in an article on her London success in the June, 1907, issue of Current Literature *[p. 674], which may have prompted Huneker's letter to Marlowe.)*

In two of her five surviving letters to him, she invited him to dinner, but he declined both times, ostensibly because of his wife's illness. There is no evidence that they ever met. He mentioned her briefly in Steeplejack, *describing her as "fascinating" and "rare" (1:71; 2:153).*

"Stage Heroes and Heroines," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 19 (February 1904): 743

In conclusion, we all regret that untoward circumstances have prevented us from enjoying the presence of Julia Marlowe this season. Miss Marlowe is by all odds the most poetic actress before the public, and her absence is lamentable. It speaks volumes for the quality and quantity of indifferent plays being manufactured. Ton upon ton of trashy stuff has been dumped upon the stage, labelled as plays and bidding for popular favor. Oh, for an hour of the old stock companies!

"The Art of Julia Marlowe," New York *Sun*, May 8, 1904, sec. 3, p. 4

Make way for Julia Marlowe—Julia of the "mighty line!" At the thirteenth hour, at the fag end of the season, this actress with the royal mien and an art of exceeding opulence comes into New York and not only lays captive our hearts, not only subjugates our sense of critical values, but with an airy wave of her most eloquent hand, an uplifting of her celebrated eyebrow, makes us forget the dull futile plays and players which fate forced upon us during the last six months. A witch, a witch, a most bewitching, palpable witch. Make way for Julia Marlowe!

That this potent artiste has elected to return in a play of mediocre quality need not be set against her account. We near the warmer days; tragedy would be intolerable; her time is limited, and so, "When Knighthood Was in Flower" stops the gap. It may be considered merely as an earnest of the better things promised us for next autumn, when Miss Marlowe will appear in company with Mr. Sothern and in a round of Shakespearian characters. Now may the Jehovah and Daniel Frohman be praised! There are some things meet and just, and this combination is one of them.

To be quite candid, I was so charmed at the fact that Miss Marlowe was to show her face that I almost forgot the intolerably dull dramatic frame for her vital, glowing picture. Not that Mr. Kester has missed his opportunities; on the contrary, he has made theatrically effective and dignified a thin, weak slip-slop novel, misnamed historic, in which there is little save a huge clatter and a bobbing of dreary silhouettes. Mary Tudor in the book is a cardboard crudely snipped out. *Mary Tudor* in the play is Julia Marlowe, amplified, human, fascinating, but Julia, Julia, *toujours* Julia!

As I recall without an effort the début of this actress, as I have seen her in nearly every rôle she has essayed, her growth has not surprised me. One interval of a few years I missed her gracious personality. Then I hoped for her *Fiammetta,* that effective play of Catulle Mendès which was so carefully paraphrased into English that it lost its primal flavor entirely and consequently was shelved. It is a mistake to treat a foreign dramatist to your quarantine methods. Sulphur might be burnt to advantage in America, though not in our playhouses. Just where I distinctly refuse to state—but you may guess. However, the Mendès play was too bad for us—which means too good, naturally—and after one more effort Miss Marlowe concluded to call it quits with her season. As luck would have it she gives us one more peep of herself when despair was packed about our heart like lead in a casket, and therefore let us not accuse the gods of injustice. Julia Marlowe in a commonplace play is better than Julia Marlowe in Europe.

When this young woman revived *Juliet* her conception of the character was profoundly, [?] more cerebral than temperamental, but that is an affair of ten years ago, even more. Now she may be a mature maid of Verona, yet none could cavil at her lack of warmth. I feel bewildered when I attempt the cataloguing of her qualities. My first impulse, a rash one, critically speaking, is to grant to her all the gifts. The whole lyre seems hers. She reconciles one to the idea that, after all, there may be an art of acting, with its canons of technique, its codified scheme of gesture, tone and expression; so unerring is her touch, so keen her *flair* for the exact shade of verbal effect, so right her movements. And what a synthetic art is hers! All the warring attributes of human emotion are harmoniously mingled and sent forth in one barbed shaft of meaning. Be she merry or sad, arch or sardonic, passionate or teasing, sentimental or in anger, the particular mood is blown across the orchestra and reaches the remotest part of the theatre. Nor is this all. By dexterous modulation, Miss Marlowe gives us in terrifying speed the entire scale of feeling. She can coquet while her eyes are wet with tears, and through her laughter there shines a tragic light. She has the rare art of blending a dozen different moods, and swiftly flashing them at us in profiles. There is magic in her repose, exquisite is her poetic allusiveness. This dazzling virtuosity would exhaust by its sheer brilliance if there was not a throbbing human heart in her bosom. She has sounded the depths of life, she knows its palette of suffering; and it is this sympathy, this sense of things seen and things lived, that lends its rich undertones, its many colors, that endows it with that mysterious vital humming which we seem to overhear rather than to hear. She has temperament, now, as well as technique, vision as well as voice.

You will smile when I am able to discern all these things in her presentation of such a character as *Mary Tudor*. But I assure you that it was the things she did not do that piqued my interest. It would have been so easy to play the pasteboard queen, to flounce across the boards with the mock imperial gestures of the pompous female in robes. Miss Marlowe wastes no time in elaborating such a part. She indulges in no tirades, makes no breathless vocal "scoops," no petticoated strides. She is a woman who is loved by a lath and plaster person given to boots and scowls. That she does not discover the worth of this walking delegate of romance need not concern us here. She pretends that he is a hero–straightway he becomes a hero in our eyes, so puissant is her imagination. It is this gift of imagination that enthrals her audiences; whenever Miss Marlowe makes a statement it passes at once from the region of the abstract to the concrete. She does not portray a character, she *is* the character; and in this condition of *being* she is a creature apart on the English-speaking stage. There is not a woman player in America or in England that is—attractively considered –fit to unlatch her shoe. One must go to Paris, Berlin, Vienna or Rome for her peer. Edith Wynne Matthison approaches her more nearly than the others in natural endowments of voice and presence and poetic suggestions. But Miss Matthison's art is not so supple nor is it so various. She is inclined to pipe the *triste* note, to suffuse the atmosphere about her with a gentle melancholy.

The Marlowe has humor, all manners of humor. She can be subtly sly and amiably bantering; she can wither with a retort and soften with a smile. Her passion is sweeping. I should like to see her as *Brünnhilde*, or as *Isolde*, drenching us in a torrential tempest of rage and bliss and agony. Now that Eleonora Duse is to "originate" Arthur Symons's *Isolde* in his beautiful tragedy, "Tristan and Isolde," I can only dare to hope that Julia Marlow will study the part. For it, and kindred rôles, she is temperamentally suited. And to think of this brilliant Amazon of the footlights toying with such anaemic puppets as *Mary Tudor!* Like a great musician idly fingering the keys, she literally plays with the thrice familiar and conventional music of the character.

I once said that our nose is our luck, but our chin is our fate. Miss Marlowe's chin is a cleft one. It is as eloquent as her full expressive glance. Her face has not lost its oval, but one fears that with the years this actress will broaden. It may be "Marlowe's mighty line," with all its physical implications. As I care little to see women in male attire with the exception of Virginia Harned—the sight of Miss Marlowe in leggings is not inspiring. The truth is that while the sensuous appeal of this comely woman is immediate, it is her intellect that is ever sovereign. She is handsome in a robust, healthy and friendly style. But so are other women at the theatre. What kindles the critical imagination is her own imagination, her imaginative way of phrasing a sentence, be it never so banal, that at once opens up vistas and dreams. As Walt Whitman might have said, she diffuses landscapes when she walks and talks and the look out of her eye confutes heresies. The other night at the Empire I became so exorcised by the notion I had rediscovered Julia Marlowe, that I felt like Richard Harding Davis the memorable time when he stood in the Place de la Concorde and said aloud to posterity:

"This is Paris! I must write to the folks at home about it!"

Now, I do not propose to exult over the fact that I have found out Miss Marlowe. I only wish to record the impression she made on one of those evenings in early summer when a disillusioned critic feels the importance of himself and his mission so keenly that he despairs of his times. This Hamlet-like mood even seizes a ticket-chopper on the Interborough railways, so I shall not boast of it. Yet the dramatic season has disclosed no great personalities, few strong plays; and so the joy of watching an actress who never falters, who fills to overflowing one's fancy of how things might be done, is too keen to hide under the bushel of a diary. Remember the theatrical stage has no Milka Ternina; Bernhardt is in the natural decline of her powers and she has no successors; Réjane is *comédienne*; Duse more like the wraith of some secret sorrow than an actress of flesh and blood. The great German and Scandinavian women do not visit us (Fru Betty Hennings is the last of a noble line of northern histrions), and Ternina is an opera singer. Where are the wonderful women of yester-year?

They exist. They are waiting. The public has lost its taste for the larger tragic attitudes, for sonorous, thrilling elocution. We admire dolls, and the more they are stuffed with sawdust and clockwork the better. I repeat–Julia Marlowe's visit, belated though it be is in the nature of an artistic event. She has the grand manner when she so wills it, and without the stain of artificiality which usually accompanies this gift. Her presence here next season in Shakespeare characters will compensate us for her absence this. Make way for Julia Marlowe!

"A New Year for the Drama," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 21 (January 1905): 502

The artistic confluence of Julia Marlowe and E. A. Sothern is a most happy one: "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado about Nothing," "Hamlet," a trinity of tests for the metal in this pair of popular stars. Mr. Sothern is hardly an ideal Romeo or Hamlet, but his Benedick is attractive, so the comedy was, as a whole, the best presented of the Shakespearian repertory. Miss Marlowe, looking youthful and *debonair*, gave us a measure of her gifts as Juliet, Beatrice and Ophelia. She is one of the few actresses left on the American stage to-day who know how to deliver blank verse with the just feeling for the beauty of rhythm and assonance. And her personal fascination is as potent as ever.

Eleanor Robson
(1879-1979)

Born in England but a resident of America from the age of seven, Eleanor Robson (later Mrs. August Belmont) became internationally famous as the star of Israel Zangwill's popular play, Merely Mary Ann *(1903), reviewed below. She never met Huneker while she was an actress, she recalled, though she "admired him greatly and always warmly appreciated any kind things that he happened to write about me and my work. He was one of the outstanding men in the field of criticism in his period and his works will live I am sure" (letter to ATS, August 18, 1953).*

The Ada Dwyer mentioned in the review later became Amy Lowell's intimate friend and companion.

"Dainty New Zangwill Play," New York *Sun*, December 29, 1903, p. 7.

Eleanor Robson has a congenial rôle. She was charming to gaze upon, and while her accent was a blending of Yorkshire and Tipperary, her impersonation was one wholly sympathetic. The curtain end on Act II was genuinely touching, and the self-contempt of the composer who would lead this poor deluded girl away was finely brought out by Edwin Arden.

On the other hand, Mr. Arden, despite the bluff *bonhomie* of his composer, hardly suggested the musician caught up to heaven in a melodic chariot of fire. He is rather matter of fact, though playing with marked technical skill and unforced humor. In the last act he, in company with Miss Robson, battled with the impossible.

Ada Dwyer as a lodging house keeper was admirable. *Rosie*, her daughter, was the very type of the stupid, self-satisfied cockney miss. The music lesson proved comical. Herbert Carr was a music publisher who tempted his clients to write musical "rot." He, too, was excellent. Frank Doane as a good soul with money and bad artistic taste made a hit.

His song, the leading motive of the play, is called "Kiss Me Goodnight, Dear Love." It is so common that every one hummed the tune on leaving the theatre. The music throughout is rather trying. So is the German; yet "Merely Mary Ann" and Eleanor Robson made a highly favorable impression. The play ought to become very popular.

Frances Starr
(1881-1973)

Huneker was leaving drama criticism when comparatively unknown Frances Starr appeared in Belasco's The Rose of the Rancho *(1906), and he was entirely out of it in 1909 when she scored an even greater success in Eugene Walter's* The Easiest Way, *a daring play about a kept woman. Unimpressed by her early work, Huneker changed his mind after seeing her in* Marie-Odile, *which he reviewed (see above, under Playwrights: Knoblock).*

On February 27, 1918, covering music for the Press *in Philadelphia, Huneker attended a concert by the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch at which Starr–who had once hoped to be a musician recited Emile Cammaerts's poem "Carillon" set to music by Sir Edward Elgar. Afterwards, he went backstage, probably to get a closer look at her, though he later described their brief encounter as an accident. "I happened to be passing the stage-door," he wrote their mutual friend, Willard Metcalf, the painter, on February 21, 1919, "out came Frances. I opened her car-door. She bowed. I was the venerable house-porter! But I feel elated that I could have the honor." On the day after her performance the following passage appeared in Huneker's review of the concert in the* Press:

> *Those who only know this charming actress from the rose-colored plays in which she elects to appear would have been surprised at the dramatic verve and appealing earnestness she displayed. Her voice was hardly equal to the strain of the more impassioned verse, but the spirit was willing if the larynx was weak . . . Miss Starr's "Sing, Belgium, sing!" proved stirring.*

He also noted that she appeared in "picturesque draperies" (p. 9).

During the following season, when the actress was starring in Knoblock's hit, Tiger! Tiger!, *Huneker was introduced to her by Metcalf, as he later recalled, probably at a concert though Starr herself wrote me she met him only twice–after the Philadelphia concert and on April 17, 1919, after a performance of* Tiger! Tiger! *when Huneker, his wife, and their guest Mary Garden visited her backstage. But six days earlier, on April 11th, after he had already seen the play at least once, he had written his friend Benjamin Roeder, Belasco's longtime business associate, asking for more tickets. "I don't mind confessing to you as a man and a brother that those forget-me-not blue eyes of Frances the Star made a deep wound in my cynical old heart. She is actually prettier and sweeter off the stage than on; and that's saying a lot" (*Letters, *p. 27).*

Starr's memory, moreover, is suspect, for she remembered receiving only *one letter from Huneker, which she said she did not keep; but that letter, dated March 9, 1919—which he wrote in reply to one from her—and ten others, eight of them undated but all written in the spring of 1919, came to light following her death (and are therefore not mentioned in my biography of Huneker). In them he plays the role of an elderly admirer captivated by a beautiful and talented young girl (she was actually almost thirty-eight at the time) whom he preferred to worship from afar. Whimsical and tender, they show Huneker at his most ingratiating.*

By hiding them for so long Starr made the relationship seem more than the harmless literary flirtation it actually was, but perhaps she took her cue from Huneker, who chose discretion over valor in asking her to write him at the Times's *office rather than at home. "Oh! Francesca if I could only save your letters," he wrote her in mid-May. "But I always fear accidents, and destroy them—which seems like choking the neck of a sweet singing lark." Perhaps an accident occurred and Mrs. Huneker throttled his side of the correspondence, which apparently ended, at any rate, with his best wishes for a summer vacation and the hope that she would keep in touch with him.*

In one of the undated letters, Huneker wrote:

> *I do hope you may get a good rôle next season, one in which your tenderness—your lovely eyes are pools of tenderness—your emotional temperament and your fine comedy sense will all have complete play. In the last analysis—detestable* phrase!—*you are a* comêdienne. *Your touch is light and exquisite enough for* Perdita, legato *and expressive enough for* Rosalind, *though I should prefer you in modern rôles; the tender soul caught in the vortex of two opposing masculine wills, as in "The Darling of the Gods" [for his review of this play, see under Belasco above]. D. B. [David Belasco] ought to know. He has taken your measure several times with great success. I liked you best of all in "Marie-Odile," which sounded the note of mysticism in your character.*

The critique that follows is an excerpt from the review of Marie-Odile *to which Huneker referred in a letter to Starr written about April 19, 1919; he may have sent her a clipping of it then.*

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 77 (April 10, 1915): 14

Frances Starr I remember as a girl in "The Rose of the Rancho"—comic opera *sans* music; also, as the spineless heroine of Eugene Walters' technically excellent "The Easiest Way"—a sort of an American "Iris," only Mr. Pinero's woman claimed our sympathy from the start, her diluted American successor not for a moment. (Mr. Walters, it may be remembered, attempted a like experiment in his "Paid in Full," which, as Acton Davies wittily put it, was a "Monna Vanna in Harlem.") Miss Starr in those days made eloquent eyes at her audience, as does Geraldine Farrar now. She played every scene at the orchestra seats, and, though I may be mistaken, munched gum, or some substitute–perhaps troches. Altogether, an unpromising and colorless candidate for artistic honors. And hopelessly spoiled by her admirers. Well, the miracle that occurs in the story of the play is duplicated by another in the performance. Miss Starr, without being a heaven-storming histrionic genius–she hasn't abundant dramatic temperament–is become an artist. She keeps in character, which she invests with sincerity, and makes it credible. I could count on the fingers of my right hand the ingenues I know, and still have several digits to spare for the purpose of summoning the waiter; but how many could play Marie-Odile with such a delicate yet firm touch throughout? An easy character to assume, I've heard. Possibly. But the things to be left undone, the self-effacement, are not so easily compassed. Many actresses of assured skill would play for points, reach out for climaxes, and thus spoil the integrity of the characterization. The "tact of omission" (as Walter Pater said years before Oscar Wilde) is the keynote of Miss Starr's very moving interpretation. The convert drudge, meekly bearing the irritable reproaches of her Mother Superior; not knowing of eugenics; the lover of birds and babies–the sight of a child's cap arouses her potential maternal feeling (Mr. Knoblauch is a crafty artist in "preparation")–is in the key of commonplace until the miracle–for to her it is a miracle, and for every woman it should be the miracle of miracles. Then the humble creature, Marie-Odile, the unconscious victim of what Robert Louis Stevenson termed love–a mixture of prurience and vanity–is newly born. No need for the halo of light–the face of the girl is transfigured. I expected the silvery shining bars at the opening of the "Lohengrin" prelude, or the silent music of Maeterlinck in "Pelléas and Mélisande." The moment is charged with mystic ecstasy. Yet, but a poor girl sent out into the world with her child, a child begotten by the fantasy of a pictorial St. George, reincarnated in the rude exterior of an Uhlan. See how cunning is the art of Edward Knoblauch to dose thus our incredulity into acquiescence. Such a Mother Superior is fiction; just escapes Eugene Sue. If you like, there is the convent in one of John Oliver Hobbes' novels; even the pitiless George Moore, in his "Sister Teresa," has drawn a more sympathetic figure of a prioress. However, without Mother Saint Dominic (artistically simulated by Marie Wainwright), *Marie-Odile* would have had no dramatic *raison d'être*. Miss Starr's recital of the St. Odile legend is admirable in its diction.

Francis Wilson
(1854-1935)

Comedian and playwright, Wilson was best known for his rôle in the comic opera Erminie. *He was one of Huneker's favorite entertainers. Only three weeks before his death the critic wrote: "There is only one Francis Wilson thank God! If there were two we would all die of apoplectic laughter" (New York* World, *January 16, 1921, Editorial section, p. 14). "He was a good auditor, and never lost his enjoyment of the theater," Wilson wrote of Huneker. "I am glad to have contributed to his pleasure and to have evoked his enthusiasm" (*Francis Wilson's Life of Himself *[1924], p. 341). Representing the* *theatrical world, Wilson was one of the four eulogists at Huneker's funeral services.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier,* 21 (August 27, 1890): 211

Wasn't Francis Wilson jolly? Decidedly, "The Merry Monarch" has come to stay, and though his reign will be a brief one, owing to the hard fact of the company going on the road, yet he will rule our hearts for many a tune.

Frank Wilson has a positive genius for humor, a humor that approximates closer to Gallic vivacity and delicate suggestiveness than any comedian on the English speaking stage.

Where others burlesque, he simply bubbles:

Did you notice his first entrance?

What could be more solemn and stately?

The gorgeous moving throne or palanquin or whatever you call it. The regal dignity and all that, and then.

Well, two or three steps were taken down an imperial staircase. A crash, a roll, and before the audience could quite catch what was going on the only Wilson stood bowing before them. The trick was an old one, but somehow or or other it seemed original in its treatment at Wilson's hands, or rather feet. His singing, too, is clever considering the voice and method he employs. Altogether he is an artist.

CRITICS

Benjamin De Casseres

For details of Huneker's association with De Casseres, see below under Literature: Poets.

"A Week's Dramatic Output," New York *Sun*, April 10, 1904, sec. 3, p. 4

A young writer with an aptitude for saying clever aphoristic things in a manner which recalls Emerson, Nietzsche and Benjamin Franklin has furnished us with the following analysis of dramatic criticism and critics. His name is Benjamin De Casseres, and he is not afraid to speak out his mind. He says:

> Dramatic criticism is of three kinds. There is the critic who goes to the theatre to tell the public what he sees; there is the critic who goes to the theatre to tell the public what he knows; and there is the critic who goes to the theatre to tell the public what it shouldn't see or know. The first is impersonal; the second is egotistic; the third is atavistic. The first will tell you what D'Annunzio says; the second will tell you what he ought to have said; and the third will tell you what he shouldn't be allowed to say at all. The method of the first is inductive, the method of the second is deductive; the method of the third is asinine. The impersonal critic has brains; the personal critic has taste, and the eternally moral critic has billingsgate.

There is more of this, and the author grows savage in his remarks on the critic who, oblivious to the study of character, oblivious to the workmanship, oblivious to the chief idea of the dramatist, damns a play because it jolts some preconceived notion of what is or what is not moral. We remember that when Mr. and Mrs. Kendal produced "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," at the old Star nearly ten years ago—perhaps it is more—Pinero was savagely attacked for presenting such a type as *Paula*—as if we had or have any business with such matters. Our duty is to record the text, not to judge the morals of a play. Bad plays are always immoral, and the reverse is also true. There is "Iris," poor, charming *Iris*, that sympathetic study of a weak woman. Behold the censors of morality! How we did pound that creature, how we held up to everlasting scorn the playwright. Suppose Shakespeare were accused of mixing moral values; suppose that his works were examined for the examples of character and incident in which the dramatist did not take sides, but merely wrote for the joy of creation! What would be the outcome? It is unnecessary to answer. All sound drama poses a problem of some kind, and a problem involves the conflict of an evil and a good principle. What the theologians call sin is but the obverse of the medal, the back of the human slate, as George Meredith has it. Yet we slash away at the unhappy author and his marionettes until one would fancy that the function of dramatic criticism is to expound the ten commandments in the columns of a newspaper.

Archibald Henderson
(1877-1963)

A member of the mathematics department at the University of North Carolina for forty-nine years (1899-1948), Henderson was better known in literary circles as the authorized biographer of George Bernard Shaw. He wrote five books on Shaw, including three separate biographies published between 1911 and 1956. The earliest one was reviewed by Huneker, still smarting from his quarrel with G. B. S. seven years previously. "I wish that Henderson would print the report of his own feelings when at the merry task," Huneker remarked in 1920; see the last critique on Mencken under Literary Critics.

Henderson also wrote about other playwrights in European Dramatists *(1913) and* The Changing Drama *(1914).*

Henderson informed me on March 10, 1957, that he had "several" unpublished letters from Huneker, but he was subsequently unable to find them, and they have not turned up among his papers since his death.

"A Fable for Philistines," New York *Sun*, January 7, 1912, p. 8

If, as Leslie Stephen was wont to say, there are no dull autobiographies, why is it that so many biographies confuse and confound us? For Carlyle there was no more sickening reading than the biographies of authors, unless it were the Newgate Calendar, and we suspect the great Scotch growler of preferring the latter to Boswell. But many men, many minds. To us it is mainly a question of picking out your biographer, a respectable feat of literary eugenics and akin to the art of selecting one's parents. Of this art Bernard Shaw is master. He chose Archibald Henderson as the recorder of his life's journey, a veritable philistine's progress, and now no doubt sits reading about himself of evenings, in deep content over a pot of porter, pipe in mouth; for we suspect the brilliant Irishman of being masculine enough to enjoy in private what he thunders against in public. But half a thousand pages is a large bill to fill, and to the credit of Shaw's [North] Carolina Boswell it is not altogether unfilled. The lovers of George Borrow are dyed in the wool Borrovians; yet not every admirer of Shaw is a Shavian. There are pages after pages of futilities in this ponderous story that would repel all except the hottest fanatic, and Professor Henderson is one. How else could he write with such evident sincerity of his hero as novelist, as socialist, as critic of the seven arts, as playwright, as dramatist, artist, philosopher and man, and not see through the very large crevice in the millstone? We confess to genuine admiration for this young man, who has been so well drilled into his duties by his master, and to an enormous wonder concerning his naïveté. He has, as John Robertson would say, the shining brow of the neophyte.

"George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works" is the modest title of the new volume; modest indeed, for while we know of Shaw, know that he has lived, still lives, we are in the dark about his works, and that despite the brave assertions of his biographer. One might as well take seriously the "Works" of that delightful wit Max Beerbohm as all this discussion about Shaw the dramatist, Shaw the philosopher. Excellent as a comic opera librettist or as a parodist of Ibsen, he is not a dramatist, because he never created a play, and one of his most comical paradoxes is his assertion that he never had the slightest difficulty in casting into scenic shape his ideas or of projecting living characters upon the stage. These things he has never done, never will do, interesting as he can be otherwise. A born wit, he had the making of a novelist in him at a time when the ominous egoistical shadow of G. B. S. had not obscured his every thought. He could then put upon paper a lively set of rascals, amusing rascals and vital; at least they were not polemical, as are the labelled personages of his plays. A clever pamphleteer, though never a convincing public speaker, his prefaces will doubtless exist as literature, for with such a prose style a man can prevaricate about anything, even socialism. And won't that be glory enough for anyone? We prefer to consider him as a novelist manqué, rather than as the manufacturer of puppets that converse only at the will of their sarcastic manipulator. A critic, always a critic, never a creator is Shaw, and the collective title of his unpleasant and pleasant dialogues should have been "Fables for Philistines." The man is an ingrained philistine and a puritan besides. The combination has proved overwhelming in his case. Nevertheless, we doubt if ever a puritan, ever a philistine could lay claim to a commanding intellectuality. Shaw is smart, Shaw makes you smile, but Shaw is hardly profound. He is a sort of modern John Knox, but with a Celtic funny bone.

Skin a cynic and you sometimes come upon a sensualist; but always you will find a sentimentalist, and the subject of Professor Henderson's book is in reality a rank sentimentalist. His sensitive nerves drove him into revolt against the manifest injustice of life. He became early in his youth a confirmed reactionary. He faced the past, not the future, and instead of being a leader among men he was led by the nose and by the most old fashioned sentimentalities; socialism, for instance, and the hatred of established religion—he, the most pious of men by temperament, one who can't rid his very bones of the burden of orthodoxy. Hasn't he told us about going to church? And hasn't he betimes confessed his hatred of meat, alcohol, doctors and medicine? Isn't he quite in the good ancient fashion when he declaims against vaccination and vivisection and for the victory of vegetables? He prefers photography, especially colored, to the greatest Titian or Giorgione or Delacroix (perhaps at this juncture with his tongue in his cheek). And he has so twisted the meanings of Wagner, Ibsen and Nietzsche in the interests of Fabianism that the originals are quite falsified; of that Fabian society that has so completely lived up to its title as to have done nothing (but talk) since its birth. Even the famous Shavian "immoralism" that Shaw borrowed from Nietzsche, which he drove like a motor car through the Ten Commandments, is not so terrible a bogie as it was at first believed to be when its raucous horn sounded in scared ears. Hookham Frere remarked of Landor's immorality, "Mere imaginary classicality, wholly devoid of criminal reality." Pessimism and a poor stomach are synonymous. Shaw is a vegetarian. And his motto has been that of his fellow Fabians; both he and they imitate the Boyg of "Peer Gynt"; they "Go round," they skirt facts, never face them. They are opportunists to whom no opportunity ever will come. Bernard Shaw is their spokesman. . . .

Now Shaw is not devoid of ability, but he drew out too early from his mental oven the half baked ideas of other men. He denied to Professor Henderson that he has built his scheme of life on Ibsen or Nietzsche; and that may be true, for he is an Irishman, and an Irishman is a born revolter and needs no Karl Marx or Max Stirner to teach him how to hurl verbal bombs. But Shaw read Marx and Lassalle, and he knew Ibsen and Strindberg; and he certainly was acquainted with the wisdom of Tolstoy and Nietzsche, notwithstanding the fact that he has attacked several of them or repudiated his belief in their teachings. But he built his psychical nest in their trees and when his wings grew strong he flew across the Irish channel from Dublin and spread the new gospel, which was the secret of Pulchinello, that there was only one Shaw and that he was also his own prophet, deity and worshipper united in one wonderful being.

Then, though the channel was narrow, he suffered a sea change, for London is greater than even Bernard Shaw. He dazzled for a while with his blarneying and became the idol of the philistines, became, in the portentous phrase of his former master, a true culture philistine. His staccato speech, revealing as it does his clear shallowness, makes us realize more than ever that mistiness is the mother of wisdom, as John Henry Newman has somewhere said. But he has contributed to the gayety of nations, not, however, as a playwright, as his biographer fondly believes, for on the Continent his plays are pronounced vieux jeu; you can't take coals to Newcastle with impunity; he has stirred the placid bog of British conceit, and has ended by falling into it up to his neck; the worst has happened, the English have taken him at his own false valuation. Perhaps when the author becomes an anti-Shavian, as do most of the tribe, he may refute Shaw in fewer pages; that is unless Shaw gets ahead of him and denounces him as a devil's disciple. And though Shaw is an individualist, not a socialist, that printed genealogical family tree might well be omitted. An aristocrat among the bourgeois Fabians, a lion among the timid lambs, an eagle in the dovecotes! It is enough to make proletarian blood boil, says the Shan Van Vocht!

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (December 19, 1914): 8

"The Changing Drama," by Professor Archibald Henderson, is a different sort of book. He is more concerned with the larger movement, above all with the literary and ethical meanings of the drama. It may be conceded that among his contemporaries no writer is better equipped to handle such a topic than Mr. Henderson. He interprets modern dramatic movements with all the hopefulness of the fervent believer in a new dispensation. Which is as it should be. But, with the theatre, I think "*plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*." Every generation eagerly announces the discovery of an absolutely novel dramatic formula. But it's always the same old theatre, whose rigid limitations are ineluctable. When another quarter of a century has passed what a slaughter there will be of reputations in the modern English drama. It's dangerous to prophesy, yet it's my conviction that "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" will, as a play, as a portrait, and as a study of social conditions during the last decade of the nineteenth century, hold a commanding position. Don't patronize Pinero, young ladies and gentlemen! The propaganda of ideas is necessary, but when the ideas are stale (for all "truths" grow old and die), what remains? A sound play with human flesh and blood endures–in a word, characterizations–and your famous "modern theories" are relegated to the property room's waste-basket. However, this has nothing to do with the values of Professor Henderson's new book. It is crammed with modern instances and a broad theory of the latter-day theatre.

William Dean Howells

For the main headnote on Huneker's connection with Howells, see below under Literature: Fictionists.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 32 (March 18, 1896): 21-22

Mr. W. D. Howells, the eminent novelist, is still holding forth in *Harper's Weekly* on the theatre. He makes many strong points, and I am sure that his proposition to lower the prices of the best seats in the house will be received with joy by every artistic manager in the land!

They are all in the business for art, you know!

One statement that Mr. Howells makes we must perforce admit is truthful. He writes:

> It must be a very poor novel indeed that is not better artistically than a very good play. The standard of fiction is incomparably lower for the stage than for the novel. In fact, the stage is for the most part wearing the cast-off clothes of the novel; worn out types, characters with the stuffing gone, threadbare incidents, ragged motives, tattered plots, patched sentiments and down-at-the-heels ideals.

He says further:

> The kind of intrigue that would be thought too childish for a child's book will often make the fortune of a play.

This is unhappily too true, although harshly put. Few plays have a literary quality and act well at the same time. The stage until Ibsen came with his drastic broom dealt largely with machine made types. You all know them. Real men and women, of unheroic proportions, of sordid sensual propensities, when put before the average theatre audience—and the average critic—excite derision and rage.

"The theatre is a place to elevate, not to depress; to amuse, not to preach in."

True; but where is the elevating influence in plays of the Sardou type, where the amusement? The fact of the matter is that men more than women (despite what Schopenhauer says) hate to be faced with realities, especially when the mirror is an unflattering one. Ibsen is a very unflattering playwright. He has no men performing heroic tasks and lying to silly women about love eternal, and then dying in the glory of the gallery's roar and the calcium. In fact, there is no posturing in his plays, and the male characters are for the most part small potatoes—as are most men where women are concerned. His women are not heroic either; they are principally endeavoring to square the false theories of a worn out idealism (all truths lose their value after twenty years, says Ibsen) with the facts of daily life.

Squirm as you may, my masters, you are ruthlessly impaled on the nasty sharp barb of this grim Norwegian playwright. Because he tells unpalatable truths he is not beloved of men and actors. Yet no playwright to-day can escape his influence, although he is a dangerous model to imitate, as is Richard Wagner.

Mr. Howells, however, is apt to confuse the acting play and the reading play. Mr. James has written several exquisite reading plays, the architectonic of which is admirable, but they don't play well. At one time I fancied that an orchestral score that could not be reduced to the piano was a weak work thematically. The Mozart, even the Beethoven, symphonies sound well transposed to the pallid tones of that maid of all work, the piano keyboard. But I soon discovered that, even if Wagner and Berlioz were untranslatable for pianistic purposes, they wrote wonderful music for the orchestra.

Now there are plays which do not read very well but which make strong acting. Mr. Howells may not know this. Most plots are banal, and most stage dialogue is of the tritest sort. But the spoken word has more weight than the written, rave as we will about literary style. It is the human factor in the case that ever lends color and vitality to poor literature.

By 1904 Huneker had decided that Marlowe was indeed worthy of comparison with Duse. See the second critique of Marlow above.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 32 (April 8, 1896): 25

I part company with William Dean Howells (he didn't know, of course, what capital company he was keeping) for at least two weeks. In one of his recent theatrical disquisitions he had the hardihood to bracket the name of Duse and Julia Marlowe, and I assure you he spoke rather disparagingly of the former.

Mr. Howells! O Willie, wherefore art thou Dean of American literature?

Ludwig Lewisohn
(1882-1955)

The Modern Drama *was the first book of criticism published by Lewisohn. Two and a half years later, during the anti-German hysteria that erupted after America joined the war, Stuart P. Sherman linked Lewisohn and Huneker, together with Mencken, George Sylvester Viereck, and other writers with German names, as part of a pro-German critical coterie. But Lewisohn told me he never met Huneker though he often spoke of him.*

In his most famous and comprehensive book of criticism, Expression in America *(1932), Lewisohn asserted that the entire modern period of American culture was "scarcely thinkable" without Huneker's efforts (p. 354).*

Sheldon Cheney (1886-1980) was drama critic for the California Outlook. *In 1916 he founded* Theatre Arts *magazine which he edited until 1921.* The New Movement in the Theatre *was the first of his many books, but, as he informed me in a letter dated October 22, 1970, he did not remember the following review, nor did he ever meet Huneker.*

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 78 (July 3, 1915): 23

Someone ironically remarked in the *Evening Post* that people are so busy writing books about the theatre they haven't the time to visit it. But there is consolation in the thought that never before have so many valuable studies and essays been published on the theme. This sowing the seed of sound criticism is bound to reap its harvest. The contemporary drama is in a bad way, though the situation is far from hopeless. If the vast public that dotes on stupid, vulgar and vicious pieces—tawdry theatrical twaddle—can be segregated and finally driven into the moving picture shows, then, perhaps (I say perhaps), the legitimate theatre may be revived–in all its splendor. Here is Sheldon Cheney with "The New Movement in the Theatre" (Mitchell Kennerley) and Ludwig Lewisohn's "The Modern Drama" (B. W. Huebsch). Two excellent works on modern drama. I warmly recommend the latter as a capital introduction to all that is new and progressive in the theatre–written by a student and expert.

Brander Matthews
(1852-1929)

For references to or quotations from Matthews by Huneker, see New York Morning Advertiser, *November 25, 1896, p. 4; New York* Sun, *February 15, 1903, sec. 3, p. 6; March 22, 1903, sec. 3, p. 6; March 29, 1903, sec. 3, p. 6; November 1, 1903, sec. 3, p. 4; February 14, 1904, sec. 3, p. 4; and April 24, 1904, sec. 3, p. 4;* New York Herald, *August 12, 1906, sec. 3, p. 6;* New York Times, *March 9, 1907,* Saturday Review of Books, *p. 140; December 25, 1918, sec. 4, p. 4; and May 28, 1919, sec. 4, p. 5;* Puck, *75 (June 6, 1914): 17; (July 11, 1914): 21; 79 (February 12, 1916): 18; and 80 (November 11, 1916): 20*

In praising Matthews, Huneker disagreed not only with Mencken but also with Vance Thompson and Percival Pollard, both of whom considered him little more than an amiable dilettante (see Musical Courier, *35 [December 1,1897] : v, and* Their Day in Court, *p. 302.*

The extent of Huneker's friendship with Matthews (a close friend of Brownell whose Criticism *is dedicated to Matthews) is uncertain. According to Benjamin De Casseres, Huneker and Matthews were both "charter members" of an informal group called "The Friendly Sons of Saint Bacchus" which met in the 1890s at Maria's Café in Greenwich Village; but they did not appear to have become close friends. The tone of Huneker's seven extant letters to Matthews (only one from Matthews to Huneker has survived) is respectful to the point of obsequiousness. He sent Matthews copies of* Overtones, Visionaries, New Cosmopolis, *and* Ivory Apes and Peacocks, *if not other books as well. Matthews in turn gave Huneker autographed letters of Gounod and Massenet. He did not mention Huneker in his autobiography,* These Many Years *(1917), nor did he, as far as I know, review any Huneker book.*

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (December 19, 1914): 8

A companion volume–I hope the Scribners will make a series–is Brander Matthews' essay, "On Acting." I recall here Mr. William Winter's oft-repeated assertion that among hundreds of studies of plays there are to be found few devoted to the players, and, as acting is about two-thirds in the game of successful play-producing, there might be more attention paid to it as an art. As I grow older I weary of theorizing, and long for the personal, the human side of the theatre. I love Charles Lamb's studies of Elizabethan dramatists, but better still his personal recollections and comments on the players of his period. Professor Matthews knows the theatre as few men—I mean the contemporary theatre—and when he writes we hear him not only with respect for his erudition, but with pleasure, for he relates many piquant anecdotes, and his shrewd sense of humor is one of his agreeable assets. The delicate and dangerous art of acting he extols, but isn't blinded by its obviously dazzling and artificial side. He thinks that there are as good actors and plays to-day as there ever were. "Even in the greatest epochs of the drama the average play was none too good." A nation gets the plays it deserves; and he does not weep over the fallacy that because an actor's only monument is his name, he should be pitied. "For him," says Mr. Matthews, "the judgment of his contemporaries is final, and posterity has no court of appeal." And that is one of the actor's compensations. He truly declares that "the theatre of the Greeks cannot be resuscitated to-day any more than the theatre of the Elizabethans. And it is with the theatre of to-day and not the theatre of any yesterday that both playwright and performer have to deal." A sensible book, and it may be recommended to the oldtimers who cry aloud over the decadence of the contemporary drama. I remember that my father denounced the actors and theatre of my youth as compared to the golden age of acting in the glorious days of Forrest, Macready, and the elder Booth.

Professor Matthews know better.

George Jean Nathan
(1882-1958)

In his book on drama, Mr. George Jean Nathan Presents *(1917), Nathan, himself widely read in foreign literatures, quoted Huneker's remark that "a critic will never be a Catholic critic of his native literature or art if he doesn't know the literatures and arts of other lands" (p. 159).*

If it was Henry T. Finck who, finding Huneker more appealing than Mencken, wrote the unsigned review for the New York Evening Post *of both Huneker's* Unicorns *and Mencken's* A Book of Prefaces, *Nathan may have tried to get even with Finck by remarking that there was "more sound criticism in Huneker's* Old Fogy *than in the complete works of Henry T. Finck, including the footnotes" (*The World in Falseface *[1923], p. 122). Nathan also wrote a touching tribute to Huneker upon his death (*Smart Set, *64 [April 1921]:137).*

The extent of Huneker's correspondence with Nathan is uncertain, but unless Nathan destroyed or lost many Huneker letters, it appears to be considerably less extensive than that with Mencken who, unlike Nathan, did not live nearby. No letter to Nathan is found in Huneker's Letters, *which contains a number of passing references to Nathan in letters to Mencken, and only one such letter is found in* Intimate Letters. *After Nathan's death, only four letters from Huneker turned up in his papers. A remark to Mencken indicates that at least one other was written (*Letters, *p. 203), but it has disappeared.*

For comments by Huneker on non-critical books co-authored by Nathan

Europe after 8:15 *(1914) and* Heliogabalus *(1920)–see below under Critics: Mencken in the literature section.*

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 79 (February 12, 1916): 10

No need to tell you that his full name is George Jean Nathan, for he is beloved of *Puck* readers. His new offering is called "Another Book on the Theatre." Anything that Mr. Nathan pins to paper in the way of criticism, comment or gossip is worth while, for he is witty, wise and cruel–the latter quality is his critical red badge of courage. He says out loud at meeting things that shock the theatrical Elders. He is the Bad Boy of New York dramatic criticism.

Charles Frederic Nirdlinger
(1862-1940)

A graduate of Harvard, Nirdlinger was at one time drama critic of the New York Herald *and an editor of the* Illustrated American Magazine. *He published some five books of which* Masques and Mummers *was the first and only one devoted to criticism.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 38 (June 14, 1899): 27

"Masques and Mummers" is a volume of essays that will surely be read, much discussed and bitterly criticized. The author is Mr. Charles Frederic Nirdlinger, a writer of polite, graceful, forceful English, and a hearty hater of the sham of the theatre, the shamming mummer and the low standard [of] current theatrical productions. Mr. Nirdlinger is a fearless newspaper man, a dramatic critic who is sometimes cynical as to the verities of his profession, and above all a charming *causeur*. The range of these essays is wide and the points of view many. They are distinctly literary in tone, despite the occasional asperities of temper. In one instance the writer's fantasy is admirable. I refer to "The First Mrs. Tanqueray." Ibsen, Belasco, Rostand, all the modern "lights" of the stage are discussed. The book is violently contemporary. Yesterday jostles tomorrow in its pages. I sincerely wish that in the marginalia Mr. Nirdlinger had printed the names of the actors and actresses he criticizes. It would furnish piquant reading, even if it clashed with his notions as to the rightful anonymity of the profession. "Masques and Mummers" is the theatrical book of the year.

William Winter
(1836-1917)

Other brief reference by Huneker to Winter are found in the Musical Courier, *22 (February 11, 1891): 125; 30 (January 2, 1895): 24; and 37 (October 26, 1898): 27, and in the New York* Sun, *February 13, 1903, p. 7; November 1, 1903, sec. 3, p. 4; and February 28, 1904, sec. 3, p. 4.* Steeplejack *contains a more substantial evaluation of Winter (2:147).*

In the spring of 1905 Huneker thanked Walter Prichard Eaton, then assistant drama critic of the New York Tribune, *Winter's newspaper, for a review of his* Iconoclasts, *a review which, he remarked, must have riled Winter (because of its emphasis on modernity). Ibsen was about due in America, Huneker declared, implying that this would surely mark the end of Winter and his era by adding an amusing parenthesis on "Weeping Willie" who had lamented the death of so many friends: "(Carriages will meet the Staten Island [Winter's home] Ferry boats at 10 a.m. No flowers. No actors. Please)" (*Letters, *p. 39).*

There is no evidence that Huneker–who disliked such events–attended the testimonial dinner given to Winter on December 15, 1909, after he resigned from the Tribune *because his editor expunged copy which he thought would alienate advertisers.*

Whether Huneker's comment (in the passage below) had anything to do with it is uncertain, but after his retirement Winter projected a comprehensive record of the American stage, which was to include revised and augmented editions of his biographies of Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson, joint biographies of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, and an encyclopedic work to be called "Alms to Oblivion" in which he intended to gather a vast mass of miscellaneous material about the theater. All of these projects fell through because of lack of money, but Winter did undertake (for a fat fee) the life of David Belasco, which he never finished (Jefferson Winter, "Preface," The Life of David Belasco, *1:xix-xx).*

Ironically, Winter's financial difficulties in his last years were later compared with Huneker's by, of all publications, the Springfield Republican; *after having attacked Huneker throughout his career for his libertinism, that newspaper described his contribution to music and drama criticism, like Winter's to the literature of the theater, as "of unquestioned public importance" (December 8, 1922, p. 12).*

See, also, Huneker's 1920 critique of Belasco, reproduced above.

"Books About the Theatre," New York *Sun*, March 15, 1903, sec. 3, p. 5

How transitory is all writing about things theatrical! Whenever we receive a volume of collected dramatic criticisms, and it is far too seldom, we realize this fact. It seems a pity that work of genuine worth should languish in the newspaper files of a dusty yesterday. Yet few critics seem ambitious enough to preserve their best efforts between covers. It is a pity. There is Mr. William Winter, for example, who has poured out the treasures of a well-stored mind, of an imagination touched by poetic fancy, for many years in the columns of a daily paper. Surely the amount that should be saved bulks largely. Our dramatic dean is a writer of pure, nervous, sonorous English; in it linger echoes of the fine old strains of Jeremy Collier and Sir Thomas Browne. All this apart from the judgments of plays he has witnessed so tirelessly. Is it all to be lost?

TOPICS

Anthony Comstock

Comstock (1844-1915) was the founder of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, a leader of Boston's Watch and Ward Society, and father of the so-called Comstock law (1873) to exclude vicious matter from the mails.

The Raines bill, named after State Senator John Raines (1840-1909) of New York, was a liquor-tax measure designed to raise revenue and promote temperance in New York City. It went into effect on March 23, 1896.

Elbridge T. Gerry (1837-1927) was president (1876-1901) of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He was commodore of the New York Yacht Club from 1886 to 1893.

"The Players," New York *Morning Advertiser*, April 3, 1896, p. 4

Saint Anthony Comstock, who is now familiarly saluted as "Anti-Tights" (nothing to do with the Raines bill, of course), says that he was not turned down by the women of Brooklyn. I am sorry to say that the rumor of Mr. Comstock and Commodore Gerry's sailing to Iceland this summer is utterly without foundation. Mr. Gerry is getting up a bill for the prevention of laughing among stage children, and Mr. Comstock is trying to abolish dressing rooms in theaters.

Dress Rehearsals for Critics

The "Fra Francesco Wilstacho" mentioned in the following critique was Frank J. Wilstach (1865-1933), a theatrical business manager and press representative. He compiled A Dictionary of Similes *(1916), the revised edition of which (published in 1924) contains thirty-eight similes by Huneker. According to his daughter, Wilstach was a "great and dear friend" of Huneker, eight of* *whose letters to him, written between 1904 and 1918, survive. The critic apparently did not keep Wilstach's letters.*

The "production of last Monday night" was Julius Caesar.

"Some Topics of Stageland," New York *Sun*, December 5, 1902, p. 5

Manager Harrison Grey Fiske in his editorial capacity has insisted in the columns of the *Dramatic Mirror* that American theatrical managers should adopt the French custom of a preliminary dress rehearsal for the benefit of dramatic critics. The argument is a familiar and absolutely a logical one. How can, as productions go nowadays, a conscientious critic do justice to the play, to himself, and last, but not least, to his readers? About 11 o'clock the *crux* of most dramatic situations is reached; at 11:30 the play is about over. Yet at 10 o'clock actual work must be commenced on the critical story—else, sad, bad, mad oaths, as Swinburne would say, at the editorial desk and in the composing room.

They manage these things better in France. The *répétition générale* is a thing of joy for newspaper men. A new play is seen at leisure, leisurely the real *première* is devoted to a consideration of the performance—the motives of the play and its exact artistic values having been well digested. Take the Mansfield production of last Monday night, for example. After the lethargies of the early acts, who looked for that superb tent scene? Yet we had, most of us—I allude now to the critical tribe, the hated, hunted, band of theatrical head hunters who write disagreeable things in the morning newspapers—written our wise screeds. The result was that the actor was not adequately criticized. (They say that he muttered words the next morning.)

What manager in New York has the courage of David Belasco? What manager will throw open the doors of his theatres to the "murderers on the press"? Come, Mr. Frohman, here is a chance to demonstrate your native originality in all things! The gain will be great in the end. Suppose a play shows signs of weakness at rehearsal; suppose a few friendly hints could set things right—why, who will be the gainer? The critic or the manager? As Fra Francesco Wilstacho always insists, your dramatic critic is not a sour person, nor yet a bandit in evening clothes. He really loves—don't smile! the theatre; he dotes upon the players, and when an actor asks his private opinion of how a part should be played he goes to bed that night with increased chest expansion and a bulging brain. No! No!

The chain gang means well—but it is suspected. A little amiable collaboration would work wonders, and the way to begin is with the private dress rehearsal. We are none of us William Winters, that phenomenal veteran who waits until a play nears its close and then calmly writes two columns with the brilliant precision of a prose stylist and the critical acuity of a Hazlitt. So let us have a critic's rehearsal, Messrs. Frohmans, Haymans, McKee, Klaw & Erlanger and the rest!

I know of one dramatist who would not say "No" to the proposition—Clyde Fitch. When "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" was produced at New Haven he sat in an orchestra chair with Charles Frohman. To the playwright's horror he saw in front of him a fat, cynical-appearing critic—can one be both fat and a cynic?—for whom he had an especial aversion—or thought he had. He whispered to Mr. Frohman the disquieting news. "Well," said that pie-loving philosopher, in his most placid accents, "don't worry, my boy, he doesn't look dangerous, but don't let us say anything that will grate on his nerves." The stout scribe stuffed his mouth to suppress laughter, for any one who knows Mr. Frohman will appreciate the solemn irony of this remark. It was as good as any line in Mr. Fitch's clever comedy.

Endowed Theater

"Foreign Plays and Players," New York *Sun*, December 18, 1902, p. 7

With its inevitable punctuality the discussion of a national theatre and its possibilities bobs up about this time of the year. Matters theatrical are sluggish. The shopper is abroad in the land. And the Christmas tree is a bigger attraction than any show in town. But as we must talk to live—one shiveringly recalls Voltaire's "I do not see the necessity!"—the endowment of a national theatre is broached with annual regularity; and when the weather begins to grow mild, when icicles no longer hang by the wall, and the various Dicks and Marians are disporting their spring attire on Broadway, then return the solemn persons who have almost persuaded a Senatorial committee as to the wisdom of providing America with a national conservatory of music. Between these two topics the agile newpaper writer has to depend upon mere happenings for his mill grist.

As it would be presumption for one scribe to pretend to represent the opinions of a vast reading constituency, we leave the subject of a national theatre for further discussion, not, however, without calling attention to a well-attested fact: Paternalism is quite foreign to the genius of this nation. What private enterprise, backed by experience and taste, can accomplish may be seen in the workings of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. But an orchestra is not a playhouse, and an endowed playhouse is apt to stagnate in the stale waters of formalism. The present writer has often admired the dexterity and finish of the players of the house of Molière. Yet at what price is their art purchased! Fresh air, genuine vitality, and new ideas are excluded from the placid, artistic atmosphere of the Comédie Française. Custom regulates the movement of the lips, the dying fall in a cadence, the number of inches necessary for a movement expressing passion. It is all very classic. A mistake is impossible in this well-oiled mechanism. But nature—?

Nature is outside on the bustling streets, or is better interpreted at the unpretentious Théâtre Libre. Here in America a national theatre would succumb to political influences. We should have "Hamlet" with excisions, or "Macbeth" without certain scenes, while all modern plays such as Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," or "An Enemy of the People," or "Pillars of Society" would be vigorously excluded, as being too satirical in intention. The curse of artistic interpretation has always been tradition and its hoary precedents. Now there is no just, right way to read Shakespeare, any more than there is to play Bach. Your official academy or conservatory pretends there is—hence the ultimate decay of the individual. David Belasco was not far amiss when he declared that America needed no endowed theatre. Competition is the salt of the art.

Playwright Sydney Rosenfeld (1885-1931) was also the first editor of Puck.

"The Stage Here and Abroad," New York *Sun*, March 18, 1904, p. 7

The recent symposium of authors, actors and managers in a morning paper on the thrice triturated theme of an endowed theatre is simply another illustration of what an idle thing is mere talk. Andrew Carnegie does not believe in an endowed theatre. He has a perfect right to his belief. He has a perfect right also to endow libraries instead of playhouses. He may say, "In Trust we gods," but that's no one's business. Bronson Howard believes in an endowed theatre. David Belasco does not. E. H. Sothern does, James K. Hackett does not, and then what? What has been proved one way or the other except the airing of personal views? An endowed theatre is a national matter. If it is to be an accomplished fact it must come from the nation, for the nation, by the nation. It would seem that Mr. Hackett has expressed the most sensible opinion of the lot. A dramatic conservatory where may be had a sound training for young actors and actresses should be founded. Then the drama could take care of itself. Mr. Howard is quite correct in saying that an entire dramatic literature is a dead letter to this generation. At the Empire Theatre the other day he told the *Sun*'s reporter of the drama that while he approved of Rosenfeld and his Century scheme, he nevertheless thought that the new organization should have begun with one of the minor Elizabethan classics instead of a well known play such as Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing."

This point is well taken. Mr. Rosenfeld's company has challenged comparisons with better equipped companies and with detrimental results. What a pity! The stock company idea is the only hope for the decent drama in New York. As for the endowed theatre—! The London *Academy* quotes with partial approval the remarks of an article in *Blackwood's*. A writer in the former weekly says:

> I quite agree with his arguments against the proposed institution of a subsidized theatre . . . A theatre always has been, always will be and always should be a commercial undertaking. If there is not a sufficient public to support good plays and good acting let there be no bolstering up the drama, turning it into a hothouse plant which would wither at the first breath of fresh air.

This is common sense. Some day, no doubt, the gentlemen who represent the interests of the American people at Washington will wake up and recognize in the drama a force only second to that of the Church. Then we shall have an endowed theatre, and not until that delectable period shall have arrived.

New York Hippodrome

"The Drama of the Month," *Metropolitan Magazine*, 22 (August 1905): 641-646

The critical foreigner has always expected, nay demanded, of America an art commensurate with the vastness of the country. Our heaven-storming scenery, architecture, our giant web of railroads, bridges, steamships, and politics, combined with the brilliancy of our skies and billions of gold, provoke the tiresome query: Where is your national art? Our answer is vague, if not misleading. We may point to Theodore Roosevelt or to James Hazen Hyde as two products, widely removed as they are, which America can throw off as a mere exercise in versatility. And there is Walt Whitman, with his martial and rhythmic chants—he is American, more American than artistic, withal a bard. Poe belongs to the delicious No-Man's Land of art; but he was born in America and we claim him. We are a robust race. We are rich—too rich, the socialists say; and like a giant who has labored long and hard, we will take our leisure—some day. Thus far our leisure has found vent in athletic baseball, grimy politics, horse-racing, with an occasional war and new religion thrown in. Being cast in a large mold, America is not given to the *nuance* in art, music or literature. We began big and for big things we still give ardent pursuit. But how big none of us dreamed until the Hippodrome was opened.

At last I begin to believe in the possibility of a new art, a distinctly national art. It will be essentially magnificent, and it will be a casting back to antique days when all Rome reversed thumbs in its Colosseum and men fought for life or death on the crimson sands. Our new Hippodrome evokes dreams of pagan days. It is the hugeness of the scheme which first catches your breath; when your nerves have quieted, the artistic motives of architect and decorator so skilfully and unobtrusively merged fall gratefully upon your bewildered eye. To erect a monster building is not so difficult if you have the necessary capital; but to shape into being an auditorium in which five thousand persons may see, hear and not be oppressed by the sense of remoteness is to accomplish an architectural miracle. This is what Messrs. Thompson and Dundy have succeeded in doing, and their Hippodrome is one of the seven wonders of the town.

With a stage 200 feet wide, 110 feet deep, and 90 feet high, there are few things that may not be undertaken. The apron of this stage—the part which projects into the auditorium—is 60 feet in depth. It is practically a tremendous tank containing 500,000 gallons of water; is 14 feet deep, and may be covered or uncovered at will. The general color-tone of the house is Roman red, the sculptural plasters and structural outlines in ivory, gold and silver. The magnificent promenades are marble and Caen stone with gold and silver in *relievo*—heads of elephants are capitals for the columns. Barbaric and rich, exotic and classic, baroque and romantic are the various notes sounded in the architecture and decoration of the interior. Prodigality in the furnishing is another note. Nothing is too good for New York, might be the motto of Thompson and Dundy. As for the comfort of the stalls, the luxury of the loges and the clear sweep of vision from orchestra to dome, from the highest-priced seats to the lowest—these things are so well known by this time as to render recapitulation unnecessary.

On the stage every modern mechanism is in use—and the end is not yet. Mr. Thompson experiments ceaselessly. It is a positive delight for the eye to traverse at ease the enormous perspective and rest on some fair hill fairly swimming in "atmosphere." Mr. Thompson was an art student in the old days; he still knows a good picture when he sees one. His instinct in picking out Arthur Voegtlin as master of the scenic revels proves this. There is a drop curtain that melts into the scheme of things. It suggests to me one of Arnold Bõcklin's strange landscapes, where the soul purified by release from its earthy vesture wanders amid immemorial poplars by the "encircling wave" and in the shadow of marble temples. A rare curtain, this; its like has not been seen before. We all know Mr. Voegtlin's powers of scenic evocation, but on the stage of the Hippodrome he had new problems to meet, new scales to work in, new "values" to create. Above all, he has steered away from dangerous daubing, from the coarse magnification of hue and form.

So here is a superb frame—how about the picture within it? Spectacle, and spectacle alone, is the natural answer. But the acoustics of the auditorium proved so good that dialogue, of necessity curtailed, has been ventured upon with excellent results. However, it is an ideal stage for the circus, for pompous pantomime and for the ballet. And this brings me to a subject near my heart. In America the noble art of the ballet, which may include everything from soundless tragedy to the gayest miming and lovely "woven paces," is not only a neglected, but literally an unknown art. Thirty-five years ago and more when "The Black Crook" was the rage we, being a "holier than thou" nation, denounced the show as immoral and very properly thronged the theater. But gorgeous as was the spectacle, it may not be denied that the chief attraction was not an artistic one. British taste until a few years ago was crude, and it was British taste that deluged us with blond women, in absurd and vulgar costumes. Of late, the ballets at the Empire and Drury Lane show that London has been taking lessons from the Continent. At our opera-house the ballet may take on new life under the sympathetic ministrations of Mr. Conried. Mr. Grau neglected the art simply because he was not encouraged. Music lovers are notoriously insensible to the pleasures of the eye, and, even in these days of David Belasco and Julian Mitchell, boast, actually boast of the marvels to be seen at Bayreuth.

An art that will fill the imagination with exquisite patterns, exquisite hues without wearing too insistently upon the nerves—as does music—or numbing the brain by pure idiocy—as does most modern drama—is the art of the ballet. A story in its glittering and elastic frame may be outlined without undue emphasis, and the fancy fired by the truly symphonic mingling of polyphonic color and weaving figures. Rightly understood, the ballet can be made the vehicle for the most charming sensations. We should be grateful that such a man as Frederick Thompson has taken up this almost obsolete art (obsolete at least in America) and has sought to give it a position among the pleasing arts.

Amilcare Ponchielli's "Ballet of the Hours," from his opera "La Gioconda," is performed at the Hippodrome in a manner that must have made opera-goers open their eyes. The nocturnal blacks, purples, the soft lights of dawn, the dazzling explosions of gold at noon, and twilight with its soothing violets, intoxicated the eye. The groupings were pictorial, the individual dancing admirable, the costumes sumptuous and the massed effects startling. When that serried wall of women sweeps down into the foreground, you feel as if no power on earth could resist its feminine assault and you only feel as a man.

But there is far too little of the ballet. Let me beseech Mr. Thompson to put on two ballets at every performance. There is an audience in New York for the circus, an audience here to whom the gorgeous impersonality of a ballet appeals. Two charming ballets, as is the Continental custom, would not be too much. And it would mitigate the rigors of the acrobatic show. We can see gymnasts at every variety theater in the city; but no ballets. It is New York that in the end will contribute the major part of the Hippodrome's audiences, and it is this very New York that will tire soonest of gymnastic "turns." And remember that the acrobats now at the Hippodrome are among the best I have ever seen. But, as at the Empire and the Alhambra, as at Paris, Vienna and Milan, the ballet is the *pièce de résistance* of the evening. The chance for the display of Mr. Thompson's genius in this form of art, with such a stage *corps de ballet* and lighting effects, is practically unlimited.

As the general performance stands now there is variety for all tastes. The program begins with an old-fashioned country circus. We are transported to Mars, where everything that is novel and entertaining occurs. Elephants, a regiment of them, own the stage. They are very clever. There is singing and dancing, specialties and all manner of drolleries. Marcelline is the king of clowns; but I longed for more clowns as a background. You can't have too many clowns for the children. When in doubt play your clowns. The Hippodrome needs at least a half dozen more of these merry blades; they fill in the chinks and crevices of the play. There were ponies that waltzed, dogs that leaped in mid-air; there were jumping men and twirling women, and the garbing of the chorus was a medley of designs and tints. The bizarre dragons that served as a monstrous gateway for Martian gods and royalty were the largest I have even seen on any stage. There was a musical clown, Ferry Corwey, who was really funny in a whimsical way, who played -after many odd machines had made music for his deft fingers—upon a section of respectable iron railing, the kind employed to fence in a neat little family plot in a graveyard. Colonel Bordeverry shoots at his wife and always misses her eyes a nerve-crisping exhibition. Then Coco, the human monkey, exhibits his superior breeding to his many rude cousins who worry him in the "Jungle." After the ballet there is a war drama, "The Raiders," the first showing us West Point in 1861; the second a battle at Rocky Ford Bridge in 1865. Here the tank comes into play. It becomes a river into which plunge horses and riders to the tune of spitting rifles and booming cannon. It is all real and madly exciting. You leave after three hours, your eyes, your ears, your brain gorged with amusement. And Thompson and Dundy do it all.

A word about the music. Manuel Klein has composed much of it—at any rate, the important numbers. He also conducts the orchestra, though not throughout. He has an assistant for the "turns" and the animal music. This shifting of conductors suggests the notion that there might be a shift of music; for no band composed of human nerves and muscles can stand the strain of playing twice every twenty-four hours, six hours before 10,000 persons daily. A mechanical organ or some such substitute ought to be good enough as a background for the horses and acrobats. As it is now, the orchestra is the one weak spot of the Hippodrome, and if the ballets are to be properly produced, music is one of their chief elements no music, no ballet. Your rocket may fizz but it will not soar aloft without its ballasting stick. The Ponchielli music suffers, especially in the string and wood departments. So give Mr. Klein a bigger and a better orchestra. There is so little to criticize that it is remarkable in so young an enterprise.

As it now stands the Hippodrome is enough to stir the bones of Richard Wagner it is his ideal of a theater realized. And only the multifarious vocabulary and rhythmic blood of Walt Whitman could do it verbal justice.

Washington Square Players

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 78 (December 11, 1915): 12, 22

Despite their occasional amateurishness the Washington Square Players are doing capital work at the Bandbox Theatre on 57th Street, east. They produce new or seldom heard one-act plays and are gathering a decidedly growing *clientèle*. And this is well, for it is to such organizations a certain theatre-loving public must look for artistic plays, even though the interpretations are not as yet on a high artistic plane. I say—not as yet, for there is high hope in the future. Ambition, industry and a high purpose is bound to bring success.

LITERATURE

FICTIONISTS

Ambrose Bierce
(1842-1914?)

Ironically, Benjamin De Casseres, Huneker's most worshipful admirer, ranked Bierce with Huneker, Poe, Whitman, and Edgar Saltus as the "most extraordinary" men America had produced. Huneker had no such exalted opinion of either Bierce or himself. In his only reference to Bierce in Steeplejack *he again accused him, in effect, of stealing an idea from Fitz-James O'Brien. Elsewhere he wrote little, if anything, about Bierce.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 35 (September 29, 1897): 23

I have been reading the *Anti-Philistine*, a so-called "periodical of protest," published in London by the brothers Cowley. I am sorry to say that a more stupid publication I have seldom encountered. It is violently opposed to America, yet just as violently eulogizes Bret Harte, Ambrose Bierce, Gertrude Atherton and Stanley Waterloo. The editors seem to imagine that we know nothing of these writers, and call to heaven for vengeance on the heads of the idiots who have shamefully neglected Harte and Bierce.

We always imagined that Mr. Harte had made a good thing out of his writings, and Mr. Bierce seems to be doing fairly well on the *Journal*–certainly is not starving. As to his being the only stylist of this country, why I fancy this clever newspaper man would be the first to laugh at such a claim. As a short story writer he is ahead of any of the English, although not quite a Poe or De Maupassant, as the *Anti-Philistine* declares. A story of his in the August number of the magazine, "The Damned Thing," is too obviously a copy–indeed a complete capture–of Fitz-James O'Brien's wonderful and blood-curdling tale, "What Is It?" published years ago in *Harper's*, I think.

There is too much hysteria and not enough literary art in the *Anti-Philistine*. With the exception of Edgar Saltus' wonderful "Faustine," an excerpt from his "Imperial Purple," there is nothing in this new monthly worth considering.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood
(1847-1902)

Catherwood's later work, historical romances, did not interest Huneker–or any other discerning critic; as far as I know, he did not mention her again.

In the following critique Huneker telescoped and omitted phrases and sentences from the quotation taken from pp. 94-95 of The Spirit of an Illinois Town *(1897)–at the points where I have supplied brackets.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 34 (April 28, 1897): 22

The Spirit of an Illinois Town, by Miss Catherwood–I hope she is a miss–is a strongly felt little story, and full of atmosphere. I quote a few lines of the storm episode. You don't mind, do you? Besides, the days are long, and music begins to taste musty. So just read this nervous prose of Catherwood's:

> [. . .] Night swept suddenly through the office.[. . .] Then I heard a stampede of feet on the pavement below. Little pillars of dust walked like phantoms. The air, which had been sultry, turned deadly cold, and yet you could not breathe in that strange vacuum. It was as if air had been withdrawn, and a stifling, odorless gas substituted. It rasped all objects with a whistling scream. I saw the sky dragging on the opposite roofs, rising and rebounding. [I ran] down into the eclipsed streets.[. . .] My head was bare, and I had a sensation of having my hair pressed into my skull.
>
> Northward, vapor bounded along the surface of the earth at right angles to a moving wall of blackness coming out of the southwest. Ragged lights of bird's-egg green zigzagged in this wall, and the faces of all around me were dim and ghastly. We smothered in an icy river of exhausted air, and the wall came on with a million locomotive roars, crashes and screams rising in its course.

Miss Catherwood draws character with a sure touch. "The Little Renault," another story in the same volume, proves the woman has talent. Who is she?

Robert W. Chambers
(1865-1933)

Beginning as a painter and illustrator, which may have endeared him to Huneker, this prolific novelist was long a best-seller though he is little read today.

In Steeplejack *Huneker mentioned* A King in Yellow *(1895), remarking that Chambers "sails through Society in most of his works" (2:172).*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 34 (January 27, 1897): 23

Robert W. Chambers, the author of *The King in Yellow*, *The Red Republic* and *A King and a Few Dukes* (a dramatic version of this last will soon be played at Daly's theatre), has just given his last book to the world. It bears the delightful title of *The Maker of Moons*, and the opening story is a gem, something that would have delighted Poe and Baudelaire. A maker of moons is a wicked old Chinese magician up near Canada somewhere, and despite the impossible events related Mr. Chambers' realistic style carries him over most slippery places. Few young writers can blend dreams and reality so deftly, and the irritating thing is that at the close of the story he makes a grimace at his readers and acknowledges that he has been masquerading. It made me very angry, for it is not artistic. In *The King in Yellow* the illusion is never for a moment dropped.

Oh, dear Mr. Chambers, what imp of the perverse prompted you to spoil such a clever story?

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (June 27, 1914): 8

And now make way for the men! It's rather choice company: Chambers, Johnson, Hughes, and Dreiser. Their various fiction of the season I took up and read through at a sitting, at the rate, say, of a book a day. It was trying, but I was after the unity of effect, and thus found it. I should say that Mrs. Gerould and Robert W. Chambers will be easier to read according to this "Quick Action" method than the others. Of Chambers I can only say that he is of higher calibre as an artist than he assumes himself to be. Doubtless disgusted at the cant of so many charlatans he did say "art be hanged!" Yet art is the very quality that vivifies his "Quick Action," with its swift swallow-like skimmings, its caprice and irony—above all its irony, so refreshing to the parched throats of them that are forced to swallow the pink ice of parlor fictionists. It is as light as a feather in the wind, and as graceful. Mr. Chambers might select as a motto: "I write for the young and the thoughtless, because I believe it is better to appeal to glorious golden fools than to elderly imbeciles, impotents, and other northeast November winds!" The manner in which he makes mock of the methods of contemporary drivellers in fiction, female and male, constituted the major part of my enjoyment [of] his new book. It is an entremets, not an entree or roast, this story; better still, it is a delicately flavored dessert after the heavy banquet of the season. My early admiration for the same author's "King in Yellow" is unabated. I think it was his second essay in fiction. It is very Poe-like, and his "Maker of Moons" is equally fascinating; but I suppose Mr. Chambers is weary at the mention of his earlier efforts.

However, I should like to have read the unfinished and sinister drama hinted at in "The King in Yellow," one line of which I remember: "'What, no mask!' cried Camilla." That enigmatic cry of Camilla always sets my fancy afloat. It has the true Poesque shudder.

Henry Hutt (1875-1950), mentioned in the following critique, was an illustrator whose work appeared in popular American magazines.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 79 (February 12, 1916): 10

Here is Robert Chambers (the W. of his middle name surely means Wit!) in another of his rôles! He is the chameleon among contemporary novelists. His latest exploit is a book of loosely connected tales–extravaganzas, is a more befitting word–entitled "Police!!!"–please don't forget the exclamation points!–and you fancy a criminal romance is ready for your delectation, but the initial illustration disabuses your mind. Girls, bushels, of them, and not too warmly clad, salute the eye; the Henry Hutt girl, and she is enticing. If the opening story, "The Third Eye," had been signed by H. G. Wells, we should have cried aloud: "Behold! the ingenious Herbert has returned to his captivating manner of 'The First Men in the Moon' "; for this fantasy on the pineal gland, which is supposed by scientists to have served as a third eye in earlier forms of the human animal, is the theme of a gripping narrative spiced by a resilient human [touch?] that is missing in Wells. Chambers is always gay, always readable.

Kate Chopin
(1851-1904)

This, surprisingly, seems to be Huneker's only notice of Miss Chopin. Her last novel, The Awakening *(1899), a realistic account of mixed marriage and adultery, created such a furor it ended her literary career. One would have expected Huneker to mention the book.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 29 (August 8, 1894): 9-10

Kate Chopin, the name attached to "Bayou Folk," is not, it appears, a nom de plume. She was Miss Kate O'Flaherty, of St. Louis, who, notwithstanding her name, had a mixed Irish, French and American parentage. She married a Louisianian by the name of Chopin, and lived until the death of her husband at Natchitoches. Five sons and a daughter so absorbed her life that she has only recently turned her attention to writing. "A No 'Count Creole," published in the *Century*, was her first success. Her collected stories, "Bayou Folk," have given her a wider fame.

Samuel L. Clemens
(1835-1910)

For brief references to or quotations from Mark Twain by Huneker, see Musical Courier, *37 (December 21, 1898): 29; New York* Sun, *March 27, 1904, sec. 3, p. 4;* New York Herald, *July 8, 1906, sec. 3, p. 6 and August 26, 1906, sec. 3, p. 8;* Puck, *75 (January 2, 1915): 21;* New York Times, *October 24, 1915, sec. 4, p. 13; and New York* World, *November 15, 1919, p. 9*

The late Clara Clemens Samoussaud informed me that she was sure there was no contact between her father and Huneker who apparently did not attend, on December 5, 1905, the dinner given to Twain in New York in honor of his seventieth birthday.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 38 (June 28, 1899): 23

Mr. Brander Matthews will always remain endeared to me for one thing—his praise of Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens is one of the most original writers America has produced, and more of an artist than is generally believed. [He] being a humorous soul the public was slow to recognize his power in other fields. I pin my faith to "Huckleberry Finn." For me it is the great American novel, even if it is written for boys.

Pearl Craigie
(1867-1906)

*The plays and novels of this Boston-born but English-bred writer, better known as "John Oliver Hobbes," were popular in both England and America around the turn of the century. According to Vincent O'Sullivan she was Oscar Wilde's "sole disciple among the young writers of that time," though his influence diminished in her later and best work (*Aspects of Wilde, *pp. 178-179, 204). Her current reputation -all of her books are out of print - would hardly seem to warrant O'Sullivan's statement that "the body of work left by this woman, who died at thirty-nine, represents on the whole the most important addition to literature made by any woman from George Eliot to the end of her own period, and perhaps beyond" ("A Novelist of the Nineties,"* Dublin Magazine, *n.s. 7 [July-September 1932]: 43).*

She came to America for a lecture series in November, 1905. An interviewer from the New York Times *who visited her not long after her arrival noticed that one of the two books on her drawing-room table was Hune-*

ker's Iconoclasts (New York Times, *November 19, 1905, sec. 3, p. 3). Huneker himself interviewed her before February 10, 1906, when she returned to England where she died six months later.*

Though Huneker states that he had saved half a dozen letters from her (Steeplejack, *2:245), they have disappeared; no letter from him to her has turned up.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 35 (December 29, 1897): 48

Having recovered from the Nietzsche-Strauss tonal debauch of last week I am in fairly good fighting trim to attack the monstrous package of books which are crawling over my table like lascivious and literary sand-pipers. I shall pin half [a] dozen for your delectation.

I agree with Mr. Zangwill about women who write. When they know their craft—like Vernon Lee or Madame Darmesteter, or George Sand, or George Eliot or Jane Austen or Charlotte Brontë—they are delightful and refreshing, not because they create, but because they reveal the eternal feminine. I always read novels by women. It is the best way to become acquainted with the sex; moreover, you learn what to avoid. There is Mrs. Humphry Ward, for instance, and Marie Corelli, and Sarah Grand and the sex-traordinary Ouida—she has despite her execrable taste more native gifts than the crowd bunched together, not to mention the lady who calls herself George Egerton. George appears to be the signal of revolt among literary girls. When they hoist the black flag it bears blazoned on its well-laundered expanse the defiant name of "George." It is to dames of the pen what Gautier's scarlet waistcoat was to the *jeunes* of 1832. It is at once a protest and a pseudonym.

From George Egerton the transition to Frank Danby—another rag and a bone and a hank of hair—is easy. And as Frank Danby is a recusant from the school of George Moore I am reminded of John Oliver Hobbes, and—let me see—yes, there is a book by John in my collection, and here it is, "The School for Saints." We may look at the volume.

John is another petticoat—a Mrs. Craigie and an American. She says she grew tired of seeing women signing George and elected John as a pen name. The whole unlovely name, John Oliver Hobbes, she assumed as a prophylactic against sentimentality. You know most women novelists are sentimental, and so are most male novelists. Mrs. Cragie knows George Meredith—this time it is a man—and so she wrote "Some Emotions and a Moral," "A Study in Temptations" and "The Herb Moon." Mrs. Craigie, after she worshipped at the shrine of Meredith and absorbed no little of his astringent paradoxical fancy, shifted her bookish affections on George Moore. What the results will be I can't even guess, but this new novel is far, far from Moore, and his hard, wonderful manner.

"The School for Saints" is a big but badly planned novel—no, not novel, but political and semi-historical romance. It is without the charm and cleverness of the writer's early works, and, it must also be confessed, without the objectionable "smart" and flippant style. Style in the true sense Mrs. Craigie has not. Her style is a *pasticcio*, the result of omnivorous reading not assimilated. She wears her learning uneasily, and she constantly confuses her *genre*. I confess when I heard the shrilly modulated chorus of critical praise I expected something from the book. I am disappointed. I like my novel "neat," without history, or my history undefiled by fiction. "The School for Saints" is not quite a novel, neither is it history. The much talked about portraits of Disraeli and Prim are cut out of cardboard and pasted in. Disraeli is covered with his own epigrams, and has about as much life as one of Lew Wallace's historical personages. Worst of all Mrs. Craigie resorts to that favorite device of weak-kneed writers, the telling of her tale in letters. There is no true narrative style in the book, but she excels in descriptive passages.

But what a joke is her description of the musical legend, "Amadis and Oriana," supposed to be given at a Paris music hall. I can personally vouch for the realism, as this same piece was played at the Folies-Bergère during the summer of 1896. The heroine of her book is no less a distinguished person than Liane de Pougy, who was the Oriana of the piece. Mrs. Craigie, for fear of too much *vraisemblance*, shifts the play back a quarter of a century, but I swear the scene is the same, for I described it to you with its cheap attempts at Wagnerian music eighteen months ago.

However, the novelist is to be commended for studying her effects from life and not getting her information second-hand, as did Mrs. Humphry Ward. This ingenious lady got all her Parisian properties for "David Grieve" from Mr. Julian Story, who painted her portrait while he talked of the Latin Quarter and the "Chat Noir."

"The School for Saints" is spun out, is feeble in construction and contains some really brilliant conversations. If I knew Mrs. Craigie as well as George Moore, I would impose upon her as penance the careful study of Gustave Flaubert's works—that Beethoven of French prose fiction. It is absurd to pin down the author with a speech of her hero, but when she says Flaubert "has the morals of a sick devil and the philosophy of a retired dancing master," I believe she meant it. Now as a matter of history Flaubert had not the morals of a sick devil. He was no devil at all, but the greatest moralist in French literature, as Henry James justly points out; as profound a moralist as Bossuet. He was sick to be sure, congenitally sick, and his devouring devotion to his exquisite and polyphonic art killed him. First get facts before attempting to be witty, John Oliver Hobbes, and above all read Flaubert; read his "Education Sentimentale." It will cool your feverish ardor after the formless, and it may breed reverence for masterpieces.

The ellipses in the following critique are Huneker's.

"John Oliver Hobbes on Wagner's Weakness" *New York Herald*, April 1, 1906, Magazine section, p. 3

Would it be John Olives Hobbes or Mrs. Pearl Mary-Teresa Craigie? Would the writer of tonic prose, the fine-fibred thinker appear or–? The answer was more surprising than an Irish echo. The last time I had seen Mrs. Craigie was on the concert platform in London officiating with others at an agreeable musical function. This was more than ten years ago. So when she stood before me in the mild radiance of a hotel drawing room I came perilously near telling her that I had expected to see her mother. She looked like her own daughter. And I knew her to be an American; no other nation could have evolved a woman who was–not appeared or seemed–exactly ten years younger than she was ten years ago. In a word, a charming, youthful lady murmured in the face of my embarrasment:

"I am John Olives Hobbes. You have come to see me–yes?"

Now it never takes long to settle the nerves of a timid interviewer if the persecuted one is pretty as well as distinguished. I soon ceased blushing and dragged out a long list of questions. Realizing what a formidable task was before me I had resolved on the experiment of an interview of the soul probing variety, an interview after the manner of Dr. Toulouse or Professor Binet, one in which the victim's psyche is carefully sounded, measured, weighed and subjected to various tests; the tests moralic, intellectual, temperamental and the test intimate. I had even gone through these critical gymnastics recommended by my friend Mr. John M. Roberston, M. P., in his unique essays toward a new critical method whereby the critic resolutely faces his own shortcomings, his lack of sympathy, his "blind" side. I had read and recalled all John Oliver Hobbes from "Some Emotions and a Moral" to "The Pipes of Pan." I had asked myself whether I liked "The Herb Moon" as much as "Robert Orange," or why "The School for Saints" was such a revelation of the psychology of a nun's life.

Armed with these questions, panoplied with the terminology of the new psychological school of analysts, yet endeavoring to maintain under this staggering load a high[ly] sensitive, receptive surface for the absorption of impressions–and when Mrs. Craigie walked into the room in a simple street gown, with a dinner engagement in one eye, in the other the meek air of a martyr, and on her shapely head a broad rimmed gray velvet hat, I forgot absolutely my mission and its accompanying portentous paraphernalia, and smiled, oh, such a smile of vacuity; and like Heine when he visited Goethe and lost memory of all the fine things he had prepared on the way from Jena to Weimar, except the plums, I asked the author of "The Bishop's Move" how she liked New York weather.

But there is a subtle form of benevolence known to the elect, and Mrs. Craigie has it in abundance. Presently she was interviewing me, and all the while I fancied matters quite the opposite. After I had confessed a half dozen aesthetic creeds she said she was going to the opera with a dinner engagement thrown in. That sent the ball of conversation spinning down the other alley, and I had the satisfaction, and presently the delight, of listening to a strong brained woman talking delightfully of things in general, of art, her art in particular. She admitted that as she wrote the idea, unclothed in the often illuding image, came to the tip of her pen. This accounts for the closeness of texture in her phrase, the characteristics of which are logic, clarity, deliberate rhythms and a certain solidity. Of late she has begun to use more figurative language. There are more images in her style now. She was not a sensational writer; she did not hear her dialogues. To-day she follows Henri Becque's method of speaking aloud her dialogues. She is no longer a graphist, but a "listener." I suggested that writing for the stage had brought about the change.

Mrs. Craigie confided that she did not remember when she was not a writer. The selection of her pen name did not determine her vocation. Rather was the affair the other way; feeling that she would be a writer, she picked out the name—John, after her father, Mr. John Morgan Richards; Oliver as a harmonious adjunct to John; and to bring about a climax, Hobbes. It is not a pretty name, Hobbes; euphony cannot be conjured from its single harsh syllable. But it served its purpose. It was the oriflamme of the writer, her symbol, declaring that she would not follow the fashion among women of pretty writing, pretty thinking. Yet, Mrs. Craigie—I refuse to allude to her as Mr. Hobbes—has written no "Leviathan." Indeed her work may be said to be the antithesis of Thomas Hobbes, who was called "the philosopher of Malmesbury."

Believing as I do that the *chose vue* counts heavily in the fabric of the novelist, I asked Mrs. Craigie how she "did" the battle scenes in "Robert Orange." She was frank. A frequent visitor to Spain, and on very friendly terms with Don Jaime, the son of Don Carlos, and his family, she learned much about the Carlist uprising. Certainly among her contemporaries—Mrs. Humphry Ward, Vernon Lee, Edith Wharton and a few others—Mrs. Craigie is the most veraciously masculine in describing scenes of violence. Possibly here the John and the Oliver and the Hobbes come into service, as did the George with Sand, the George with Eliot and the Daniel with Stern. Mrs. Craigie enjoys Disraeli's novels. She admires the great man and the statesman, as well as the brilliant master of fiction. She has studied Goethe closely.

I could not help recalling her novel with the curious title, "The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Twickenham" and comparing it to Goethe's "Gods, Herder and Wieland."

A student of philosophy, interested in all the great literary and artistic movements of the last century, and of the present, knowing Nietzsche as well as Froude and listening to Richard Strauss with unbiased ears, yet a lover of the musical classics, Mrs. Craigie has ranged easily over wide fields with something of the swift swallow flight in her intellectual apprehension. Versatility is a sadly abused word, but Mrs. Craigie is truly a versatile woman. Withal, she has never lost her central grip on herself, on the essential parts of life. Having proved all things, she has anchored her bark to the reality of Roman Catholic dogma, but this deep seated religious conviction has not drawn her to either the morose or mystic. There is something sane in her faith, something uplifting in her optimism. I would call her joy of living almost pagan if its quality did not evoke the recollection of that gentle, joyful good man of Assisi. It is the reverse of ascetic. It bubbles with the cheer of friendly sunlight and bracing air. After all, London fogs have sent Mrs. Craigie back to us more elastic, more American than ever. Is it to be wondered then that her writing is so concrete in idea, so luminous in execution, so saturated with what Dante Gabriel Rossetti called fundamental brain work?

We spoke of characterization in dramatic composition. I told her that with Flaubert I did not believe in synonyms, adding as a correlative, that there were no types, only individuals. This won her approval. The notion that humanity is all of a piece, that every man is like unto every other man, that every woman is the replica of her sister, aroused Mrs. Craigie's contempt. For one thing the lack of differentiation in character is the real reason why modern plays are so monotonously alike. An idiotic convention called the law of the stage, or some such rubric, has denied individuality to dramatic characters. Instead, an easy system of types—for fear the actor might hurt his head by originating a new character—that are as stereotyped as the stencilled patterns of the fresco painters. When Ibsen appeared with his living men and women, none of them belonging to the theatrical puppets of the property room, the cry went forth—"impossible, unnatural, immoral!" As Mrs. Craigie remarked, what is not understood nowadays is branded as immoral. We have immoral composers—as if music could ever convey an immoral message to any but those chaste eared critics and musical Comstocks who are ever on the alert for suggestions of evil (bless their innocent hearts, some of them think a cigarette criminal and Paris a short cut to paresis).

Though the brim of the gray felt hat bobbed lower over the broad forehead, though the two big lakes of her eyes were beginning to darken—a châlet might be built on the shore of these eyes, with marvellous views for the occupant—I remained relentless. There were some questions I meant to put and meant to remain for their answer. I was transformed into one of Mrs. Craigie's own soul hunters. Let that dinner chill, let the opera go on, there is a time to eat, a time to hear and a time to talk.

"Richard Wagner," I hazarded.

Hurrah! I had rung up the aesthetic "central" of Mrs. Craigie. Heavy clouds gathered from all quarters of the horizon in her eyes. I saw lightning. I heard the faint growl of thunder. And the rain was not afar. This is what Mrs. Craigie thinks of Wagner, the Wagner music, drama and Wagnerism; not all that she thinks, but a select assortment of ideas on the theme—for the telephone bell was ringing and no doubt her motor car was impatiently pawing the pavement without on the avenue.

First let me preface her opinions by saying that she is a trained musician, a gifted pianist. The picture of the three ladies above the grand piano represents Mrs. Craigie in the middle—it is an abominable likeness; Miss Jerome, that was, Lady Randolph Churchill that was, Mrs. Cornwallis West that is, seated at the keyboard; while dallying with a pussy cat to the right of the novelist is Natalie Janotha, the Polish pianist, who made the astonishing discovery that Chopin was born in 1810 instead of 1809, as his biographers supposed, thereby reviving the errors of the singer Angelica Catalani and the music critic Fêtis. These three blessed damsels played at a charity affair Bach's triple concerto in D minor. I was small minded enough to allude to the event as one at which Bach's masterwork for three pianos was performed by two ladies of fashion and one pianist. Naturally I did not allude to this feeble wit of mine before Mrs. Craigie for, musically speaking, she was the best pianist of the trio, though not emulative of the honors of the concert room. Only this to show that she knows whereof she speaks:

"Wagner! Wagner has never been the voice of the race—as Goethe was, is, and will be always. He was emphatically self-absorbed, a colossal but, nevertheless, limited individuality; he shows us life as it affected him—not at all as it affected Germany. The prophetic quality in the 'Ring' has no significance for his own nation. It is autobiography, not epic; and we should remember that the real Nibelungenlied is an epic, just as the Iliad and the Odyssey are epics. Wagner, however, mixed these old poems with the Scandinavian Sagas, added many fantastic inventions of his own and made them into inept allegories. The result is bad mythology and worse drama. His long monologues, his endless repetitions, the abruptness of the action after wearisome development, could [not] be tolerated on the stage but for the restlessness of his orchestral effects. The play drags; the music, however, is incessantly surging, ringing, shrieking, groaning, howling; its appeals to the senses are so crude that people who detest what are called 'classic composers' respond readily enough to the noise and sensuality of the 'Ring.' A French critic has well said that in lyric drama all the personages are real beings living a life superior to humanity, but living it all the same. It would be impossible to deny the vitality of Wagner's characters. His gods and demigods have the strength of the animals in Aesop's Fables; they never rise above that level either in the shamelessness of their egoism or the directness of their various appetites. The feeling is genuine, but it is never sublime. It is never completely human, and so, for all the magnitude of the work in question, it is, if considered soberly, as he meant it to be considered, abnormal and a novelty, and no acquisition in the highest sense to dramatic art."

A Daniel in petticoats come to musical judgment, quoth I!

"Wagner was not a philosopher, he was not genial, he did not care for humanity; he says himself that he composed 'Tristan' because he did not know the meaning of love; he was an artist who learned by observation and sensation, never through emotion and experience. His pessimism repulsed Schopenhauer himself . . . . Religion—or the sentiment felt by a forsaken one—makes up the subtleties of human thought and action—the difference between men and beasts. Admitting that some particular man possesses no religion and no standards of right or wrong, he has to come, nevertheless, into contact with those who have one or the other. This must affect him and his destiny; he cannot walk unopposed through life. If he cannot feel the reasonableness of the divine law he has to submit to its power.

"This fundamental principle is not even touched on in the 'Ring.' It is no more pagan in tone than 'Parsifal' is Christian in tone. The latter is devotional for a theatrical work, but most theatrical for devotional work. We have some fine melancholy music and some strains—which one gladly recognizes—from the devout masters, from Palestrina, Allegri and Liszt. If it is not sensational it is still moody, but it has much which appeals to minds of the highest refinement and goodness. But the story? It is as far from Catholicism as it is from Malory. We have a false kind of sinner contrasted with a falser kind of saint, whose name, "the pure innocent," has a strong sound of the tongue in the cheek. The scene in which Kundry, dressed as the repentant Magdalen, washes the feet of Parsifal (made up as a cheap lithograph of our Lord) and wipes them with her wig, is worse than painful. It jars, not because it shows irreverence—this would be a wrong accusation—but because it betrays such a complete ignorance of Christian feeling, whether Catholic, Protestant, mediaeval or modern. Wagner approached the legend of the San Grail just as he approached the legend of the 'Ring'—without love. He was not pious, nor, on the other hand, impious. He was deeply interested. He took them both, as we say, "seriously." But tragedy and religion are beyond "seriousness." They demand quite another spirit—simplicity. Wagner was too clever, too knowing. Goethe was so Olympian that he ignored all machines. Wagner thought so much about the machine that he forgot that they were made, after all, for the gods."

Mrs. Craigie then acutely expressed the fallacy of the synthesis of the arts:

"Tragedy must be concentrated. . . . one's soul cannot labor in the orchestra while one's body gesticulates, talks and struts upon the stage. Soul and body must be inseparable, so far as dramatic art is concerned. . . . Wagner is not as a tragic poet among those even of the second rank. His instinct as a playwright was of the stage, stagey. He thought too much of the scenery, of the limelight and the directions. . . . The performers have to follow—in gesture, facial expression and tone of voice—the descriptive music. Neither inspiration nor emotion is possible to a mimetic artist who is tethered at the crucial minute to a conductor's baton. The effect is pompous, tiresome, grotesque. Sincerity is out of the question. . . . But when music is so onomatopoetic as Wagner's receives a further very material illustration on the scene, we get too much zeal. The reticence peculiar to great art is lost; we receive in its stead monstrous overstatement. The music destroys all reality in the drama, and the drama degrades the music. Music is reverie—action in thought, the language of silence. Drama is the poetry of action and speech. No poet who had the least appreciation of acting or the least feeling for the grandeur of the human form and countenance as a perfect instrument for every shade of outward emotional expression would have made such mistakes."

There is the other side of the case, Mrs. Craigie admits.

"As a composer, even if he has mastered the technique of Bach and covered more ground than Beethoven, Wagner has never caught the spirituality of the one nor approached the heights of the other. When he might have soared he relied upon the scene painter and imitation clouds on gauze. But where he is supreme among the greatest is his representation of nature. Wagner alone has seized the music of the earth. No one else has caught and enchained forever the mysteries of life 'outdoors'—the sound of the wind in the trees, the fall of night on black mountains, fiercest gales, the melancholy of sunset, the spell of a spring morning, the break of day, the madness of the storm, the flow of the river, the singing of rushes in a pool, the rage and hunger of the sea, and the wrath of the tempest. For these physical forces he shows an unerring and serene sympathy; no 'personal equation' disturbed his genius in this regard, or drove him, out of sheer hostility to human nature as he found it, to utter the word too much. It is the cruel reproof of time and destiny that a man of Wagner's genius should come to be regarded as the pessimistic sensualist who twangs the old song of self-indulgence in a louder and, therefore, newer way. He was a great man, but the greatest man is not so great as mankind. His art was too personal, nervous, overcharged, and the vast crowd who are now waiting in the market place to dance to any piping—no matter how inferior —on the sensual strings, go to him, not for his incomparable gifts, but because he seems a sensation monger with a hurdy-gurdy."

"He was a great man, but the greatest man is not so great as mankind." Surely a profound thought uttered from the depths of a maternal soul, and one that is absolutely the antipodes of Nietzsche's doctrine of the individual superman.

The brim of the gray velvet twitched ominously. I arose. My composure, lulled to a false security, again deserted me as I met the reproachful gaze of the badgered writer. I backed to the door, and as I left I blurted out, as if obsessed by a mournful leit motif:—

"Really, Mrs. Craigie, how do you like our New York weather?"

She vanished, caught up in some bright illusion, trailing clouds of wit and philosophy behind her. She may have reached the opera that night, but I harbor the sad satisfaction that she was woefully late for that dinner. However, all interviewers and spillers of souls are as selfish as the proverbial dog in the manger.

Stephen Crane
(1871-1900)

Though I cannot swear that this parody did not appear in the Buffalo Enquirer, *since I have not had access to a file of the newspaper and have been unable to look for it myself, the reference department of the Buffalo Public Library, which made the search for me, reported that they could not find it there in the issues of May-July, 1898. Fond of hoaxes and parodies, Huneker could well have written the piece himself. (The parody is not listed in Ames W. Williams* *and Vincent Starrett,* Stephen Crane: A Bibliography *[1948]. Robert W. Stallman reprinted the parody, which I discovered and informed him about, in his* Stephen Crane: A Biography *[1968], p. 613.)*

The extent and location of the Huneker-Crane correspondence is unknown. Thomas Beer, Crane's first biographer, apparently obtained from Huneker the original or copy of at least one letter from Crane to Huneker, undated but from internal evidence written in 1897; subsequent biographers of Crane have quoted this now lost letter. Stallman, who suggests the possibility of another letter from Crane to Huneker (ibid., p. 239), believes that Beer destroyed the originals of all the letters quoted in his biography in order to make it indispensable, since no such letter has appeared on the market since 1923.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 37 (August 3, 1898): 20

This is lovely, besides I'm sick of music, and here is a war story:

The Buffalo *Enquirier* prints the following war correspondence from the front. It neglects to state whether the dispatches were received by wire or by freight.

(By Stephen Crane.)

The American fleet came redly on like a bunch of waving bandana handkerchiefs. The air was full of prunes as a plum pudding. The whitish-green rattle of the rapid-fire guns was exacerbatingly shrill.

The Spanish met the onslaught with a mauve determination. Ecruly they stood at the posts shepherds doggedly.

The two fleets hurtled in a magenta hurtle. They feinted and thrust with a deep canary-yellow vigor. The battle looked like two overturned garbage cans on a hot night. The shells whistled seal-brownly. The death screams of the Spaniards were full of purplish pink despair. One Spaniard with a cerise voice like the aftermath of an aurora borealis screamed paintily his desire to kill the Americanos.

Then with a blackish white tremor, strong battleships sank greenly chromely black into the water. A gauntly greenish smell tore the air. The whole thing looked like a German pouring dark wine into a dingy funnel.

Admiral Dewey had won.

Mentioned in the following critique, Acton Davies (1870-1916) was drama critic of the New York Evening Sun *from 1893 to 1914. He also wrote fiction. According to R. W. Stallman, Davies knew Crane at least as early as 1892 (*Stephen Crane, *p. 57).*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 40 (June 13, 1900): 20-21

I knew Stephen Crane who died last week. He was a good fellow and a promising writer. Without the sustained power or formal gifts of Frank Norris, Crane would nevertheless have made a strong book some day. The best account of his personality was in the *Evening Sun*. It was written by Acton Davies.

F. Marion Crawford
(1854-1909)

Crawford wrote more than forty novels, most of them set in Europe where he spent much of his life. His cosmopolitanism, if not his artistry, appealed to Huneker who paid special attention to his comments on music.

When a new edition of With the Immortals *came out in 1896, Huneker paraphrased his earlier notice and again quoted from it. A year later he unfavorably reviewed Crawford's play,* Dr. Claudius *(New York* Sunday Advertiser, *February 7, 1897, p. 7).*

Huneker met and was entertained by Crawford during his visit to Italy in 1905.

In the following critique, "Charles Auchester" is the title-character in a musical novel by Elizabeth Sara Sheppard published in 1853. "Herr Klesmer" is a character in George Eliot's Daniel Deronda *(1876).*

See also, the first critique on Carl Van Vechten under Music: Critics.

Unsigned editorial, *Musical Courier*, 17 (October 17, 1888): 278

F. Marion Crawford, in his recently published novel, "With the Immortals," is one of the few novelists of the age who can write sensibly and coherently on the subject of music. The sickening rubbish that passes muster in most alleged music novels as music talk and music criticism we have often denounced in no unmeasured terms. George Eliot, in her remarks on the subject of music, showed a critical, trained mind; but from the silly gush of a "Charles Auchester" to the splendid portrayal of "Herr Klesmer" there is a wilderness of difference. A cultured and poetical writer, whose two charming volumes are not read enough, is Anne Hampton Brewster, now residing in Rome. Some years ago she published "Compensation" and "St. Martin's Summer," both exquisitely written, full of clever and sympathetic music life and talk. Jesse Fothergill, too, wrote the "First Violin," and music study in Germany was very cleverly portrayed; but, as a rule, when the literary person gets loose in the musical field much damage is done, for the very simple reason that they generally know nothing whatever about what they are writing. Mr. Crawford is an exception, his fine natural musical abilities having received abundant education. We print a few extracts from the novel in question, not, however, indorsing all he makes his celebrated characters utter about Wagner. However, the book as a whole is well worth reading.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 32 (April 15, 1896): 22

Macmillan has given us a new edition of "With the Immortals," by Marion Crawford. The book is not the most brilliant of its author, but as an attempt to rehabilitate the personalities of Heine, Chopin, Samuel Johnson, Julius Caesar, Da Vinci and other immortals it is delightful, almost as delightful as Cousin Andrew Lang's "Letters to Dead Authors." The description of the man who sat at the piano with the fair and beautiful face is very effective, and the words put in his mouth by Mr. Crawford are fairly in keeping with Chopin's character. His talk about modern art—"drunk with the delight of expressing"—and his shudder at the terrors of Wagner are what a sensitive, quivering soul would utter, only Crawford has made the cardinal error of most fictionists in fancying that Chopin lacked on the heroic side. . . .

The book is well worth reading.

"Prize Plays and the Judges," New York *Sun*, February 17, 1904, p. 4

Marion Crawford, though he has contributed largely to the world's dust heap of inartistic novels, is a man of brains.

Theodore Dreiser
(1871-1945)

In an article on the "Great American Novel," Huneker cited Sister Carrie *as a modern illustration of the fact that "fiction has thrived best on naked truth" (*New York Times, *July 16, 1916, Magazine section, p. 13).*

Dreiser was on the list of persons to whom Huneker asked Scribner's to send a copy of The Pathos of Distance *and* Ivory Apes and Peacocks. *A copy of* Jennie Gerhardt *inscribed to Huneker was sold at auction in 1955.*

Though Mencken informed Dreiser on August 11, 1916, that he had written Huneker for help in fighting the suppression of The "Genius," *I can find no evidence that Huneker was one of the 400 authors who signed the protest.*

Six holograph letters from Huneker to Dreiser, 1911-1914, are extant, as well as two from Dreiser to Huneker.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 74 (June 27, 1914): 21

"The Titan," by Theodore Dreiser, is a powerful book. It is the second of his Trilogy of Desire, the first being "The Financier," published last year. No need to tell you that Mr. Dreiser made his début in "Sister Carrie," a book that for sheer verisimilitude has thus far had no equal in American fiction. The author is not a stylist. Like an epical reporter he carefully jots down his facts, though without lyric excess after the manner of Zola. His books sometimes remind me of a labyrinth with vast murky and dusky caverns, in which the reader loses himself if he lets vanish from his sight the torch of the guide. Dreiser is a master of numbers, crowds, confusion, and swarming cities. He has described Philadelphia, and now Chicago. "The Titan" hums with life. It is an ant-hill of battling financial ants. Cowperwood—the masked name for a well-known street railway magnate, now dead—again dominates the history; but if God proposes, woman disposes. Here is a man who could have played handball with the planets, so overflowing was his titan-like energy and joy of life, yet he contents himself with leaping mud-gutters and playing tag with almost every feminine soul he meets. He is noticeably older than in "The Financier," but then a man is only as old as his memory, a woman as old as her eyes. Cowperwood has eternal youth seemingly. Women are his touchstone of success. He could say with Lessing: "There is, at most, but one disagreeable woman in the world; it is only a pity that every man gets her for himself." This mighty man of money plays emotional arpeggios when he isn't bribing legislators to grant him corporation franchises. Dreiser captured the precise air of Philadelphia, and in his new book he suggests the raw Chicago of the seventies and eighties with exactitude. His pages teem with people. They terrify—the women in particular. Aileen is a portrait, so is Rita—one of the best. Berenice is more than promising. He dots his i's and crosses his t's; yet with all his crass realism, there is a bigness about the work which overshadows its petty faults. The height, depth, breadth, and mass of this ugly, but very significant and modern, fictional architecture may repel at first, but in the end impresses by sheer sincerity. The superman of "big business" in the meshes of his own making is a noble spectacle for moralists.

I notice that Mr. Dreiser cannot resist the temptation of an epilogue and an excess of moralizing . . . , and that [he] is overfond of "remote," "distrait," and "trig." And . . . extravagant when describing the beauty of women and its effects on amorous males.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 79 (February 12, 1916): 10

Theodore Dreiser is nothing if not epical. He is not following the present vogue in English fiction, of long-winded fiction as written by Arnold Bennett, but to express himself on commensurate scale. His recent novel, "The 'Genius,' " is over 700 pages and might be reduced to half the number without hurting the story. Note the title, "The 'Genius,' "—which means that the author leaves us in doubt whether he considers his hero a real "genius." He is not. He is a shallow bore, and a wooden Indian as to character after he leaves the Middle West to settle in New York. Some illustrators have been geniuses: Aubrey Beardsley was one; but to call such a nonentity as Eugene Witla a "genius" because he manufactured East Side pictures with the pity-motive as a tag, is risible. We know those illustrations, those paintings, with their cheap socialistic appeal. However, Mr. Dreiser holds the scales fairly. The wife of the weak young chap is the most viable figure in a book crowded with incident. It is difficult to paint the unheroic; few writers, with the exception of the mighty Russian Realists and Flaubert, have succeeded; the latter in his "Sentimental Education" produced a masterpiece of the mediocre bungler in the character of Frederic Moreau. I enjoyed "The 'Genius,' " yet do I wish that it were shorter. You can't see the trees because of the forest, in this instance.

Harrison Griswold Dwight
(1875-1959)

This seems to be the only book by Dwight–a diplomat as well as a writer that Huneker reviewed. Huneker may have read some of Dwight's stories in the literary magazines where they first appeared.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 79 (May 13, 1916): 12

After reading "Stamboul Nights," by H. G. Dwight (Doubleday, Page & Co.), I confess I rubbed my eyes, astonished. What, an American writing with such warmth of style, exotic coloring and on a theme that has hitherto seemed the exclusive property of Gautier, Pierre Loti, Edmondo de Amicis, Arthur Symons (in his "Cities")! The mystery was solved when I found out that Mr. Dwight had spent most of his life in Constantinople. Fancy one of our favorite penmen with the usual bleak and arid "literary" manner being turned loose in Turkey, the Golden Horn, Stamboul and Constantinople. The result would send a chill down the back of a Central Park statue. Mr. Dwight has read Kipling and Joseph Conrad to advantage; he has even overheard our supreme artist in fiction, the late Henry James–who died an Englishman, yet whose art is essentially American; as is the art of Poe and Whistler. You realize after reading these tales the magic and mystery of the East. Dramatic invention, a rich though not lush prose, humor and fantasy–these and other excellencies the author possesses. If you wish a slice of Balzac, transposed to a hotter climate, read "In the Pasha's Garden." "The Leopard of the Sea" is as good as Kipling. But comparisons are futile. Mr. Dwight is himself. He has a novel field to work in. Above all, his yarns give the impression of having been lived. And Gautier and Loti, despite their admirable verbal virtuosity, wrote from the outside. "Stamboul Nights" is easily the most promising and interesting volume of short stories that has appeared here in a blue moon; say, since Katharine F. Gerould's brilliant début.

Henry Blake Fuller
(1857-1929)

Though Huneker probably did not know it, Fuller composed two light operas to his own librettos, furnishing the voice and piano parts and suggestions for orchestration; they were never produced (Constance M. Griffin, Henry Blake Fuller *[1939], p. 21).*

The homosexual theme of "At St. Judas's," which Huneker referred to obliquely in his review of The Puppet Booth, *was sounded again by Fuller in his novel,* Bertram Cope's Year *(1919). Huneker informed Fuller in 1920 that nothing he had written since* The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani *had so stirred him and that he had read it three times (*Intimate Letters, *p. 310).*

Four letters from Huneker to Fuller (1902-1920) were known to have been written, but only one original has turned up; four holographs from Fuller to Huneker, written between 1911 and 1916, survive.

In Fuller's review of Huneker's Intimate Letters *the only comment on his relations with Huneker is an indirect one: "If you were deserving but neglected," he wrote, "he kept on saying so. Thus you came to feel more deserving than ever, and -despite his persevering exegesis–more neglected, too" (*New York Times, *Book Review, January 4, 1925, p. 3).*

Huneker's criticism of Fuller was mentioned in an article by Edmund Wilson ("Two Neglected American Novelists: 1 Henry B. Fuller: The Art of Making it Flat," The New Yorker, *46 [May 23, 1970]: 112ff.). Wilson remarked that "the only contemporary, so far as I know, who showed any real appreciation [for* Bertram Cope's Year*] was James Huneker. . . ." (p. 134).*

See, also, under Topics: The Arts in America.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 27 (July 1, 1893): 10

I have been reading Henry B. Fuller's (Stanton Page) "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani" again and with delight. The story of the organ improvisation is magnificently told. While not as vividly told, Mr. Fuller's second book, "The Châtelaine of La Trinité," is almost as interesting. What an intimate feeling this fellow has, and his style is so original! He is an American Stendhal and his music talk is full of suggestion and feeling. The chapter "Mephisto Among the Manuscripts" was reproduced in these columns. It should be read by every Mozart lover. How an American in this fag end of the century can write such books, full of culture and the leisure that comes of placid contemplation of art, is a mystery to me. I wonder very much if Mr. Fuller plays upon any instrument, and if he does isn't it the 'cello?

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 39 (July 4, 1894): 9

You all remember, no doubt, that rara avis among books, "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani"? Its quaint old world flavor was caviare to many, and I remember wondering several years ago, when I first called your attention to the book, if the author, Stanton Page, was musical. I have since heard that he is very musical. Of course, as everyone knows, his real name is Henry B. Fuller, and he hails from Chicago. That a man . . . could write such a fantasy as "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani" and live in Chicago was incomprehensible to me. But when I read Mr. Fuller's third novel, "The Cliff-Dwellers," then I understood why. He has etched a study of Chicago which is dry, hard, cold and repellent, yet bears upon it the impress of truth. Mr. Fuller was in his most American mood when he saw the Chicago of this book. That asphyxiation which sets in for the aesthetic soul the moment Chicago is reached, is most graphically, even brilliantly set forth without fear or favor. It is not pleasant, and Chicago people won't like it—except Eugene Field—but it sums up the situation tersely—harshly.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 30 (June 19, 1895): 18

I have been reading again and in varying moods. Five books are piled before me. I shall begin with Henry B. Fuller's newly published novel, "With the Procession" (Harper's).

Can you conceive of a more felicitous title for a novel about Chicago life? I shall never forget the shock when I discovered that Stanton Page, the author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," was a Chicago boy. The unique little book, so audacious, so full of color, culture and surprising rifts of feeling, had such an Old World flavor, was so redolent of Italy, its art life, that for a Chicago man to compass such a performance was nothing less than a tour de force. You remember that I quoted for you the brilliant chapter in which the Chevalier extemporizes so wonderfully on the organ. The picture was daring and held your attention as in a verbal vice. Then followed two other books, the last "The Cliff Dwellers," in which the very core of business life in Chicago was laid bare. "With the Procession" touches with a light, firm hand the social side of that Western city, which is the scherzo in the great civic symphony of America, New York being the allegro, and naturally enough dear old Philadelphia the adagio. The fourth movement is yet to be written.

Mr. Fuller's new book may not be as stirring as its predecessor, but to my mind it is finer in its art, it's characterization and development. It has some of the airy idealism of the Chevalier of Vain Fancies, and it sees Chicago in just the happiest perspective. The conflict of the old and new social order could not have been better done by Mr. Howells. Indeed I think that in Fuller we have at last met the American novelist. If he does not write the American novel so long prayed for I am greatly mistaken. He has culture, courage, convictions, sees his country from the objective viewpoint—something that travel alone can confer—is not parochial like Mr. Howells, nor semi-savage like "Ham" Garland, and is first and last dramatic. "With the Procession" has no plot, but the central grip is there and David Marshall, Mrs. Bates and Jane Marshall will live when those silly marionettes known as Svengali, Trilby, Taffy, the Laird, Little Billee, &c., ad nauseam, will be forgotten. The truth must and shall prevail, especially when its expounder is an artist like Henry B. Fuller.

On page 57 there is an amusing description of Mrs. Bates' frantic endeavor to keep up with the procession. She says to Jane Marshall:

> "What to you suppose happened to me last winter? I had the greatest setback in my life. I asked to join the Amateur Musical Club. They wouldn't let me in."
>
> "Why not?"
>
> "Well, I played before their committee, and then the secretary wrote me a note. It was a nice enough note, of course, but I knew what it meant. I see now well enough that my fingers were rather stiffer than I realized, and that my 'Twinkling Sprays' and 'Fluttering Zephers' were not quite up to date. They wanted Grieg and Lassen and Chopin. 'Very well,' said I, 'just wait.' Now I never knuckle under. I never give up. So I sent right out for a teacher. I practised scales an hour a day for weeks and months. Granger thought I was going crazy. I tackled Grieg and Lassen and Chopin—yes, and Tschaikowsky, too. I'm going to play for that committee next month. Let me see if they'll dare to vote me out again."

Mrs. Bates is a New-Rich, but she keeps up with the procession of culture. I believe that Mr. Fuller, who is quite a young man, is fond of playing the piano.

"The Raconteur," New York *Morning Advertiser*, March 11, 1896, p. 4; reprinted in *Musical Courier*, 32 (March 18, 1896): 22

Henry B. Fuller has the misfortune of being a Chicago boy. Therefore Mr. Fuller can't write for the literary heavy town of Gotham. Yet his "With the Procession" is a truer picture of American life in an American city than anything we have turned out in our realistic rolling mills of literature in the East. And certainly no one has come within a measurable distance of his fantastic and exquisite touch in "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani" and "La Châtelaine of La Trinité."

Mr. Fuller announces a new volume to be called "Plays for Marionettes." Straightway a grandmotherly critic in this city raises a cry of "Wolf." Mr. Fuller had better beware. The public is sickened of Maeterlinck and morbidity, &c., wailed the critic.

Now, the comical part of it is that Mr. Fuller's little dramas are parodies of

Maeterlinck. Anyone who had the good luck to read a month or so ago a funny story in the *Chap Book* about a railroad train and the blur and whiz of the burlesque will be surprised to learn that Fuller is the author.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 32 (May 13, 1896): 21-22

I have just put aside -but within reach–Henry B. Fuller's new and wholly delightful book, "The Puppet Booth."

When Mr. Fuller sprung from his personal cave a full fledged artist as Stanton Page, and dazzled us with "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani" and later with "The Châtelaine de la Trinité," we raised our voices to the heavens in praise–that is, until we discovered that this young author with the delicate, subtle touch of Stendahl and a certain Carlylean humor was from Chicago.

At first there was a chorus of dissent.

"From Chicago, never; from Boston, aye, and, by a stretch of the imagination, Philadelphia, but Chicago, horrors!"

Alas! Mr. Fuller did not consult Gotham as to the choice of his parents or birthplace. He was without doubt extremely careful about the selection of the former, as his talents prove. After a grim and not pleasant story called "The Cliff Dwellers" he produced a little masterpiece called "With the Procession," which title perfectly epitomizes Chicago and its aspirations. That book, with its healthy realism, is simply the despair of the early admirers of this versatile writer, and so Mr. Fuller is in the habit of remarking that he has two sets of readers, each set sneering at the taste of the other.

In this volume of little plays he is likely to get another group of admirers. Some of the pieces are parody, and parody of the most exalted literary sort. Never has the Ibsen method been set off in such magnificent relief as in the absurd play called "Northern Lights."

There you have the studious bore and prig of a Scandinavian husband–an Ibsen husband. His wife, Hilda, hates him, hates her children, hates the country, and hates the foreign countries she has visited. She loves fire. She is a veritable pyromaniac. She inherits this trait from a forefather, who burned villages. She burns her husband's work on the Etruscan civilization, and the children finally set the house on fire. Then comes a magnificent climax.

> Hilda (with a shriek of triumph)–Ha! what did I tell you? They are not your children, but mine–they would not go to the mill pond either. A torch, a torch! I would give the world for a torch! (She crosses over to the lamp.) Give me two–one for each hand! Give me twenty–give me a hundred! (She seizes the lamp.) Wait, Oscar, you have never seen me lovelier. You have never appreciated me–you have thoughts only of the desk. And now it is too late–I am forever beyond your reach. (To the pastor and the doctor.) Go, you wretched posers, go; it is you and your likes that have helped to drive me upon my fate! (They move toward the doorway.) And now!
>
> (She swings the lamp in a fiery circle round her head, then hurls it violently into the midst of her husband's desk, where it explodes. In an

> instant the room, with everything in it, is flecked and spotted with a spray of burning oil. At the same time flames burst through the ceiling).
>
> Hilda (on fire as she runs round and round the room)—Life is too dull to live; this is the only true way to die!
>
> (The room fills with thick smoke and the fate of the remaining personages is left altogether to surmise.)

This last remark of the author gives you the ironic key of the witty fantasy.

There are sly parodies of Maeterlinck, although none quite so funny as C. M. S. McLellan's in *Town Topics*, about the cross eyed dog that said "My God! my God!" with intervallic pleasure. Nor has Mr. Fuller seen fit to incorporate the capital burlesque of the Belgian Shakespeare which appeared unsigned in the *Chap Book* last fall. But he has given some serious and strong studies, one or two in symbolic veils.

"On the Whirlwind" is very powerful—an allegory of the power that cannot win human sympathy. "The Ship Comes In" might have been written by Maeterlinck, but that it is more coherent and cohesive.

"At St. Judas'" is objectionable as to theme. The author is deliberately morbid, decadent, perhaps on the similia similibus principle. But it is nevertheless a story of rare verbal beauty and strength. "The Story Spinner" and "The Stranger Within the Gates" are two clever raps on the knuckles of Stanley Weyman and Anthony Hope.

The volume concludes with a coruscating little coda that must interest readers of Mr. Fuller's two earlier works. At last we see the Chevalier of Vain Thoughts and the Châtelaine of La Trinité are brought together in a wholly original fashion.

And the musical and brilliant style throughout shows us Mr. Fuller at his best. There is laughter in this clever book, and there are tears if you search for them. Mr. Fuller should write for the stage.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 35 (September 29, 1897): 24

James Lane Allen talks learnedly of the feminine and masculine principle in recent American fiction, but I hate schools, loathe movements and tendencies, and believe that the idealists are as strong today as the realists and the sensitivists, the symbolists as the humorists. There is Henry B. Fuller, for example. Fancy a man of his exquisite and sensitive art being an American! By that I do not mean to imply anything derogatory, for have we not Hawthorne and Henry James? But the fact that "The Chevalier of Pensieri Vani" and "The "Châtelaine of La Trinité" were written by the author of "The Cliff Dwellers" and "With the Procession" is a startling demonstration that these so-called schools or movements do not count for much when versatility and genius is at the one man's helm.

Mr. Fuller is more realistic than Howells, more poetic than James; he is as airy, as poetic and as fantastically humorous as a Heine, yet he wrote that sullen story of Chicago, "The Cliff Dwellers."

I think some passing twinge of conscience caused him to pay the splendid tribute to Chicago in this October number of the *Atlantic*. If you wish to get the fairest picture of the great middle city of the West read Mr. Fuller's "The Upward Movement in Chicago."

This talented writer has just returned from his beloved Italy, where he has been since last spring.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 41 (October 31, 1900): 22

Henry B. Fuller cannot put his name to a book without exciting my curiosity—and my confidence. His new one is named "The Last Refuge" with "A Sicilian Romance" for subtitle. Full of fantasy and invention, this work calls for much on the part of the reader. The delicate irony of the author's fable; the exquisite flesh he gives to its characters; the rhythmic phrasing, luminous landscapes—above all the imagination these and a novel tale to tell, make "The Last Refuge" as rare a book as "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani" or "The Châtelaine of La Trinité." The delicious wanderings of a choice, fantastic group through miraculously improvised adventures; the meeting of irreconcilable elements Americans jostling troubadours and melodrama scowling at Yankee *flaneurs* the symphonic descriptions, artistic allusions, all are blended into a delightful, audacious picture, whose deeper accents reveal the philosopher, whose more airy the determined *virtuoso*. Written by an American you could never believe this book to be. Even Henry James could not have written it, subtly humorous and intellectually subacid as it is. I shan't spoil your pleasure by revealing the patterns of Mr. Fuller's romantic fabric. Read and enjoy for yourself. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are the publishers.

In the following critique Huneker reprinted passages from his article "Lay Preachers" published in the New York Sun, *August 12, 1910, p. 6, and reproduced below under Muckrakers. The repeated portions are omitted here.*

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 78 (September 11, 1915): 10, 21

Who will write a second "Chevalier of Pensieri Vani"? Not Henry B. Fuller himself can repeat that charming and leisurely excursion into Arcadia. If you haven't read the adventures of the artistic Chevalier, then let me advise you to do so. After finishing them you will certainly procure the sequel, "The Châtelaine of La Trinité." That two such books as these, and their several successors, should have been written by an American seems incredible—I mean in the face of the charmless, vulgar, uncultured, ill-written stuff that now thrills our very credulous public, a public brought up on canned food, canned politics, canned religion, canned ideals, canned music, art, literature, and the "movies";

living a canned life, dying a canned death and given a canned funeral—what can we expect from such a source! The very question is uncanny. One of the attractions of Mr. Fuller's books is that the author does not try to "prove" something; a reprehensible omission in the eyes of the earnest bores who infest the shelves of libraries with books which are not books. . . .

Hamlin Garland
(1860-1940)

Given his penchant for realism over historical romance, Huneker's lack of interest in the early Garland, at least, is surprising despite his distaste for agricultural settings and populistic propaganda. But the temperamental antipathy between the two men is made clear in a passage in Garland's diary written about 1914:

> *New York is becoming each year more European, more antagonistic to what certain of its writers call "New England Puritanism." Month by month, these critics, contemptuous of the "American tradition," join in celebrating the novelists and dramatists who sound the sexual note most insistently. A claque for the pornographic has developed. It is becoming fashionable to sneer at marriage, chastity, home life, and the church, and to bring into the dining room the phrases and jokes of the roadhouse.*

Huneker and Garland apparently did not review each other's books. The only substantial reference by the former to the latter appeared in an article written after the critic read Garland's Crumbling Idols *(1894) and devoted largely to praise for Henry James at Garland's expense. The following critique is an excerpt from that article which, if Garland saw it, did not prevent him from extending an invitation to Huneker in 1907, possibly to some event aiding the stricken Edward MacDowell, a mutual friend. Huneker declined on March 18th with the two-edged remark: "I should like to see you in the flesh; I know you so well in print." That seems to be the extent of their correspondence.*

Huneker disparaged Garland's work in his 1901 critique of Frank Norris, reproduced below.

Though Huneker states in the following critique—and elsewhere—that he had been in the Far West, I have found no evidence that he ever traveled west of Chicago.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 33 (December 9, 1896): 20

It is so convenient to say of Henry James that he is self-expatriated, that American men interest him not, American women delight him not. Yet what American writer has given us such absolutely tempting and truthful national types?

It is all very well for Mr. Hamlin Garland to rage cyclonically and echo Walt Whitman in his collarless moods. But the fact remains that not one of Mr. Garland's wild Western writers has given us the portrait of an American. The master of living American novelists, I am tempted to say the greatest of American fictionists until I remember Hawthorne, sits serenely at his desk in London and writes perfect prose and carves for us the American at home and abroad.

I know that he does not indulge in the melodramatic type of Americans, the sort that talks dialect, chews tobacco and swears in church, the sort that Mr. Garland and his group believe to represent These States (this capitalization is modeled after Leaves of Grass). The stage is largely to blame for the perpetuation of this impossible Yankee and Wild Westerner. In the far West I have met cultured gentlemen who had never been East of Chicago, yet looked aghast when I spoke of Garland and the "powerful uneducated person" of the New Literature of the Plains.

The trouble is that unless the "powerful uneducated person" learns to write English we cannot read him. Mr. Garland speaks of the "new technic," &c. The "new technic" must include clearly written English, else will it go in the dustbin, which in this country is largely composed of dialect novels.

Katharine Fullerton Gerould
(1879-1944)

*Huneker was greatly impressed by the stories of Mrs. Gerould, who once taught English at Bryn Mawr. Commenting on current fiction in a letter to John Quinn on June 4, 1914, he wrote: ". . . My favorite is Katherine [*sic*] Fullerton Gerould–* Vain Oblations– *she is the real thing. Much art for a beginner, and more temperament, more red blood, than Edith Glacial Wharton" (* Intimate Letters, *p. 180).*

After the publication of these reviews Joyce Kilmer described Mrs. Gerould as "in the opinion of some critics the foremost living writer of short stories in English" (New York Times, *July 23, 1916, Magazine section, p. 12).*

She later wrote several novels.

The Century *story mentioned in the first of the following two critiques was "The Triple Mirror," 87 (April 1914): 876-886.*

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (June 27, 1914): 8

In beginning with this volume of short stories by Katharine Fullerton Gerould, please note that I do not politely say, "Place aux dames!" for the reason that Mrs. Gerould's work displays more artistry than any fiction writer since the début of Mrs. Wharton with "The Greater Inclination," in 1899. Mind you, I'm not making comparisons, for between the newcomer and Edith Wharton there is a temperamental gulf; but both writers are as much intent upon the "How" as the "Wherefore" of their art. In this they have contacts, otherwise their subject matter is poles asunder. In the April or May number of the *Century* I saw a story by Mrs. Gerould which made me rub my eyes. I've forgotten its title, but remember, as I remember family faces, the figures of two women. Here, I said, is a new writer worth while. She has studied Meredith, and James, and Edith Wharton, but plays off her own bat. Then I got "Vain Oblations," and began to wonder who the lady was. I could only learn that she is the wife of a Princeton professor, which mustn't be set down against her (consider Woodrow Wilson), and that she wrote. She does write. I recall only the name of Joseph Conrad when thinking of the first story in her book, and Conrad never imagined anything so morbid, so cruel. It is a pet theory of mine that women write truer about women than do men; the latter either exalt or minify their heroines. No one but a woman would have conceived the special case and character of Mary Bradford. She shed new light—an ironical one—on the New England conscience. This particular story, which gives the volume its name, is one of the most startling I've read for years. Fancy a psychological combination of Hawthorne and De Maupassant, with as exotic a milieu as any conceived by Conrad, and add the individual note of the author, and I think you will say after reading "Vain Oblations" that I do not exaggerate. Original are nearly all the other stories, especially the ghost story, "On the Staircase." Distinction of style and personal charm, so rare among English-writing novelists, are gifts of Mrs. Gerould, with a joyous irony superadded; and while I am not courageous enough to venture upon such a prediction as "Tomorrow is hers!" made by Frederick James Gregg after the appearance of Mrs. Wharton, and since completely verified—nevertheless, I do not hesitate to affirm my belief that in Katharine Fullerton Gerould we have a prime talent, and one from whom much will be demanded, if "Vain Oblations" be considered a criterion.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 77 (May 8, 1915): 10

Last spring it was, perhaps, the contiguity of "Chance" and "Vain Oblations" —the latter by Katharine Fullerton Gerould—that set some wondering if certain resemblances between the two writers were only fortuitous. Mrs. Gerould's new volume of tales, "The Great Tradition" (Scribner's), will not be taxed as Conradian; indeed, I confess I felt rather disappointed when I didn't find as exotic a story as the one which headed her first book. But there are compensations. The Russian, Chekhov, is not more devoted to the drab side of provincial life than the American writer. There are only eight stories, and in all the workmanship is of the highest. Sometime the theme is a trifle too "rarefied" for full-blooded treatment—as in "Pearls" (which strange mania Balzac would appreciate)—or too "posed," as in "The Dominant Strain"; but when theme and treatment so coincide, as in "The Miracle," then we get a masterpiece in miniature, and not yielding an iota in its "human interest" to the "best-seller" of the hour. Luckily, Mrs. Gerould is not thus far a best-seller, though in a novel she may tumble overboard, as did Mrs. Wharton in "The House of Mirth" (her least artistic work). It may be urged that there are too many "posed" cases in "The Great Tradition" (for example, "Leda and the Swan"), yet no one will dare to deny the literary virtuosity of the author in pulling off her climaxes. "The Weaker Vessel" is a signal and victorious instance. And now for the novel, Mrs. Gerould!

Robert Grant
(1852-1940)

Unleavened Bread *(1900) is probably the best-known as well as the best-selling novel by this Boston jurist and author. It is, I believe, the only book by Grant that Huneker reviewed. Adapted for the stage by Leo Ditrichstein, Huneker's friend, it was produced in New York in 1901 (when Huneker was not writing drama criticism).*

"Cirrhosis," below, is of course a pun on "sorosis."

"See, also, under Topics: The New Woman.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 40 (June 13, 1900): 20

. . . Robert Grant's "Unleavened Bread". . . . is absolutely awe-inspiring. From an American I never expected such a book. Americans are afraid of the truth, afraid of knowing anything or anybody that has not been approved—resembling in this all newcomers in the sociological body. Robert Grant tells the truth, and in doing so has painted in most implacable colors the portrait of an American woman, a disagreeable but none the less vital figure. We at once recognized Selma White when she appeared, and I know of strong, sane men who broke down and wept after reading of her marvelously brushed career. That is, wept tears of joy, murmuring as they ordered altitudinous spheres of wet, "at last!"

You, too, will know the lady. She comes from the East quite as often as from the West, and to the burr of her crude speech is added an absolute and glorious ignorance of everything that makes life worth the living. I shan't spoil your enjoyment of this book of Mr. Grant's. He has suffered in his time from these Cirrhosis meetings, wherein large bosomed ladies drape themselves in the American flag and recite Shelley. He, too, knows the thin, acid virgin who imposes on the rude men about with her pratings of the ideal—her ideal really being the getting of all she possibly can of anything within the smallest time limit. Not a great novel, a trifle hard and mannered in tone, yet a significant book is "Unleavened Bread," and one that will cause some unpleasant quarters of hours in female clubland. Read it.

William Dean Howells
(1837-1920)

Huneker and Howells probably never met; although his name is listed in Harper's Weekly *among the guests at a dinner held in honor of Howells's seventy-fifth birthday in 1912 (56 [March 9, 1912]: 34), Huneker was not present because, as he informed Edwin Markham on March 4, 1912, he had been out of town when the invitation arrived. But I suspect that this was a white lie told by Huneker to excuse himself for not going to a function he disliked. Nor have I found any review by Howells of a Huneker book.*

Howells wrote Huneker at least one letter (in 1916), which is partially quoted in Steeplejack *(2:240); the original, however, has disappeared.*

For Huneker's comments on Howells as a drama critic, see Gillette under Playwrights and Howells under Drama Critics. For Huneker's critiques of Howells as a literary critic, see below.

The novel mentioned in the first of the following critiques was A Foregone Conclusion *(1875). See, also, the first critique of Davis under Playwrights.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 32 (January 22, 1896): 20

These frocked beings, priests and ministers, who peer fearfully at the world though the gratings of their ironclad vows, have always interested me. I, too, have reveled in the obscene flatulencies of Monk Lewis, and in the exquisite love letters of the Portuguese Nun. Mr. Howells years ago, when the world to him was full of glow and not bounded by backyards, wrote a book about a priest and Venice. I've forgotten its name, but in it were love, lust and cruelty. He must shudder if he ever thinks of it now. And there was also power.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 37 (September 7, 1898): 17

One of the most delightful books of the summer—genuine summer reading—is William Dean Howells' "The Story of a Play." It will not stir the blood, but then no one wishes to have jangled nerves in these languid, sultry September days. Mr. Howells, whose art grows finer and more veristic in every new work, is at his most charming in this careful study of an actor and a dramatist and his wife. The characters are very American and the conduct of the tale is at once a model and a reproach to those writers here who pitch their style too high and draw their creatures after the manner of the yellow journalists. Everything in "The Story of a Play" has happened and was not invented. This you feel, and

Mr. Howells' humor is all the better for not being too obvious. It is the pedal-bass of the book. New York theatrical life is just hinted at, but it is effective nevertheless. Mr. Howells is a master of his material.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 42 (May 29, 1901): 21

Somewhere or other I saw in an announcement of a new historical novel by the author of "Richard Carvel" that Mr. Howells belonged to a rival school of writers. That is too true. There are only two schools of writers—those who know how to write and those who do not. Mr. Howells belongs to the former.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (January 2, 1915): 21

How pleasant it was to note that the corroding flight of time has failed to impair the elastic judgments of the Dean of Literature, Mr. W. D. Howells. At the recent meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Letters here, he publicly extolled the work of Eugene Brieux, a French playwright, who actually dramatized the "Hidden Plague," and made a success of the extraordinary mess. And, in an interview printed in the *New York Times*, Mr. Howells praised Brieux, Charlotte Perkins Gilman—a lady who has forever relegated, so I am told, man to an inferior position in the manufacturing scheme of creation—and the poetry of Charles Hanson Towne. Mr. Howells is eminently abreast with movements contemporaneous, and his gracious words concerning the authentic poetry of Mr. Towne gave, I'm sure, that gentleman's admirers sincere gratification. And what a wise thing it would be if this generation of readers (and writers, too) would return to the fiction of Mr. Howells, and there learn sense of proportion, continence of expression, the art of exquisitely simple prose, and vital characterization. It will be to his novels that the historians will go for a truthful study of men and women and manners during the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century in New England and elsewhere (and not to the vermilion prose of the present crowd of melodramatists between covers). I once described William Dean Howells as our Anthony Trollope, plus style and a profounder psychology. Like all attempts to enclose a truth in an alleged epigram, my definition falls far short of fact, but it may serve, however inadequately. Unlike most men of letters who have reached his patriarchal age, Mr. Howells looks forward, not backward.

Rupert Hughes

See the headnote on Hughes above, under Music Critics.

*Hughes complained privately to Huneker that the revelation of his authorship of "Pan Moves to Harlem" might hurt him with conventional editors, and Huneker apologized for having inadvertently disclosed the secret (*Letters, *p. 174).*

Huneker referred to his notice of both Empty Pockets *and* Clipped Wings *in* *a letter to Hughes, June 10, 1916 (*Letters, *pp. 215-217).*

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (June 27, 1914): 21

Years ago in the now defunct monthly, *M'lle New York*, founded by Vance Thompson, a story appeared that won for its author, "Marmaduke Humphrey," instant applause. This story was called "Pan Moves to Harlem," and related the adventures of Slabsided Sal in search of a man. The anecdote was naked, but the style in which it was told startling. Avowedly a "study in Americanese," its vocabulary was prodigious in neologisms. No form of slang daunted the author, while his humor and philosophy set the town roaring. Who was "Marmaduke Humphrey?" everyone asked. I thought of him and his Slabsided Sal when I read "What Will People Say?" by Rupert Hughes, for that versatile playwright, novelist and critic is the author of both stories, one with a setting in the slums of slums, the other among the highfliers of the Smart Set. "What Will People Say?" is one of the best-sellers. It ought to be. It's not only atmospheric, but it is written in the American "dialect"; that is, Mr. Hughes secures his effects not merely by slang but by the employment of locutions, many of them invented by him apparently on the spur of the moment. But it is not of personal style nor compact construction that I wish to speak. Of more interest is the story; the play's the thing in this novel, which is strong, unsavory, realistic, and nerve rasping at the close. It, too, suggests in its general blocking out the framework of a projected play. (However, in this I may be mistaken.) The author thunders at the vulgarity of the dancing craze, but that is only a pretext; the real business of the book is its characterization, and the passion of Persis Cabot and Harvey Forbes. The girl is a well handled full length portrait. If, as George Eliot says, "souls have complexions," hers must be purple. She is a gorgeous creature, and quite viable. Her worldliness brings about the catastrophe. Forbes is less alive. And at heart a bit of a prig. He is very imprudent for a soldier. The strongest male picture is that of Willie Enslee, the multi-millionaire, who is indeed a little beast. If ever a man is painted directly from club-life it is this same Willie. Mr. Hughes must be congratulated on his landscapes, above all on the tragic chaos of that last dinner episode. Truly a matrimonial solitude *à deux*. It's positively disquieting in its pathos and irony. I fear Dr. Georg Brandes is right; for such marriages divorce is the only remedy; divorce or—. But read "What Will People Say?" and realize the vanity of worldly things.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 78 (July 31, 1915): 10

As one who occasionally writes "high-brow" books, I feel that I am qualified to speak of "best-sellers," on the principle that I do not belong in that category. But I glory in them. Every time I hear of Robert W. Chambers, Rupert Hughes, George Barr McCutcheon, Gouverneur Morris, Jack London or

Richard Harding Davis selling their hundred of thousands, whizzing about in motor-cars or rocking to the voluptuous rhythms of the waters on palatial yachts, I don't become envious—that is, not with the baser pangs of envy—but feel like chucking my cap in the air and crying, Hurrah for modern writers—or typewriters! Old Grub Street has vanished and the glittering avenue of success is now the permanent address of the victorious penmen. Why, only the other day I read of a publisher, standing in the street, being forced to dodge back to the sidewalk or else be run over by an automobile. But in that machine sat a haughty novelist whose royalties paid for his private motor. It was his publisher who was meekly waiting for a street car. How are the rôles reversed! How are the mighty fallen! What a glorious little book, a golden book, could be written nowadays and entitled, "The Gentle Art of Splashing Your Publisher," by the author of "Starved to Death in a Garret; or The Poor Poll Poet."

Merely these few introductory words to a rapid consideration of various midsummer books. Some one has wisely said that the best time for study is during the dog days. But the dear old general public, which always foots the bill, thinks otherwise; at any rate, fiction goes better in spring and summer than during the cooler months. Nevertheless, the new thriller of Rupert Hughes, "Empty Pockets" (Harper's), would be as acceptable on a winter night as in July. Mr. Hughes is a deft mixer of the elements of suspense and sentiment; also sensation; anything more sensational than his description of the duel between rushing motor-cars I do not know. His pages devoted to the East Side Jewish and Italian life are veracious. Mr. Hughes has this section of New York at his fingertips. Truly an exciting book is "Empty Pockets."

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 79 (June 10, 1916): 21

In "Clipped Wings" Rupert Hughes explores the histrionic temperament entertainingly. His stageland is nearer the normal than most books about actors.

Henry James
(1843-1916)

In his Bookman *review of James's letters, reproduced below under Critics and Essayists, Huneker said a good deal about James's fiction. He also described James's appearance and announced his purchase of a house in Rye (*Musical Courier, *36 [June 15, 1898]: 19; characterized his later style again (New York* Sun, *December 20, 1903, sec. 4. p. 6); called him "our supreme artist in fiction" (*Puck, *79 [May 13, 1916]:12); and quoted from James's* The American Scene *(*Steeplejack, *1:89).*

Huneker and Henry James apparently never met or corresponded, though Huneker did correspond with William James. In Steeplejack, *which contains numerous references to both James brothers, Huneker states that he saw Henry only once—at Scribner's where James mistook him for Mr. Scribner (2:142-143). The absence of letters between the two is somewhat surprising in view of*

Huneker's admiration for James and his correspondence with other writers in England such as Joseph Conrad, Arthur Symons, and Havelock Ellis. But as James's biographer, Leon Edel, wrote me, during his later years James read little criticism and shied away from most critics. I have seen no reference to Huneker in any of his writings.

For Huneker's brief comments on James as a playwright and his more extensive discussion of James as a literary critic, see Drama Critics: Howells and below under Critics and Essayists, respectively.

"The Raconteur," *Musical America*, 31 (September 25, 1895): 18

Our greatest artist lives in London. When he publishes we poke fun at his exquisite style and cadenced prose.

I mean, of course, Henry James.

For other comments on James excerpted from the following article, see above, under Garland.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 33 (December 9, 1896): 20

. . . Henry James is sneered at by the press here because his artistic ideals are high. An ill written book is in his code an immoral one. . . .

Mr. James' new work of fiction [*The Other House*] is a masterpiece. It is perfect in execution and finish and the dénouement is so artistically contrived that even in all the thrill and wonderment of it you never feel that it lacks logic, that it was not logically prepared. Mr. James is distinctly dramatic, and Mr. [Robert L.] Stevenson's gentle reproach, that he enacts his dramas behind closed doors, does not hold good of this beautiful book. I can recommend it wholly and unreservedly.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 34 (March 17, 1897): 23

"The works of Henry James are a series of exquisite disappointments," writes someone in the London *Academy*. I fail to see the disappointment, although the exquisite is always to be found. "The Spoils of Poynton," this writer's latest novel, deals with a theme that is caviare to the general reader, yet is the book full of humanity and delicate strokes of art and observation. If you admire Mr. James you will like the novel; if you do not admire him, why, for heavens sake, do not torture yourself!

"The Tattler," *Musical Courier*, 35 (December 1, 1897): iii

The masterpiece of the season is Henry James' novel "What Maisie Knew."

It is a five-voice fugue handled with the overwhelming skill of a master of polyphony. It is surely the most remarkable analysis of a child's soul the world ever enjoyed. Maisie is the mirror -a glass in which we often see darkly–of the peccant acts of her father and mother, of her step-father and step-mother, and the five human beings, not counting the nurse, Mrs. Wix, are presented with the art of a verbal contrapuntalist. It is amusing to read the impertinent criticisms, made by men and women who have no conception of the function of the critic, of the province of the creator. With unerring tact Mr. James disengages for us a group of men and women and presents them in his own manner–a manner that is original, and, therefore, to be abused by every Tom, Dick and Harry. It behooves us to read with respect a master of such a style and, above all, not to question his choice of theme. The critic's task begins with the execution of the work, with its treatment, and the notation of how near the artist realizes his ideal, and how funny it is to read these little men who abused James for being too cloistered, too chastened in his subjects, reproaching him for not seeking life itself–all sorts of life, so it is not to be the life of the drawing-room. After many years Mr. James writes "The Other House," and there is a howl raised at his melodramic brutality. Then follows this new marvelous tale, and we are told Mr. James is sordid, that Mr. James grovels! It is supremely ridiculous. The truth is: James is an artist so extraordinary that his generation–despising artistic supreme workmanship–will have none of him. Stevenson wooed his public with silken sentences and with cunning tales of sea perils and the fears and thrusts of deadly adventure. The public swallowed his glorious recountings for the story, not for the style, and resents the idea that it had been reading glorified prose. The prose of M. Jourdain is good enough for it, and so Mr. Kipling rides his iron-roofed horse over this same public and Mr. James is called a Trifler.

I fancy if he lived in Harlem he would be considered more American!

Some day James, emulative of Flaubert's ambition, will write a book that by sheer mastery and majesty of style will be worshipped by the initiate. It will, independent of subject, be suspended in time and space. But now I am writing foolishly.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 37 (October 19, 1898): 23

If you are a Henry James fanatic, read his last contribution to literary psychology called "In the Cage." If you are not, avoid the little book, which is a miracle of workmanship; a cherry stone most fantastically carved. Mr. James brings to play upon an insignificant subject the entire battery of his style, the curiously involved music of his orchestra. A slight theme given him, he weaves magnificent arabesques, tortuous verbal hieroglyphics. It reminds me of the richly colored, soundless music of a master pyrotechnicist. And it remains in the memory just as long. I have read greater books by Mr. James, but none cleverer.

"Mr. James," *M'lle New York*, 2 (last fortnight, November 1898): pages unnumbered; reprinted in *Musical Courier*, 37 (December 14, 1898): 28

After the crabbed and involved polyphony of "In the Cage"–hard reading for the most fanatical James-ite–the new volume containing two stories came like a whiff of the eternal verities. In "The Two Magics" Mr. Henry James has found himself, has emerged from his strenuous battle with syntax and the smell of dried apples and has floated us far on the firm pinions of his delicate, subtle imagination. Never in the history of the supernatural has such a story been written as "The Turn of the Screw." Hawthorne would have envied it, it makes clumsy the allegory of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and the magic lantern slides of Kipling's East Indian "bogies" are coarse by comparison. Never have I read such a tale of unrelieved horror. Guy De Maupassant's "Horla" is the merest fringe of the awful when set against the moral gloom of "The Turn of the Screw." All other stories of apparitions become attenuated in its presence.

Mr. James' magnificent New England conscience and his equally magnificent art are the factors in the creation of a dread imagining which concerns the soul poisoning of two lovely children by two depraved spooks. Anything more morbid would be hard to conceive. Yet the treatment is never morbid; it is uplifting, almost comforting, and comfort the reader needs in the terrifying flashes of an evil beyond that the writer gives us. Just what is the lesson of the master in this powerful allegory I cannot pretend to say. Immensely moral it is as is "What Maisie Knew," only Maisie herself would be aghast at the subterrene depths revealed in the nature of little Flora and Miles.

The other "Magic" is called "Covering End," and is in Mr. James' happiest manner. The touch is a Meredithian *staccato*, while the gayety, ingenuity and wit make one sorrow for a stage so in bondage to mediocrity that it refuses tribute to such a master of high comedy as Mr. Henry James. The great American novel may not yet be written, but the great American novelist is in existence.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 45 (September 24, 1902): 20

The fiction of the future? It is an idea that propounds itself after reading "The Wings of the Dove," by Henry James, just published by Scribner's. Here at last is a companion work to the modern movement in music, sculpture, painting. Why prose should lag behind its sister arts I do not know; possibly because every drayman and pothouse politician is supposed to speak it. But anyone who has dipped into that well of English undefiled, the seventeenth century play literature, must realize that today we write a parlous and bastard prose.

It is not, however, splendid, stately, rhythmic prose that Mr. James essays or ever has essayed. The son of a metaphysician and moralist—I once fed full on Henry James, senior—the brother of a most brilliant psychologist, William James, of Harvard, it need hardly be said that character problems are of more interest to our novelist than are the external qualities of rhetorical sonority, of the glow and fascination of surfaces. Reared upon the minor moralities of Hawthorne, ever an interested, curious observer of manners, the youthful James wrote books which pictured in his own exquisite orchestra of discreet tints and delicate grays the gestures, movements and thoughts of many persons, principally those of traveled Americans. He pinned to the printed page a pronounced type in his Daisy Miller, and shall we ever forget his "Portrait of a Lady," the Princess Casamassima—the latter not without a touch of one of Turgenev's bewilderingly capricious heroines. It is from the great, effortless art of the Russian master that Mr. James mainly derives. We all recall George Moore's rather unjust epigram about Mr. James going abroad to study Turgenev and Mr. Howells staying home studying Mr. James! But Turgenev only represents one form of influence and not a continuing one. Hawthorne it was in whom Mr. James first planted his faith [and] the feeling that Hawthorne's love of the moral problem still obsesses the younger artist is not missed in his latest book. The Puritan lurks somewhere about all of James, though a Puritan tempered by culture, by a humanism only possible in this age. Mr. James has made the odious word and still more odious quality of cosmopolitanism a thing of rare delight. In his newer manner, be it never so cryptic, his Americans abroad suffer a rich sea change, and from Daisy Miller to Milly Theale is the chasm of many years of temperamental culture. We wonder if the American girl has so changed or whether the difference lies with the author; whether he has readjusted his point of vantage with the flight of time; or if Daisy Miller was a bit of literary illusion, the *pia fraus* of the subtle brain. Perhaps it is her latest sister, Milly, whose dovelike wings hover about the selfish souls of her circle, that may be a pure embodiment of an artistic dream.

The question that most interests me is the one I posed at the outset: Is this to be the fiction of the future, is "The Wings of the Dove" and studies of the like to be considered as prose equivalent of such moderns as Whistler, Monet, Munch, Debussy, Charles Martin Loeffler, d'Indy, Rodin, Richard Strauss and the rest? In latter day art the tendency to throw overboard superfluous baggage is a marked one. "The Wings of the Dove" is a book of grand simplifications. As the symphony has been modified by Berlioz and Liszt until it assumed the shape of the symphonic poem, and was finally made over into the guise of the tone poem by Richard Strauss, so the novel of the future must stem from Flaubert's "Sentimental Education" or else remain an academic imitation, a replica of Thackeray's banalities, of George Eliot's pedantic, inelastic molds . . . . For if Flaubert was the father of realism he was also a parent of symbolism. His excessive preoccupation with style, his attaching such hieratic significance to words sounds the note of symbolism. Oddly enough Mr. James dislikes "Sentimental Education," comparing the reading of it to the mastication of sawdust and ashes. Yet he has not failed to benefit by the radical formal changes Flaubert introduced in his novel, changes more revolutionary than Wagner's in the music drama. That is why, after reading "The Wings of the Dove," I call it a book of simplifications, even though the analysis is difficult, the diction crackjaw. All the old time conventional chapter endings are dispensed with; many are suspended cadences. All barren modulations from event to event are swept away—unprepared dissonances are of continual occurrence. There is no descriptive padding—that bane of second class writers; nor are we informed at every speech of a character's name. The elliptical method Mr. James has absorbed from Flaubert; his oblique psychology is his own. It is violently staccato in the first volume; in the second I find legato passages of beauty, particularly in the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth chapters. Volume I decomposes before your eyes the half dozen characters which in the later book perform prodigies of thought, though not of action. It is hard reading for the reader accustomed to being hypnotized by the cheap passes of cheap fiction mediums. Nothing is forestalled, nothing is obvious and one is forever turning the curves of the unexpected; yet the story is trying in its bareness, the situations not abnormal. You rub your eyes when you finish, for with all your attention, painful in its intensity, you have been told, or rather, have seen, it is all pictorial evocation; both picture and evocation wear magic in their misty attenuations—a story prime in its natural simplicities, rich in its humanity. Pity is the keynote, not the pity of the Russian fiction artists, nor the pity whose repulsive features we may see in the proceedings of certain Societies for the Purpose of Putting Impertinent Questions to the Poor regarding their Feelings and their Poverty. No, the pity aroused by Mr. James in his novel is the triumph of poetic feeling over mere sentiment. Surely Milly Theale is the most exquisite portrait in his gallery of exquisite portraiture. Her life is a miracle, and her ending supreme art. She disliked drugs and the smell of medicine and so does her creator; but the entire book is filled with the faintly audible patter of destiny's tread behind the arras of life, of the microphonic reverberations of a crescendo that sets your soul shivering long before the climax. It is all art in the superlative, the art of Jane Austen raised to the Nth degree, superadded to Mr. James' implacable curiosity about causes final. The question whether his story is worth telling is a critical impertinence often uttered; what most concerns us is his manner of telling.

The style is crackjaw—a jungle of inversions, suspensions, elisions, repetitions, echoes, transpositions, transformations, neologisms, in which the heads of young adjectives gaze despairingly and from afar at verbs that come thundering in Teutonic fashion at the close of sentences leagues long. It is all very bewildering, but more bewildering is the result when you draft out in smooth, journalistic style this peculiarly individual style. Nothing remains; Mr. James has not spoken; his dissonances must not be resolved except by his own matchless art. In a word his meanings evaporate when phrased in our vernacular. This may prove a lot of negating things and it may not. Either way it is not to the point. The people of the novel are cold blooded, brilliant in intellect, unscrupulous in action all except Milly and her companion, that never to be forgotten New England lady who admired Maupassant and wrote stories about "down East" that did not dwell upon kitchen life and husking bees—an ironical reflection upon Miss Wilkins that was. You must read for yourselves. No criticism, voluminous or supersubtle, can be of any help to a reader of this novel, or about as much help as a life preserver thrown overboard to a sinking person. And yet it is fiction of the future; it is a precursor of the book our children and grandchildren will enjoy when all the hurly-burly of noisy adventure, of cheap historical tales and still cheaper drawing room struttings shall have vanished from fiction. A deeper notation, a wider synthesis will, I hope, be practiced. A mere succession of books without connection is not progress. As in music, an American school of fiction cannot be formed without the study of the greatest masters, and not the imitation of second rate European celebrities. And this former will be better accomplished at home. In conclusion I may quote the authoritative statement of Arthur Symons regarding George Meredith. In a slender, illuminating essay Mr. Symons places Meredith among the decadents, the dissolvers of their mother speech, the men who disequilibriate syntax to serve their artistic purposes. Henry James has belonged to this group for a longer time than any of his critics have suspected; French influences, purely formal, however, have modified his work into what it now is, what the critical men call his "second manner." In his ruthless disregard for the niceties and conventionalities of sentence structure I see, or seem to see, the effect of the Goncourts. No matter how clumsy appear his pages a character emerges from the smoke of muttered enchantments, and the chiefest fault to be laid to its credit is that his characters always speak in purest Jamesian. So do Balzac's people. So do Dickens' and Meredith's. It is the fault, or virtue, of all subjective genius. Yet in his obliteration of self James recalls Flaubert; like the shadow of a god upon the troubled waters his power is sensed rather than seen.

Owen Johnson
(1878-1952)

Johnson was the son of Huneker's friend, Robert Underwood Johnson (1853-1937), onetime editor of Century *magazine. Huneker corresponded with the elder Johnson; the originals of twelve of his letters, written from 1905 to 1913, are extant, but Johnson's letters to him have vanished.*

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (June 27, 1914): 8, 21

Wherever you go, whatever newspaper you pick up, you are Salamandered by "The Salamander" of Owen Johnson. New gowns, hats, gloves, and hosiery are named after the popular heroine. Only I wish Mr. Johnson had picked another nickname for her; "Dodo" is too reminiscent of Mr. Benson, and I am sorry that he saw fit to use the name of such a distinguished Anglo-Indo-Judaic family as the Sassoons for one of his "villains." But these are negligible blemishes in a carefully studied character, and a character if not precisely novel in fiction, at least comparatively new here. The teasing coquette, the flirt who almost but never quite crosses the "firing line"—truly a sharp-shooter in the guerrilla warfare of Cupid—is always an irresistible figure for treatment in fiction. She may be Frou-Frou, or Nora Helmer, or any one of the sweet girls in Prévost's "Les Demi-Vierges." In "The Salamander" she is a member of the bare-foot brigade (metaphorically) who takes her coffee at her lodging house, but always eats the other meals at restaurants, cheap or gilded. "Dodo" is overdrawn, because her creator attempts to enlist his reader's sympathy for the charmless minx. The truth is that he did not dare to tell the truth as did Prévost. Maud de Rouvre, in "Les Demi-Vierges" (this title alone betrays genius) is corrupt, and while technically "intact," her soul is deflowered. To make us believe that Doré Baxter—called "Dodo"—is any better than the French girl, Maud, is to put a heavy tax on our credulity. Mr. Johnson avers that these "salamanders" of the Great White Way and dingy boarding-houses have been known to hold out for two years against temptation. I doubt it. Two weeks or two months would be nearer the time. The young bounders, stage-door haunters, and "good things" are in reality merciless in their demand for their "pound of flesh." To see them throwing banknotes and orchids and diamonds at the feet of silly "Dodo" would not be out of the ordinary—such things happen day and night in the Tenderloin; but the Dodos in that happy hunting ground do not long hold the fort with such virtuous heroism as did Miss Baxter. And the spectacle of a judge, a banker, an editor, and various millionaires transforming life into a cage full of erotic monkeyshines all on account of this "salamander," is a trifle disturbing. New York is not highly moral, but if it is as bad as this, well—then it is time for Ibsen's Button Moulder to begin his sweeping. After all a gentleman is a gentleman. Not so this gang.

While the chastity of Dodo Baxter is not above challenge, there is no denying that "The Salamander" is an entertaining book. That boardinghouse near Madison Square is as typical as the Maison Vauquer. I'm sure I've seen it. And the minor characters are excellent. As I read well into the middle of the novel I suspected that it was falling into set scenes as if written with an eye on the stage. Later the newspapers confirmed my suspicion. "The Salamander" is already dramatized, and I suppose the "scène à faire" will be the interrupted elopement with Judge Massingale (venerable noodle), and the runaway with that incredible "ex-tank," the hero. Mr. Johnson has already been before the footlights. Nazimova, I think it was, who introduced a play of his here some years ago. "The Salamander" ought to have more success, even if she has singed her slim wings in the flame of New York. . . . Mr. Johnson likes his 'foreword'—quite superfluous . . . and runs the words 'combustible' and 'combustion' to death. . . .

William McFee
(1881-1966)

Of the many sea books McFee wrote, Casuals of the Sea *(1916) is the best. Three weeks before it was published Huneker sent Mencken a clipping of his* *review of it with his (unpublished) letter of August 8, 1916, commenting that the book was "a corker! though formless–it is 3 novels spread out in episodes. But a man worth while . . . . Write and try to get an early copy." Mencken, who called it a "one-day masterpiece" (*A Book of Prefaces, *p. 183), later recalled that if Huneker "was not the first to hail William McFee then he was not far from the second" ("Introduction,"* Essays of James Gibbons Huneker, *p. xvii). Huneker's review appeared a year before Howells's, one of the last written for* Harper*'s by that aging author.*

McFee informed me, almost thirty-four years later, that he recalled Huneker's "very good" review which reached him, together with Howells's, at Port Said, Egypt, when he was serving on a British Navy transport. Although he read Huneker's books, he never met him or corresponded with him.

McFee became an American citizen in 1925.

" 'Casuals' of the Land and Sea," New York *Sun*, August 2, 1916, p. 14

The pull of the sea is eternal. This is a profound physical fact as well as a romantic one. Its glamour is not alone for adventurous youth; the mature also respond to the thought of the waters. Many stories antedated Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," revealing the ugly side of life on the ocean wave, yet no one with his heart set on the sea was ever deterred from embarking upon perilous emprise. Nor is Desdemona the only woman who was thrilled by its romance. Let us be frank. A good sea yarn is worth a dozen art for art fictions. The breath of life fills the sails of fancy and away we go to impossible treasure islands, to the many colored land of Joseph Conrad, master of the Seven Seas; and once afloat there is no limit to our thirst for dangerous and exotic happenings. It is not without significance that contemporary novels are so full of the sounds and sights of the sea. After the simpler types of narrative by Herman Melville and Russell–not omitting the unique Captain Marryat–an entire school of deep sea story tellers sprang into existence, headed by Conrad, Kipling and Jacobs. One and all they deal with the spell of the waters, and in no vague, inarticulate "poetical" fashion. One and all they are primarily realists, though several see their beloved mistress in a very mist of sentiment. Conrad, for example, is a poet who imagines the sea as an elemental symbol–very much as did Hugo and Swinburne and Walt Whitman. And now a newcomer, an Englishman, William McFee, relates the adventures of his soul among the masterpieces of nature. He calls his book "Casuals of the Sea," but in his dedication "to those who live and toil and lowly die," he includes "those poor casuals of the wayworn earth," and lives up to this by spinning a yarn both romantic and realistic, one that vibrates with humanity.

To begin with, Mr. McFee is an engineer on a tramp steamer. He has no doubt sung to himself "McAndrew's Hymn," for he loves his machinery and, in a measure, does for the weather beaten, rusty old steamer what Conrad has accomplished for sailing vessels. Higher praise cannot be awarded him. But in addition to his seagoing experiences he is curiously at home on land; more, he is quite sophisticated for a seafaring man. He knows about North London and the Strand. He takes you to Italian restaurants in Soho where the food costs eighteen pence and the wine any price you wish. He knows the ballets at the Empire and soars to verbal virtuosities in describing them, very much as did Robert Hichens once upon a time in a novel whose name we have forgotten, but whose picture of a Ballet of the Hours is stamped on the memory. Mr. McFee also knows the Far East, where other things besides the dawn come up "like thunder." Best of all, he knows the human heart and its variations. This makes him free [of?] the rather restricted circle of young English writers of current fiction.

The story of "Casuals of the Sea" is told in a casual manner; no doubt with malice aforethought. Its leisurely lengths are sometimes heavenly–as Schumann said of Schubert's symphony–sometimes hellish. We discover ourselves in the suburbs of North London at the rising of the curtain, in the vicinity of a park called Trinity Gardens, Wood Green. Maple Road is the humble abode of the Gooderich family, a commonplace, poor family, and apparently hopeless material for the average novelist. Yet watch the magic work. In a few pages the reader realizes that there are no uninteresting people in the world. That, mayhap, as Dostoievsky said, there are no old women, if their hearts remain young; and by the same token, there are no ugly ones; only thinking doth make them so. Mrs. Gooderich, a brisk little housemaid before the tale begins, gets into trouble and out of it, for, while she doesn't marry the father of her daughter, an obliging machinist closes the unpleasant incident by becoming the stepfather of his wife's illegitimate child; also the genuine father of two sons. The fortunes of this family are worth following.

Minnie Gooderich, the daughter, works as a retoucher in a photographic concern. Discharged about the same time that she rids herself of an incubus in the person of a young man matrimonially inclined, she goes into London, to that charming old spot called Clifford's Inn, "right bung in the Strand," as the stage driver tells her (the novel plays during the year 1896 and later). There rich comedy begins. Minnie, after an unconventional entrance into a "studio" affair, where she encounters some creatures of culture, is engaged as companion of all work and no play by Olga Wilfley, a "lady journalist," true to type, and amusing as an individual. Here is where the reader's doubt as to the author's mechanical avocation develops. How, as an engineer on a tramp steamer, he found time to observe and delineate certain aspects of London Bohemia is rather puzzling. There are some things that can't be divined. You may feel the surge and thunder of the sea in Homer and Hugo, but a modern up to date and up to snuff female newspaper writer with a special plan for advertising is a novel and concrete thing to be carefully studied. Evidently Mr. McFee has done so. Mrs. Wilfley is as good as Dickens. Nor is she exaggerated. Her "studio" in Clifford's Inn is a treasure trove, with its picture "representing Mr. Richard Le Gallienne carrying a lady's petticoat over his arm." Minnie is too hard headed to discern the humor of this pursuit of the golden girl. She has met an advertising genius by the name of Anthony Gilfillian "Gilfillian's Filaments, don't you know"–and in her particularly practical way flirts with him; worse, "goes off" with him to the horror of the sentimental Olga Berenice Wilfley, author of "Licencees of Love." But not to become one of the "soiled angels." Far from it.

The emotional envisagement of the fallen woman since the flowery and musklike atmosphere of the tear breeding lady of the camelias has been altered by a whole swing of the moral pendulum in the opposite direction. Stern condemnation has given away to scientific curiosity. The most pity breeding prostitute in fiction, Sonia of Dostoievsky's "Crime and the Punishment," is no more a model for novelists than Charles Reade's "New Magdalen." Minnie Gooderich becomes a licencee of love on a strictly business basis. She squanders neither her emotions nor her cash. She is almost a puritan. Her relations with Anthony are based on that immemorial motto: Business is business. The peerless exploiter of marvelous electric burners is rather shocked at her cool head and wicked heart. He is, like the majority of men, a sloppy sentimentalist. He can't see that Minnie is a business woman; for her narrow, intractable nature money is the universal solvent. When poets and psychologists speak of the "malady of the century" they merely mean lack of money. To this Minnie would have unqualifiedly subscribed. So, when she leaves Anthony, the connection is dissolved like any commerical partnership. He may have regrets. She most decidedly has none. She drifts, but in a proper fashion. Her mother, a poor, lorn, lonesome widow, bewails her daughter's lapse from the ranks of the respectable, yet avoids telling her the secret of her birth; besides, a woman who goes out by the day to do chores is not abysmally shocked by the sight of her daughter's pretty gowns and jewelry. To be sure, the mother will have no intercourse with the sinner, nevertheless her attempt at a "moral scene" is a failure because Minnie quietly refuses to be made an "awful" example of by the elder woman.

Mr. McFee in his detached and drily humorous way spies on this girl, who is too unimaginative to become a shining light in her profession. She, it may be confessed, is a detestable character. But so is Mildred Lawson of George Moore and so Undine Spragg of Edith Wharton and all the feminine silhouettes in Bernard Shaw's plays. The disagreeable girl has come into her own nowadays in fiction. Minnie Gooderich will rank high among these veraciously rendered ladies; rank high as an artistic creation, but not in the esteem of her readers.

The girl goes abroad to the Continent. Antwerp knew her and Rouen. She became acquainted with an amorous sea captain, Briscoe by name. Camille Desmoulins has said that man's first domicile was woman, and the little captain seemed to be of the same opinion. He paid her debts in Rouen, mainly a hotel bill; and after she had vanished Londonward he followed her and found her in the millinery business with a volatile Frenchwoman. The captain was after a wife, a home in the country with a few chickens and a pig. The dream of a retired sailor. Not, however, Minnie's, who married him in her accustomed desultory manner and set up in London in the advertising way. She became perfectly respectable, without the aid of moral heroics or conversion of any kind. She is the representative, if not of a class, anyhow of a certain easily recognizable type of women who do not propose to go to the devil even if their conduct is not unimpeachable. Not an adventuress, this casual of the land drifts into snug harbor with the aid of a single paddle—her will power. If there was no other character of prime importance in the novel Minnie Gooderich would make the reputation of Mr. McFee, so vital is she, though far from being a heroine.

However, there happens to be another important character in the person of her younger brother, Hannibal, who feels the pull of the sea in the school room. His brother has gone into the army and in South Africa encounters a shell in full flight. He is not much mourned by his surviving family, nor is the father of the family, who tumbles into a pond one night, and, being quite boozy, is drowned. Hannibal is a lazy, unpromising lout. His mother can do little with him. Despairingly she fetches him to her brother-in-law, a well to do builder over Kensington way, and throws the lad on his mercy. This Brown family, Cockney, lower middle class—as the sociologists would call it—is clearly drawn, each member differentiated. There is a Dickenslike atmosphere in the picture, and no worse for that quality; indeed, without taking the supreme master of English humor as his model, Mr. McFee by certain temperamental sympathies recalls the older novelist. In addition, he is the possessor of a discreet irony. And his style, now stripped clean to the very bone of the phrase, and again tumultuous and disorderly as befits the modulating theme, is altogether personal, altogether virile. Hannibal is slightly spoony on his cousin, Amy Brown—a delightfully vulgar girl, as are her sisters. With her he goes into the retail tobacco business and on a dull day casually encounters Captain Briscoe of the S.S. Caryatid, not knowing that he was talking to his sister Minnie's admirer and his own brother-in-law. (More than once the long arm of coincidence rapaciously scoops together some very improbable happenings.) Then the true leading motive of the story is sounded. Hannibal runs away to sea as steward in the engineers' mess room of the Caryatid and till the final curtain the salt tang is with you, and the smell of machinery, even the hideous oppression of the coal bunkers, for Hannibal becomes a coal passer on this grimiest of freighters.

But you can't miss a page. That this section has been "lived" is undeniable. The rough, kindly engineers, the semi-brutal men, the unpleasant existence in the "fo'c's'le" and of them that go down to the sea in ships is set forth with an astonishingly impartial pen by a vision that is romantic or realistic at will. There is a mild fire at sea. A milder wreck on a rock. There is fighting. There is drama and there is much comedy. How Hannibal becomes a man after being a "slacker" of the London slums is admirably related. He goes to Shields with an ominous cough, after meeting his sister and mother—now of some social importance—and being adequately recognized by his brother-in-law the captain. He marries. He settles down at keeping public house with a vivacious wife. A flareup at the close reveals his chronic romanticism for the sea. The tale ends as it began, in a casual manner. Nothing matters much in this world of ours, which is neither moral or immoral. The mean little soul of Minnie Gooderich bares itself in her final speech: "Mother, I was just thinking. What fools men are! What utter fools! But, oh, mother, dear mother, what fools we are not to find it out—sooner!" "Casuals of the Sea" is an uneven book, episodical and elliptical in construction. But it sweats authenticity.

"Gotham Revisted," New York *World*, November 7, 1920, Metropolitan section, p. 9

In another new book, a brilliant, fascinating novel, "Captain Macedoine's Daughter," by William McFee (author of the inimitable "Casuals of the Sea"), there are glimpses of contemporary New York,

> the country of the mad . . . with preposterous but intriguing . . . subterranean cities where vast and brilliant chariots roared through interminable passages; of heaven scaling towers, wherein myriads fought for silks and jewels, for gold and silver, for purple and fine linen; of streets above which insane railway trains hurtled and shrieked and groaned as they carried the demented inhabitants on endless journeys to nowhere in particular for no ascertainable reasons.

Is the picture exaggerated? No, we don't think so. McFee has lived among us and has shrewdly taken notes. The one consolation promised by the future is that Europe, thanks to its evacuation of people in enormous numbers, will soon be agreeable to live in. All its muckers, anarchists and other "undesirable citizens" will have been dumped in America, and most of them in long-suffering Gotham.

Frank Norris
(1870-1902)

In 1901 Huneker, referring to the American historical novelist, Winston Churchill, author of the popular Richard Carvel *(1899) and* The Crisis *(1901), remarked that "any comparison with this industrious young man's production and the artistic work of Frank Norris is out of the question" (*Musical Courier, *43 [August 14, 1901]: 21). The next year he stated rather incredulously that Norris thought that a bad book was better than none, that it was better for the public to read poor historical fiction than not to read at all (*Musical Courier, *44 [May 21, 1902]: 22). Many years later, while discussing Georg Brandes, Huneker noted that the Danish critic had been mistakenly described as an admirer of Jack London; actually, among modern Americans, Brandes liked best the work of Frank Norris, Huneker said, adding "a slight difference, indeed" (*New York Times, *September 14, 1919, sec. 4, p. 8).*

Huneker and Norris corresponded, but most of Norris's letters were destroyed, many by the San Francisco earthquake of 1906. The only extant letter seems to be one from Norris to Huneker, March 8 [1902], in which Norris praises Huneker's short stories in Melomaniacs, *which Huneker had sent him.*

Huneker referred favorably to Norris in "Models for Muckrakers," reproduced below under Muckrakers.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 39 (July 12, 1899): 20

I know of nothing sweeter, after the Old Testament, than "McTeague," by Frank Norris. When Rudyard Kipling's horde of puny imitators build a book like this one then shall I begin to believe in the good things I read of them. Norris is a realist and employs the Zola tonality, but he will grow away from the note-taking bird's-eye view school and touch the hem of higher issues. Of all the young American writers he has the keenest vision and a strong, natural style. Above all he is not content, like Paul Leicester Ford and Winston Churchill, to take up and elaborate ready made historical types. It is too easy for Norris. Being trained as a newspaper man–not a journalist, but a plain newspaper man–he sees things in everyday life, and so we get "McTeague," a sordid picture, if you will, but artistically manipulated and presented. The book has its shocking, even its coarse pages, but the humor, so grim, so hearty, so Rabelaisian, redeems them. Besides, they fit in and complete the picture. That such a young man has a method, powerful, vital and formal, at his fingers' ends is very encouraging. Just now our new writers are content to hitch their wagons to other men's stars–Stevenson's, Kipling's, James' and the rest. Mr. Norris is bound to make a stir, for he has wonderful eyes, ears and the hand that writes. "McTeague" jars, it scratches one's taste, but it has power as it passes–to mimic a saying of Henry James–and this power stays in one's memory cells.

The Western man has been misrepresented, from Bret Harte to Hamlin Garland, but Mr. Norris knows his San Francisco and knows that eminently national product, Marcus Schouler, the German-Hebraic-American young fellow, just illiterate enough for politics and notable as a human document. He, and not the dentist, Dr. McTeague, is the chief actor. If you like rose leaf with whipped syllabub avoid "McTeague." It almost shocked Mr. Howells with its verism. But if the shock and play of human problems please you, here is a study for you.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 42 (April 10, 1901): 23

When Frank Norris wrote "McTeague" we all said "big!" It was big, it was unpleasant, and the ending melted into sheer melodrama. The young man's other stories, "Moran of the Lady Letty," "Blix" and "A Man's Woman," showed cleverness, were sketches rather than finished pictures; but "McTeague," with its ugly title, as ugly as Moore's "Mike Fletcher," remained Norris' most promising work. And now that promise is partially fulfilled, for the first number of the Trilogy of the Epic of the Wheat has been published. It is called

"The Octopus," a story of California, and "deals with the war between the wheat grower and the Railroad Trust; the second, 'The Pit,' will be the fictitious narrative of a 'deal' in the Chicago wheat pit; while the third, 'The Wolf,' will probably have for its pivotal episode the relieving of a famine in an Old World community." Thus Mr. Norris and his gigantic prospectus, a scheme that recalls Balzac and Zola.

Here is a young fellow who is decidedly not afraid of labors herculean. "The Octopus" is 652 pages long and its subject is a vital one. Instead of fishing up some Colonial story of the Janice Carvel, Richard Meredith order—it really doesn't matter if you mix titles or sexes in these tinsel historical tales—Norris, an uncompromising realist, pinned his study down to a certain section, a certain class, a particular incident, and then proceeded to handle his themes polyphonically. That he does not always display contrapuntal mastery may be set down to his years. Certainly "The Octopus" is the biggest novel of the purely American type since "Silas Lapham"; and Norris has a temperamental force, an exuberance of imagination, a swing that Mr. Howells never possessed. His vocabulary is great, his sentences sing, or march with a speed and passion that mow down pages, chapters and books. He has power, humor, sensitiveness of touch, coarseness, brilliancy, richness of feeling and a deep love of human nature. As his faults are gross, so are his virtues exaggerated. He is a big fellow, big in heart and brain, and his characters rustle and thunder with life.

Contrast his types with the Bret Harte men and women—Dickens-ized, sentimental, melodramatic persons—or with Hamlin Garland's laboriously conceived, laboriously executed sandy people of the Middle West, and the conventionality of both Harte and Garland will be felt. Henry B. Fuller "did" Chicago wonderfully in his "With the Procession," but I doubt if he would have cared to handle the unpromising group described by Norris in "The Octopus." The book, which has nothing in it of American thinness, is too long by 150 pages. In its monumental first chapter, nearly fifty pages long, the author covers a canvas as big as one of Tolstoy's in "War and Peace," and sets vibrating before us a set of humans in a series of events that simply stun. There is throughout the sense of crowding, of the monstrous, the unfulfilled; and the cadences of the paragraphs are usually accomplished by a relentless brace of sonorous adjectives.

This quality of vitality, a vitality which surges and hums on every page, is offset by the vast and picturesque spaces of the San Joaquin Valley in south central California. Whether sun-baked, parched for rain and dried by hot winds, or rolling like illimitable waters, with the golden grain under the blazing star of day, this country is vividly presented by Mr. Norris. He contrives atmosphere of the most convincing order, and there are no bad smells in the book, as in that dreadful theatre party of "McTeague." But there is far too much blood spilling, far too many painful presentments of misery unrelieved. You come across traces of Thomas Hardy in Norris' dairy women; while the last hundred pages are pure Tolstoy—I am sorry to say.

Tolstoy's "Resurrection," marvelous as it is, is marred by its ending. So Norris, in his attempt to put before us the horrible contrast of a starving German woman and her child with the dinner party of epicures, drops into the special pleading of the Socialistic pamphleteer. It is not art, no matter how strong and valid its plea for the downtrodden of the Railroad Trust. Just this infusion of political polemics attenuates the force of a remarkably masculine book.

Its variety, fascinating and original love story, fierce man hunt, and holding up of the Pacific and Southwestern Overland Flyer; the vivid pictures of a barn dance—here Norris pokes consummate fun at the vanishing and impossible "bad man" of the West—a rabbit drive, these and an exquisitely poetic idyll, fringing faintly on the supernatural, make "The Octopus" a work of fascinating interest. The men and women are clearly etched, with less hardness of touch than in "McTeague"; though I still find pages of unnecessary cruelty. Only toward the last does this many motived tale begin to lose its terrific grip and intensity. The curious death of the arch plotter is theatric enough; yet it might have been dispensed with. I find, too, a tendency toward Zola's personification of natural forces into shapes of good and evil. Norris knows his Zola, knows "Germinal" with its labor strikes and its tragic mining pit of misery.

But, despite his literary forbears, despite his cleaving aggressive style, despite his lack of reticence, of formal proportion, "The Octopus" is a big book, a healthy book. There is nothing mean, morbid, decadent or lustful in it. Open air, the clash of men and affairs, money, grain, markets, the rush for land and power—all are here; while the love interest is secondary, as it really is in life. Balzac knew this, and made money the pivot of his plots; Zola knew it when he fashioned that rude epic, the "Rougon-Macquart"; and Frank Norris, with his keen faculty for literary selection, combined with his natural taste for the present, the real, the American, has patterned wisely after two great masters. "The Octopus" puts him in the front rank of fiction writers. I begin to entertain hopes for the American novel.

Kathleen Norris
(1880-1966)

The following critique, more notable for its praise of Edith Wharton than for its denigration of the popular Mrs. Norris, is Huneker's only extended comment on Frank Norris's sister-in-law.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 78 (November 13, 1915): 18

When I began "The Story of Julia Page," by Kathleen Norris, I had just laid down a volume by Edith Wharton, "The Hermit and the Wild Woman"—not new, but I read it for the first time. Now it won't do to institute comparisons between the rather austere art of Mrs. Wharton and the artless chirruping of Mrs. Norris. Still, I can't help wondering why our novel writers don't take more pains, why they are so slovenly in diction and construction. A half dozen times during the season the daily newspapers print opinions of prominent American contemporary typewriters in fiction, and the topic of American novelists' superiority or inferiority to English fiction-manufacturers is considered. But seldom a word is said about workmanship. Perhaps there is no demand for art in a novel. Whatever her other qualities may be, Edith Wharton is first the artist, while Kathleen Norris is so bent on delivering her message that often you can't see the forest because of the trees. Her heroine, a slatternly little vulgarian, is credible till she tries to become a "lady," and then she ceases to be viable. But it's a jolly story for uncritical girls.

Percival Pollard
(1869-1911)

Except for a copy of one letter from Huneker to Pollard, their correspondence has been lost. The exception was a friendly note dated March 21, 1905, in which Vance Thompson was mentioned. Pollard was an intimate friend of Thompson, and Huneker's letter was inserted in Pollard's copy of Thompson's French Portraits, *which fell, after Pollard's death, into the hands of the latter's attorney, Harrison Hale Schaff, who allowed me to copy it. Since Schaff's death in 1960 the book and letter have vanished.*

Another mutual friend of Huneker and Pollard was Leo Ditrichstein, the actor, with whom Pollard collaborated on two plays produced in 1906 and 1907; during 1916 Huneker also worked on a play (about Chopin) with Ditrichstein, but it was never completed.

Today Pollard is far better known as a critic than as a writer of fiction. See Introduction, passim.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 38 (May 10-17, 1899): page unnumbered

I do not wonder that Percival Pollard's "Dreams of To-Day" is being widely read. The young writer, who is English born, although now an American, has a graceful style, more virile than Le Gallienne's, and is the possessor of a vivid fantasy. His critical has not hampered his creative work, and there are pages in the prose poems which anyone may envy. The story that most appeals to me is "The Dream of a Circumstance." Here, set forth with pomp of prose, is a tale that freezes your cynical marrow. I am looking some day for big work from Percival Pollard.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 39 (December 6, 1899): 26

Richard C. Badger & Co., Boston, publishes. . . ."Cape of Storms," by Percival Pollard. . . .

Mr. Pollard is a practiced writer; he knows the various stops whereby a story may be made interesting, lifelike and artistic. "Cape of Storms" is rapid in action, delicate in characterization and absorbing as a tale. The set of men and women drawn is perfectly familiar to the author, for he knows well his London, Paris, New York and Chicago. In the latter city the novel begins, though I suspect some of his people have been in New York, are here now. It is the Bohemia of art and letters we see pictured, not half as pleasant a place as many imagine. The *motif* is the old one, but it is ingeniously handled, and that eternal, rascally tune of love and courtship made to yield a new variation. Mr. Pollard has unmistakable humor, sly irony and he is never happier than when he serves up one of his "artistic" young men, all his imperfections full-blown. There is romance and a brilliant row and lots of clever things said, and the writer is not afraid of a happy ending. "Cape of Storms" has the sense of having been personally rounded by the author himself. It is capitally illustrated by Rob Wagner.

Edgar Saltus
(1855-1921)

*Beginning his literary career in the 1880s as a biographer of Balzac, a translator of French fiction, and a popularizer of Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann, Saltus turned to fiction, producing a series of melodramatic novels that were in vogue in the later 1880s and early 1890s. By 1918 he was so forgotten that Carl Van Vechten wrote an essay on him as a neglected genius in which he remarked that he did not recall seeing his name in the works of Huneker (*The Merry-Go-Round, *p. 38). After reading this book (which Van Vechten had sent him), Huneker wrote Van Vechten on December 1, 1918, that the essay on Saltus was the definitive article he and Vance Thompson had promised themselves twenty years earlier to produce–and didn't. But Van Vechten was wrong about Huneker not having mentioned Saltus in print–he had done so "a 100 times, but scattered, the last reference is in* Unicorns. *I've known him 25 years, chummed with Frank, his poet brother. Edgar is a genius. (But Huysmans didn't affect his style &c. He had finished when he read H.)" (unpublished letter, New York Public Library).*

When he reprinted the essay in Excavations: A Book of Advocacies *(1926), Van Vechten revised his statement to read: "James Huneker has referred to [Saltus] several times in passing. There are three such references (pages 214, 269, and 273) in* Unicorns *(1917)"; he also quoted, in a footnote, from Huneker's letter to him and added that Huneker had introduced Saltus as a character* *in his novel,* Painted Veils *(*Excavations, *pp. 90-91).*

Van Vechten had stated in his essay that Saltus's Balzac *was "as good of its kind as James Huneker's* Chopin*" (p. 55), and, indeed, the two men were sometimes compared. Mencken described Saltus as "a Huneker without humor" (*Smart Set, *58 [January 1919]: 139), and an unsigned writer stated that "perhaps no other writer of English, excepting Edgar Saltus, has had the feeling for word color that Mr. Huneker displayed . . . ." (*Musical America, *33 [February 19, 1921]: 3).*

According to George Grasberger, a close friend and business associate of Saltus, Huneker wrote a letter apologizing for placing Saltus in Painted Veils, *but it has disappeared together with all of Huneker's letters to him. In his last years, when business reverses and ill health made him a recluse, Saltus saw very few people and sometimes destroyed letters even before opening them or put them away unopened. His third wife and widow informed me in 1951 that Saltus never kept letters of any kind, and though he knew Huneker intimately and "admired him extravagantly," the only thing he kept was an inscribed copy of* Painted Veils *(which was later lost). Mrs. Saltus added that she thought Saltus seldom if ever wrote to Huneker, but six such letters are extant.*

See, also, under Critics and Essayists.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 22 (April 1, 1891): 304-305

Oscar Wilde, in his preface to "Dorian Gray," says all art is quite useless—in the sense of not being useful as a pump handle or a pound of coffee. Edgar Saltus' new book, "Mary Magdalen," has all the uselessness of a perfect story, perfectly told. If, like Gérôme, he is hard and lacks tenderness, he has the French master's superb command of form and discreet color.

Both work out of doors, and atmosphere and light are resultants in their productions. "Mary Magdalen" is like a gorgeous modern symphony, with its barbaric splendor of color, but the Christan organ tone is heard throughout.

"Mary Magdalen" is a nocturne in gold and scarlet which ends with a Gregorian chant.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 30 (June 19. 1895): 19

I first admired Edgar Saltus because of his brother Francis; then I grew fond of the astringent and brilliant prose of the young master. His translations, so vivid, so unlike a transposition in a new tongue, filled me with delight. Then Edgar fell to playing to the gallery. He wrote unquestionable pot boilers. I suffered, as did all of his friends. His last book, When Dreams Come True, is not in his best manner, but it is better than much that preceded it. When Edgar Saltus' dream comes true we will get a book worthy of his powers. When will he dream another Tristrem Varick?

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 32 (March 11, 1896): 22

. . . Edgar Saltus slipped back to the metropolis, and the clever, brilliant author has not been interviewed, and probably does not wish to be. I suppose that he is working on a new novel. I hope for a second Tristrem Varick. Since this handsome young man has begun writing for *la jeune fille* he is neither as artistic nor as interesting as he was a decade ago.

Henry Van Dyke
(1852-1933)

This seems to be Huneker's only comment on the popular and prolific novelist, essayist, and critic, not one of his favorite authors.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 44 (May 28, 1902): 25

Now that the devil is decreed dead by the recent Presbyterian council in this city and the Pope is no longer anti-Christ, may we not hope for more meat and drink in Dr. Van Dyke's fiction, a fiction hitherto fit for babes at the breast? Infants are to broil in hell no longer, so let us have richer stuff in Presbyterian fiction—also more art!

The cry of the Reverend Golf—there's a sporting name for a baby boiling Christian—at the council was rather sad. His was a dissenting voice, the only one except a spiritual cannibal from the West. "It is the beginning of the end," he shouted, employing a phrase probably originated by Eve in Eden when she pulled the hairy tip of Adam's tail. And Brother Golf is right. The Presbyterian Church, with its revised Westminster Confession, has been literally Episcopalized.

Edith Wharton
(1862-1937)

For brief comments on Edith Wharton's The House of Mirth, *see Huneker's* Letters *(pp. 46-47) and "The Seven Arts,"* Puck, *77 (May 8, 1915): 10.*

When he was visiting various Eastern resorts and writing about them for the New York Herald *in the summer of 1906, Huneker stopped at Lenox, where Mrs. Wharton lived; unfortunately, he remarked, she was inaccessible to interviewers (*Herald, *August 26, 1906), sec. 3, p. 8).*

In Steeplejack *(2:234-235) Huneker quoted from a letter Mrs. Wharton sent him in 1909 (when, I suspect, she thanked him for sending her a copy of his*

Egoists*), but it has disappeared. In an unpublished letter to Huneker, July 14, 1915, William C. Brownell told Huneker that he would send a copy of* Ivory Apes and Peacocks *to Mrs. Wharton.*

According to Archie Binns, Huneker's drama criticism in the Sun *struck Mrs. Wharton as a "breath of fresh air blowing through the stale atmosphere of the theatre," but Binns gives no source for the quotation (*Mrs. Fiske and the American Theatre, *pp. 132-133).*

For a brief comparison of Mrs. Wharton with Kathleen Norris, see above, under the latter.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 38 (May 10-17, 1899): pages unnumbered

Complicated with touches of Ibsen and Maeterlinck are the clever and wholly delightful short stories of Edith Wharton. The title of the book is "The Greater Inclination," and I fancy it will be read by Henry James with amused wonder. I shan't imitate the rest of the critical chain gang and speak of Miss Wharton's close study of Mr. James' style; in reality, she has a very neat, telling style of her own, while her sense of delicate humor is rare in woman–or man. She knows her James–"The Portrait" proves that–but her point of view is altogether Edith Wharton's, and she has charm, as well as a certain power. The best piece of work in the volume is "The Muse's Tragedy." Here the James manner of building up a multitude of miniature effects is perceptible. The ending is quite original. "The Journey" is horrible, and has the Maeterlinckian creep. "Belated Souls" is the strongest tale psychologically. The Nora Helmer-like episode is varied admirably, although both the man and woman are not free from the flesh-pots of puritanism. If they loved, then society could go hang, but Miss Wharton's couple is tied to the conventions. The conflict makes a pretty problem, which the delicate taste and *technique* of the author unravels. "The Portrait" is a *variante* of "The Liar," by Mr. James. I do not care for "The Coward" or "A Cup of Cold Water." Miss Wharton should beware of the "fatal coincidence." Circumstances do not hunt in pairs. The couples in "Souls Belated," the man and woman in "A Cup of Cold Water"–these situations are obviously artificial. The most amusing story is "The Pelican"; amusing, and yet not without its skein of sordid sadness. "The Greater Inclination" is published by Scribner. It shows artistry and open eyed observation. Miss Wharton will write a strong novel some day, and one far more artistic than "An Open Question" [an 1899 novel by Elizabeth Robins].

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 40 (May 2, 1900): 21

"The Touchstone" is Edith Wharton's second book. It is published by the Scribners, and is a novelette–that is, something not a novel, nor yet a short story. Its content indicates the latter, its pages the former. While falling below "The Greater Inclination" in variety and humor–"The Pelican" is still unapproachable—Mrs. Wharton's new story betrays gravid ambitions. She is clever to the monotone point, and her masked humor still sets up internal laughter; she is adept at making a smile with a *coda*. But her characterization, her formal sense, even her psychology are at fault in this volume. Like the men of most pen-women, the man of "The Touchstone" is a thing of shreds, scruples and drab patches. So scrupulous an accessory after the act I never could have fancied, while the meek lady, the awful wife—meek wives should be labeled "dangerous!"—is perfectly done. A man sells at a big price the love-letters of a dead, famous woman writer; sells so that he may marry the woman he thinks he loves. His awakened conscience, the discovery by his wife and his re-birth are well done, cleverly, though not greatly done. The canvas is too small, Mrs. Wharton's art too niggling, too much given to cross-hatching, to give forth the theme with due impressive length and sonority. Her style nestles near Henry James, and her psychology is even more feminine than her model's. One turns back after reading the first few pages, to see if "Henrietta James" is not blazoned on the title page. Henrietta, I know, is a name that connotes fluffiness, a dimple and frivolity, and Edith Wharton is far from frivolity or fluffiness; her dimple must be an ironic one, but she is a true Jamesian in matter and manner.

How clever is this: "There are times when the constancy of the woman one cannot marry is almost as trying as that of the woman one does not want to." And this: "In her choice of a husband she had been fortunate enough, if the paradox be permitted, to light on one so signally gifted with the faculty of putting himself in the wrong, that her leaving him had the dignity of a manifesto—made her, as it were, the spokeswoman of outraged wifehood." Really, Henry James could not say this better, if he could say it at all. The unfortunate husband of a talented woman should be either a brute or else hopelessly in the wrong, as was the man allied to Mrs. Wharton's famous female novelist. To live with the former is trying indeed for the woman, yet tonic, and if she manages to realize herself in the rigors of his Charybdis companionship, she will have missed the most terrible of all Scyllas—the deranging praise of her too sympathetic female friends, and the inevitable Woman's Page of the Sunday newspaper. After these evils the rest is artistic silence! If Mrs. Aubyn's husband had been a masterful brute she might not have written those very foolish letters. I wonder if the author had the Browning letters in her mind, and I wonder if "Pen" Browning can read the book unmoved?

Read "The Touchstone." Some of it is delightful. My preference is still for "The Greater Inclination." In these short stories there is more of the true Edith Wharton, more real artistry.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (June 27, 1914): 8

More than a decade ago I wrote in the New York *Sun* concerning a certain timidity in American fiction. It was *a propos* of James Lane Allen's plea for the masculine note in stories of national life. It is superfluous to add that there is little cause for complaint nowadays; indeed, the boot is on the other leg—we are, if anything, too frank in dealing with matters of sex. Only Continental novels rival ours in plain speaking. As a rule English and American fiction is written by imbeciles for the delectation of idiots. I must apologize for uttering such platitudes. Fiction is become a commercial machine; so much chewing-gum sentiment, so much society piffle, and so much nasty slop per pound. Art? No, seldom, if ever; but plenty of twaddle and vulgarity. There are exceptions, else I wouldn't be writing this page to-day about the new fiction of the season—a season, by the way, that does not boast a masterpiece like "The Custom of the Country," by Edith Wharton, yet hath its consolations. I have just finished five volumes recently published, and confess that I enjoyed them all. An installation in the hell of sameness, that hell wherein the uniformity of the torture does not permit one to enjoy the distraction of a dolor was spared me. I found variety and sharply cut individualities, few squalls in a cream jug, and a satisfying indication that these young novelists (under sixty a novelist is still young) have sedulously studied great models—in a word, Tolstoy, Thackeray, Dostoievsky, Flaubert, Turgenev, Balzac, Meredith, Joseph Conrad, Henry James, Paul Bourget, Zola, and even Marcel Prévost.

In The Age of Innocence, *set in New York in the 1870s, Mrs. Wharton named some real-life writers, actors, and musicians. In one passage Mrs. Struthers invites Madame Olenska to "hear Joachim play tomorrow evening at my house." If the novelist meant Joseph Joachim, the famous violinist, she was guilty of an historical inaccuracy for, as Huneker implied, Joachim never visited America.*

"Gotham Revisited," New York *World*, November 7, 1920, Metropolitan section, p. 9

In Edith Wharton's latest novel, "The Age of Innocence"—why didn't her publishers reproduce the famous Sir Joshua Reynolds canvas of the same name on the cover?—there are many finely toned pictures of the New York of the seventies, when Christine Nilsson was singing at the Academy of Music, "though there was already talk of the erection, in remote metropolitan distances above the forties, of a new opera house which should compete in costliness and splendor with those of the great European capitals." No American fiction since the "Washington Square" of Henry James has so captured the genius of place like "The Age of Innocence." And the tone throughout is admirable, not only the tone of time, but the literary tone, the tone technical, which is such a difficult achievement. Edith Wharton has a profound sense of values even when these values were far from profundity—social values, for instance. Her New York is an evocation of the town when it was still civilized before the advent of the barbarians; a town of leisure, that almost forgotten art, of green parks, pretty houses and cultivated people, where even if the "arrivists" and "bounders" did exist they were not in a noisy, compact majority. Truly the age of innocence, never to return! (Did Joseph Joachim ever play here? Mrs. Wharton says he did. It's the first time I heard of it.)

Stephen French Whitman
(1880-1948)

This almost forgotten writer, born in Philadelphia and educated at Princeton, worked for several years at the turn of the century on the New York Evening Sun *before settling down to a literary career. He wrote some fifty short stories and half a dozen novels,* Predestined *(1910) and* The Isle of Life *(1913) preceding* Children of Hope *(1916).* Predestined, *reissued in 1974 and 1976, is the only one of his books still in print. After World War I he went to Hollywood to write for motion pictures. The victim of a debilitating thyroid condition, he never married and left no known relatives; his death went practically unnoticed.*

In his letter to Rupert Hughes of June 10, 1916 (the date of the issue of Puck *containing his review of Whitman's book), Huneker described Whitman as "gifted." (Hughes could have known Whitman later in Hollywood where he too was a screen writer.)*

As of about 1911 Huneker did not know Whitman though he was proud of him as a Sun *alumnus (Robert C. Holliday,* New York Times, *December 1, 1912, Book Review, p. 738).*

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 79 (June 10, 1916): 21

After reading "Children of Hope" I have high expectations for the literary future of Stephen Whitman. It is his third "important" novel, and a larger canvas than the others. The Ohio "folks," a father and three daughters, who go to Florence, are genuine characters. The book is too diffuse, but the main business of the novelist, characterization, is never lost sight of. Mr. Whitman has a delicate vein of ironic humor and he has read Flaubert with profit.

Willard Huntington Wright

For Huneker's association with Wright, see below under Literature: Critics.

The Man of Promise *was Wright's first—and only "serious"—novel. Lawrence Gilman had reviewed it rather unfavorably in the* North American Review *(213 [May 1916]: 769-772), and on the same day Huneker's review appeared in* Puck, *he discussed the book in a letter to Gilman (*Letters, *pp. 214-215):*

> *It has for a virgin novel a certain grim power, but is* charmless—*just the reverse of the author who, even though dogmatic, doesn't suggest power*

> *rather charm and a debonair "nerve" that appealed to me when I last saw him in 1913. Above all, he has evaded the usual sentimental traps of the "best seller." And then . . . the "new woman" is about "due" in fiction for the inevitable reaction. She has too long been over flattered. The new "young men," Nietzscheans, call them what you will, are bound to send the pendulum the other direction. As I wrote, the book lacks air; I suffocated before I was through. The style is metallic. But the total effect is more impressive than most American novels written lately.*

The book had been reviewed even more enthusiastically and at greater length by Mencken in the Forum *(55 [April 1916]: 490-496).*

For Huneker's opinion of Wright as an art critic, see the Art section below.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 79 (May 13, 1916): 12

Write it right said the late Ambrose Bierce. Write it Wright! adds Willard Huntington of the clan of Wright. This season he has been writing, and righting things, with a vengeance. He arrived here from Paris about a year ago wielding a large critical scythe. His record has been an active one since then. A big book on Nietzsche, a revolutionary volume on art and now a novel, "The Man of Promise" (John Lane Company). As a first fiction, which it is said to be, it is remarkable, though I confess I felt the lack of elbow room, of air, of ease, in the densely spun narrative. And it is written in a metallic style. Objective to a fault, you long for a less glacial method. The author pursues his hero with cruel intensity. A breathless book; though not in the Jack London sense of the phrase. Mr. Wright makes no concessions to popular tastes. He is himself a man of promise and we expect something as powerful but less somber in his next fiction.

American Novelists

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 31 (August 21, 1895): 18-19

. . . I have been reading lots of books, and am with Mr. Howells' opinion that the Spanish lead to-day in the fictional field. Valdes' new novel (new in an English garb), "The Grandee," is a marvelous, a cruel, plain tale. These Spaniards, Pérez Galdós, Emilia Pardo Bazán, Armando Valdés, Juan Valera, enthrall you with a sense of reality. You plant your feet on earth and yet the dry husks of realism are never offered you as in Zola's dreary pamphlets. There is something in the Spanish temperament which warms and colors dull facts. The new school of Iberian novel writers have temperament and are not hobby ridden. Only one living writer in Italy can compare with Valdés--Mathilde Serao, whose "Fantasy" is a masterpiece. What a standing reproach these Spaniards are to the barren artists of this land that find no beauty or interest in American life and manners.

There will be a mighty change in all this some day. Artists like Henry Fuller, Mary Wilkins and a few others are pointing the way to one of the richest literary finds in the world, for remember the United States is yet undiscovered. Walt Whitman was after all only an inspired auctioneer, who enumerated with prodigious glibness the vast number of bargains in the land.

Who will be the literary Columbus?

Muckrakers

As far as I know, Huneker reviewed no book by Upton Sinclair (1878-1968), though in his only extant letter to Sinclair, dated June 22, 1909, he states that "I once called you, whether in print or private, I've forgotten which 'the bravest man in America'"(Sinclair, My Lifetime in Letters *[1960], p. 73). Sinclair informed me that he never met Huneker. He did, however, write at least two letters to him: in 1909 he asked the critic's advice regarding a composer to do a musical setting for a comedy he had written, and in 1918 he told Huneker that he was sending him advance sheets of* The Profits of Religion, *which he was publishing himself, hinting that he would like his opinion of the book to insert in the review copies. In his first letter Sinclair rather daringly admitted that he had once reviewed Huneker's* Melomaniacs *in the* Literary Digest *(24 [March 29, 1902]: 441), a review which he must have hoped Huneker had not seen -it is not included in the latter's scrapbook or would not look up, for it was exceedingly derogatory: ". . . a collection of extremely pointless tales, hardly worth the reading."*

In his answer to the first letter, Huneker, recommending his friend Harry Rowe Shelley, organist at Rockefeller's Church, remarked: "Wouldn't it be a sweet paradox for the Boss oil-man's music man to make a setting for a play by U. S." (Huneker's reply to the second request is unknown.)

I have no record, either, of any Huneker review of a book by muckraker David Graham Phillips (1867-1911) whom, I suspect, Huneker had met as a New York newspaperman. He asked Scribner's to send Phillips a copy of Egoists *in 1909, and in the following year Phillips thanked him for a copy of* Promenades of an Impressionist, *commenting that Huneker always made him feel ignorant. This is the only letter that has turned up on either side of the correspondence. Note that Phillips is not mentioned in either of the articles below.*

Nor does Huneker seem to have reviewed any novel, muckraking or otherwise, by Jack London, to whom he does refer below. Two passing references to London are found in Steeplejack *where, echoing a remark he had made in private in 1910 (*Letters, *p. 105), he agreed with Benjamin De Casseres in deriding the "Jack London school" which created "ramping, roaring, robust roughriders and heroes from the wild and woolly West; bastards of the Bret*

Harte fiction" (2:172).

"Models for Muckrakers," New York *Sun*, September 23, 1908, p. 6

The great Flaubert urged as an objection to writing a novel to prove something that the other fellow can also write one to prove just the opposite. Selection plays the same rôle in either case. In America the chief objection to the novel "with a purpose," as the jargon goes, is its absolute valuelessness as "document" or as art. Now, we hold no brief for the fiction that is written under the banner of "art for art." We go so far as to believe that a novelist with a beautiful or too distinguished style is apt to let that same style get in the way of the human nature he is depicting; stained glass windows have their uses, but they falsify the daylight. A decorative style may suit the pretty pseudo-mediaeval romances of Maurice Hewlett, but for twentieth century realism it is sadly amiss. Mr. Hewlett's master, Stendhal, managed to dispense with style altogether, whether in telling those wonderful Italian tales of his or in setting before us the cold blooded actions of his Julien Sorel. And Thackeray–Thackeray, master of the most gracious, swift flowing, limpid English with the exception of John Henry Newman's–you seldom think of style as style when reading "Vanity Fair." After you have laid the volume aside the music of the prose comes to you. The same is the case with Turgenieff, but not so with Tolstoy. He is no stylist. Perhaps the scribe who put down in his tablets the fuliginous utterances of Jeremiah had a knack for style–at least the Tyndale version makes out a good case. But the denouncing prophet spoke the thunderous words that were in his indignant brain, and so is it with Tolstoy. He has a message, and his words, like the words of all great men with a mission, go straight to their mark.

It is not with the manner of writing that the present article is concerned, rather with the matter; and Flaubert's penetrating remark may be applied to the fiction of our times, especially in America. Zola has been and still is the evil genius of many talented young chaps who sling ink not to make a genuine book but to create a sensation. They lack art, ideals and patience. We decline to think of them as searching for the almighty dollar. Let us admit their sincerity–academically. The first man to make use of Zola's method of the *milieu*–which he borrowed from Taine–and of handling masses was the late Frank Norris, a gifted novelist who died too soon. He had tact as well as temperament, some sense of measure, and a feeling for portraiture. His best book is his study of the brutal dentist in San Francisco, McTeague. His trilogy, manifestly inspired by Zola, is an adaptation of a theory to new surroundings. Norris was first in the field and the rest nowhere, to employ the parlance of the obsolete game of horse racing.

Indeed, if we were not fearful of an exaggeration–more seeming than otherwise–we should say that the young men and women of to-day who are squandering upon paper their golden genius resemble painfully the fiction so dear to many in boyhood: Beadle's dime novels, the lucubrations in the Saturday weeklies. In those books and newspapers there was more virility. The heroes were not well dressed namby pambies; the villains were villainous; the detectives detected real crimes and were not weavers of metaphysical abstractions like your latter day Scotland Yard miracle workers; and the girls were girls and were neither neurasthenic nor did they outgolf or outtennis all creation. Yet the difference is one of other days, other ways. The "new" novelists may write more carefully than the Beadle school—though we doubt it—but they still deal with the same raw material, the material of cheap melodrama. Their handling of love episodes has much of the blaring brass band quality—and quantity—of old fashioned Italian opera.

There is Upton Sinclair throwing fits and shrieking in his melodramatic soprano at a society whose doorsills he never crossed, at the crimes of financiers whose faces he has never seen, at canned beef which he says he tasted, but which we do not believe he did, for according to his story all who eat it perish. The voice of Jack London is lower down the staff; in its bass rumble we first fancied we heard a man. Alas! More hysteria, backed by a more copious and variegated rhetoric. They all, without exception, write impossible English, do these misguided youths, for they are crusaders en route for the Holy Land to rescue the true cross of liberty from infidel capitalists' hands, and care little for polishing periods or revising grammar. Their individual contortions are their own, but their voice is the voice of Zola.

There can be no objection to literature and life coming to close grips. Letters should touch reality. Many a sturdy blow has been struck at abuses by penmen masquerading behind fiction. Need we cite the names of De Foe and Charles Reade and Dickens? Few writiers are akin to Turgenieff in the matter of a subtle style that says all that is necessary in a simple manner. This gentle Russian wrote an epoch making book called "Fathers and Children." Dostoievsky did not come anywhere near it in his "Karamasoff Brothers"; nor did Tolstoy with his morbid "Kreutzer Sonata" so stir his generation as Turgenieff with his first anarchist in fiction, Bazarov. We speak now of a distinctly *tendenz* novel, not alone a character study or a historical canvas. Note with what simplicity Turgenieff puts his insurgent before us. Or, if we wish for something more epical in scale and filled with the modern spirit, there is "L'Education Sentimentale," with its daylight atmosphere, the inimitable shape, sound and rhythm of its sentences; its marvellous gallery of portraits, its nearness to its environment. It is a true "historical" novel, for it is real—to employ the admirable simile of Mr. Howells. There are plenty of models for young writers if they look for them.

But our gay mud slingers only think of raising an immediate row. Success for them means a vilely written book full of socialistic farrago, full of the crimes of the rich and the virtues of the poor. We might stand the dose if it were served up more skilfully. When it goes on the boards it becomes still more monstrous. And the message? You have more money than I, therefore you are a scoundrel! Can it be money, after all, that these inky buzzards are pursuing?

"Lay Preachers," New York *Sun*, August 12, 1910, p. 6

The late J. K. Huysmans once wrote that in the land of books there were no schools, no idealism, realism, symbolism, only good writers and bad. We recall a saying of Whistler's concerning painters that came to the same conclusion. Setting aside the narrow technical viewpoint of such a dictum we fancy that our young "best sellers" do not preoccupy themselves with the "mere writing" of their shining fiction. But they certainly have developed to alarming lengths the faculty of preaching. Old fashioned fiction that disclosed a personal charm, that delineated manners or stirred pulse of tragedy, has vanished from the lists of the publishers. Why? Aren't there as many charming and talented persons perambulating the rind of our planet as there were when Mrs. Oliphant or Charlotte Brontë wrote? We refuse to believe there are not; but there is little opportunity–in a phrase, no market–for the display of such united gifts. The novel with a purpose, usually an unpleasant purpose, has usurped the rule of the novel of character, charm and manners. Boanerges, not Balzac, is now the boss of fiction.

It has been asserted that all life is the province of fiction. The still small garden wherein is tenderly reared the exquisite solitary flower does but ill represent the vaster, more complicated forest of common humanity. Now the ivory tower of the cultured egoist is the last place to admire; rather Zola's "La Terre" with its harsh, foul pictures, than a morbid palace of art. Nevertheless the didactic side of fiction is being overdone. Many stirring books were written in the last century by novelists indignant over political, social and other abuses. The names of Dickens, Charles Reade, Charles Kingsley, George Eliot are willing witnesses to this statement. Even the gentle Thackeray laid on the lash with artistic taste and precision. Charles Lamb, with his captivating stutter, told Wordsworth that he had preached all his life long. What would he have said to Zola, Zola whose famous series, with a few exceptions, was a sermon on some social evil or other? George Sand, the first of feminists, who in her speech, attire and writings pushed to their logical conclusions the ideas she had imbibed from her literary sire, Rousseau; George, who could swear like a dragoon, and always smoked big black cigars, preached from many texts, but in a smooth, flowing style that gracefully masked the issues. Flaubert, master of objectivity and the most subjective of writers, aimed his satiric shafts, as did Swift, at the eternal stupidities of mankind, but he hid his pulpit.

It is not so much the subject matter of our younger writers of fiction (of course we refer to the serious minded, not to the varnished butterflies) as it is their method of setting forth before us their thesis. Story, like the knife-grinder, they have none to tell. Good! Whey then write fiction? Why not join the brave brigade of pamphleteers? . . . Our Winston Churchill is a serious writer of fiction; he is not afraid to be dull. But he preaches. . . .

Compare the so-called "realistic" novels of Mr. Howells, "The Rise and Fall of Silas Lapham," for example, with the fiction of the moment. What a falling off–that is, not alone in literary power, but in personal charm–of our "six best sellers." To the Jack Londons who are carrying off the sweepstakes of fiction Mr. Howells is no doubt a superannuated writer. Would that there were more like Mr. Howells in the continence of his speech, in the nobility of his ideals, wholesomeness of his judgment, and delicacy of perception of character. Our robust lay preachers are so busy making converts to what they believe to be socialism that they forget that fiction too is a fine art, that life itself may be made an art.

These juvenile Paul Prys following the brutal methods of Zola are endeavoring to arouse mass against class. It is an old trick of the enemy. When all fruits fail welcome haws. When you have nothing to write about attack your neighbor, especially if he hath a much coveted vineyard. We wish that socialistic penmen would adopt the favorite motto of the greatest of anarchs, Max Stirner: Mind your business! . . .

But can't art be serious, must fiction amuse and not elevate? Precisely. We find neither pleasure nor elevation in the majority of novels, especially in those that lay down the law on the sordid theme of social reform. William James expresses our idea absolutely when he writes that "the whole atmosphere of present day Utopian literature tastes mawkish and dishwatery to people who still keep a sense for life's more bitter flavors."

POETS

Thomas Bailey Aldrich
(1836-1907)

The music and color of Aldrich's polished verse appealed to Huneker, whose tastes in poetry were more orthodox than those in music, art, and drama. But Aldrich was *one of the best conventional poets of a rather barren period in American poetry.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 22 (May 25, 1892): 6

When from the Tense Chords of that Mighty Lyre

I.

When from the tense chords of that mighty lyre
The Master's hand, relaxing, falls away,
And those rich strings are silent for all time,
Then shall Love pine and Passion lack her fire,
And faith seem voiceless. Man to man shall say:
"Dead is the last of England's Lords of Rhyme."

II.

Yet stay! There's one, a later laureled brow,
With purple blood of poets in his veins;
Him has the Muse claimed; him might Marlowe own;
Greek Sappho's son! Men's praises seek him now.
Happy the realm where one such voice remains!
His the dropt wreath and the unenvied throne.

III.

The wreath the world gives, not the mimic wreath
That chance might make the gift of king or queen.
O finder of undreamed of harmonies!
Since Shelley's lips were hushed by envious Death
What lyric voice so sweet as this has been
Blown to us on the winds from over seas?

–Thomas Bailey Aldrich in the "Century"

Are they not superb, those lines? What rhythmic instinct, what sustained fire! No man not musical to his finger tips could have penned such verse, and mark how Aldrich has caught the Swinburnian "lilt." How in describing the music of the master he voices his harmonies. Are there not times in your life when after a plenteous season, tone silent verse makes echoing music in the halls of your imagination and causes to vibrate chords whose very existence was unsuspected?

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 26 (June 21, 1893): 9

A Shadow of the Night

Close on the edge of a midsummer dawn
In troubled dreams I went from land to land,
Even seven-colored like the rainbows's arc,
Regions where never fancy's foot had trod
Till then; yet all the strangeness seemed not strange,
Whereon I wondered, reasoning in my dream.
At last I came to this our cloud hung earth,
And somewhere by the seashore was a grave,
A woman's grave, new made, and heaped with flowers,
And near it stood an ancient, holy man
That fain would comfort me, who sorrowed not
For this unknown dead woman at my feet.
But I, because his sacred office held
My reverence, listened; and 'twas thus he spoke:
"When next thou comest thou shalt find her still
In all the rare perfection that she was.
Thou shalt have gentle greeting of thy love!
Her eyelids will have turned to violets,

Her bosom to white lilies, and her breath
To roses. What is lovely never dies,
But passes into other loveliness,
Star dust, or sea foam, flower, or wingèd air.
If this befalls our poor unworthy flesh,
Think thee what destiny awaits the soul!
What glorious vesture it shall wear at last!"
While yet he spoke, seashore and grave and priest
Vanished, and faintly from a neighboring spire
Fell five, slow solemn strokes upon my ear.
Then I awoke with a keen pain at heart,
A sense of swift, unutterable loss,
And through the darkness reached my hand to touch
Her cheek, soft pillowed on one restful palm
To be quite sure!

–Thomas Bailey Aldrich in December "Scribner's"

Hélas! when will such an artist as Aldrich be appreciated in his own country? Exquisite thinker, he is an ideal wordsmith, an artificer in jeweled words that chisel themselves into one's memory. More subtle in verbal harmonization than Poe, Aldrich in "A Shadow of the Night" seems to have caught some of that strange light that floods Poe's mental landscape with such unearthly lustre.

Gelett Burgess
(1866-1951)

Burgess informed me on January 16, 1951, that he met Huneker only once and did not correspond with him.

"Emil Fischer Should Have A Rousing Benefit," New York *Morning Telegraph*, February 8, 1898, p. 4

I always like to savor new personalities, particularly if they happen to be out of the common. I recently met at luncheon, Mr. Gelett Burgess, the projector of that curious literary bird of the West "The Lark." As the creator of the "Purple Cow" Burgess . . . will amble down the corridors of time and eventually become a part and parcel of the folklore of our country. Really the "Purple Cow" is something to have caused the late Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland," a pang of envy. Mr. Burgess may truthfully aver that he cares not who makes the nation's laws, if he can make her Purple Cows!

He is a quaint little body, quite as quaint as his verse and drawings. He has a curious habit of gently rubbing salt, spilled on the cloth, and deriving–so he declares–genuine tactile pleasure at his finger tips. At the Everett House I saw him dreaming through a Chopin duo for salt and pepper and forgetting all about life and its grim responsiblities. Happy Gelett, happy Burgess, thrice happy fingers!

He is wholly eccentric. At a house party somewhere in the country he refused to eat at dinner, but fed himself with crème de menthe and with a spoon. Hearing that there was fruit upstairs he gravely asked permission to fetch it. The hostess was edified by hearing a great clatter of apples, pears, nuts and bananas as they rolled down the stairs and later Mr. Burgess, with a sacrosanct air, appeared, a silver basket in hand.

"They wanted to go down alone, and I was really forced to accede," he calmly remarked. He has a great future, has this clever young man. All the publishers are after him.

Olive Tilford Dargan
(1869-1968)

This long-lived but relatively obscure poet–also a playwright, short-story writer, and novelist–published her first book of poems in 1904, her last in 1958. Lords and Lovers and Other Dramas *(1906) was her second. The Poetry Society of America honored her with an award in 1959.*

This review, in which Huneker elaborated more than he usually did on technical aspects of poetic drama, was apparently his only critique of Mrs. Dargan.

For Huneker's association with George Sylvester Viereck, mentioned at the end of this article, see under Viereck below.

"Lords and Lovers, and Other Dramas," *North American Review*, 184 (January 18, 1907): 190-194

A *new* poet! Is it not something to say in these days of political alarums and the apotheosis of the commonplace in art and literature? Yet, indubitably a poet of charm and power has appeared in the person of Olive Tilford Dargan, a Southern woman whose dramas, "Lords and Lovers," are put forth by Charles Scribner's Sons. Now the obvious thing when a new poet is announced, patterning after Hazlitt, is to take down from the shelf an old and tested one. In the case of Mrs. Dargan I followed this advice not literally, but out of sheer curiosity; when I saw her name I recalled an earlier performance of hers, and promptly found it: "Semiramis, and Other Plays" is its title (Brentano's). Published only two years ago, the territory–emotional, intellectual and technical–that this author has traversed since then is remarkable. I am tempted to add that the three earlier dramas must be the work of a decade ago–one in particular is painfully amateurish; it is called "The Poet," in which Edgar Allan Poe is galvanized into something terrific, unnatural and bombastic. "Carlotta" is better. It is the story of the unhappy wife of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico. Yet, despite passages of eloquence there is much confusion, formal as well as in the characterization. "Semiramis" is full of excellent material; it is rather operatic, but there is no denying the climacteric force in several scenes. The verse is flowing and felicitous. Fancy coming upon an admirable picture like this in the work of an unknown poet:

> But suddenly
> A missile struck your helmet and dislodged
> The glory of your face before my eyes,
> Your hair ran gold, the shining East looked black
> Behind the star you made upon its breast!

It is as rich as a rich chord of Marlowe's.

The later volume comprises three dramas: "Lords and Lovers," "The Shepherd," and "The Siege." The first is a play in two parts, the scenes laid in England at the time of Henry III. Mrs. Dargan has woven a romantic double drama and in the terms of the theatre. It is dangerous to predicate the acting qualities of a book play, of a so-called "closet drama"; yet, aside from too many copious speeches the action is swift, incident is linked to incident with an unfailing sense of the technical necessities, while the curve described in both pieces is logical in characterization, orderly in development. Too often the elaborate stateliness of the diction detracts the attention from the flight of the tale; but it is a tale and it is well told, a rare quality in any writer. With all her command of assonance, her fluidity of phrase, the author has a concern for structure as well as style.

Regarding the genesis of this particular play–indeed, of the key-note to all her plays–it is in her favor when we say that Mrs. Dargan must have saturated her imagination in Elizabethan literature; above all, have swum in the larger seas of Shakespeare. She sounds, though faintly, the same order of music. So well has she assimilated the diction of this period that it has become second nature for her to prodigally shower upon her pages its images. And an image-maker, above all else, is this poet. Her vocabulary is varied, glowing, expressive; she moves freely within the gyves of blank verse. Her rhythms have a graceful motion; they never descend to sluggish grandiloquence, nor can her lines be mistaken for prose in mechanical metric arrangement. It is good blank verse, good because, in idea and execution, it is poetic. Mr. Bernard Shaw once wrote an amusing play in blank verse to show how easy the form could be handled. He succeeded, without being a poet. It is the fatal easiness of it all for facile talent that has made the form a thing to be shunned. Yet here is Mrs. Dargan speaking it as her mother tongue and winning our ears by the supple, picturesque and finely fibred music she extorts from her instrument.

There are rough spots and windy spaces scattered through her pages; several of her characters are intolerable rhetoricians. However, the average maintained is a high one; the verse is well knit without displaying metallic precision, the enjambement neat, the flow always in modulation, though there is at times undue syllabic stress. Nor is it necessary to cry aloud the sex of the writer; she has a sense of dynamics that is almost masculine, coupled with dramatic imagination, the evocative power, the exposing in natural sequence the souls of her characters. When we credit a poet with imagination, with the gift of musical speech and the faculty of projecting upon the dramatic canvas the images of men and women and their loves, hates and sorrows, we are putting praise at a high notch. Add to these a literary quality and one may fairly claim the title of a new poet. Mrs. Dargan is a poet; not a great one, because not original, though she is decidedly individual. And, unfortunately, she has a weakness for "happy endings" which betrays the feminine rift in her lute.

Her characters speak Shakespeare; and excellent Shakespeare it is. Modelled in the grand Elizabethan mould, the men have the right virile ring, the women are either monsters like the Macbethian Eleanor or the Perdita-like Glaia. This Glaia is an exquisite creation. The ward of the Earl of Kent, she is loved by the ardent, youthful Henry III of England. The love scenes are fresh and stirring. Henry is here a poet of ecstasy. Hear how he challenges a mighty poet:

Hark! Now the lark has met the clouds,
And raises his sheer melodious flood;
The green earth casts her mystic shrouds
To meet the flaming god!

Mrs. Dargan is first a lyric poet; her lyricism suffuses her every page. She can pen a rattling catch like this—and the kinship of the lines is really a matter of congratulation rather than of critical condemnation:

When Hobnail's store is ripe for raids,
And grapes go to the pressing,
And apple cheeks are like a maid's
When Jacks would be a-kissing.

The theme being "Ho, Autumn-time, O, Autumn-time." Or take this quatrain in "The Siege" with its delicious Herrick-like strains:

Her voice is like the birds that wive
When blossoms swing in April trees,
And from her bosom's honey hive
Sighs come and go like bees.

There is hardly a page of the volume from which some mellow conceit, some melodic jewel, informed with the crossed-fires of a singularly opulent imagination, cannot be culled. Her prose as spoken by the minor personages is as it should be, though the wit is too suggestive of a phase of humor happily long extinct. In "The Siege" Mrs. Dargan transports us to the Sicily of Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse. The architectonic of this five-act drama is mediocre. Vivid, tropical, though banal in its ending, it is a play that could never be put before the footlights. Aristocles, the protagonist, does not win our sympathies, for he deluges us with talk, gorgeous talk, but only too superfluous. The tyrant is the best-drawn character; the women are rather colorless. The entire play is as brilliantly violent as Webster or Cyril Tourneur.

"The Shepherd" is the one prose drama in the book. Here again is the poet's versatility exhibited. She knows Russia, modern Russia, as well as she divined the No Man's Land of poetic England, Italy and Assyria. The play is moving, a story of nihilism, mad love, and the extravagant love of humanity, the ingredients, in a word, that are to be found in the romantic, unhappy Russia of the social revolution. There is a Robert Browning atmosphere, not in diction, nor yet in form; the quality of robust optimism and wholesome revolt–the young violinist Vasil has a touch of Sordello idealism in him–are of Browning. Mrs. Dargan has read the English poet without making any mockingbird attempts to recapture his rapture. She is mistress of her own moods, and they are authentic ones. And may one venture to ask why, with her command of the apparatus of drama, she does not give us a viable modern play–not necessarily of the problem type, as if all good drama did not enshrine a problem!–and be satisfied with her conquests in the domain of the distinguished dead? This question is an ungrateful one, after a poet has proved that she possesses both voice and vision. But lyrical and blank verse exercises in the Elizabethan dramatic form are not the pabulum of our times. Mrs. Dargan can, if she will, write a drama of contemporaneous interest. It need be neither as pessimistic as Ibsen, nor as symbolic as Maeterlinck. She has the poet's greatest gift with his music, human sympathy, and that she can touch with delicacy and force modern themes is demonstrated by "The Shepherd." There she rises to a generous indignation that promises well for the future.

Among the late comers to our Parnassus we have William Vaughn Moody, poet and mystic, and like all true mystics, a realist in the conduct of quotidian life. He has actually written a popular play, "The Great Divide," he the Fire-Bringer! And there is that youthful prodigy, George Sylvester Viereck, the bilingual German-American poet, whose imaginative verse is shot through with the splendors of Heine, Swinburne and Keats; and to these names we must now add that of Olive Tilford Dargan, veritably a new poet.

Benjamin De Casseres
(1873-1945)

Though Huneker admired this Philadelphia-born journalist, critic, essayist, and poet whom he privately and publicly encouraged for more than fifteen years, one feels that De Casseres's poetry appealed to him less than his equally flamboyant and often obscure prose.

Moving from Philadelphia to New York in 1899, De Casseres worked as a proofreader on the Sun *(1899-1903) and the* Herald *(1903-1919) and wrote essays and poetry in his leisure time. His iconoclasm was even more pronounced that that of Huneker, many of whose literary interests he shared. When he printed De Casseres's description of drama critics in 1904 (see above, under Drama: Critics), Huneker probably introduced him to readers of the* Sun, *in* *which De Casseres later printed several letters to the editor, usually on the same page where Huneker's own editorials were appearing (see, for example, a letter on Lafcadio Hearn in the* Sun, *June 16, 1908, p. 6, and one on Nietzsche on May 25, 1911, p. 6). In 1913 Huneker, discussing the Italian Futurists, remarked that as an iconoclast De Casseres was "thrice as brilliant" as the poet leader of that group (*Metropolitan Magazine, *37 [March 1913]: 31).*

The Shadow-Eater *(1915) was De Casseres's first published book. "At last you are between covers," Huneker wrote him on October 24, 1915, thanking him for an inscribed copy (*Intimate Letters, *p. 190). In the introduction to it Don Marquis called De Casseres the "most original man writting verse in this country today" and expressed his astonishment that De Casseres was not "more generally recognized and acclaimed for the leader and genius that he is." In a letter to De Casseres, May 17, 1917, Huneker wrote: "I read all you print—principally in the hospitable columns of the incomparable Don Marquis—and note your Swinburnian power of invective and melodious indignation." He then pinpointed De Casseres's great weakness: "You have enormous rhythmical gifts, but you can't go on forever at your dithyrambic attitude. You dazzle, but don't burn. You will disappear altogether in the zenith. Get closer to earth, good old vile Mother Earth!" (*Letters, *p. 230).*

*De Casseres was an ardent admirer of Walt Whitman whom he called "the greatest of all Americans" (*New York Times, *May 9, 1920, Book Review, p. 239).*

For De Casseres's writings about Huneker, see my biography. In a letter to Mrs. Huneker, March 23, 1924, De Casseres described Huneker as "the greatest and finest man I ever knew." He dedicated his privately printed book of philosophical dialogues, The Eighth Heaven *(1936), to the "ever glowing memory of a great magician of the pen, the soundest of our critics, a good friend, James Gibbons Huneker."*

Some fifty letters from Huneker to De Casseres, written between 1902 and 1920, survive, though only two from De Casseres to Huneker have turned up.

For Huneker's comments on De Casseres's analysis of drama criticism, see above, under Drama Critics.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 79 (June 10, 1916): 12

I note that Don Marquis, of the "Evening Sun," calls Benjamin De Casseres "a genius." Some of us before the witty critic knew this, for Ben is not the sort that hides his light under the bushel of mediocrity. He knows a good thing when he sees it, and "The Shadow Eater" is good, though his later work—not yet between covers—is bigger. Once upon a time the only Ben told me that I reminded him of a building on the roof of which a vaudeville performance was going on, while in the basement a symphony orchestra was playing. Notwithstanding the inevitable invocation of Asiatic cholera of the second simile, I enjoyed the description, which also fits De Casseres. He is a poet doubled by a vaudevillist; when he dampens his fiery verbal volcano he will produce something worth while. He is our original Futurist, and the most audacious, erratic (also erotic) Imagist of them all. But I do wish the young chaps would stop imitating the piffle and hogwash of Walt [Whitman]. His unique personal accent they never capture.

Emily Dickinson
(1830-1886)

Huneker mentioned Emily Dickinson in at least two other places: in the Musical Courier, *29 (December 26, 1894): 22, he reprinted her "The Dandelion's pallid tube" (J. 1519) and "A Route of Evanescence" (J. 1463) with the comment that the latter was a "unique examplar of verbal felicity"; he also quoted her sentence about the piano (the same one as in the review below) in the* Musical Courier, *38 (March 29, 1899): 29.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 23 (December 16, 1891: 709

> And the noise in the pool at noon excels my piano.
>
> ——Emily Dickinson

> The wretched tinkler called a piano, which tries at the whole orchestra and murders every instrument in the attempt, is like our modern civilization—a tuning and a diminishing of individuals for an insipid harmony.
>
> ——George Meredith

The first very Walt Whitman-ish sentence is from Emily Dickinson's letters to Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and it keys exactly my present mood, which is not, gentle reader, cynical indifference to music—*that* mood, praised be Apollo, has gone for ever—but rather a groping after a music more spiritual than is made on the piano, a putting forth imaginative tentacles to feel, taste, touch an art that I fear exists only in the shadowy recesses of my inner consciousness. And yet that same consciousness gives a premonitory quiver when it encounters a rhythmical nature such as Emily Dickinson, who had a delicacy of expression like Chopin's—she was a New England Chopin—a Chopin living in the bleak-soul unfavorable conditions of the Yankee atmosphere, and her soul, timidly ardent and coy in color, repressed itself within the bounds of a few shyly passionate phrases that are as fragmentary as Sappho's, but nearly as precious. How unlike Marie Bashkirtseff's morbid vanity is the following bit of fluent inquiry:

I'm nobody! Who are you?
Are you nobody, too?
Then there's a pair of us—don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog,
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog!

Sidney Lanier
(1842-1881)

A professional musician–he was a flutist in the Peabody Orchestra in Baltimore–Lanier had a special attraction for Huneker.

Two months before he wrote the following passage about Lanier, Huneker headed his "Raconteur" column with Lanier's "Song of the Chattahoochee."

The editor mentioned in the following critique was Marc Blumenberg, who campaigned in the Musical Courier *against high-priced foreign artists.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 38 (May 10-17, 1899): page unnumbered

I notice in May *Scribner's*, under the title of "A Poet's Musical Impressions," some readable reflections of the late Sidney Lanier. Being an admirer of this poet's critical work, I read with interest his rather amateurish remarks about music. When he reached Baltimore he was deadly in earnest, a flutist and an idealist. He thought the flute the most wonderful instrument out of Paradise, which was quite right, for he played solos on the deadly tube. He also remarked that Asger Hamerik "is one of the first composers in the world"! At this time Mr. Lanier had composed a piece for flute called "Blackbirds." On the wings of it he became first flute in the Peabody Orchestra. He thought Mozart's music in "Magic Flute" was "poor, thin," but wrote of Kuhlau's flute trios as containing "miraculous harmonies" and "unearthly, dainty melodies." This gives an idea of the idealist's musical depth. There are some good descriptive bits in the letters. Lanier writes flexible, clear prose. His "Science of English Verse" should be read by all aspiring poets and musicians.

My editor told me a story of Lanier, whom he knew well. When Bülow played in Baltimore he raised a rumpus at the rehearsal. After trying to get the band to play his way, and failing, the irascible little pianist addressed the men thus:

"*Sie Schwein!*" A delicate, bearded flutist–Sidney Lanier–arose, and with dignity placed his flute in its case and left the stage. Meeting a friend in the lobby, he said, mildly but firmly:

"Marc, this foreign invasion must be stopped."

His listener has since taken the lesson seriously to heart.

"The Pillars of Society," New York *Sun*, April 17, 1904, sec. 3, p. 4

The color of words is a fascinating subject to those not verbally color blind. Lanier's "The Science of English Verse" should be carefully read by every poet and dramatist. Perhaps we might hear fewer angular and colorless words and unrhythmic phrases if Lanier were followed as a guide.

Edgar Allan Poe
(1809-1849)

In a parenthetical remark in the New York Sun, *October 4, 1903, Huneker wrote that the "Baudelaire translation of Poe is better than the original, the American's prose is firmer, more brilliant in French, incredible as it may seem" (sec. 3, p. 4). Huneker mentioned Poe's influence on European literature in* Iconoclasts *(pp. 352-353, 368), but he disagreed with William C. Brownell's opinion that Poe was a greater poet than Baudelaire. "While Poe was far from being Emerson's jingle-man," Huneker wrote Brownell on October 9, 1908, "he never struck the profounder chords of passion so marvellously sounded by the wretched Baudelaire. Take down* Fleurs du Mal *from the shelf and read the tiny masterpiece again. There is all the horror we find in Poe; but also humanity, pathos, sex" (*Letters, *p. 89).*

Numerous references to Poe are found in Steeplejack, *the most substantial being an impassioned attack on the "moral buzzards" who hunted Poe to his grave and then exhumed him (1:100).*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 42 (February 27, 1901): 25

I am pessimistic enough to wonder if America will ever produce in music the counterpart of such a genius as Edgar Allan Poe—poor Poe, at present the victim of Yankee college professors, who find him lacking the patriotism of Whittier, the humor of O. W. Holmes, the sanity of Lowell and the human quality of Longfellow!

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier,* 42 (May 8, 1901): 23

The "jingle man" has thus far outlived all of his contemporaries; and such is the magic of jingle that his is the best known name abroad of any American author, his works the most translated. Why? I don't know genius, I suppose. Genius is not always intellectually superior, yet it lives. Boston, academic and literary, has never forgiven Poe two things—his Boston birthplace and his genius. Somehow the two do no shake up well together—Boston and Genius. Ask Philip Hale about the incubating properties of the town he elects to live in.

"Rousseau and Balzac," *New York Times*, December 29, 1906, Book Review, pp. 901-902

And our own Poe, what has not been done toward the renovation of his good name by earnest but misguided enthusiasts? In France they explain him psychologically in a huge volume by Lauvrière; in England they taunt Americans with not reading their greatest poet; and the world over there arises at intervals a cry: Poe's death is America's shame—whereas Poe's death was caused by drugs and bad whisky; and bad whisky should be the shame of any nation. Better let sleeping genius lie. No good came out of the Poe investigation—no good; instead much bad. Yet the Woodberry life was greeted by a chorus of abuse. Woodberry and Edmund Clarence Stedman but sought to kill the old Poe legend, or at least tried to scotch it. It was useless. New volumes will continue to appear in which Poe will be described as a man whose enemies put alcohol in his nursing bottle, as a man who could not see liquor without running away from it. The very conflict with his unhappy vice, the very tragedy of this unlucky and wonderful poet, liberated the essence of his genius. Let us read his verse, his prose, and turn a deaf ear to those whom Robert Chambers would call "repairers of reputation."

Francis S. Saltus
(1850?-1889)

Though he died young, the multi-talented but forgotten Saltus, educated at Columbia and Paris, reportedly left enough material to fill "at least fifty volumes." He wrote poetry and articles published in European and American publications, including the Musican Courier*; short stories in the vein of Poe and Gautier; humorous dialogues; "crazy histories" of various countries; a comic cookbook; a comic Bible; two operas; and several comic operas (*National Cyclopaedia of American Biography, *6:188). During his lifetime he published only two books,* Honey and Gall *(1873) and* The Crazy History of the United States *(1887), but at least seven books appeared posthumously, all but one of them made up of poems which sound like parodies of Swinburne, Baudelaire, and Gautier. A four-sonnet sequence in* Shadows and Ideals *(1890) consists of poems written in Spanish, French, English, and Italian on singers Patti, Faure, Santley, and Mario, respectively. His verse reflects his extensive travels in Europe, his romanticism, his wide reading, and his interest in music, art, history, the theater, violence, and madness. The light verse in his* Fact and Fancy *(1895) contains neat touches of imagination and humor à la William S. Gilbert. The biography of Donizetti was never published.*

Huneker knew Saltus in New York between 1886 and 1889 when they were *both members of New York's bohemia, and describes him vividly in* Steeplejack *(2:11-13). They must have made a lively pair.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 19 (July 3, 1889): 5

"Alas, poor Yorick!" So poor Frank Saltus has crossed the silent river. If ever there existed a brilliant, witty, audacious man of erratic genius it was Francis S. Saltus. Master of living and dead languages, royal epigrammatist, thinker in realms of thought that others feared to tread, an imagination both lofty and tender, an ardent lover of Italian music and musicians, he will not soon be forgotten. His knowledge of certain schools of music was enormous; the Donizetti lore, *par example*, he had at his finger tips, and he leaves behind him an exhaustive but unpublished life of his favorite Italian master. Saltus was the half brother of Edgar Saltus, the well-known novelist, and received a most careful and cosmopolitan education, and as a young man was noted for his great personal beauty. *Vale et requiescat in pace.*

Frank E. Sawyer
(1871?-1896)

Sawyer was better known in his lifetime as a composer than as a poet, though he is forgotten today. Between November 22, 1893 and January 23, 1895, Huneker printed at least four poems by Sawyer heading his "Raconteur" column. In the Musical Courier *of January 17, 1894, in which a Sawyer poem appeared, Huneker reported that the "talented young man" had composed a series of dramatic French songs for Emma Calvé, who had promised to sing them in concert that season (28:8); one of the poems, addressed "To Emma Calvé (As* Carmen*)," was published in the issue of January 31, 1894 (28:8). Later, the author -probably Huneker–of an unsigned news article in the* Musical Courier *maintained that "many" of Sawyer's poems were "sung the world over set to his own music . . . ." (32 [April 22, 1896] : 32).*

Sawyer died in New York City from on overdose of laudanum on January 20, 1896 (twelve days, not within a week as Huneker says below, after the death of Verlaine). He was twenty-four. A memorial musicale, described in the news article mentioned above, was held in New York on April 18, 1896, to raise money to publish the book of poems Huneker later reviewed.

Judging from the rather derivative Notes and Half-Notes, *which reveals his love and knowledge of music, a great poet was not lost when Sawyer died. His musicality, versatility, and precociousness, and the pathos of his early death led Huneker to overrate him.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 32 (January 29, 1896): 24

To Paul Verlaine.

Methought I wandered in a purple plaisance,
Where summer's largess strewed the earth with flowers,
Where scarlet anadems exhaled fresh fragrance,
And trilling thrushes thrilled the honeyed hours.

Methought that one stood with me whose low voice
Whispered sweet secrets of sublimest sin;
Of Orient delights, barbaric pleasures,
Of Weird, wild wines with passion's pearl therein.

Of rare romances and strange speechless splendors;
Of pomp and pageantry in days of old:
Of Sardanapal and his shame-stained grottoes,
Of Nero and his daedal house of gold.

Of painted presences that move to madness;
Of frescoed friezes fraught with frenzied fancies;
Of full-lipped singers voicing odes erotic;
Of svelte, fair almées weaving dangerous dances.

The warm winds quivered with mysterious import,
The red stars tossed their crests of throbbing flame,
And, lo! the one beside me gently murmured:
"I am thy love, but question not my name!"

With superflux of love the near one clasped me,
I felt fierce kisses fall from burning breath;
My shuddering soul cried out in anguished accents:
"I know thy touch; I know thy name–'tis Death!"

–Frank E. Sawyer. . . .

Another sad death is that of talented Frank Sawyer. I got a letter from the gifted boy a few weeks ago inclosing some poems of his for publication. He composed exceedingly well, and a set of songs of his were sung by Emma Calvé, to whom they are dedicated. He also was an excellent pianist. The news of his sudden taking off was a shock to his admirers. Like some talented young men, Mr. Sawyer had intense fits of despondency. He lost faith in his future, and these depressed periods always brought forth some charming poem or song. He really sang of his own sufferings. In life he was modest to the point of shyness, and sensitive to a morbid degree. Such a nature could not long endure harsh realities and that constant untuning of the soul which robust beef eaters can afford to flout.

I am able to authoritatively contradict the rumor that the unfortunate young man committed suicide. He was addicted to the use of laudanum, but had attempted to break the habit. He died from an overdose. The poem on Verlaine which I print to-day was written some months before the death of the French poet, whose admirer Mr. Sawyer was. They died within a week of each other.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 33 (October 28, 1896): 20

For some time I have had before me the collected verse of the late Frank E. Sawyer. The volume, a slender one, is called Notes and Half Notes, a very happy title, for it serves to indicate the nature of the young poet's work. In Sawyer the musician struggled with the poet. He was so passionate in his love for music that in his verse he seeks to translate its subtile hints, a daring and not always a successful experiment.

He was a lyrist, and his numbers flow with a sweet, soothing elegiac melancholy that suggests the manner of the first half of the poetical century—Lamartine, De Musset—rather than latter-day men. The note of revolt is here, but it is almost feminine and slightly hysterical when it is sounded. A deep abiding sense of color, a good musical ear and a remarkable faculty for assimilation are the characteristics of Sawyer's work. Too early he fell, because of temperament and time, under the dangerous spell of Heine, Swinburne, Baudelaire, De Musset, Rossetti and the world-weary atmosphere of many of his poems must be ascribed to their influence. He could at times feel the sensuous delight of life, of the swimming sun, of the cool, dark rich forests, of the inviting sea, the brisk air, of men and cities, but these notes are not often encountered. The bulk of his verse is cloistered, is often morbid and involved. He worked in two arts, and paid the penalty. He was a child of his age.

The range of Notes and Half Notes is not large, but there are sweetness and genuine music and sometimes imaginative lift in the book. Music is its theme, and it should be welcome to the musical and to lovers of verbal music.

Richard Henry Stoddard
(1825-1903)

Stoddard was a popular poet of the generation preceding Huneker's. As a literary critic for the New York Mail and Express *(1880-1903) and as an editor of Huneker's idol, Poe, whom the young Stoddard knew and whose character he later attacked, Stoddard left Huneker cold.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 22 (April 22, 1891): 389

Now, to drop this piano gossip—isn't this simply lovely? It is by Richard Henry Stoddard, the dear old poet who, though almost blind, is as cheerful as a Mozart rondo. It is called "Music":

Never till now did I hear
In this close atmosphere
Of wind and whistling sand,
Or, hearing, understand,
The spells that in Music be;
Nor by what secret laws
The soul of man she draws,
As the orb of the Moon the Sea.

Round after round
Of the ladder of sound
I follow her, higher, higher,
Like an arrow of light
Shot over the Night,
By the morning's bow of fire.

The last two lines are simply exquisite in their imagery.

George Sylvester Viereck
(1884-1962)

See above, under Poets: Dargan.

Though better known as a pro-German propagandist during both World Wars and as a journalist between them, the German-born Viereck, father of the more distinguished poet Peter Viereck, was for a brief period the enfant terrible *of American poetry. He wrote erotic, musical verse that showed the influence of Rossetti, Swinburne, Wilde, and others.*

Viereck began corresponding with Huneker in 1904 when he was still a student at the College of the City of New York, sending him a volume of his poems in German. At the end of the following year, he expressed his admiration for Visionaries *and* Iconoclasts *in an unpublished poem "To James Huneker, Magician." A year later, Huneker recommended several rather daring prose plays by Viereck to Brentano's, who published them as* A Game of Love and Other Plays *(1906), which was dedicated to Huneker. He then induced Moffat, Yard and Company to publish Viereck's English verse, some of it translated from his German, as* Nineveh and Other Poems *(1907).*

Huneker apparently did not review either of these books, though he praised *the second in a letter to Viereck May 22, 1907 (*Intimate Letters, *p. 85). The brief mention in the critique cross-referenced above seems to be Huneker's only public reference to Viereck, who remained grateful for Huneker's private encouragement. He wrote an unsigned article, "James Huneker: Super Critic," printed in* Current Literature, *47 (July 1909): 57. In his* Confessions of a Barbarian *(1910), Viereck, remarking that "we may count our* creative *critics on the fingers of one hand," described Huneker as "the index finger, pointing the way to the new" (p. 143).*

Fifteen letters Huneker wrote Viereck between 1904 and 1912 survive. Viereck's end of the correspondence has vanished.

Walt Whitman
(1819-1892)

For other brief references to Whitman by Huneker in uncollected writings, see the Musical Courier, *26 (May 17, 1893): 9 (quotation from "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd"), and 31 (August 21, 1895): 18 (description of Whitman as "only an inspired auctioneer, who enumerated with prodigious glibness the vast number of bargains in the land"); New York* Sun, *January 26, 1901, p. 3 (Whitman and Wagner);* New York Times, *July 11, 1915, sec. 4, p. 14 (Whitman and Brooklyn), and December 20, 1918, p. 9 (description of Whitman as the "Good Gray but Bad Old Poet of Camden and Cosmopolis"); and the* Forum, *54 (November 1915): 587 (Nordau on Whitman).*

References to Whitman in Huneker's collected writings appeared in Puck, *76 (November 28, 1914): 17 (Whitman and Oscar Wilde, reprinted in "O. W.,"* Unicorns, *p. 216);* Forum, *53 (February 1915): 270 (Whitman and conventional prosody, reprinted in "A Musical Primitive: Modeste Moussorgsky,"* Ivory Ages and Peacocks, *p. 192);* Puck, *77 (April 24, 1915): 19 (Whitman and the scent of armpits, reprinted in "A Synthesis of the Seven Arts,"* Unicorns, *p. 218); and New York* World, *October 26, 1919, Metropolitan section, p. 6 (Huneker's recantation on Whitman, reprinted in "The Recantations of George Moore,"* Variations, *p. 24).*

Huneker also referred to Whitman in his letters. In an unpublished postcard to Edward Ziegler, July 20 [1906], he recommended a "singular" article on Whitman in the July Current Literature *(51:53-56) by an unsigned writer he suspected was George Sylvester Viereck (who had a strong temperamental affinity with the author of "Calamus"). The article was a review of Dr. Eduard Bertz's monograph on Whitman published in the* Jahrbuch für sexuelle Zwischenstufen *in which Bertz maintained that Whitman was homosexual. (Huneker's annotated copy of the Bertz study is in the Huneker Collection in the New York Public Library.) It was probably Viereck who, compiling various comments in print on Huneker, quoted the* Berlin Tageblatt *to the effect that Huneker once wrote a parody of the "The Children of Adam" which he showed to Whitman who did not find it amusing ("James Huneker, an Interpreter of Modernity,"* Current Literature, *42 [February 1907]: 168); Huneker himself never men-*

tioned any such parody, and I have not found it among his papers. I should report that at an interview in 1950 Viereck told me that Huneker—who sometimes embroidered the truth—had infomed him that he had known a man in Philadelphia who had had sexual relations with Whitman.

Israel Zangwill sent Huneker a card (now missing) in which he expressed reservations about Huneker's essay, "A Visit to Walt Whitman," first published in Puck, *76 (November 21, 1914): 8, 20, and reprinted in* Ivory Apes and Peacocks. *"The English* will *see him as a glorified American, if not a great poet at least a* seer,*" Huneker wrote John Quinn on November 6, 1915. "Why not Emerson if they are looking for seers? W. W. copied Emerson's transcendentalism and botched the matter" (*Letters, *p. 202). Philip Hale, a great admirer of Whitman from the early 1870s—Horace Traubel reprinted a letter Hale wrote Whitman on September 14, 1871 (*With Walt Whitman in Camden, *3:533-534)—wrote Huneker on December 19, 1915, that his stories about Whitman (told in person or in a now-missing letter) made his blood run cold and left him incredulous.*

The most important of the many references to Whitman in Steeplejack *appeared in 1:195-198, in which Huneker again erred as to the date of his call on Whitman in Camden; the correct date—1878 rather than 1877—is given in the* Musical Courier *article reproduced below. Huneker's autographed copy of the 1867 edition of* Leaves of Grass *has vanished.*

The first of the following critiques on Whitman is a revision of an article by Huneker printed in the New York Home Journal *on May 29, 1889, p. 8. Since the earlier essay was reprinted in my article, "James Huneker on Whitman: A Newly Discovered Essay,"* American Literature, *38 (May 1966): 208-218 with an annotation of the changes made in the later piece, it is not reproduced here. For the* Recorder *Huneker cut the* Home Journal *essay by about a third, made minor stylistic changes, and toned down a little his enthusiasm for Whitman's poetry. He apparently quoted from the 1867 edition of* Leaves of Grass.

"About Walt Whitman," *New York Recorder*, November 1, 1891, p. 26

The importance of Walt Whitman is just beginning to be recognized, and although he is known to many and to them beloved, still to the masses he is a dead letter. Living a life unparalleled in the annals of literature, self centered and yet impersonal, open-handed, craving "no mortal pelf," living out his own poems, the figure of Walt Whitman in this age of petty personalities and hyper refinement, looms out large and distinct, and the wonder is that he has heretofore been neglected and misconceived.

Numerous critical notices have appeared from time to time in home and foreign reviews, and be it said with shame, the American critics with the exception of Edmund Clarence Stedman, John Burroughs and a few others, have been violently unfair. Coteries who saw perfection in Tennyson and his ilk, condemned all who failed to be measured by their standards, and Walt Whitman was pronounced an uncultivated boor who, with education might have done something. Fortunately, however, there were others of sufficient discrimination who studied the man quietly, and now that the poet lies at death's door in Camden a few words may not be out of place as to his personality and his book.

Walt Whitman was born in the village of West Hills, L. I. on May 31, 1819, of English and Dutch stock. His father, a worthy man, was for a time a farmer, but became afterwards a house-builder. His mother was a woman of noble qualities, and seems to have exerted the greater influence on her son. Whitman led an open-air life, and laid the foundation of his superbly vigorous health and love of Nature, both of which play such an important part in his work.

After some years of residence in Brooklyn, during which he attended public school and wrote a few successful sketches for the journals, he went to New York and became a reporter and printer, tasting life at its best and worst. A poet consorting with stage-drivers, mechanics and roughs, rather offends our preconceived notions, but it is to these associations that we must ascribe the formation of that boundless sympathy with humanity which is the keynote of his genius.

In 1849 he traveled for two years over many of the States. Returning to Brooklyn he started a newspaper, but relinqushed it and took up his father's trade and worked at carpentry.

Undoubtedly to use Emerson's words in regard to him, "There must have been a long foreground somewhere," but with this foreground the poet himself says, we have no business—everything can be found in his book. Every thought and action of his daily life wrote a line therein, and nothing has been kept back whatever. In 1855 his book of one hundred pages, called "Leaves of Grass," with a portrait of the then unknown author in the dress of a workingman, was published and remained unnoticed, until a letter appered from one of America's deepest thinkers, Ralph Waldo Emerson, greeting a poet embarked on his long career.

This caused some excitement, and the first edition was sold. Early in 1857 the second enlarged edition appeared, and the press of New York and the country generally swooped down on the book for biblical plainness of speech, and many hard things were said but not answered, for Whitman, in his serene contempt for critical utterance, resembles Wordsworth, and let it be said here that he never made any attempt to defend himself from the slanders circulated about him and has always remained a law unto himself. In 1860 the Boston edition appeared, and in 1867 the entire book as it now stands, with an extra series of poems added, called "Drum Taps," and "Songs Before Parting," filling in all about four hundred and eighty pages, was published.

When the war broke out Whitman went to the field of action, and here we catch a glimpse of the man's nature in his voluntary care of the sick and wounded, doing the work of ten men—his influence boundless in its good effects on the men. A quiet, unpretending man, he nevertheless possessed peculiarly magnetic qualities, which affected all who entered his presence, and was particularly soothing to the sick.

During the war and after it, it is computed, he personally ministered to more than one hundred thousand men, and there was no name more familiar to the men in and around Washington than that of Walt Whitman. The charity and good fellowship he so constantly sings are no idle boast.

After the war he resided for some years in Washington and held a place under Government, making many friends and admirers; to cite but one, President Lincoln, on whose death he wrote that most perfect of dirges, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd."

In appearance Whitman somewhat resembles Longfellow, only that his face suggests more power. A man far above the ordinary height and with a flowing white beard, he suggests the patriarch, a man who has weathered life's storms and gleaned infinite wisdom from his experiences. His life has not been very exciting; some people rather think him shiftless, as he is by no means wealthy, and has besides consorted with "powerful uneducated persons," to use his own words. For several years he wrote articles for the newspapers, all easily distinguishable by his peculiar idiom.

A vein of mysticism permeates his verse and reveals the deep thinker, one who has penetrated the show of things–through Maya's veil–to the essence itself, and who has discerned the eternal idea in the humblest things surrounding us. Carlyle himself is no greater transcendentalist than Whitman, and Carlyle also has no firmer grasp on the realities of life. While worshiping the physical forces Whitman places the spiritual above all. He is subtle and suggestive. He writes: "I never finish specimens, I shower them by exhaustless laws. . . ." His book is more like nature herself, inasmuch as it strengthens, stimulates and satisfies us.

Whitman's ideal of womanhood is noble and refreshing; old age he particularly reveres, and declares it is greater in his eyes than youth. A series of poems entitled "Calamus" sings the want of comrades and the absolute need of strong fellowship to sustain these states. Not laws, but brotherly love, not care for personal aggrandizement, but unselfish doing for our neighbor; in a word, the ideal of friendship.

When from this broad humanity we turn to his wonderful perception of nature we are amazed. With some analogy to Wordsworth, he nevertheless transcends that poet in his personal love for nature. The metaphysical quibbling and the undue preponderance of what might be called the "moral picturesque," which mars the elder poet's work, is not to be found in Whitman's.

His spontaneity is a reproach to the present sterile school of art, with its counterfeit passions and exotic emotions, seeking the past for inspiration and regarding the present as prosaic and vulgar. The dulcet rhyme of the day has so refined our ears that to many Whitman may appear rude and harsh, but the long roll of his line reminds you of the wind and the sea, and on closer inspection even the harshness becomes majestic.

It is an error to suppose Whitman would abolish metre and rhyme. He uses both freely, but he has a genuine contempt for mere technicalities, though he knows of necessity that prose and poetry are essentially different.

We may not scan his lines, still our ears tell us they are rhythmical. Some of his writing might be termed prose poetry and some of his "poems" are nothing but the baldest prose.

That this is unavoidable goes without saying; such a prolonged theme must relax sometime, but the triumphant start at the outset is nearly always maintained. His vocabulary is immense; words the most bizarre and commonplace he uses with equal indifference and not always in the most artistic manner. In fact, the atmosphere of the book is new and individual, and one must become acclimated first before one realizes the elementary forces in the work.

Whitman's restless nature will not allow him to settle for any length of time on any one object. His theme is America, with her mighty promises. He openly and with conscious egotism proclaims himself the "Bard of Democracy," and sounds his "barbaric yawp" over the rooftops of the world. Consequently the forms that have sufficed the past satisfy him not. America must found her own schools of art, theology and politics. She is certainly coping hard with the problem of the last of this trinity.

She must have a race of bards commensurate with the theme. Too much stress cannot be laid on Whitman's larger ideas on this subject. He declares that the forms of the past have served their day and must make room for the present, which to us is all powerful and predominating. He sings of America and her huge cities, magnificent manufactories, her warm-hearted people, quick to resent, but equally quick to forgive insults. All this and the million incidental things which form such a mighty theme he sings.

His book might be called the epic of America. He writes for the workman as well as the scholar, and though the latter must claim him, yet the former will always be nearer and dearer to him. A feeling of space and liberty pervades the book, and we draw in deep draughts of fresh air with every line.

If he loves any particular spot in America it is the city of New York. He tenderly calls it "Our Lady of Ships, Mast-Hemmed Manhatta," and dwells longingly on its sights, scenes and daily pageants.

Whitman projects himself in all persons, scenes and occupations, and it is only by indirect touches we catch a glimpse of his true personality. He continually writes that it is only by individuality we can hope to preserve the United States intact. By simplicity is the individuality to be preserved, and not by a feverish striving after wealth and position. It is almost unnecessary to add that he is above all sectarian prejudices in politics.

Such in outline is Walt Whitman's creed, and, alas! it is, after all, but a poet's dream—too ideal to ever become the real.

"Drum Taps," written after the war, contains some of his most important work. "Lincoln's Funeral Hymn" must be read to be appreciated, and read more than once. It is a study and many are the touching ideas embalmed in its pages. The series is the poetical embodiment of Whitman's war experiences. It overflows with sympathy and presents a remarkable picture of those stirring times.

Read "Rise O Days from Your Fathomless Deeps," or "O Captain! My Captain!" and mark the grand rhythmical sweep of the one and the exquisitely tender pity of the other. "Songs Before Parting" completes the volume and contains his theories and predictions for the future.

The two or three volumes in verse and prose that Whitman has given the world since the "Leaves of Grass" are but radiating sparks from the central hub of his early ideas. They are inconsequential, and will only be interesting to the Whitman student bent on collecting the personalia of his master.

His work has been translated into many of the Continental languages, and he has been hailed across the sea, particularly in England, as the long-looked-for American poet who, unlike his predecessors in the poetic art, sings not of old-world themes, but of the new world herself; in a word, a national poet. And though the tongue in which he addresses us is yet new and often harsh, still we are beginning to recognize it as a remarkable poetic dialect.

Whether posterity will award Walt Whitman a high place in the pantheon of world poets I will not attempt to [predict?], but he seems to me one of the greatest natural forces in American literature. His influence is invigorating. He has the most profoundly human love and the broadest vision of life, and, somehow or other, after reading him he makes life seem worth the living.

What better can you ask of a poet's work?

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 37 (July 13, 1898): 23

To read Walt Whitman in German has a strange, disquieting effect. In a recent Berlin *Boersen-Courier* sent me by Mr. Floersheim I found an appreciation of the "Good Gray Poet." Johannes Schlaf is the bold translator of Walt, and here is the German equivalent of "I am he that walks with the tender and growing night":

> Ich bin der da wandelt mit der zarten und steigenden Nacht,
> Ich rufe der Erde und See, die halb von der Nacht unschlungen.
> Drücke mich fest an dich, blossbusige Nacht–drücke mich fest an dich, magnetische, nährende Nacht!
> Nacht der Südwinde–Nacht der grossen wenigen Sterne.
> Still nickende Nacht–rasende nackte Sommernacht!

That sounds funny, does it not–that last line? "Still nodding night! Mad, naked, summer night."

I worshipped Walt Whitman in my salad years. I met him in 1878 and treasure still a ragged copy of the 1867 edition of "Leaves of Grass" with his autograph. He gave it to me, and the five dollars I gave in return was handed over to some asylum for queer people or hospital for queer diseases, near Camden. I met Walt nearly every day. He slowly walked up Chestnut Street or Market Street from the Camden ferry house in Philadelphia, and he was the most imposing man I ever saw. He occasionally went to a second-hand book shop in Ninth Street, and it was there I first invited him to go to Carl Gaertner's concerts. Walt knew nothing about music–only loved it in the most comprehensive fashion. He loved the sound of the horn and sensed its piscine significance on Fridays. He had a cosmical thrill when listening to a Beethoven string quartet, and as he leaned heavily on my arm going up Broad Street from the Academy of Music he would repeat:

"That's mighty fine music, young fellow, mighty fine music!" My Japanese prose poet, Sadakichi Hartmann, once wrote a curious book about Walt that rings with truth. The old man always started you talking about yourself. He could listen with inspired ears to the slangy egotism of brakemen and deck hands, and if you spoke of Rossetti and Swinburne he gazed at you from Homeric heights. I mentioned Poe, and he remarked that his was cellar poetry. Not half bad that, is it?

Will Whitman's secret ever ooze out? He was to me no bardic gutter-poet, but a poseur of gigantic, of Hugo-esque proportions. His headlines are sublime and his message puerile rubbish. There are the rhythms of the sea in his lines and harmonies that the morning stars might sway to, but the slush, trash, nonsense, obscenity, morbid eroticism, vulgarity and preposterous mouthings well nigh spoil one's taste for what is really great in "Leaves of Grass," "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd"—a threnody without parallel; "Rise O Days from Your Fathomless Deeps," "O Captain! My Captain!" "Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun," certain passages in the first poem, "Walt Whitman"; these and several others are the finest things America has given to the nations. The noble, nervous strength, the color, the sonority and cleaving thought are wonderful, but Whitman was a man of education. Don't believe the absurd lies told by his silly disciples. He was no man of the people; he was a literary man, had read everything—although he claimed only as intimates Homer and the Bible—and his workingman garb, his sailor shirt, his broad brimmed *sombrero*, his rolling gait and loud voice, were pose, all pose, as much pose as Joaquin Miller, the tawny tornadic bard of the wild and glittering West.

The pose—half Bowery boy, half Rabelais—caught the European critics, but not American readers. The workingman will have none of Whitman. He prefers Longfellow. Besides, Whitman, despite his roaring masculinity, had a streak of the effeminate in him. All who knew his intimate side are aware of this. In Washington, when Secretary Harlan discharged him from the employ of the Government, the same charge was brought against him, a charge indignantly repudiated by [William] O'Connor in his "Good Gray Poet," and recently revived in London.

Read the section called "Calamus" in "Leaves of Grass" and wonder no longer. It is Greek, with its curious antique profile and rank forbidden flavor.

But the world would be poorer without Walt Whitman, with his reverberating catalogues, his barbaric elemental yawps and his bardic chants. He is more Greek than American to me, despite his formlessness, and at times more Hebraic than Greek. A pagan, a pantheist, a materialist, a vulgarian and again a voice sonorous, trumpeting virile messages to weaklings. He had indeed, as Emerson said of him, "a long foreground somewhere."

Some three months before he wrote the passage below, Huneker had referred to the "harsh croaking of contemporary American free-verse, so called because it is free from poetry and music" (New York World, *October 10, 1920, Metropolitan section, p. 5).*

See, also, the last critique on Vance Thompson under Critics and Essayists below.

"Prose Music," New York *World*, January 2, 1921, Metropolitan section, p. 5

Hawthorne and Poe wrote in the key of classic prose, while Walt Whitman's jigsaw jingle, the speech of a man with the hiccoughs, spells the delinquencies of prose form. But he is imitated the land over by the younger, hoarser choir, with the result, as may be well imagined, that a new school of poetry and prose (?) has been founded in which epilepsy and sterility are the dominant characteristics. Music is abhorred and the rhythms are those of the ineffable jazz band; in other words, music of the underworld, which is rapidly becoming, thanks to our national decadence in taste, the upperworld. Still do we prefer the Golden Book of English Prose—the Holy Bible.

CRITICS AND ESSAYISTS

Van Wyck Brooks
(1886-1963)

This is, I believe, Huneker's only reference to Brooks and his only review of a book by him. When I sent Brooks a copy of it he replied on August 13, 1954, that he had never seen it before. "This interests me now," he wrote, "partly because it brings out so clearly my own change of feeling about some matters, partly about the old New England writers and as much about Huneker himself. We were all at that time in a destructive mood. You may perhaps have seen my early paper on Huneker, reprinted from the Freeman *in my* Sketches in Criticism *[1932]. You might be interested in comparing this with my recent treatment of him—for better I trust—in* The Confident Years*."*

In 1950 Brooks had informed me that he had never met Huneker or corresponded with him and that he was anxious to make amends for his inadequate essay on him since he now thought more highly of him than that essay would suggest.

Brooks's "centenary" article, "Huneker in Retrospect," appeared in High Fidelity *magazine, 10 (December 10, 1960): 38-41, 123-125.*

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 79 (May 13, 1916): 12

Iconoclasm in criticism is all the rage. Mr. [Willard Huntington] Wright is not alone in his devastating tastes. Here is that cool-headed and admirable writer, Van Wyck Brooks, in "America's Coming of Age" (B. W. Huebsch), quietly, but none the less firmly, jeering our classics, our Yankee demi-gods of plaster and plush, off the map; rather dethroning them from their musty, dusty pedestals. He spares few. Emerson, Poe, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Lowell, Walt Whitman, the transcendentalists—the biggest group of self-illuded bores that ever existed; and the many mediocrities of American literature. I confess I admire the courage of Mr. Brooks. In his sweeping judgments there are many truths. But we are such a self-satisfied nation that it takes courage to state the facts concerning our provincial, colonial, even parochial art and literature. Of course, our politics are pure and above reproach. "My country, 'tis of thee, oh, Land of Pork and Preparedness."

William C. Brownell
(1851-1928)

For other references by Huneker to Brownell, see Musical Courier, *43 (August 21, 1901): 23, and New York* Sun, *July 12, 1903, sec. 3, p. 4; June 14, 1909, p. 6; and October 9, 1910, sec. 3, p. 4.*

Brownell was art critic of the Philadelphia Press *in 1885-86 when Huneker was still living in that city, but there is no evidence that they met then. It appears that they did not actually meet until sometime after July 14, 1915 (see Hunker's* Letters, *p. 190), though they were corresponding by October, 1908. One hundred letters from Huneker to Brownell dated 1908-1920 are extant, and fifty-five from Brownell to Huneker.*

On May 5, 1917, Huneker informed Brownell that he had enjoyed his Standards, *"especially the chapter on Individuals, which was literally, 'better than Emerson.'"*

Brownell published an unsigned review of Huneker's Pathos of Distance *in the* Book Buyer, *38 [May 1913]: 75), for which Huneker thanked him in an unpublished letter, April 11, 1913. Brownell's amazement at the extent of Huneker's knowledge of contemporary literature is mentioned in [Robert C. Holiday's] "Murray Hill's Recollections of James Huneker,"* Bookman, *53 (April 1921): 125.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 38 (February 1, 1899): 29

In [*Scribner's*, February 1899] W. C. Brownell has a study of William Makepeace Thackeray, the sanest, most luminous and least rhapsodical I ever read. It was W. D. Howells who has been unjustly accused of belittling Thackeray when he pointed out what were to him flaws in the great novelist's artistry. Mr. Brownell -who is the only American critic of note in sympathy with the tremendous genius of Rodin—makes out of the very faults with which Thackeray is accused his strongest claims to originality. Without them he would not be Thackeray, the most subjective, the most lovable of great literary artists. I commend the Brownell study to you, especially the part that dwells upon style.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 43 (December 4, 1901): 25-26

To my mind the most interesting, suggestive book of the new Scribner list is W. C. Brownell's "Victorian Masters." The art-loving world owes this critic a debt for discovering Rodin, who was practically unknown to Anglo-Saxons when Mr. Brownell wrote his now famous essay on "French Art" a decade ago. In the present volume he considers Thackeray, Carlyle, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin and George Meredith, and the last of these essays is not the least. Mr. Brownell has a wonderful way of making you disagree with him—and of making you read him eagerly. His angle of critical vision is his own; and, while he seldom deserts the great traditional currents of criticism, he sails in his own boat, is its captain, and steers it where he wills. The Meredith study rather startled me, for in it he denies to the poet-novelist temperamental gifts. I recall Arthur Symons' brief but trenchant criticism of Meredith in an English monthly a few years ago. He saw in Meredith the poet everywhere, the finely attuned creature of moods and whimsies, not the novelist, the creator of character. Therefore Mr. Brownell may be fairly considered an idol smasher. We all believed that the man who wrote "Make the Bed for Attila" was a temperament—as the French say. However, the point of view is novel, and its working out brilliant. Mr. Henley long ago treated of Meredith's dangerous wit. Nor can I subscribe to Mr. Brownell's admiration for Thackeray's art. It was inimitable and Thackeray's way, but they "order that sort of thing" vastly better in France. Stimulating are the studies of Carlyle, Arnold and Eliot, and the estimate of Ruskin is not only just but a necessary one. There are many who still accept devoutly Ruskin's apocalyptic utterances, who take him for an artistic mentor. Mr. Brownell's thrusts are sure, deadly. "Victorian Prose Masters" is charged with charm and wisdom.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (December 19, 1914): 8

William Crary Brownell is not a super-critic. Indeed, he is a very human one —human, even when he takes as his thesis such an inhuman theme as criticism; for, thanks to the pedants, criticism has become the dull affair of school-masters and their depressing rule of thumb. Mr. Brownell, in his "Criticism," a slender volume, does not hold either with the Brunetière or Anatole France factions. He detects the doctrinaire and pedagogue in the former, and while admitting the delicate divination and personal magic of the latter, he rightly fears the tendency to loose thinking in the impressionistic camp of criticism. He believes in central authority. It's all very well to describe the adventures of your soul among the masterpieces, if you possess the soul of an Anatole France, but your soul may be a mean little soul dwelling up a back alley, and your pen a lean dull one. Will your adventure be worth relating? The epicurean test of the impressionist is not a standard, says Mr. Brownell, "since what gives pleasure to some gives none to others. And some standard is a necessary postulate, not only of criticism, but of all discussion or even discourse." He asserts, without fear of denial, that criticism is an art. "One of Sainte-Beuve's studies is as definitely a portrait as one of Holbein's." I commend this study to literary young people. It will steady them at a time when the invertebrate is the admired model of critics as well as of artists. Mr. Brownell is never invertebrate, nor has he that "mania of certitude" abhorred of Renan.

John Jay Chapman
(1862-1933)

*Huneker also mentioned Chapman later, crediting him with helping to replace the uncritical idolatry of Robert Louis Stevenson with a saner estimate (*Puck, *78 [August 7, 1915]: 10).*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 37 (October 19, 1898): 22

Another novelty put forth by Scribner's Sons is John Jay Chapman's "Causes and Consequences," a book devoted to a fearless consideration of politics, society, education, democracy and government. Mr. Chapman calls us hard names, and his logic and his accusations are unassailable. I remember with pleasure his rare studies of Emerson, Walt Whitman and Stevenson, the former being the most subtle and searching I ever read. In the present volume, if you are interested in politics, politics in the broadest sense, you will find novel matter, novel treatment and the trail of an honest, patriotic American.

Richard Harding Davis

Davis was the leading reporter of his day, and a famous war correspondent. Many persons, including Vance Thompson, disliked him for his egotism, which is the target of the following spoof. Huneker said it was published in the Buffalo Enquirer *during the Spanish-American War, but he probably wrote it himself. Davis apparently did not take offense, for according to Thomas Beer who must have obtained the information from Huneker -Davis distributed Huneker's first book "to friends who did not want to read it and could not understand what it meant" (*Stephen Crane, *pp. 202-203).*

In Steeplejack, *Huneker stated that Davis had become "a figure in the field of fiction," and that "Van Bibber and his pranks showed him at his most entertaining" (I:138, and 2:173).* Van Bibber and Others *(1892) deals with Courtlandt Van Bibber, a rich young clubman who acts as a kind of Robin Hood in New York.*

For Huneker's association with Davis and his critiques of Davis's plays, see under Drama: Playwrights.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 37 (August 3, 1891): 20

(By Richard Harding Davis)

I hastened over to Admiral Dewey and asked him as a special favor to postpone action till Gibson got here. He said he would do anything to please me, but afterward I decided to let the thing go on without Gibson, so I told Admiral Dewey to go ahead.

The Olympia steamed up to a Spanish vessel which had not the honor of knowing me and started to fire. I discovered I had not my note-paper with me. So I semaphored the ship to stop firing and, getting a note-book, I allowed them to start again. After a few rounds had been fired, I thought of an admirable situation for my new novel, and I was about to signal the fight to stop till I had written a few chapters, but I gave in, owing to the evident wish to go on possessed by Admiral Dewey. Taking my natural position in the conning tower I watched the fight. I shall publish the real details of it in some magazine about August. I have held out all important information save the fact I was not injured in the fight.

Maurice Francis Egan
(1852-1924)

Born in Philadelphia where he knew Huneker and his family, Egan was a journalist in that city and editor of the Catholic Freeman's Journal *in New York, then professor of English at Notre Dame (1888-1896) and at Catholic University (1897-1907). In 1886 when Huneker moved to New York, his pious mother asked the Egans to see that he went to mass every Sunday, and he was often a guest at their home in Brooklyn. As Minister to Denmark, Egan presented in 1909 a copy of Huneker's* Egoists *to Georg Brandes, the cosmopolitan Dane to whom it had been dedicated, a gift which initiated a correspondence between him and Huneker.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 35 (December 29, 1897): 49

I found this in *The Bookman*:

"A Roman Catholic writer in England, Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, has been characterizing some modern writers." . . .

Dr. Egan is not an Englishman, but an American, a Philadelphian. He is professor of English literature at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., and is a well-known figure in New York literary life. He is a poet of depth, tenderness and considerable technical invention. I always read his sonnets with pleasure. He has just made a capital translation of some of Heredia's elaborately chased sonnets. The opinions quoted above are from a pamphlet, "New

Handbook of Philosophy," in which the author pays his respects to modern idols in literature. There is no mistaking the sincerity and the wit of Dr. Egan's attacks, but the point of view is Roman Catholic, and Roman Catholic to-day does not spell universality in critical opinion.

"Books about the Theatre," New York *Sun*, March 15, 1903, sec. 3, p. 6

Our budget of the day would be incomplete without a mention of two pamphlets reprinted from the Catholic University Bulletin of Washington. They are by Maurice Francis Egan, the poet and critic. "Some Phases of Shakesperean Interpretation" and "The Lyrism of Shakespeare's Comedies" are the titles of these two illuminating studies. We are in accord with Mr. Egan when he writes:

> It is assumed, too, by many of the opposing interpreters of Shakespeare that he was everything but a poet, although they pretend great reverence for him under this title; in reality, however, they strain to prove that he was a philosopher, a historian, a sociologist, a conscious psychologist, a doctor of laws in everything but title, a politician, a hater of the existing form of government, a conspirator against it in words, a devout and lettered theologian, a reformer, an accomplished courtier, and a hundred other things; when, after all, he was something at least as great as all the fine attributes of man—a poet.

The purely musical element in the comedies is dwelt upon by Mr. Egan with the exquisite intimacy born of poetic sympathy. In musical prose he writes of the great composer of English. Again we regret that such critical writing as this, sane, sweet, virile, must be consigned to the perilous guardianship of a reprint. Mr. Egan should give us in a book, stoutly fashioned, the fruits of his communings with his beloved poet.

Robert Cortes Holliday
(1880-1947)

Before becoming an editor, author, and teacher of writing, Holliday had worked as a bookseller for Scribner's bookstore (1906-1911) where he met Huneker. He described those meetings in the New York Times, *December 1, 1912, Book Review, p. 738 and in "Murray Hill's Recollections of James Huneker,"* Bookman, *53 (April 1921): 124-127. He also reviewed Huneker's* Letters *(*Bookman, *56 [January 1923]: 629-631). Holliday, author of* Joyce Kilmer: A Memoir *(1918), was the literary executor of Kilmer, an admirer of Huneker.*

Huneker was writing the following review a few days before Prohibition went into effect in America, which accounts for his reference to an unhappy New Year.

"Gossip," New York *World*, December 28, 1919, Metropolitan section, p. 5

Robert Cortes Holliday is an essayist who has strayed in from the eighteenth century. He has charm, a shrewd, kindly wit and his prose is leisurely-paced. In his newly-born "Broome Street Straws"—an alluring title, by the way—I chanced upon a chapter entitled "The Pub," and after I finished there were tears in my eyes. I was like the peri without the barred gates of a vanished paradise. Whosoever has drunk of the English nectar, known as "bitters"—"please, a mug of bitters, miss," you tell the agreeable barmaid, and behold! you are sipping ale that stoutens the heart and puts hair on your chest [sic] . . . . Holliday relates his various adventures in "pubs," or public houses, in London, a city where human beings retain their personal rights. No, I shan't be wishing you a Happy New Year, because an unhappy New Year is coming. And so believe all liberty-loving folk, trenchermen and valiant tosspots. Oremus!

William Dean Howells

For the main headnote on Huneker's association with Howells, see above under Fictionists.

The two critics shared certain tastes. They were both interested in European literature—which Howells had "imported" to America earlier than Huneker—and preferred realism to romance in fiction. As the second of the following critiques indicates, Huneker seemed to agree with Howells's complaint on the coddling of women writers.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 31 (August 21, 1895): 19

Mr. George Moore's new volume, "Celibates," has created a stir on the other side. Our Mr. Howells has praised, indeed overpraised, it in the columns of *Harper's Weekly*. He finds much to admire in "Esther Waters," too. I wonder if Mr. Howells knows that "Esther Waters" is only "Germinie Lacerteux" transposed to an English key, and as a work of art far below the masterpiece of the De Goncourt brothers?

I wonder whether Mr. Howells has read "A Mummer's Wife," by all odds the strongest thing Moore has done? If not, I recommend it to him, although it is not as fascinating reading as "The Confessions of a Young Man," or even as easy reading as brutal "Mike Fletcher."

I do, however, admire Mr. Howells' kindness and candor in the Moore matter. Philip Hale and myself have been pounding away for the past six or eight years on George Moore's behalf. He has been sneered at in the Gilder *Critic*, pooh-poohed and dubbed coarse by a large and lady-like coterie of Gotham, which swears by Richard Harding Davis, and which reads Hall Caine and Mrs.

Humphry Ward with delight.

Moore has arrived, and after the biting manner in which he summed up Howells—"Henry James went to France and read Tourgueneff; W. D. Howells stayed at home and read Henry James"—I really think that Howells is an amiable fellow.

"Herr Fischer's Realistic Acting Frightens Mme. Gadski's Daughter," New York *Morning Telegraph*, February 7, 1898, p. 4

William Dean Howells, the dean of American fiction, will have all the wasps buzzing in the hive for his recent outspoken remarks on the subject of novel writing. He pooh-poohs the coddling of women, saying that they have equal chances with men in the literary race, and adduces the names of Eliot, Sand and Mrs. Ward. "Equal chances!" Well, I should think so. Few men begin to touch the woman reporter when she hustles in copy. And she always gets first call. No, no, it's too late in the day to pity women and their natural disabilities, for those same disabilities have been converted into weapons of offense.

Nowadays the woman reporter will calmly walk in where editors fear to enter.

"Miss Vestal, I want three columns illustrated on the personal habits of the modern Magdalen. Let it have the personal note."

Next day the copy is turned in and Miss Vestal receives a big check without turning a hair. Talk about chances; why, if Richard Le Gallienne only knew the glories of a woman reporter's life he would have called his last book "If I Were a Woman," instead of "If I Were God!"

Henry James

This review of Notes on Novelists *is the longest single examination by Huneker of James's criticism published during the latter's lifetime. He frequently quoted James in brief passages. See, for example, New York* Sunday Advertiser, *January 24, 1897, p. 7 (James on Ibsen), and* Musical Courier, *35 (November 29, 1899): 26 (James on Turgenev). Huneker also referred to James's criticism in his review of James's letters below.*

For Huneker's association (or lack of it) with James, see the headnote on James under Fictionists above.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (November 28, 1914): 17, 20

There are a half dozen new books at my elbow, which must be considered at length, therefore not this week, but soon. It gave me a pleasurable thrill to see the name of Henry James on the back of a fat volume of essays, for Mr. James is eminently the critic. "Notes on Novelists, with some other Notes," is the title (Scribner). The names in the table of contents are appetizing: R. L. Stevenson, Zola, Flaubert, Balzac, George Sand, D'Annunzio, Matilde Serao, Dumas the Younger, Charles Eliot Norton—one of the noblest of Americans—and numerous notes on the new English novelists, Wells, Conrad, Arnold Bennett, and Compton MacKenzie, the author of that delightful story, "Carnival." Mr. James is nothing if not inclusive. I've read, and cut out a half dozen of these essays when they first appeared in magazine garb, and with especial joy the studies of D'Annunzio, Zola, Flaubert, and Signora Serao—whose stories have been translated from the Italian; "Fantasy," by the late Henry Harland. Mr. James's estimates of his contemporaries are luminous—of course, a rich stained-glass luminosity—and sound. He knows that the industrious Mr. Bennett is not an artist, that the busy Mr. Wells may be a prophet, but a master of fiction he is not. (Shaw, Bennett, Chesterton, and Wells, like Wilde, are clever journalists.) "Chance," by Joseph Conrad is given its due, and praise accorded its polyphonic and sometimes perplexing architecture. But the main thing is that Mr. James envisages its admirable characterization. I fancy that the Eastern stories appeal to him less. Every critic, even such a distinguished practitioner in criticism as Henry James, has his "blind side," a side that doesn't react to certain temperaments. Mr. James, years ago, proved this in his very imperfect study of Charles Baudelaire, and later in the way he flouted the "Sentimental Education," by Flaubert. Again he returns to the charge that the reading of this particular novel is as the mastication of sawdust and ashes, notwithstanding the rather sharp overhauling he received in John M. Roberston's "Essays Towards a Critical Method." Now, you can't make a person like a book by argument, yet do I think that Mr. James and Emile Faguet—in his hard, clever, unsympathetic study of Flaubert—have both been unjust to "Sentimental Education," compared with which "Chance" is almost elementary in structure. Unfair also to the versatility of Flaubert, who wrote four masterpieces, none of them alike. But I'll return sometime to a discussion of this little read novel which "Madame Bovary" has quite overshadowed. To them that are interested in super-criticism, this new volume of Mr. James will yield the richest of ore.

James apparently did *change his mind about Whitman. According to his biographer, Leon Edel, in his later years James developed "a deep affection for the personality of Whitman," and memorized passages from* Leaves of Grass *which he liked to declaim (*Henry James: The Untried Years, *p. 224). Despite his nose for the abnormal, Huneker never seemed to have harbored (or voiced) the suspicion—which Edel, in his last volume in the biography of James confirmed—that the older James, at least, was also temperamentally homosexual, which might account in part for his fondness for Whitman's "personality"; by attacking Whitman, the young James might have been fighting this aspect of his own psyche.*

"Unravelled Edges," New York *World*, May 2, 1920, Metropolitan section, p. 5

Someone asked Kit [Morley] what Mr. James thought of Mr. Whitman. Mr. Morley discovered that James had written a review of "Drum Taps" in the Nation, November 16, 1865. As may be imagined, it was not precisely laudatory. Nor did Mr. James change his mind afterward. Oddly enough, he disliked "Flowers of Evil," the poetry of Charles Baudelaire, so it must have been the content of that chiselled art and the greasy vulgarities of Windy Walt's "Leaves of Grass" that offended his fastidious taste. Recall what he said of Zola (in "Notes on Novelists"–Charles Scribner's Sons, 1914): "When you have no taste you have no discretion, which is the conscience of taste, and when you have no discretion, you perpetrate books like 'Rome,' which are without intellectual modesty, books like 'Fécondité,' which are without a sense of the ridiculous, books like 'Vérité,' which are without the finer vision of human experience." The abnormalities of Baudelaire and Whitman came in for castigation at his hands because of their peculiarly repulsive qualities; and Whitman was rapped for his insincerity, stupid divagations and lack of poetic craftsmanship. His wisdom was justly enough compared with the proverbial philosophy of Martin F. Tupper; that is, they are sheer fudge. Mr. James admitted that Walt wrote betimes vivid headlines, but after a few sentences he rambled into bathos or rhapsody, or both. A poet is primarily a Maker. Whitman was not a builder of the lofty rhyme. His work is without architectonic.

What he thought of Walt when he revisited his country after an absence of twenty years I heard from the lips of the late Prof. Albert Smythe, the biographer of Benjamin Franklin, a Shakespearian scholar and friend of the novelist. The pair met on a train one night on the way from Bryn Mawr to Philadelphia. Mr. James had just delivered his lecture on Balzac at the college and was suffering from his teeth. Smythe accosted him. They chatted. James told Smythe he was visiting Philadelphia because of toothache—a remarkable reason—and Smythe spoke of Whitman. "James," he asked, "what do you think of our Camden bard? For me he is a bad imitation of Ossian." Mr. James looked at Smythe, his eyes twinkling, and then in his slow, hesitating fashion he said, "Oh, Walt! Well, I think he would have made a prodigious driver of a night-cart." That "prodigious" is truly a Jacobean touch. And the polite reference is better understood by the oldsters than the youngsters, who remember the old-fashioned sanitary customs of their day. No, on the whole, I fancy Henry James remained implacably anti-Whitman, unlike Swinburne, who once compared Walt with William Blake—which was absurd—and, changing his vibratile mind, abused him, calling his versicles the ravings of a drunken applewoman, or words to that effect. Walt, when he heard of Swinburne's apostasy, said to Horace Traubel: "Swinburne—now ain't he the damndest simulacrum!" Which is simply magnificent.

"The James Letters," New York *World*, May 9, 1920, Editorial section, p. 2

Some surprise has been expressed because the recently published "Letters" of the late Henry James do not resemble in literary style his fiction. But why should they? In his correspondence the author of "The Golden Bowl" is as copious, unrestrained and natural as his books are alembicated in manner and seemingly free from the personal complex. We say seemingly, because as a matter of fact no great novelist, notwithstanding the wide range of his sympathies, can register aught but his own experiences. This is a commonplace in criticism. Henry James set for himself an ideal in his fiction that may be compared only with the ascetic standards of Walter Pater and Gustave Flaubert. For this reason he is a "difficult" writer. The average reader who looks first for a rattling good story will have none of him; the man in the street—that critical phantasm—is like Thoreau's child friend who sensibly sought for the fable, letting the moral take care of itself.

But artistic fiction and letter-writing are two widely sundered matters. So we find James in the mood familiar when corresponding with his numerous friends. A quiet though rich humor suffuses his pages. He can crack a joke or smash a literary reputation in a paragraph. He advises young chaps about to enter the perilous field of fiction and he stops to gossip with a beloved niece or nephew. He rages against the heathen who clumsily tramps across his well-kept literary lawn, but he also rages against those other barbarians who invaded his thrice-beloved France. As one reads these charming letters the portrait of a kindly gentleman slowly emerges, a gentleman and a scholar; perhaps a portrait better set off in the atmosphere of a past century and a European country than here and now; nevertheless, a character abounding in the finest human traits, more lovable, more intimate, than his literature.

"The Lesson of the Master," *Bookman*, 51 (May, 1920): 364-368

When the correspondence of Gustave Flaubert was published Henry James wrote of his letters that "his private style . . . was as unchastened as his final form was faultless." The style which Flaubert hoped to "set roaring" is missing in his private epistles, wherein he disports himself like a walrus of genius, splashing, spouting, enjoying himself generally; wherein he is copious, extravagant, formless. In the newly published "Letters of Henry James," selected and edited by Percy Lubbock, we come upon another James, one whom the most fervent Jacobean may have dimly suspected, though could hardly realize as a palpable image. A Henry James in a mood unbuttoned writing large, loose, luminous sentences, amiable, responsive to the remotest suggestion of a friend; a James far removed from our preconceived picture of him as an implacable Bonze of art, a stern Mandarin of letters inhabiting his austere tower of ivory, facing the setting sun, absolutely impervious to the call of the human knocking at the barred door beneath. Henry James had a genius for friendship and the old legend may be now sent to limbo, together with the legend of the impassability of Flaubert and Anatole France. Both these Frenchmen hurried from their towers when they were called upon; the one when his beloved niece Caroline Commanville was in pecuniary trouble—her husband met with ill-luck in business and the author of "Madame Bovary" assigned his entire fortune to him; the other went to the rescue of Dreyfus, went down in the heat and dust of the arena, locking up his tower and throwing the key away forever.

In the case of Henry James the nonsense extant had presented us with the portrait of half clubman, half literary dandy solemnly sipping tea in the company of duchesses. The real Henry James is in his art; the Henry James of the social scene in his letters. Make no mistake about that. He only lived for the art of fiction. To nourish the rich denseness of his medium he plunged the roots into the warmest, fattest social soil, English life. These letters fill in the lacuna between his chiseled pages and the man himself. A thousand shafts of light illumine his characters, even more than the prefaces to the New York edition. He permits himself the luxury of gossiping with his correspondents—W. D. Howells, Paul Bourget, Edith Wharton, Daudet, Edmund Gosse, William James, Robert Louis Stevenson, H. G. Wells, Mrs. Ward among the rest—not only about his own books but also about theirs. The most unflinchingly sincere of critics, he is yet the most lovable. It is not difficult, after reading these truly "human documents," to understand the love he aroused in his friends and relatives, the adoration of his brother and sister, his niece, "Polly," and nephew, young Henry James. He was well-nigh the typical "Uncle" of fiction and footlights, expansive, florid of speech, generous to prodigality. In fine, an opulent but exquisitely sensitive nature.

Another "legend" that goes by the board is the "New England conscience" which still sits like a nightmare in the consciousness of some critics. He was born in New York but his "weltanschauung" is cosmopolitan. He is the first of American cosmopolitans. This quality of temperament lent him acuity when judging his countrymen. He did live in Boston and Cambridge, but his soul couldn't tarry long in the New England atmosphere. It was the clairvoyance of hatred that prompted his New England fiction, which was followed by the usual uncritical lumping of the writer with his writings, confounding James and the puritans—he the least puritanical of men. The same has happened in the case of Mr. Howells. The driver of fat oxen must, of necessity, be fat, according to this jumbling of widely sundered substances. Antipathies are, indeed, reciprocal.

Henry James belonged to the artistocracy of nerves, but he never celebrated the solemn liturgy of the Ego as did Maurice Barrès. His technique in that castle of chimeras, which is great fiction, was essentially Gallic, a technique learned at Paris and in the ateliers of writers whose art was his envy, whose themes went against his finer grain. We see him suffering from veritable seasickness of the soul when he writes of Charles Baudelaire in that early and rather immature volume, "French Poets and Novelists"; perhaps Bourget is right, fear is a form of hatred. As much as he admired Flaubert his reservations were many in the three essays he devoted to the man, a writer to whom he owes some of his own formal excellencies, sense of style, and technical données. And the asperity of his criticism concerning Flaubert grew with the years. (Read "French Poets and Novelists," "Essays in London and Elsewhere," and "Notes on Novelists" for the three Flauberts.) For Zola and the naturalists he had naught but dislike. One forgives him at this juncture, but that he "missed" Baudelaire, as Sainte-Beuve "missed" Balzac and Flaubert, must be set down to the ultra-fastidiousness of the American. It had nothing to do with New England. The sewermen of French fiction jarred his nerves, as did the so-called symbolist group that followed the naturalists, with their cantatas of epileptics and visionaries. He said of Zola: "When you have no taste you have no discretion, which is the conscience of taste, and when you have no discretion you perpetrate books like 'Rome.' "

Physical love as a theme is at once too primitive, simple, and too arrestingly definite; a sensation, not a sentiment.

Possibly for that reason there is no mention of Stendhal either in his books or published correspondence. I discovered by a circuitous route what James thought of Henri Beyle, discovered that he detested the genius from Grenoble because of his coarseness, also because of his lack of style—which was Flaubert's chief ground for disliking him. In a letter from the late John La Farge to me he speaks of meeting Henry James at Rome and of the contemptuous manner in which he alluded to Stendhal, probably to the "Promenades." Why this *arrière-pensée*, which is all the more curious as Taine, Henry James, George Meredith, Paul Bourget, Fromentin, Mérimée, Tolstoi, Maurice Barrès, D'Annunzio, Edith Wharton, and other "moderns" went to the Beyle school of analysis. Tolstoi acknowledged it in a memorable passage. So Bourget, who resurrected this exacerbated and aggressive thinker in the early 'eighties. The complete effacement of Beyle in the writings of Meredith and James is paralleled by Nietzsche's avoidance of all reference to Max Stirner. You would fancy that the author of the most perfect breviary of destruction ever penned, "The Ego and his Own," had not been read by Nietzsche, when in reality that book is the keystone of Nietzsche's house of philosophy. Without Stendhal-Beyle the entire school of analytical fiction would not have existed in its present flowering, though Stendhal himself stemmed from Marivaux, Choderlos de Laclos, and Benjamin Constant.

The appreciation of "La Duchesse Bleue" by James warms the heart cockles of the present reviewer. The author, Paul Bourget, who was not unaffected by James, has never had his due from the English-reading world. The veiled hypocrisy that permits us to swallow the vulgar enormities of Zola because of his humbug "humanitarianism," draws a taut line about the finished art of Bourget, who even if he is frank is always the moralist; not a preacher but a moralist whose morals are implicit. Need I speak of "Cosmopolis," "La Duchesse Bleue," "Le Disciple"—a masterpiece—or "Physiologie de l'Amour moderne"? They were comrades, James and Bourget. The attitude of the American novelist toward the sex-question may be not unknown to our readers. He is said to have remarked casually that he had reached the period in his art when he could say everything. As a matter of fact what he did say of love was so triturated, subtilized in his delicate analytical machine, and then so painted over with his polyphonic prose, that the most audacious, thrilling, or revolutionary idea concerning, not the tender, but the "tough" passion—as William James might have said—would be, for the average reader (if he really exists), as if written in Sanskrit. His adulteries are atmospheric. A collective title for the love-element in the revised edition might be: "Time, Space, and the Other Woman." Henry James possessed the cosmical vision in common with his brother William, inherited, if acquired traits can be transmitted, from their Swedenborgian father. The "two vanities exasperated by their sex," of which Bourget writes in his "Physiologie," is far from the James complex. The early influence of Turgenev persisted longer in his feminine portraits than Flaubert's.

His cultures were richer, more versatile than those of his contemporaries. He is, to use his own telling phrase, one of Balzac's grandsons. He wrote of Turgenev that "he had his reservations and discriminations, and he had, above all, the great back-garden of his Slav imagination, and his Germanic culture, into which the door stood open, and the grandsons of Balzac were not, I think, particularly free to accompany him." But Henry James could, and did accompany him, for he had the Germanic as well as the Gallic culture; Goethe and Heine he speaks of even during the dark days of 1914. He finally found the French circle as narrow, noisy, doctrinaire as Turgenev. He admired the art of Flaubert, de Goncourt, Maupassant, Daudet, but revolted at their particular application of this art to sundry phases of life. Catholic as were his sympathies in the matter of literary art—the province which to him was all life, all imagination—nevertheless he was not a virtuoso of the ugly, like Huysmans for example, and he instinctively avoided the crudities of his French contemporaries. A question of temperament, of tactile sensibility, of sensitive rejections, of the tact of omission, as Walter Pater has it. That is why he finally selected England as a proving-ground for his observation and experimenting in life and fiction. He was compact of imagination.

For him the puritan temperament has a "faintly acrid perfume." Life itself is peopled by "parrots and monkeys, monkeys and parrots." Toward the last when neglected by press and public, his attempts at playwriting a failure, a strain of gentle pessimism steals through his correspondence. But his almost miraculous sense of humor—don't rub your eyes!—and American humor at that, saves him from the spiritual doldrums of so many artistic people. He never posed as genius misunderstood. Particularly in his letters to William James we find him philosophically accepting the situation, making artistic capital of it. His figure in the carpet is the leading-motive that flashed out at intervals throughout the vast symphony of his fiction. Elsewhere I have described it as fiction for the future. "The Wings of the Dove," "The Ambassadors," and "The Golden Bowl" are like the faintly audible tread of destiny behind the arras of life. The reverberations are almost microphonic; it is spiritual string-music, with the crescendo and climax not absent. We must go to other novelists for the roast beef and ale. The Jacobean cuisine is for cultured palates, and most precious is the bouquet of his wine. But characterization and the power of narration inform his every book. To use his own expression, he "never saved for the next book." And humor, his American heritage, the delicate and thrice-delicious humor we vainly look for in Flaubert, de Goncourt and the rest of his famous cénacle—Daudet alone excepted. An ironist, too, yet not a ferocious one. His is the irony of a supersubtle poet.

The editor, Mr. Lubbock, has compassed a dangerous undertaking in his selection and, while he offers many letters which illustrate the social side of his hero, he justly lays stress on the inclusion of literary themes. James is wholly preoccupied with form. The lack of it is the unforgivable sin against the Holy Ghost of art. In his letters to Hugh Walpole he emphasizes the magnitude of the offense. He banishes from the pale of his sympathies two such men as Tolstoi and Dostoyevsky because of their formlessness, and, by the same token, he admits lesser lights because of their devotion to the formal. His limitations but proclaim the master. Thomas Hardy annoys him by reason of his mediocre prose. Kipling at first intrigued his fancy, but his admiration faded as the imperialistic jingo and singer of barracks and barrooms came into view. He achieves the portrait of Walter Pater in a felicitous phrase—and the pages of these volumes are thick with felicities—"faint, pale, embarrassed, exquisite Pater"; and he writes to Gosse that Pater "is not of the little day but of the longer time." George Meredith teases, exasperates him with his wanton humors, his general emptiness in the later novels. (Perhaps the gossip about the relations of James and Meredith is founded on fact, "The Lesson of the Master" is autobiographical.) There was never a genuine rapprochement with Meredith. For H. G. Wells, his extraordinary versatility and vitality, James has a liking, but when in the case of the egregious "Boon" he feels that his friend is merely chattering, he reminds him of art and its responsibilities. His admiration for George Eliot, that great fossil dinosaur of mid-Victorian fiction, with her excess moralic acid, is incomprehensible. He also experiences the "emotion of recognition" for Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose fiction is a combination of pulpit and petticoats that is disheartening. In the case of Edith Wharton, the "dear Edith" of his Letters, he is on firmer ground. The exquisite mosaic art of this gifted woman, above all the splendid soul that shines through the bars of her prose-music, could not but attract Henry James. Wise, witty, communicative is his correspondence with the author of "The Custom of the Country"—to our way of thinking her masterpiece of irony and evocation.

He saw through the hole in the American millstone, social and political. Despite his change of citizenship he remained invincibly American. Rage, horror, indignation, fills the last section of these letters. The war literally killed him. He had gone through the Franco-American conflict, and, while he was hopeful till his death, there lurked in his brain the unacknowledged fear of another 1870 catastrophe. He every now and then gives us portraits of our alleged great men, the political idols of the hour, who crumble like chalk in the blast of his epigrammatic prose. The tardy entrance of the United States into the combat forced him to become a British subject, for he was not the sort of man who compromises with his conscience. And what a sturdy, sincere conscience it was! He conceived his fiction-world as a picture, as an image, rather than an idea. He was a visualist, not an auditive, as the psychiatrists define it. He was tone-deaf. He tells us so, but he had the inner ear for the finest nuances of prose. His third manner is polyphonic, no doubt matured by his habit of dictating. Now, the pen inhibits. In dictation the tempation to digress is irresistible; yet James, notwithstanding the multiple messages he sends along the single wire of prose, never loses the thread of his discourse, though I confess his readers may. Like Robert Browning he made of a perilous method an unbelievable triumph. His prose is literally many-voiced. It contains "second intentions"; in it may be overheard the interior dialogue. In this matter of polyphony he is both a pioneer and the last of his kind.

It is not advisable to make extracts here from these Letters, which bid fair to become a classic in English literature. Their wealth for the student and amateur of literary art is incalculable. And they best serve as an introduction to the life and work of that unique artist and mystic, Henry James, whose chief glory is his imagination.

Amy Lowell
(1874-1925)

Huneker did not, as far as I know, review any other book by Lowell.

He had written a brief notice of the reprinting of Thompson's French Portraits *in* Puck, *75 (July 25, 1914): 8.*

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 79 (February 12, 1916): 10

Amy Lowell is an accomplished poet and technician in *vers libres*, as her volume, "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed," tells us, and anything she writes about her art is necessarily authoritative. Her new volume, "Six French Poets," is an elaborate study of certain men famous in latter-day French literature, though some of them are still strangers to American readers. In 1900 Vance Thompson dealt with these poets in his "French Poets" (not alone as a "pleasant anecdote account," as Miss Lowell puts it, in her preface, but critically, in the best sense of the word) and a later edition was issued by Mitchell Kennerley. But Miss Lowell supplements her keen views by some excellent translations, rather paraphrases, of the poetry. There is also a valuable bibliography. The names of the six poets selected are: Émile Verhaeren, Albert Samain, Remy de Gourmont, Henri de Régnier, Francis Jammes, and Paul Fort. The inclusion of de Gourmont's name may surprise those who are only acquainted with this great thinker, great writer—alas! no longer among the living—as a philosopher, philologist, critic and novelist. Shortly before his death in September, 1915, he sent me, with one of his charming letters, a volume of his verse, elaborate, colored and technically impeccable. He was a cerebral rather than an instinctive poet—as is, for example, the formidable Belgian, Verhaeren; yet there is perfume and a delightful artificiality to be found in his measures. Miss Lowell does justice to the genius of the man, though she balks at the note of eroticism that sings so clearly in many of his pages. The other poets Miss Lowell discusses most competently.

H. L. Mencken
(1880-1956)

Huneker also mentioned Mencken in Puck, *75 (July 4, 1914): 16 (on Mencken's opinion of Strindberg). Most of Mencken's books came out after the spring of 1917 which was the last time Huneker had a regular outlet for reviewing books, especially those not pertaining to music. In his* Letters *there are a number of references to Mencken, though the one passage on him in* Steeplejack *(2:214-215) is surprisingly brief:*

> *Mr. H. L. Mencken, brilliant and individual critic, to whom I owe more than a lakh of metaphorical rupees for his interest in my work, wrote that I hadn't much talent for fiction. And it was the one thing of which I had hoped he would say the reverse; not that I think I have, but when you possess a weakness it is always nice to be coddled. But Mr. Mencken is no coddler. Furthermore, he best liked a little volume of parodies, entitled* Old Fogy, *which first appeared in* Etude.

Mencken wrote the following reviews of Huneker's books: Baltimore Evening Herald, *May 6, 1905, p. 6 (*Iconoclasts*);* Smart Set, *28 (June 1909): 153-154 (*Egoists*); ibid., 41 (October 1913): 153-155 (*The Pathos of Distance*); ibid., 46 (July 1915): 444-447 (*New Cosmopolis*); ibid., 47 (December 1915): 155-156 (*Ivory Apes and Peacocks*); ibid., 52 (May 1917): 396, and 53 (December 1917): 139 (*Unicorns*); ibid., 62 (May 1920): 140 (*Bedouins*); and New York* Evening Post, *September 25, 1920, Literary Review, p. 2, and* Smart Set, *63 (December 1920): 140-142 (*Steeplejack*). Huneker thanked Mencken for an "advance notice" of his novel,* Painted Veils *(*Intimate Letters, *p. 312), but I don't find anything on the book by Mencken in* Smart Set*; perhaps this was simply a blurb sent by Mencken to the publisher, Liveright, for use on the cover, for in an unpublished letter to Liveright, September 10, 1920, Huneker asks him not to print the blurb because it contained "much misinformation as to the aim of the book, which is not Rabelaisian, blasphemous, nor yet a 'loose' improvisation. Don't offend him by telling him this as his kindnesses to me are beyond requittal." But the blurb was apparently printed, after all (see* Intimate Letters, *p. 295).*

In addition to these reviews and the essay on Huneker first published in the New York Evening Mail *on July 21, 1917, p. 12, and reprinted (in a revised version) in Mencken's* A Book of Prefaces *(1917), Mencken also wrote a tribute to Huneker printed the day after the latter's death in the New York* World, *February 10, 1921, p. 11; a long, loving essay, "Huneker: A Memory,"* Century *magazine, 102 (June 1921): 191-197 (reprinted in Mencken's* Prejudices: Third Series *[1922]); and an introduction to* Essays by James Huneker *(1929). By March 23, 1943, Mencken had also written some "recollections" of Huneker which he loaned to Guy S. Métraux, a Yale graduate student (whose correspondence with Mencken and others is now at Yale), and in August of the same year he wrote an account of his interview with Huneker's sister; the interview has survived–Mencken gave me a copy of it–but the manuscript of the "recollections" has disappeared–or is not available for examination.*

It was Mencken who suggested to Mrs. Huneker that her husband's letters–the printable ones–should be published. After the publication in 1922 of the first volume of letters, which contained eighteen to Mencken (one reason, perhaps, why Mencken didn't review the book), Mencken published additional Huneker letters (none to him) in the first issue of the American Mercury *as a kind of preview to the second volume; in this one, thirteen other letters to Mencken were printed. At least twenty-three more are known to have been written, some inserted in the presentation copies of the Huneker books in the Enoch Pratt Library in Baltimore (at least five of which contain cards inscribed to Mencken) and the rest–which I examined when they were still in Mencken's possession–now deposited in the New York Public Library.*

All but two of Mencken's letters to Huneker have vanished, these two (both about Painted Veils*) having been shown by Huneker to John Quinn who preserved copies of them after returning the originals to Huneker. What has happened to all the Mencken originals–and Mencken apparently kept no carbons–is one of the biggest mysteries associated with Huneker who surely would have kept them. In all likelihood they are in the hands of a private collector who bought them from Mrs. Huneker.*

Though it contains no letters to Huneker, The New Mencken Letters *(1977), edited by Carl Bode, does contain a number of references to him. In the most complimentary one Mencken wrote his biographer, Edgar Kemler, on November 11, 1946: "It wouldn't interest me in the slightest to hear that the people of Ohio Wesleyan University had passed a resolution declaring me to be the greatest critic since Aristotle, but when Jim Huneker began to show interest in me I was unquestionably pleased."*

Though accounts of its genesis vary, Europe after 8:15 *was the result of a trip to Europe by Mencken in the spring of 1912 and one by Willard Huntington Wright and George Jean Nathan in 1913. Their accounts of visits to European cities appeared in the* Smart Set *in 1913 and, at Wright's suggestion, were collected in a book. Mencken, whose name appears first on the title page, wrote the essay on Munich, the beginning and the end of the one on London, and the preface; Wright wrote the article on Vienna and most of the one on London; and Nathan wrote the pieces on Paris and Berlin (Walter Crawford, "Willard Huntington Wright: Aesthete and Critic," unpublished M.A. thesis, Columbia University, 1947; Crawford's source was Mencken's statement, quoted–presumably from a letter to Burton Rascoe–in an undated letter from Rascoe to Crawford written in 1947). Huneker himself was in Europe from*

September, 1912, to July, 1913, and again from August to December, 1913. Published about the time of the outbreak of World War I, Europe after 8:15 *was, according to William Manchester, "probably the worst-timed book in publishing history" (*Disturber of the Peace, *p. 72).*

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 76 (October 3, 1914): 8

Anyone who recalls the varied delights of Paris, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, and London before the war—a marking date for twentieth century historians—will read with enjoyment "Europe after 8.15," by a gifted syndicate, operated by H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, and Willard Huntington Wright. However, I wish for the benefit of the general public they had put their initials to their respective articles. For those in the swim it will not be difficult to trace the pen that eloquently describes the beery delights of Munich, or the discreet pleasures of Vienna. I like all the chapters. Paris is admirable, and so London. Prepare to be shocked, a salutary shock, and prepare to be amused. Abandon all boredom ye who read this book!

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 79 (June 10, 1916): 21

Especially for the delectation of music critics is a tiny book: "The Artist: A Drama without Words," by H. L. Mencken, richly satirical in humor. It is a parody on the musical temperament, which should be read by all musical and unmusical people; especially the snobs.

In the following critique, Huneker was probably joshing Mencken by linking him with Matthews, who represented the kind of academic critic Mencken joyfully lambasted. Matthews, moreover, had annoyed Mencken by refusing to sign a protest against the suppression of Dreiser's The "Genius," *just as he later refused to join a committee formed to protest the action brought against James Branch Cabell's* Jurgen *by the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, which Matthews described as "a most useful organization" (*New York Tribune, *September 19, 1920, sec. 7, p. 9).*

"The New York Voice," *New York Times*, May 18, 1919, sec. 4, p. 5

Mr. Henry L. Mencken has demonstrated that there is an American language, and Professor Brander Matthews is in accordance with Brother Mencken. As a matter of history, the Columbia professor has been writing about our native language for the last three decades. It was he who pointed out the fact that in certain shires of England an American, even some English people, would not understand the dialect. Too true. Also true of some districts in the United States. But I am chiefly concerned with the idea that if this American language of Mencken and Matthews (Incorporated) is as faulty as our average speech, then may it perish, and speedily. Why do English actors and actresses invariably give more pleasure to the ear than the speech of our own histrions (with a few notable exceptions)? Because of their purity of diction, the inevitable inflections, the variety in tone, not to speak of the pronunciation. Think of Julia Marlowe or Edith Wynn Matthison.

Though Mencken and Nathan negotiated with various American and European producers, Heliogabalus *was never staged because it was considered too bawdy.*

"With the 'Immortals,' " New York *World*, January 18, 1920, Metropolitan section, p. 4

The man who can make you laugh, not only the laugh that comes with "the emotion of recognition," but also the laugh ventral, is a rare bird at any time. George Bernard Shaw is an example of a writer who titillates the intellect and tickles the risible rib. Now come, not one but two men, with a play, a psychic extravaganza which they tantalizingly call "Heliogabalus: a Buffoonery in Three Acts," and to cap the climax the names of the authors are H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan, a combination warranted to make theatrical managers shudder and the "general public" open its eyes. Funny? I've read nothing so cruelly ironical and side-splitting as this episode in the life of a pure and much vilified potentate. It is in the key Shavian; you think of "Caesar and Cleopatra," or "Androcles and the Lion." But it is true Mencken and Nathan, a hell-broth of wit, humor, fantasy and downright idol-smashing. It reads. Can it be put on the boards? I hope so. I am neither a prophet nor a dramatic critic, so I can't say. I do know that "Heliogabalus" is for me one of the most brilliant farces I've read since Gilbert's or Shaw's; also one of the most wickedly insinuating and provocative. Oh, but the critics! How the worm will turn if the piece ever faces the fire of the footlights! Another historic illusion destroyed. Thanks to the artistic portrait of Hal and George, poor old Heliogabalus becomes as moral a bourgeois as Brigham Young or Bill Bryan.

On October 7, 1920, Huneker wrote Philip Hale, in a passage later deleted from the published letter, that Mencken's criticism of Steeplejack *was "surely the saddest confession of a competent critic I ever read." (Hale himself had reviewed the book in the* Boston Herald, *September 19, 1920, Editorial section, p. 2). In this letter Huneker stated that he had received one from Mencken "yesterday" about the book. ". . . Naturally I'm sorry you don't see [*Steeplejack*]," Huneker wrote Mencken on October 6, 1920, "but what's a book review between pals? . . . I shall have some fun in the* World *next Sunday over your review simply to stop the mouths of condoling friends who seem to think we are at loggerheads" (*Intimate Letters, *pp. 299-300). The following* *critique is what he wrote.*

For Huneker's association with Burton Rascoe and his critique of Rascoe's study of Mencken, which partly occasioned "The Artlessness of Autobiographies," see under Rascoe below.

Shaw published no autobiography before Shaw Gives Himself Away *(1939).*

"The Artlessness of Autobiographies," New York *World*, October 10, 1920, Metropolitan section, p. 5

Of the making of autobiographies there is no end. This might prove a useful text for a modern Ecclesiastes, but the Preacher would be compelled to criticize Leslie Stephen, who wrote that no self-confession is ever dull. Perhaps it may be to the public—but a relief to the confessor. Some one has said that the model autobiography should be written when a young man or a young woman was on the the threshold of life, say at twenty, the period before the world spoils our enthusiasms by lifting the arras of existence and pointing to its seamy side. Marie Bashkirtseff confessed at an early age, although her memoirs were palpably "edited." It would be interesting to read the original, as it would be interesting to read the autobiography of Richard Wagner without the Bayreuth suppressions. However, Nietzsche, to whom Wagner dictated his confessions, has given us the key to several enigmas in the composer's life. The frankest, the most extraordinary autobiography ever written is that of Chevalier Jacques de Seingalt, better known as Casanova. After reading those six wonderful volumes, written in French by this Italian genius, the confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau leave a bad taste in the mouth; at least Casanova was a man, not a morbid, sentimental whimperer. The sentimental romanticism of Rousseau has upset the world, for sentimentality in politics leads to the equality fallacy, and from that to social revolution is but a step. Even the confessions of that artistic bandit Benvenuto Cellini fade in the fierce sunlight of Casanova's sincerity. Nevertheless, I prefer St. Augustine or John Bunyan. The best fiction is autobiography disguised—and all autobiography is fiction.

Anecdotage is the very stuff of which autobiography is composed. To write artistically of one's petty affairs is a rare gift. John Morley proves it in his almost ideal self-biography. Yet I think that Pepys and his diary will outlive him. The chronicling of small beer interests mankind more than the most portentous political histories. Loose, luminous and discursive should be the aim of soul-spilling. Nor is precision a prized quality. Goethe in his "Truth and Poetry" wrote, "Herein nothing is exact; all is truthful." Casanova, Bunyan, Boswell—who used Sam Johnson as a peg upon which to hang a marvellous self-portrait—these are classic autobiographies. Secret memoirs do not come into our purview; they, however, have the additional merit of frankness on subjects not discussed in impolite society. Walt Whitman had the courage of his organs and therefore is an awful warning to Puritans. The memoirs of Duc St. Simon are unimpeachable. Occasionally a woman tells of herself, and her soul is as naked as a cornet solo. She too is a rare apparition. As a rule, women consume their sex-smoke better than men. Recall the Duchess of Newcastle, so much admired by Charles Lamb.

I have longed for the autobiography of Bernard Shaw. Lo! it is soon to appear. Doubtless we shall learn much that is not to be found in the chaste biography of this Irish saint written about ten years ago by Prof. Archibald Henderson. I wish that Henderson would print the report of his own feelings when at his merry task. The story of Ignace Jan Paderewski by his wife is thinly masked autobiography, though written in English by a music critic of Boston. Let us hope that the poetic pianist and patriot may bare to an expectant world the truth about recent Polish politics.

A slender pamphlet entitled "H. L. Mencken" was sent to me on my return from England by the publisher Alfred A. Knopf. . . . [Burton Rascoe] uses as a motto the axiom of my dear old master Remy de Gourmont, "*Pour être un bon critique il faut avoir une forte personalité*," and a strong personality is the chief asset of Henry L. Mencken. He is a destructive, not a constructive, critic; the constructive element will develop with the mellowing age. (The highest type of criticism is imagination, i.e., sympathy, and that is generally absent from militant criticism.) His essential quality is his power of detecting shams and smashing them. He seldom uses a rapier. The battle-axe is his favorite weapon. Sometimes he employs dynamite bombs. On page 9 of this brilliant monograph there are printed a few of his forthright views on America and Americans. He writes to Mr. Rascoe [the ellipses are Huneker's]:

> I am against all theologians, professors, editorial writers, right-thinkers and reformers. I am against patriotism because it demands the acceptance of propositions that are obviously imbecile, e.g., that an American Presbyterian is the equal of Anatole France, Brahms or Ludendorff. I am against democracy for the same reason; it is indistinguishable from lunacy. To me democracy seems wholly founded upon the inferior man's envy of his superior—of the man who is having a better time. That is also the origin of Puritanism. I detest all such things. . . . I detest men who meanly admire mean things, e.g., fellows who think that Roosevelt was a great man. I am tested by the prevailing definitions as a bad American. I do not believe this country has the glorious future that patrioteers talk of. It will probably remain second rate for a long while—a mere milch-cow for England. Most of the American ideals, so called, that I know of seem to me to be idiotic. . . . The sort of country they conjure up would be simply a paradise of bounders, forward-lookers, right-thinkers, all sorts of stupid cowards. I do not believe that civilized life is possible under a democracy. I am an extreme libertarian and I believe in absolutely free speech, especially for Anarchists, Socialists and other such fools. Once those fellows were free to gabble ad lib., democracy would be reduced to an absurdity; the mob would go stark crazy.

It may be noted in passing that similar sentiments were expressed by Emerson, who saw in democracy and its mob rule the ultimate crushing of individuality, the shameful enslaving of the intelligent by the majority, usually imbeciles. Mencken really means Socialism when he writes democracy. Socialism is a prime manifestation of the inferiority-complex. As a matter of fact he is American to the backbone. His literary speech is racy with the national idiom. Mr. Rascoe sees through this particular aperture in the Mencken millstone. He writes: "There is in his work a bellicose extravagance that is peculiarly American, arising to meet a peculiarly American need. Just as I have long thought of Anatole France as probably the only living Socialist, I think of Mr. Mencken as the only living American patriot." Nietzsche was suspected of treason to Prussia because he pierced its cuirass of bourgeois self-satisfaction; here purblind criticism blames him for the war. Poe is another case in point. He dipped his pen in gall and slew the philistines and abominable mediocrities of his time by the hundreds. Mencken is doing the same now. Mr. Rascoe thinks him a poor critic of poetry, possibly because Mencken has too sensitive an ear for the harsh croaking of contemporary American free-verse, so called because it is free from poetry and music. Another brilliant critic, Vincent O'Sullivan, in this same book roundly declares that Mencken

> is the first American critic since Poe. . . . He tests America by America. To say the truth, he treats Columbia rather roughly. . . . If he sometimes takes her on his knee and treats her to a little boisterous fondling, ere long he has her up and hits her a shrewd whack over the shoulders or over the ears. But behind it all one feels there is considerable affection; it is the manner of him who chasteneth because he loveth. [Ellipses Huneker's]

As Hal Mencken "invented" me in his portrait gallery, I know what that capricious "affection" means. Occasionally the worshipper of a wooden god (with clay feet) ups and smites his deity. I say that he "invented" me because it is literally the truth. I never was a chef d'école, a propagandist, a radical, a pioneer, as he so politely said I was in his "Book of Prefaces." If I was among the first to import "poisonous honey" from Europe it was never with the idea that all those foreign writers were to be swallowed whole. I wrote of them because their art appealed to me. But Harry the only Mencken, who has the temperament of the true Crusader, thinks otherwise, and because he finds few of these men in my gossiping autobiography—what a pompously ignoble word! —he hints that I am become a philistine, a bourgeois, and no doubt a backslider from the Church of Holy Anarchy. I may be, but then I did not possess the noble attributes he credited me with. I never preached aught but the beauty of art; I didn't even spell beauty with a big B. Not that I don't love art, but because I love life the more. This is no justification, as I don't take criticism so seriously as I do manslaughter and Prohibition. From the back window of his study in Baltimore, Menck, as his friends call him, surveys the American scene (pace Henry James!) and, observing that an old chap, umbrella in hand, though the day is sunny, is toddling along, dreaming and humming old tunes, at once his wireless buzzes. "George," he cries—meaning, of course, joyous George Jean Nathan—"old Jim is getting sentimental. It must be stopped. He thinks he is a steeplejack, when he is only thirsty. Wire Ben De Casseres or Jack's. I'm sorry, but I'll have to write his obituary. If Stuart Sherman hears of this he will triumph. No more can he speak of the 'Pilsner Trail' on Jim's European map." Mencken is always amusing.

In a memorable passage Henry James wrote that it was dangerous to criticise an author's choice of theme; find fault with his style, method, opinions if you will, but don't challenge his privilege to pick his subject. That is the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost of criticism; especially if the book in question be an autobiography. If I choose to write an anecdotal, not a critical memoir, that is my personal affair. I am being criticised just now because I didn't write another book of criticism, just as I was once told by serious critics to write about Balzac, not Stendhal. But I didn't want to write of Balzac, and I adore Stendhal—or did at the time I wrote "Egoists." Harry Mencken thinks I should have written of certain people. But, Hal, my son, I didn't care to. (You may lead a Prohibitionist to the bar, but you can't make him drink—water.) An autobiography is like a coral reef; the little things count; the most insignificant may prove the turning point in your life. In fact, as Talleyrand said, "All that is exaggerated is insignificant." And then life is not always illogical. Besides, in nearly a score of books I have dealt as well as I could--with more length and breadth than depth, as a certain critic has written—of the "moderns" I liked. Why risk the ennui of repetition?

Brother Mencken demands: "One wonders how and when he first encountered Brahms, Ibsen, Stendhal, Stirner, Nietzsche, Anatole France, Joseffy, August Lũchow, Fremstad, Mary Garden, Maggie Cline." To which I humbly reply:

> "I never met Brahms; I only heard him play—badly. I never saw Ibsen but once at Munich; he didn't know me. I saw Strindberg; I have written of the meeting elsewhere. Stendhal and Stirner were dead when I first went to Europe. I have told in an earlier book of the unfortunate Nietzsche in his sister's house at Ober-Weimar. Anatole France I never spoke to: of Joseffy the two volumes are full. August Lũchow is mentioned more than once. Fremstad is photographed as I first saw her at Bayreuth, 1896, which important event is duly set forth. Maggie Cline is also described, and Mary Garden I am yet to know in the flesh."

So much for the suggestion theory in criticism. One recollects what seems significant in one's life; all the rest is insincerity. The clou of "Steeplejack," as far as the public is interested, are the chapters devoted to Shaw and his letters. They are full of meat, and at the risk of not practising what I preach I might in a friendly spirit ask my critic why he didn't mention them. But a horrid suspicion assails me. I beg of Harry to read the book, since he has so brilliantly reviewed it. In daring to do this I am violating the tenet of criticism: First write your review, then read your book. "Consider your verdict," said the King to the jury—it was the King of Hearts speaking in "Alice in Wonderland." "Not yet, not yet," the Rabbit hastily interrupted. "There's a great deal to come before that!" In this particular instance I am the Rabbit—an Irish not a Welsh Rabbit. Garçon! Make the order two rabbits and two mugs of musty for two thirsty cronies!

Christopher Morley
(1890-1957)

Critic, essayist, poet, novelist, and playwright, Morley conducted the "Parnassus on Wheels" column for the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger *when Huneker was working for the Philadelphia* Press *in 1917-1918, and in 1920 became "The Bowling Green" columnist for the New York* Evening Post. *In an article on Poe and Chopin printed in the* New York Times *on April 20, 1919 (sec. 4, p. 4) and reprinted virtually unchanged as "Poe's Polish Contemporary" in* Bedouins, *Huneker referred to "my friend Christopher Morley (charming writer with a name that recalls spacious Elizabethan times: Kit Morley!)"; there, too, he credited Morley with having located—at least for him—the house, now a Poe museum, at North Seventh Street and Brandywine Alley in Philadelphia in which Poe had lived for a year or less in 1843-1844. (Huneker sent a copy of* Bedouins *to Morley.)*

The latter wrote me on September 2, 1953, that though he "had, and have, the greatest affection and respect" for him, he never met Huneker. He did correspond with him, despte the fact that he found Huneker's handwriting "almost completely illegible." Two letters from Huneker to Morley survive. In the earlier one, dated May 25, 1919, Huneker referred to his article on Poe in which he had maintained, probably incorrectly, that Poe had written "The Gold-Bug" and "The Raven" while living in the above-mentioned house, a statement that Morley had questioned in a letter to him. (According to Thomas Ollive Mabbott, editor of Poe's Collected Works, *"The Gold-Bug" was completed in 1842, when Poe was living elsewhere in Philadelphia, and "The Raven," in its final form, was composed in 1844, though exactly when or where is not known [3:803; 1:357].) He also asked Morley to send him his latest book,* The Rocking Horse, *which he hoped to review. In an undated postcard postmarked October 2, 1919, Huneker thanked Morley for the book, which, he wrote, was "full of charming things; so naive and charming that my two tiny nieces calmly swiped it and recite entire poems from memory." The Beatrice and Vera mentioned in the following critique are the nieces, daughters of his wife's sister.*

Morley's letters to Huneker have disappeared.

In "The Bowling Green" of September 3, 1920, Morley announced the imminent publication of Steeplejack *(p. 6) and in the column on September 28, 1920, he remarked: "After publishing Jim Huneker's autobiography, the Philadelphia* Press *felt that it had nothing further to live for and sold itself to Cy Curtis" (p. 10).*

"Unravelled Edges," New York *World*, May 2, 1920, Metropolitan section, p. 5

Since old Christopher Morley moved his Parnassus on Wheels from Philadelphia to "The Bowling Green" of the Evening Post he has been stirring up our stagnant literary fen. He discovered while sojourning in the city across the river from Camden, N. J., the house in which lived Edgar Allan Poe, a house that a half century ago I used to pass every morning schoolward bound. It still stands on North Seventh Street, and I hope Mr. Morley some day will tell his New York readers about his discovery and also reproduce his picture of the place. I call him old Christopher, but in reality he is Kit the Kid, for his heart is young enough to write verse that children love. Two girl friends of mine, Beatrice and Vera, respectively aged ten and twelve, recite Kit the Morley's charming poems. That's a test, itsn't it?

Harry Thurston Peck
(1856-1914)

Professor of Latin at Columbia University from 1882 to 1910, Peck also edited The Bookman *from 1895 to 1902. Sophisticated and earthy in his tastes, he admired Huneker, at least one of whose books*–Mezzotints in Modern Music–*he reviewed in the New York* Commerical Advertiser, *April 15, 1899, p. 12; the unsigned review of Huneker's* Chopin *published in the same newspaper on April 28, 1900, p. 8, may be Peck's. In all likelihood, he also wrote the one-page biographical sketch of Huneker–the earliest, I believe, to appear–that led off* the Bookman*'s issue of August 1900 (11:501), which contained Lewis M. Isaacs' review of* Chopin. *And a few years later, Peck urged Huneker to reply to Max Beerbohm's unbalanced review of* Iconoclasts *(*Bookman, *22 [September 1905]:4).*

Several years after he wrote the following critique, Huneker praised–in the Musical Courier, *43 (July 24, 1901): 21–the "admirable estimate" of George Moore in Peck's* The Personal Equation *(1898).*

Three letters from Huneker to Peck, written between 1902 and 1904, have survived.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 37 (November 9, 1898): 25

I have read this week with peculiar pleasure, Harry Thurston Peck's translation of Petronius Arbiter's "Trimalchio's Dinner." The book is of especial value to students because of Professor Peck's acute introductory study of prose fiction in Greece and Rome. The late Mr. Arbiter was a realist of a transcendental sort. Zola must feel envious at the sumptuousness of detail indulged in by the worldly Roman novelist. As Professor Peck is an accomplished Latinist, the "Cena Trimalchionis" is paraphrased in more than a scholarly fashion; it has the ring of reality, and, after all, that is the main thing. The best translation is a paraphrase, and here we are confronted with some latter-day idioms that are startling but justifiable. Take a peep into this book at the sweet customs of Roman gentlemen in pursuit of the pace that bloats; also note the debt to Petronius Arbiter, never acknowledged, by Henry Sienkiewicz, the Hall Caine of Poland. Of course I refer to "Quo Vadis," with its cheap, theatrical "properties," a book that cannot be compared to even Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," and a book that is abysses below Flaubert's "Salammbô," below it in style and historical grasp.

Burton Rascoe
(1892-1957)

Huneker began corresponding with Rascoe in 1919, when the latter was literary editor of the Chicago Tribune *and sent Huneker letters and clippings. "What a splendid young pen, bold to audacity, and brilliant, you possess," Huneker wrote Rascoe on May 8, 1919. "Your page is a corker. . . ." (*Intimate Letters, *p. 242). He later wrote him at length about* Painted Veils, *which Rascoe reviewed in the* Chicago Daily News *(December 8, 1920, p. 12). Thirty-four years later Rascoe wrote a preface for a paperback edition of it. He also reviewed* Bedouins *(*Chicago Tribune, *March 6, 1920, p. 11) and* Letters *(*New York Tribune, *October 15, 1922, sec. 5, p. 11).*

In the latter review he upset Mrs. Huneker by announcing that the collection was

> *a decorous selection of letters to men with whom Huneker was not on the most intimate terms or for whom he had a repressive sort of respect. . . . Another volume, to be printed in a limited subscription edition, will contain letters showing another aspect of his personality–the convivial, human, gossipy, anecdotal, erudite "Jim the Penman" known to his beer-drinking friends and admirers.*

Mrs. Huneker sent a letter to the editor of the Tribune *in which she denied that her husband had not been on intimate terms with the correspondents in that volume and pointed out that Rascoe had no authority to announce any future volume of letters (*Tribune, *October 22, 1922, sec 5, p. 9). On October 30, 1922, Rascoe wrote a letter of apology to Frederick James Gregg who had helped Mrs. Huneker edit the letters. But he may have furnished the idea or the motif for the second volume.*

Four letters from Huneker to Rascoe, in addition to the inscribed clipping of his reply to Mencken's review of Steeplejack, *are extant though Rascoe's end of the correspondence is lost. In Huneker's copy of* H. L. Mencken *Rascoe wrote on October 31, 1920: "Au parfait magicien ès lettres américans/à mon très cher et très véneré maître James Huneker for furtive reading of page 13" the first fourteen words of which are an exact copy of part of Baudelaire's* *dedication of* Les Fleurs du Mal *to Gautier except that two hyphens are omitted and "américaines" substituted for "françaises." (On page 13 Rascoe described Huneker as "probably as near an approach to a perfect critic as we have had.") Rascoe never met Huneker, whom he listed first among the men—Symons, Pollard, Vance Thompson, and George Moore were some of the others—who opened his eyes to a "colorful, exotic, fascinating contemporary world" (*Before I Forget, *pp. 156, 363).*

The following critique is an excerpt from Huneker's reply to Mencken's review of Steeplejack, *reproduced above in its entirety except for this passage, which deals with Rascoe rather than Mencken.*

"The Artlessness of Autobiographies," New York *World*, October 10, 1920, Metropolitan section, p. 5

["H. L. Mencken"] contains a most satisfactory study of the young American critic by Burton Rascoe, until recently literary editor of the Chicago Tribune. Mr. Rascoe has never shown a better example of his craftsmanship.

Edgar Saltus

For Huneker's association with Saltus, see above, under Fictionists.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 77 (May 22, 1915): 11

I have often wondered why some enterprising publisher doesn't rescue from second-hand bookstores those two remarkable volumes by Edgar Saltus, "The Philosophy of Disenchantment" (1885), and "The Anatomy of Negation" (1889). The Belford Co., later Belford, Clarke & Co., went out of business, and unless I am mistaken, these studies were not republished. You are lucky to come across them second-hand, as they are always snapped up by bibliophiles. In them, and in his incomparable fashion, Mr. Saltus has distilled a library, and positively makes philosophy as interesting as fiction (is it not in the ultimate analysis the finest fiction?—as are religion and politics). He discusses Schopenhauer and Hartmann—Edouard Von, who had, he says, the longest beard in literature; and in "The Anatomy of Negation" he traces the philosophy of revolt from Kapila and Buddha to the pessimism of yesterday. Nietzsche is a poet rather than a philosopher, but his present vogue need not blind us to the bigger man of the two, his master, Arthur Schopenhauer, a profounder thinker; above all, the possessor of a more synthetic imagination than the unhappy Friedrich Nietzsche (whose alleged Polish ancestry Mr. Wright disposes of in a few words). By all means let us have a new edition of Mr. Saltus' two works, if for nothing else but the pleasure of reading his vivid, rhythmic prose at a period when the majority of philosophical writers are doing their worst with the King's English.

Maurice Thompson
(1844-1901)

Best known for his historical novel, Alice of Old Vincennes *(1900), Thompson was also for years a literary editor on the staff of the* Independent. *In that magazine's issue of August 26, 1897, he had written: "Why is it proof of greater genius to create an impure Madame Bovarie [*sic*] than to create a pure and sweet woman. . . . Criticism ought to be grounded in healthy taste; but is a taste for heroines like Madame Bovarie and Tess and nearly all of Ibsen's and Tolstoi's women, a healthy taste?" (49:5)*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 35 (September 8, 1897): 20

I do enjoy reading Maurice Thompson, of the *Independent*. He has such a broad, cosmopolitan and cultured mind. He never ceases abusing Tolstoi and Flaubert, two of the biggest literary lights of the age; two who see as well as feel, and are never persuaded by the pathetic fallacy. Where is Victor Hugo to-day? Forgotten; while Flaubert's reputation gains every year. Why? Simply because the younger man—a poet, but in prose—builded better than the flamboyant egotist, the builder of the lofty, sonorous rhyme.

Mr. Thompson, being of a churchly cast of mind, thinks that Madame Bovary should have been a good woman and should have died happy. I am no lover of the pallid and obscene in art, but as Flaubert studied Emma Bovary from life, she lived and died as her creator willed her. He could if he had wished made her a pure, a sinless creature, so could Tolstoi have done the same with Anna Karenina, but instead of the superb play of action, the superb working out of the inevitable problems of sin and sorrow in the awful and complicated drama of life, we might have had a monochrome of no special contrast. As Cardinal Newman says: "It is a contradiction in terms to attempt a sinless literature of sinful man." See his "Literature and Life."

Despite what Mr. Thompson may think in his sunny studio in Indiana, life is made up of good and evil, and without one or the other would not be worth the living.

Is there something in the air of Crawfordsville which stabs one's sense of real life?

I notice, too, with pain that he writes: "There are more good, more pure women than there are Madame Bovaries." Admitted, for the artist studies the exceptional as well as the commonplace, but I don't like the way he spells her name. It would have maddened Flaubert.

Vance Thompson
(1863-1925)

Huneker referred to Thompson in the following issues of the Musical Courier*: 32 (February 26, 1896): 23 (Thompson on Nordau); 33 (December 2, 1896): 22; and 37 (September 7, 1898): 17. He also mentioned him in the* New York Times, *May 11, 1913, sec. 5, p. 13 (Thompson and painter Edvard Munch), and in various published and unpublished letters written from 1902 to 1920.*

I have not found any notices of Huneker's books by Thompson, who lived abroad during most of his last twenty-five years. Scribner's intended to quote on the cover of the "next edition" (never issued) of the book the following excerpt about the Huneker Letters *from a letter–now missing–Thompson presumably wrote the publisher: "I was in Paris last week and everyone was talking about the* Letters. . . . *It is a good book, a living book–it brings back the big heart, the loyalty, the courage, the great kindly heart of James Gibbons Huneker; and it places him in the world of ever-living men, as we who loved him are proud to see him placed."*

According to Thompson's friend, the late Warrington Dawson who knew him intimately in France, Thompson destroyed all his papers shortly before his death, of which he had psychic premonition; Huneker's letters were probably among them. Three letters from Thompson to Huneker have survived.

Thompson's French Portraits *is dedicated to Huneker.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 40 (January 3, 1900): 28-29

An audacious, brilliant book!

It is called "French Portraits: Being Appreciations of the Writers of Young France," and it is by a writer who needs no presentation to the readers of the *Musical Courier*. Mr. Vance Thompson, until he left us for Paris, filled many pages in this journal with his poetry, wit, prose and philosophy, and now between covers–charming ones made by Richard G. Badger & Co., Boston–he puts forth in his most valiant and distinguished way–an aristocratic way be it said–his impressions of the new men in French and Belgian literature, the vanguard of the twentieth century. I miss something in this collection: the acute and musical *critiques* of modern Gallic art. I hope they will appear in a later volume.

I call the book audacious because of the freedom of its opinions; not so is criticism conducted in the Land of Log-rolling, a land that stretches from sea to sea. Mr. Thompson slashes the men he hates, and even the men he admires do not always escape a prick of his jeweled poignard.

I call the book brilliant because its maker is the possessor of a style that lifts him to the very front of living prose stylists. It is a picturesque, a high-colored style, glowing with vitality; withal a style that, like dry sherry, has just a faint tang of irony—Mr. Thompson has not lost his irony, and very intellectual and astringent it is. It is a style which appeals primarily to the eye, the painter's, not the harmonist's art. Never would I accuse this young man of rhythmically chanting aloud his sentences after the cadenced manner of Flaubert. His feeling for assonance has no pitfalls for him, his rhythms are large and luminous. But I do suspect him of painting his vowel sounds and so coloring his consonants as to give them strange shapes, his sentences new perspectives.

His soul is the soul of the modern chameleon-critic. Like the waters of the earth, it follows with fluid footsteps its moon, as Walt Whitman might say, and often the theme shines, like the moon, by the reflected light of the parent planet. Vance Thompson has raised criticism to the dignity of a drama, his own naked soul being the protagonist.

In his prefatory note he disclaims being an official critical appraiser. He is but a revealer of his moods while cruising among masterpieces, and some are not masterpieces. "That Milton trilled the letter 'R' and that Shelley wore wool next to his skin, these are the true glosses on their poems," yet this big book is free from small-beer chroniclings. Rather is it the record of a hunter of souls, the trained and subtle man who goes out with a net at midnight and at noon to trip the sleeping and alert souls of men who have said things or thought them. Thus is snared Catulle Mendès, pagan and Wagnerite, and in the quoted poem above his essential spirit is distilled for us as is it later in alembicated prose. Thompson has much to say of Verlaine, the mad, sad, bad Paul, my "Chopin of the gutter," whose faint gray music, like fantastic hoar frost, just outlines itself upon the clear mirror of French verse. The critic knew the poet in the flesh, but he now knows his soul far better. Perhaps the most fascinating of the set is the study—it is a dream-symphony rather than a study—of Maurice Maeterlinck. This is the nearest dive to the heart of the Belgian's mystery I have yet witnessed. And it is a lovely piece of writing. After Mallarmé and his symbolism are intuitively discerned, the Belgian Renascence, with its Camille Lemonnier, Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, Georges Eekhoud—a masterly portrait—Georges Rodenbach, so recently living; Max Elskamp and Fernand Séverin, are admirably pictured. Pierre Louÿs is discussed for the first time in English.

Nothing could be more deliciously ironical than the exposition of Jean Moréas and his personality, nothing more smashing than the body blows dealt Maurice Barrès and the lettered anarchists. Jean Richepin and his conquering shoulders, his interval with Sarah Bernhardt and his "vagrom man" are here, and the New Poetry, the New Criticism are dissected by a New Poet and a New Critic, Mr. Vance Thompson. He has not been quite kind to Stuart Merrill and Francis Vielé-Griffin—both Americans writing French—but the note is never brutal, rather patronizing than otherwise. When Mr. Thompson patronizes he does it with an intellectual monocle, and then his friends grow restive, for his stare is very aggressive. His old *bête noire* is here, the professor with the dandruff on his academic collar and several other pet dislikes of the writer. There are translations scattered throughout, exquisite ones, as in the case of

Marcel Schwob's "Hermès." No one, not even Philip Hale or Arthur Symons, can eviscerate the soul of a poet, forcing it to modulate its original essence into a strange tongue, as does Vance Thompson. He says many witty, many charming, many startling things in the pages of "French Portraits," which book is copiously illustrated, handsomely printed and bound. All the people written about have "arrived." In five years some of them will fill the literary map of France, so they are legitimate objects of study, of curiosity. With each the critic sheds his skin and becomes enveloped in his theme, arguing, praying, expounding, singing and developing it until sometimes the exegesis is so lyrically eloquent, so intellectually sweeping as to quite obliterate the unfortunate subject. This is creative criticism. Catholic, sympathetic, suggestive, subtle and a prose master, Mr. Vance Thompson has in this first book made a critical masterpiece. It is dedicated to a personal enemy of mine.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (December 19, 1914): 8

Vance Thompson is another thinker whose mellow philosophy makes him an inspiring companion. "The Ego Book" is new, a joyous breviary for people tired of the dogmatism of fanatics and other east winds. In an age when multitude rules, when the majority—usually in the wrong—tells us what to eat, drink, wear, what to read, what music to listen to, what pictures to look at, Mr. Thompson's plea for the cultivation of our ego is refreshing as well as timely. It is brief, too brief, this book, but in its few pages he warns us of the duties we owe ourselves, how to love our enemies—thereby getting the better of them—and how to be good to ourselves when dead. There is a strain of mysticism, as well as optimism, in the hard Scotch head of this American writer, but don't seek for the mushy mysticism just now in vogue; you won't find it. Vance Thompson says nothing about being "in tune with the infinite," yet there are intimations of immortality in his last chapter. Above all, there is charm; literary charm, personal charm. A wise witty book is "The Ego Book."

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 78 (December 18, 1915): 12

In a symphonic composition, or music-drama, always there is sounded a preliminary leading-motive, thus acclimating the ear to the succeeding tonal scheme; so I may be pardoned if, at the outset of this little discourse, I employ similar devices, though in bald prose. Here are my leading motives: "Ruth or the Curse of Rum"; "Ten Nights in a Barroom"; "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now, the Clock in the Steeple Strikes One. You Said You Were Coming," et cetera; "The Brewer's Big Horses Can't Roll Over Me"; "Demon Rum," and Vance Thompson's "Drink and Be Sober," "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." Now here is food—and drink—for a dozen articles, a dozen liquid symphonies. Mr. Thompson's little book is powerful but pernicious, as are all half-truths. Furthermore, it surely will be used as a plea by the prohibition party—the most detestable set of politicians that have thus far appeared on the national horizon; detestable, because hypocritical. This doesn't mean that there are no sincere men and women in the movement; these are always to be found where fanaticism holds sway. And drunkenness is ever an evil. But the prohibition leaders are not particularly concerned with drunkards. They are after bigger things. They seek political power and they are playing politics with passionate devotion, employing Demon Rum as the chief issue. In my early days temperance preachers were usually venerable chaps with long white hair and whiskers. They shaved their upper lips, hated art, and paid scant attention to St. Paul's advice to water drinkers. However, they drank hard cider at intervals (*i.e.*, when they could get it). I recall one famous exhorter at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, in what was called a Star Course lecture. He drank water (?) from a caraffe, and as the evening waned he waxed suspiciously noisy. That very night he was locked behind bars with a bad case of delirium tremens. I mention this story as a counterblast to Mr. Thompson's anecdote about the Burgundy-loving convivial gentleman who surprised his family by suddenly exploding at table, spoiling the dinner, the drapery and ending his life. An amazing tale, which would have pleased Dickens—who once wrote a spontaneous combustion story.

The best part of "Drink and Be Sober"—which means, if you can—is the writing thereof. Vance Thompson, I need hardly tell you, is one of the most brilliant among living prose-writers. This book is brilliant, but make no mistake—the mailed fist of the propagandist guides the pen even in the more graceful passages. The pleasures of drinking are seductively set forth. It is good-fellowship that is the chief magnet; then alcohol for alcohol's sake. The author makes the astounding discovery that we drink for the swift exhilaration superinduced by alcohol; only that and nothing more. He derides quality bouquets, vintages, the finer brands of beer, all the romantic atmosphere—of rum. Ah, Vance, you know better! There are Clarets and Burgundies, Moselles and Rhine wines that are better than the doctored stuff in the market here, not to mention the genuine Amber Witch, Urquell Pilsner from Bohemia. To this assertion he would probably counter on me by saying that the better the stuff the more insidious its results are for the drinker—it only leads him further into the sinister and morose swamp of drunkenness. (By the way, beer drinkers are seldom, if ever, hysterical, as this book contends. Absorbers of spirits may become hysterical, not the worshippers of Gambrinus. Hop-juice makes for content; also adipose tissue or diabetic complaints.) There is too much drunkenness, but legislation will never cure it. That is the province of psychotherapy. There are more real results gotten from a pledge given to a priest than all the booming drums of prohibition bands or Billy Humbug mud-gutter panaceas. It is an axiom that prohibition doesn't prohibit. The South and West and East tell the tale and the cowardly excuse of Georgians that the "nigger" must not drink, simply won't wash. What's bad for the black man is equally bad for the "poor white trash." In prohibition Portland, Maine, on one Saturday night I saw more drunkenness than I ever did of a Sunday afternoon in Glasgow, Scotland. Prohibition is hypocritical. Behind it rears the ugly head of Puritanism, which is scotched but not dead in America, our land of Hysteria. You rub your eyes at the wide-sweeping "reforms" agitated by an army of irresponsible cranks, sanctimonious semi-imbeciles,who would prohibit everything —tobacco, meat, vaccination, vivisection, medical advice; yet who have on hand a beautiful lot of degenerate theories, base superstitions—in which religion is mixed with healing (at a reasonable fee)—sterilization, impure purity leagues, crazy cults, pacificism, sloppy sentimentalism, votes for convicts, coddling criminals; in fact, there is a monstrous regiment of men and women knocking at the door of the Capitol, their quack nostrums in hand. The prohibitionist is in the van. But he is now organized politically. Politics, not the old-fashioned emotions of the camp-meeting revivals, is his aim. He is a dangerous menace to our personal freedom. And Mr. Thompson's able book is symptomatic, and pernicious for this reason. Our new slogan is—no gown, no clown shall rule this town. Heaven help the party or the president that succumbs to the voice of the prohibitionists.

In his clever and interesting "Eat and Grow Thin" (1914), Mr. Thompson quotes from an ancient authority: "Gluttony kills more than the sword." He could have added—also more than Demon Rum. The whole truth is that every good thing is dangerous if misused. Food—especially the frying-pan and delicatessen shop of America—kills as many as do the distilleries. Tobacco is dangerous (Goethe never smoked for selfish—also laudable—reasons, well known to medical men.) The electric third rail is as bad as cocaine, if you sit on it. Love has caused as much unhappiness as happiness. The progress of all religions through the ages has been followed by oceans of blood and millions of human corpses. Nietzsche unwisely wrote that Christianity and Alcohol were the greatest foes of civilization. Tea, coffee, dancing are all dangerous. Drunkenness as noted in those nations that have not as yet conquered the fiery furnace, is a symptom of psychical disorder. In a word, drunkenness is a neurosis. Certain European nations have conquered alcohol by canalizing its dangers: they make pure wines and beers, they prohibit such a deadly drug as absinth, and lend to drinking a human, sociable character. France, Germany, Italy and other countries prove this. Russia is on the right road in forbidding vodka to its peasantry. Yet Mr. Thompson, with the shining brow of the neophyte, prints the familiar fiction about armies rushing over Europe bestialized by rum. Apart from the fact that any soldier of any army caught drunk during service would be promptly placed against a wall and shot, this statement is too Jane Addamsesque. No, the present European war is being fought without the aid of Demon Rum. All authorities—not hysterical old women of both sexes—concur as to this truth.

True temperance consists in moderation: the difficult art of holding on and letting go, as Havelock Ellis says. But your prohibitionist will not hear of moderation. Intolerance is the badge of his tribe. He doesn't drink—or can't, possibly being a potential drunkard—*ergo*, you must not! Sumptuary legislation is a baleful thing. If you want a glass of beer and the entire nation to a man says "no," then your personal liberty is infringed upon. I don't insist that the other fellows should not drink water if they wish to; there are many estimable persons who don't drink or smoke. Why can't they let me alone? The plea that alcohol is bad for soul and stomach is an infernal one. If we have free-will let us exercise it. Alcohol is not cocaine—too often the habit of non-drinkers in "dry" zones—and to assert that the moderate drinkers of this year are the drunkards of next year is too absurd to be contradicted; all the world would have been madhouse ere this. With drunkards dies their malady. Acquired traits can't be transmitted, has demonstrated a great biologist. In Archdale Reid's study you will find the entire question treated from a sane viewpoint. Figures lie; and all the evidence against drinking marshaled by Mr. Thompson is worthless. Yet do not think that I am holding a brief for "boozing." Far from it. If you can't drink and keep sober give up drink. That's flat, for notwithstanding the enormous amount of romantic rubbish written about drunken genius, the work of the sane sober genius is profounder. Vance Thompson—whose brilliant writing has always been done on coffee—has written a brave, sincere book, stuffed with the usual errors, but containing one unassailable contention: American spirits, wines and beers are chemically adulterated (also food!). In this he is at one with Dr. Wiley. Here is the true field of the prohibitionist. Let him relinquish his mad dream of "reforming" mankind and purify our alcoholic drinks. That way lies true temperance. Drinking is one of the seven arts. Cultivate it, don't abuse it. Don't be afraid of life. Man is a thirsty animal, but the brewer's big horses will never roll over him if he be but moderate. Nevertheless "Drink and Be Sober" is the most important contributions to the polemics of Demon Rum since the publication of that supreme temperance tract, "L'Assommoir," by Emile Zola.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 79 (June 10, 1916): 12

Some years ago I wrote in Puck that a poet in America is a joke. A great change has since taken place. (It's now the poetry that is the joke.) The poet to-day is omnipresent. The "New Poetry" is arrived. It was already old in Paris twenty-five years [ago] and more; I mean *Vers libres*. Vance Thompson precisely two decades ago, and in "Mlle. New York," wrote free rhymes and rhythms, so it was a pleasure to receive a slender volume of his entitled "Verses" and find therein old favorites. Thompson is essentially a sensitive and subtle poet, even though he does "drop into" "Drink and Be Sober"; "Eat and Grow Thin"—I put on twenty pounds by following its tantalizing menus; and "The Ego Book." His latest prose is "The Carnival of Destiny," a chain of brilliant chapters developed from one theme like some stately fugue. In its pages there is romantic prose that would have pleased Flaubert; for instance "Make the Bed for Attila," or the dramatic "Emperor's Gift"—the latter the stuff from which may be woven exciting drama.

Albert H. Tolman
(1856-1928)

Born in Massachusetts, Tolman was affiliated with the University of Chicago from 1893 to 1925, the last eleven years as professor of English.

"The Pillars of Society," New York *Sun*, April 17, 1904, sec. 3, p. 4

Another commentator upon *Hamlet* has unto us been born. His name is Albert H. Tolman and he is a professor at the University of Chicago. The title of Mr. Tolman's volume is "Two Views About Hamlet." I can recommend it to the busy man as well as to the Shakespearian scholar, for it brought to me, a naturally indolent fellow, a batch of evidence, a collation of critical authorities —in a word, an immense surface travelled over without the preliminary bother of preparing for the journey or, indeed, paying for it. And for the labor saver, the condenser, in these days of wide, shallow excursions, I have the profoundest gratitude.

Barrett Wendell
(1855-1921)

Almost an exact contemporary of Huneker, Wendell was professor of English at Harvard (1880-1917), where he was a favorite among undergraduates because of his elegance and unprofessor-like bawdiness. He was also a pioneer in the teaching of American literature. His death, a day before Huneker's, occasioned a comparison between their careers in the Nation *(112 [February 23, 1921]: 279).*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 35 (December 29, 1897): 50

I have been asked to recommend a work in rhetoric and unhesitatingly name Mr. Barrett Wendell's "English Composition" as being sound, concise, and, above all, written with clearness, force and elegance. I have read many textbooks on style written without that quality. Professor Wendell's work is an admirable exception.

Willard Huntington Wright
(1887-1939)

Wright's later, immensely successful career as "S. S. Van Dine," creator of the Philo Vance detective stories, has overshadowed his earlier, more culturally significant work during the half-dozen years before America entered World War I. During that period he was a literary critic (for the Los Angeles Times, Town Topics, *and the New York* Evening Mail*); drama critic (for* Town Topics*); editor of* Smart Set*; art critic (for the* Forum *and* International Studio*); travel writer; Nietzsche expert; and novelist. He then resembled no American critic as much as Huneker, though his main expertise lay in art rather than music (which, however, he had studied, intending at one time to become a conductor; he wrote modernistic piano pieces and in 1918-19 was music critic as well as art critic for the* San Francisco Bulletin*). Even after he had won fame and fortune with his detective fiction, Wright hoped to produce books on modern literature and modern music to parallel the one on modern painting, but he never did.*

Recommended by Mencken, Wright succeeded Percival Pollard as book-reviewer of Town Topics *in 1910 and became a sub-editor of* Smart Set *at the end of 1911, also on Mencken's recommendation, though he apparently continued living in Los Angeles until 1912. When he met Huneker is uncertain, but since the latter was in Europe from August, 1912, to July 1, 1913, it was probably just before July 31, 1913, the date of Huneker's first letter to Wright in which he mentioned a meeting with Wright and Mencken "the other day." The meeting may have been partly business since the* Smart Set, *under Wright's brilliant (if unpredictable) editorship throughout 1913 -he was one of the first American editors to publish D. H. Lawrence, Joyce, Wedekind, Strindberg, Schnitzler, Artzibashef, D'Annunzio, Ford Madox Ford, and even Max Beerbohm–published two of Huneker's more daring short stories at the end of 1913. The friendship between the two men continued until Huneker's death, though they did not see each other often. The thirteen extant letters from Huneker to Wright cover only the period 1913-1917. (Wright's end of the correspondence has disappeared.)*

In 1917 Huneker gave Wright the original manuscript (now at Yale) of his prose-poem, "In Praise of Unicorns," which serves as the introduction to Unicorns *and which Wright had apparently printed in the literary page he edited then for the New York* Evening Mail *-the page on which Mencken's article on Huneker appeared on July 21, 1917 (p. 12). He also gave Wright several of his books, including* Egoists, Old Fogy, *and* The Pathos of Distance. *At the end of 1917 Wright dedicated his anthology of* The Great Modern French Stories *to Huneker, "who has done more than any other critic in* *making known to America the best literature of modern Europe." Wright probably reviewed Huneker's last books somewhere. After Huneker's death he wrote Maxwell Perkins of Scribner's in 1924 that apart from his personal affection for Hunker he had a very deep feeling of literary gratitude toward him, being, like other writers of the younger generation, under a greater obligation to him than they all realized.*

For Huneker's review of Europe after 8:15, *which Wright coauthored with Mencken and Nathan, see Literature: Critics above, under Mencken. For his critiques of Wright as a novelist and art critic, see above, under Fictionists and below, under Art: Critics, respectively.*

The following critique is part of an entire article on Nietzsche in which Huneker recounted his discovery of Nietzsche's work, his alleged visit to glimpse the insane philosopher in 1896, and his interview in 1904 with Nietzsche's sister. Shortly after What Nietzsche Taught *was published, Wright mentioned it to Huneker, who replied that he would be glad to receive and review it. "I hear it favorably spoken of," he wrote Wright on March 2, 1915, "–at a time when the 'boneheads' (your favorite term!) are mixing Nietzsche with mud." In the* Musical Courier, *Huneker had reviewed Frau Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche's biography of her brother (24 [January 27, 1897]: 16), and in the New York* Sun *he had reviewed Dr. Oscar Levy's new English edition of Nietzsche (June 12, 1910, p. 8). When the latter review was reprinted in* The Pathos of Distance, *Huneker sent a copy of the book to Levy, who thanked him in May 1913, praising his writings on Nietzsche and on William James.*

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 77 (May 22, 1915): 11

Miles of unreviewed books confront me. Life is short, and long is criticism; also tiresome. First on my list is a big volume entitled, "What Nietzsche Taught," and its subtitle might be: "The Quintessence of Nietzscheism," for the author, Willard Huntington Wright, has, within the compass of some three hundred pages, presented us on a silver salver the very pith of Nietzsche's ideas, and prefaced these selections with an informing essay in which he corrects some current misconceptions concerning the great German thinker. The war brought two names into the journalistic limelight, those of Nietzsche and the Belgian poet, Verhaeren. Naturally enough, poor Nietzsche's words were tortured to fit any imbecile theory, and it is this misreading that Mr. Wright has sought to remedy. He lets the man speak for himself in admirably compiled chapters. If you don't know what Nietzsche meant after studying this book, then there is no hope for you. The most illuminating single essay thus far written in English is by Havelock Ellis -in his "Affirmations"; the most concise summing-up of Nietzsche's philosophy is by Grace Neal Dolson -mentioned by Mr. Wright; also H. L. Mencken's comprehensive study [*The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche* (1908)]; and with "What Nietzsche Taught" as a general introduction to the works—the Oscar Levy edition (Macmillan's)—the student will find himself on a firm foundation. The Wright book is published by B. W. Huebsch.

TOPICS

The Arts in America

The first part of the following critique is a close paraphrase, either by Huneker or a reporter, of a speech given by Fuller which was later published in the Bookman, *10 (November 1899): 218-224. Huneker's source is not clear. Since some quotation marks in the account of the speech are missing, I omit the others, printing most of the passage as an indirect quotation.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 42 (February 27, 1901): 25-26

Has America produced any first-rate men of genius besides Poe and Whitman? Musically not. In the art of painting Whistler and Sargent rank high; but they seem to repudiate their native blood. Henry James is our one great prose-master, and Henry B. Fuller, a worker in a more limited field, has given us some exquisite prose. The others, especially the playwrights–!

I recently unearthed portions of an address by Mr. Fuller, who has manfully elected to live in Chicago. His verdict on existing artistic conditions is rather depressing.

To an assemblage of artists at Chicago Henry B. Fuller, one of the most artistic men in the city, delivered an address on the subject "Can We Hope to Have Art in America?" and answered it with a vigorous negative; heredity, environment and the characteristics of the age itself being all arrayed as proofs of the impossibility of American art. Beginning with heredity, Mr. Fuller said that the Anglo-Saxon had always been too chary in his display of emotions. He would not be devoted to general ideas, but insisted on facts, which were the death of art. The racial spirit was relatively undeveloped, and the individual took such preponderance to himself that art was hampered; for the backbone of art is found in form, and that is embodied in types. We Anglo-Saxons are meant to be the rulers and administrators of the world, but we have no ability for art. Our environment also is hostile to art. As Americans we have the climate against our artistic aspirations. We have our business demands, forcing us to money-making, against us. Our social ideals are hindrances. This is the age of waste-paper, or, somewhat differently expressed, of widely diffused intelligence. There is a hand-to-mouth system of intellectual living which makes all intellectual concentration impossible. The motto for most of us is "Sufficient unto the day is the newspaper thereof." Short of any ideal appreciation of art, we are driven to "features"–turrets of tin, sensationalism. We are the great "kid" nation. If we have a national dance, it is St. Vitus's dance. As to the characteristics of the age:

> Discovery and invention have been shoveled in on us too thick. We have indigestion from them. Art ought to be disinterested, but the modern man is too self-conscious, too much of a calculating machine. We don't swing free enough. We talk about loving nature, but we don't. We abuse and throttle nature. All of these characteristics make up our triumphant democracy. It is a sad triumph, a sad democracy. There is no art in it, nor ever will be.

In conclusion Mr. Fuller said he was not blue or depressed. Art was a burden, a trial, a bother, and it was a happy nation where art never penetrated. Art was an artificial need and should not be desired. "Get along without it, and you will be happy."

I fear that there is no answer to this arraignment. A nation that reads the fiction rubbish it does, endures its degrading theatre and its job-lot pictorial art –there are always a few honorable exceptions–cannot have much to say for itself except "We are getting there all the same." Yes, we are, but not in the land of art or beauty. America at the present time is the great mother of queer religions, queer political sects, and the hotbed of crazy fanaticisms. Could any other country have produced and then so long endured a hysterical religious degenerate like Mrs. Nation? We, with our national sense of humor, accepted her as a joke. She is a symptom, not a joke, and some day the disease that drove her like a pustule to the surface will break out in all its fury. Then heaven help our veneer civilization when religious bigots and hysterical haters of beauty get loose. History will repeat itself as in the days of the warring sects of Alexandria. Men and women whom their god bids destroy, with axe or pen, should be confined within padded walls. They are maniacs, and their inspiration is the inspiration of minds unhinged.

We are a half-baked nation after all. The step from rawness to rottenness is without any intervening ripeness. I am so sick of hearing of our superiority in matters mechanical, in the exaltation of body over soul, that I suppose my pendulum is describing the curve pessimistic to-day. It won't last, for as long as one can listen to good music the devil may take the hindmost. I loathe great educational frenzies as much as I loathe snug philistinism. Why educate? Education, as it is now understood, is a thing of shreds and patches. It does not make for true culture, for the softening of the tough outer hide of our mixed humanity. I read without a glow of enthusiasm of Andrew Carnegie's libraries, and wearily wonder what the little billionaire expects to accomplish. One thing he may be assured of–the good books, even if they should be smuggled into these abodes of dullness and mediocrity, will not be read. No one cares to read beautiful books to-day. The one gleam of hope lies in the progress of musical culture. We seem to love good music, and that is a gratifying sign of the times. Indeed our taste for music is so far in advance of our literary and artistic tastes that we may fairly claim to be a musical nation; far more musical than the English, for example. Is there an audience in this city for the drama on as high a plane as our musical audiences? The theatrical syndicate echoes–a Hebrew echo–"No, thanks to God and Charles Frohman!"

I am in the mood nihilistic to-day, and if it were not that I might step on tender corns I would ask where are our American composers, composers fit to stand on their merits as music makers, and not merely as American born men. But I shan't. Life is growing about us like tall grass–as Turgenev was fond of saying– and the material takes precedence. We must eat, drink and be miserable, for to-morrow we may have to work. Again I urge, let his majesty with the horns and hoofs overtake the lagging ones. Our withers are by art unwrung, and the only chase worth the sport is the chase after the greasy dollar.

They love money in Europe, too; that's the reason so many European artists come to America. They scoop up the ducats here and sail away rejoicing. I don't blame them. Americans are "easy"–there is no other word and so long as we are "easy," why, then, let the massacre of the innocents continue.

Anthony Comstock

See, also, under Drama: Topics.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 34 (March 17, 1897): 23

What devilry is the officious Anthony Comstock up to now? He has seized Gabriel d'Annunzio's "Triumph of Death," and proposes suing the publishers, George H. Richmond & Co. It is a subject for national laughter to think of this morbid-minded fellow nosing among the masterpieces and setting up a cry of "obscenity" in a city where the foulest newspapers in the world print prose and pictures of unmentionable kinds. Pray, to what are we coming? A recent visitor here, a Frenchman, in his book speaks of American good humor as the besetting national sin. We allow a man like Comstock, a man who has grown gray in the pursuit of the nasty, to dictate to us our reading matter. We tolerate a millionaire busybody like Elbridge T. Gerry, with a society of his own, to say who shall or shall not go on the boards. Both these men get special legislation, and both these men are virtually dictators, and year after year New York grumbles and groans, but never lifts a finger to fight these foes of public speech and liberty.

Oh, for some public spirited citizen or group of citizens to teach this Comstock to mind his own business! I hope Richmond & Co.–indeed I hope the entire publishing trade of New York–will fight the fellow into obscurity. Things have come to a pretty pass when an illiterate official on the bench presumes to pass judgment on our taste in literature. Remember the laughingstock Paris authorities made of themselves when Flaubert was prosecuted for *Madame Bovary*, a prim Sunday school tale, as Henry James calls it.

So long as decorous English is used, no subject should be impossible for the writer, granting of course his artistic ability and power to handle his theme. If as much care was supervised in the writing of beautiful English as there is in jumping on the choice of theme, the morals of the public would be greatly improved.

As for Comstock, I would have him bound hand and foot and make him listen to readings from the Bible, Shakespeare and the daily newspapers, and then perhaps he might modify his opinion of "The Triumph of Death," a book, I will wager, he never read, and if he attempted to he would not understand it, for it was done into good English by Arthur Hornblow, and I cannot conceive of Comstock and good English in the same class.

Elizabeth B. Grannis (1840-1926) was founder (in 1887) and president of the National Christian League for the Promotion of Purity.

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 35 (September 29, 1897): 24

I am now busily engaged on my new pamphlet, to be entitled "A Counterblast to the Use of Undraped Limbs in Grand Pianos; or, a Page of Crime in a Great Country's History."

This highly entertaining protest will be dedicated to Elizabeth Grannis, Rev. Dr. Comstock and the Springfield *Republican*. It will on account of the delicacy of the subject be written in English.

The New Woman

The following passage prefaced Huneker's review of Robert Grant's Unleavened Bread, *reproduced above, under Fictionists.*

"The Raconteur," *Musical Courier*, 40 (June 13, 1900): 20

That wonderful Congress of Mothers at Milwaukee only confirmed my opinion that the sex is out for other things besides the easy subjugation of mankind. For look you: that subjugation was accomplished when Adam's rib–not his risible one–took on flesh and smiled into his simian eyes. Since then woman has ruled the masculine stomach–poor Professor Chrisman, of Kansas City, only told half the truth–as wife, mother and–mother-in-law. The summer girl had not yet been evolved. She is a later creation and has no place in women's clubs. But she is full of delicate deviltries and must be counted as a dangerous foe of peace. When woman controls the ballot box she will not have made such a distinct advance, for in one way or another she has always controlled the man who made it. She did not meet in Milwaukee to devise plans for the conquest of mankind. That were a task of supererogation. Like Alexander she sighed for more worlds to bring under her yoke and so she is now waging war upon her own sex. It is woman against woman, no longer sex against sex, that is the slogan of the progressive party in petticoats. To place in line the malcontents and the indifferent, above all to draft the womanly woman, the one who loves babies and cooking more than ballots and cackling—this is the mighty object of the New Woman. But don't confound her, please, with the person who wore "pants" twenty-five years ago. The Neo-Female dresses "lovely," despises masculine women and smiles indulgently, nay, lovingly upon the mistakes of men. Let us be thankful, brethren, that matters are not worse, that a pretty woman can boast of brains as well as beauty. To be quite frank with you, I confess that the spectacle of the vulgar, rum-drinking, tobacco-chewing contingent which occupied the New York Academy of Music a few days ago was hardly an inspiring one. Milwaukee, at least, made for culture, aspired to an ideal. And what ideal hath our legislators, both State and national? The question, when the faces of these men be considered, is absolutely a comical one.

It is to be hoped that the entire Milwaukee convention, from Mrs. Lowe and Mrs. Helmuth, will read Robert Grant's "Unleavened Bread."

Puritanism

"Music and Misanthropy," New York *World*, December 5, 1920, Metropolitan section, p. 7

I found this nugget of wisdom in Montesquieu's "Espirit des lois," a masterpiece of world literature: "You may change the laws of a nation, you may attempt to limit its liberty, but you must not seek to destroy a nation's pleasures." Political damnation will be the ultimate doom of the party that is putting the inhabitants of this country into moral straitjackets. Because of a tax on tea America fought for her freedom, yet how light was the paternal yoke of the mother country when compared with our present abject slavery. It was predicted at the time Prohibition came in that worse evils would surely follow. They have followed fast, those same evils, and more are to come. A puritan Sabbath confronts us, and the arts will logically be brought under the ban. Literature in America wears blinders. The human shape, which should be divine, is a crime unless a corset advertisement. It won't be long before music will be indicted as subversive to public morals. It is an outlet of our repressed desires, as the Freudians would say, though the fact was known thousands of years ago. The moral police will play spy on our concert rooms. Geraldine Farrar as Zaza will be immured in a dungeon; Emmy Destinn will be compelled to undergo a hunger cure, and Margaret Matzenauer will be arrested in King

Mark's garden for her personal blandishments and her golden, naked voice. There will be no end of criminal complications before the people finally wake up only to find themselves dragging a ball and chain. Compulsory church going is the particular target aimed at. And this tyranny will never succeed. Heaven protect the reformers when the reaction comes. After the Roundheads the Cavaliers; after the Reformation the Restoration. And to tell the truth both were equally evil. Religion was made for man, not man for religion. A man is worth more than his destiny. The curious thing is that these fanatics can't interpret the lesson of history; the thing that has happened is the thing that again shall happen. But, short sighted, they don't see this because of their frog perspective. America is heading for a theocracy governed by parsons, petticoats and politicians.

Dreams are always true because they occur in life before we dream them. Eternity is Now. The past and the future are crystallized in the moment we call Now. William James has said that no thought-stuff is different from thing-stuff. The idea and its external excitant are identical. Then a Puritan must be as bad as we believe him to be. Even the bare legs of children arouse his wrath. He has said so. Here is a chance for Freudian analysis. All things are impure to the pure-minded. The wave of Puritan vice which is breaking over our unhappy land will soon spend itself. And then—another sort of deluge.

ART

PAINTERS

Clifford Addams
(1876-1942)

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, March 20, 1910, sec. 3, p. 4

Clifford Addams, who calls himself "apprentice to Whistler," is showing a number of his water colors and pastels (of England) at the Clark Gallery, 566 Fifth Avenue. The influence of the master is naturally present, but this does not prevent Mr. Addams from being sufficiently individual. His etchings recall Whistler more than his pastels. His range of subject matter is surprisingly large.

Thomas Anshutz
(1851-1912)

See below under Spring Academy, 1908, No. 1.

Hugo Ballin
(1879-1956)

See below under American Water Color Society Exhibitions, 1907 and 1908.

George Bellows
(1882-1925)

Though Huneker recalled in 1914 that he had predicted "nearly ten years ago" that Bellows would "arrive," I have found no reference by him to the painter before April 25, 1907. He did remark in 1911 that "we are devoted to Mr. Bellows and believe that he will be some day a great painter . . . ."

For other brief critiques of Bellows, see under "The Eight"; Lawson, first critique; American Water Color Society Exhibition, 1908; Spring Academy, 1908, No. 2; Spring Academy, 1911, No. 1 and 2; National Academy, 1912; and Pennsylvania Academy.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 25, 1907, p. 8.

Any notion you may have entertained that you are to patronize a "pupils" show quite vanishes after you stare about you at the gallery of the New York School, Eightieth Street and Broadway. Yet all the men represented were pupils at one time in this thriving and ultra modern institution of pictorial instruction. As William Chase, Robert Henri, Ernest Lawson and other well known practitioners of the gentle art are instructors there is every reason that this present exhibition should be an excellent one. It is. The names [are] George Bellows, Homer Boss, P. H. Bruce, L. T. Dresser, Guy du Bois—the son of the late gifted Henri Pène du Bois—Arnold Friedman, Julius Golz, Jr., C. Prosper Invernizzi, Rockwell Kent, John Koopman, George McKay (deceased), Walter Pach, Carl Sprinchorn, Hannibal Preziosi and G. L. Williams. Several of the above names are already familiar in the art world; both Homer Boss and George Bellows were in the Spring Academy, showing capital pictures. Golz is strong. We recall a Blackwell's Island of his at the Academy and also at the Pennsylvania Academy—which argues well for his future. Bellows has three examples, the Pennsylvania tunnel excavation being the most familiar. Here is a slice of New York keenly observed, keenly transcribed. It is not pretty. Nor is the tunnel at full blast very alluring. When you paint a crab apple don't give us a luscious peach (but the idealists always clamor for the pretty peach). Boss exhibits three portraits. The women are admirable—easy in posture, values justly felt, and unmistakable vitality. The Henri influence is there, but chastened; Boss has a poetic temperament; his silhouettes are firm and graceful. John Koopman's street scene, snow on the ground, coal being dumped, traffic obstructed, would make the heart of a policeman beat faster than normal, the picture is so real. Golz has four exhibits to his credit; a carnival that reveals a color sense and the power of catching movement; and a wet day on the East River—the latter is true Goltzius.

Rockwell Kent's show to better advantage than at Clausen's. The New York gallery is larger and better lighted. His massive style (we once called it "immature," but the types made us say "miniature") and rude grip on sea and sky are not to be mistaken for other men's promptings. Mr. Kent may remember some day that his pictures were not hung at the Academy; but we hope he will forget the fact. He may "arrive" in ten years –or next summer. He is young and talented. "Toiling On the Sea" is a picture in which it is not difficult to decipher the horoscope of Kent. Carl Sprinchorn is a still younger man, a Swede by birth. He too was a storm centre at the recent Academy. You may now see why the authorities did not like his "Ferryboat in Snowstorm." It is because it is a ferryboat in a snowstorm, and not a Venetian sunset; ugly, biting cold, dismal, the waves muddy, the deck awash, the old boat tilting up. In this canvas every canon of academic art is violated by a youth who happened to see things as they are—no wonder the picture got on people's nerves. Why select such a subject? asks the rose water artist. Simply because Sprinchorn watched the moiling, toiling ferry and liked it. Besides, as Henry James once remarked (in an infinitely complicated sentence), never ask a painter why he makes a selection. Such matters are inscrutable to the psychologist. So play ball! Mr. Dresser's portrait of a boy, just a plain street "kid," betrays an eye and a wrist. An enjoyable exhibition, which closes May 4.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, March 12, 1908, p. 6

A few weeks ago the so-called Eight American Painters (one is a Canadian, another semi-French, another Pennsylvania Dutch and one from Boston and Ireland) gave an exhibition at Macbeth's which was pronounced daring, fantastic, revolutionary. Oh, what a mistake we made! Over on Forty-second Street at the Fay Art Galleries, 43-45 West (James Fay, who always carries an umbrella on clear days, has moved from Fourth Avenue to a former clubhouse, as huge as a palace and as dark) there are twelve or fifteen young chaps exhibiting oils and drawings which will make you gasp by their audacity—and artistic incapacity. Luks, Henri, Glackens are simply outdone and parodied. It is a salon of those who wouldn't condescend to be refused, though there are several of the "Refused." Half a dozen of the canvases are old friends and reveal possibilities; half a dozen we have praised in these columns. Julius Golz's "Blackwell's" is a strong bit of city and river scape. It has been shown in New York and Philadelphia. So is George Bellows' "The Big Hole" and a male portrait of his; Carl Sprinchorn and Rockwell Kent are very promising; and George Bellows' drawing "A Knockout" is a startling though brutal slice of life on the East Side. Guy du Bois, the son of the deceased Henri Pène du Bois—a fastidious scholar and writer—has five pictures to his credit. "The Bath" is broadly observed, with a dazzling "spot" of white flesh; the pose and movement are by no means easy to catch. The anecdote labelled "Sweeny's" is too naughty for a young artist to depict. Ah, these realists! Why will they paint blue stockings and red rum? Rockwell Kent's "Croquet Game" is veracious enough. But as a whole the exhibition would give Kenyon Cox the Black Hand. We advise this preceptor and his Fifty-seventh Street flock not to go to James Fay's palace. Even the iron nerves of the *Sun* reporter were temporarily shattered. But there's a lot of cleverness and misdirected energy going to waste, all the same.

Seton Robert Beresford, brother of an English lord, and Anthony J. Drexel, scion of the prominent banking family of Philadelphia, fought in a society boxing bout in Lakewood, New Jersey, on February 11, 1911. It received front-page coverage in the New York Times *six days later.*

"Seen in the World of Art" New York *Sun*, March 5, 1911, sec. 3, p. 4

The muscular painting by George Bellows that appears on this page to-day is well known to art lovers. It was shown here at an exhibition of young art anarchs, then it was hung at the Pennsylvania Academy, after that it became well fixed in the public eye as a study of two fighting gents displaying their skill at a club affair. Messrs. Beresford and Drexel ought to be greatly interested in the composition, which reveals tremendous rhythmic energy as well as anatomical knowledge. Mr. Bellows is a hard hitter on canvas.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (April 18, 1914): 9, 17

I was agreeably disappointed at the Spring Academy, for it displayed the variegated chromatics of the advanced school. The veterans were there, led by E. L. Henry (no relation, artistically or otherwise, of Robert Henri) and his elaborate traceries and rehabilitation of old-time rural life, while Mrs. E. Varian Cockcroft shocked the conservative by her emphatic nudes. I seldom pay any attention to the prize-winners, but George Bellows certainly deserved the Isaac N. Maynard Prize for his full-length portrait of Dr. Wm. Oxley Thompson in the Vanderbilt Gallery. This virile, massive, pyramidal image dominates the exhibition. There is power and there is characterization. Bellows is no longer a coming man; he has "arrived," as I predicted nearly ten years ago that he would. His landscapes always arrest the eye. The Old Guard, once so "modern," now so mellow—Redfield, Schofield, Symons, and Lawson—are not absent. Redfield has a fine nocturnal effect, and Lawson's palette is the richest of contemporary Americans. Harry W. Watrous has painted the problem picture of the year, one that makes you think a lot, and rather unpleasant thoughts, though there is no denying the timely suggestiveness of the composition.

There is the accustomed quota of pretty, inconsequential, and mediocre art. I liked Robert Spencer's "Closing Hour," a canvas of individual merit, and I wondered over the ingenuity of Louis Kronberg's ballet girls with the Degas pose. William M. Chase's big copper kettle and fish is first-class Chase, and Jonas Lie's "Afterglow" (awarded the first Hallgarten prize) is alluring. Paul Manship's sculpture arrests.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (May 23, 1914): 21

May is the last month of picture exhibitions, though several galleries keep open their hospitable doors all summer. Just now at the Montross Gallery there is a special show of pictures by American artists, and at the Macbeth Gallery a group of selected paintings by American painters. Both exhibitions are well worth a visit. I found much to console the eye at Montross'—the Ryders (Albert P.), the Dewings, and two examples by Kenneth Hayes Miller. The landscape, delicate in feeling and technique, by James Preston, reminded me of the progress made by this young painter. A winter scene, by George Bellows—not shown in the main gallery—again emphasized the great gifts of this artist. When I think of a Royal Academy Exhibition, and the tremendous concussion bound to ensue in Burlington House if such a dynamic canvas as this skating picture were to be smuggled in among the feeble, colorless mediocrities—! What joy to read the London papers next day!

Frank W. Benson
(1862-1951)

See under "The Ten."

August Benziger
(1867-1955)

Benziger immigrated to the United States in 1896 and became an American citizen in 1951.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, January 7, 1908, p. 6

The portraits by Mr. A. Benziger at the Knoedler Galleries, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, are eleven in number. They represent President Theodore Roosevelt, Miss and Master Hoster, J. Malcolm Forbes, the well known horseman; Mr. and Mrs. E. L. McClain, President Forrer of Switzerland—Mr. Benziger is Swiss by birth—General T. J. Wood, the late President McKinley—shown here last winter at the Brandus Gallery—Fayette Brown, Miss Elizabeth Reese and another presentment of Mr. Roosevelt. The Forbes portrait and one of the President with that of McKinley are the three which are most admired by Mr. Benziger's admirers. Color is not the forte of this painter, and exception might be takn to the unduly elongated mask of McKinley. But the Rooseveltian pose is unmistakable, and Mr. Forbes is surely "caught."

M. Evergood Blashki
(1871-1939)

Also known as Miles Evergood, Blashki, mainly a landscapist, was the father of Philip Evergood, the better-known contemporary painter. Blashki was, at one time, an illustrator for San Francisco newspapers.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, December 18, 1907, p. 6

Mr. M. Evergood Blashki has solved the problem of giving a public exhibition at his studio without disturbing the private character of a studio reception. He has a dozen or so of his recent works hung at his place in the Atelier Building, 33 West Sixty-seventh street, to which lovers of art are welcome between two and five. So successful has been the appeal of his pictures that this exhibition has been extended until the end of next week. Mr. Blashki has been in New York for the last ten years and his sympathies lie largely with the new tendencies in art. An Australian by birth, with Polish blood in his veins, as may be surmised by his very Sarmatian name, he is an individualist. Last summer he painted both at Nova Scotia and Highland Falls. He has a marked feeling for wood interiors. He loves trees and lovingly delineates them. Without pictorial rhetoric he has expressed a Vergilian calm in the clumps of trees, the unobtrusive vegetation and the immemorial rocks he chooses to depict. Several of his most finished specimens are transcripts of Highland Falls scenery. But not the obvious facile "picturesque" effects. He paints the more intimate bits and with a restricted palette. He recalls Corot in his feathery leafage and cool skies. He shows a set of trees—beginning in winter and devoid of covering; then beginning to sprout green, and finally the full blown specimen. His tones are delicate and suggestive. Mr. Blashki's glass is not large, but it is his own.

Homer Boss
(1882-1956)

See under Bellows, first critique.

Boss was a student of Robert Henri and his associate in the Henri School of Art, which Henri turned over to him in 1912.

Earl H. Brewster
(1878-1957)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 25, 1908, p. 6.

Three ambitious chaps, Earl H. Brewster, Guy Gaylor Clark and Frederick Shaler, are holding an exhibition at the New York School of Art, Broadway and Eightieth Street, until April 29. It is an interesting gathering of seventy-eight pictures and sketches and fairly well balanced as to merit. Brewster's "Moonlight Sonata," certainly not after Beethoven (though we can fancy

Beethoven getting after these three seductive moon struck nymphs with his stick–or note book) was seen in the Academy last year. We admired the atmospheric feeling in his "Gray Harbor" and saw much promise as a colorist in the "Luxembourg Garden" and "Orange Vendor." Mr. Clark's "Pine" (the third of a set) has for sub-title "The Mourner." A sombre figure stands near the black silhouette of the solitary tree. To us it rather recalls Heine's "Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam." There is a marked poetic vein in the Clark canvases and plenty of technical address. Frederick Shaler is the painter of fauns. You think of Franz Stuck or rather of Böcklin before these leaping hairy, lusty brutes. His "Old Orchard Beach" is a warm bit of coloring. These three young artists paint moonlight often with felicitous effect.

Daniel P. Brinley
(1879-1963)

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, March 20, 1910, sec. 3, p. 4

Is D. Putnam Brinley one painter or two? He is fierce, uncompromising at the Photo-Secession show, but at his own exhibition in the Madison Art Gallery, 305 Madison Avenue, he is, if not tame, at least clothed and in his right mind. There is much in his paintings of the four seasons executed in the modern impressionistic manner with cross hatchings, dots, juxtaposition of color blocks and other effects. His color is pleasant and pure, his picture making faculty well developed. His autumnal scenes are in the right mood. The "Hudson in Winter" is very attractive. We wish we had more space to devote to Mr. Brinley, who has both skill and sincerity.

George E. Browne
(1871-1946)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 5, 1907, p. 8

Lower down the avenue, at Knoedler's Galleries, corner of Thirty-fifth Street, George Elmer Browne is holding a special exhibition of twenty pictures, the subjects of which range from France to Holland, from Holland to Spain. The Katwijk Church, a thousand years old, is there, and scenes of Etaples, or the road to Calais–the atmosphere charged with a certain sentiment of loneliness–hay boats in Holland, fishermen gathering kelp, sardine boats, a moonrise, a sandstorm, trees, springtime effects, and a picture of Ronda, Spain. This is a peculiarly interesting picture. The town is perched at the top of a rock which rises sheer to a height of more than two hundred feet. The more precipitous side, scooped out by storms, was selected by Mr. Browne, who painted it from the ravine, occasionally stopping to dodge dead animals and stones that came bowling over the precipice. It seems that the bull fighting arena is situated above, and each time a horse is gored to death the gentle natives push it over into the valley. Not once did the painter hum "The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me," because, as he painted with one hand, he was forced to hold his nose with the other, palette and all. The Valley of the Thousand Smells might be the name of this choice spot. The picture has justified the unusual labor bestowed upon it. It is very bold, and its boldness is softened by the effective light with which it is suffused. Mr. Browne is a versatile artist. He particularly excels in moonlight; consider No. 1, "The Oaks," with its spectral blue tone.

Matilda Browne
(1869-1947)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 25, 1908, p. 6

While Matilda Browne has a picture to her credit in the Knoedler Gallery she is also holding a special exhibition at the Glaenzer Gallery, 33 East Twentieth Street, and until May 5. Naturally it is at Glaenzer's you may appreciate to the full her talent for rendering sheep returning to the fold, or cattle standing on a wintry day by the stacks, or snow melting in the fields or coming showers. Miss Browne has an unfeigned feeling for the simpler aspects of country life, and like Miss Content Johnson she is happy in setting before us in a rich luminous paint sheep and cattle. In one of her pictures, at least, there is a note not unlike that of Horatio Walker.

William M. Chase
(1849-1916)

This leading American exponent of the Munich manner of painting with heavy brush strokes and dark tones was a founder, in 1877, of the Society of American Artists, which fought the policies of the National Academy. After it disbanded and merged with the Academy in 1906, Chase was considered a traditionalist. He became a member of "The Ten" when Twachtman died.

In the second of the following critiques, most of which I have deleted, Huneker repeated, with slight variations, what he said in the first after the opening five sentences. In one interesting change, he substituted the name of A. P. Ryder for Homer Martin at the end of the phrase "poetic like."

See, also, under Sloan and "The Ten."

"William M. Chase; His Retrospective Exhibition," New York *Sun*, January 16, 1910, p. 8

Isn't it taken for granted that William Merritt Chase is not a man of moods but only a brilliant technician, a *beau sabreur* of the brush? Brilliant he is, thought not in the sense of glittering or glowing color, as a walk through the galleries of the National Arts Club (119 East Nineteenth Street) will prove. We call him brilliant because of the general "go" and dash of his performance. There are a dozen of the younger men whose palettes are more scintillating, but the everyday assumption that he is a painter of mere superficies, a clever painter as to handling, ought not to hold water after even a hasty survey of this retrospective exhibition. On the contrary, what first strikes one is the variety of moods set forth; still life is also a mood. Landscape, genre, portraiture and still life are attacked not with brush virtuosity alone, but with a knowledge of the problem involved, a sympathy with the subject, and of course supreme technical ease. Mr. Chase is a temperament, a painting temperament. Uninspired? Yes, by literary motives; but inspired by life itself. In the chess play of criticism it is easy to say what he is not. He is not poetical; he has not the Corot tenderness. He is not a mystic; for him El Greco would be a riddle if he were not so catholic in his artistic sympathies. Nor is he as subtle as Whistler, as synthetic as Sargent. He is an analyst and has the courage of his eyes; that is, he sincerely transposes in his own personal terms his robust vision of the world vouchsafed him, an imaged world in which are definite shapes and tints and rhythms. A painter then, by the grace of God, as our German friends say; also one who has not allowed his native gifts to lie fallow, to grow rusty. He never waited for that happy bolt from the blue called inspiration. He painted every day of his artistic life, therefore the 142 canvases at the National Arts spell a significant lesson for the younger American artists.

When Chase went to Munich he studied under the guidance of Wagner and Piloty, and like Manet in the atelier of Thomas Couture he gave little heed to his preceptors. His temperament did not incline him to any attempt at reproducing the wan allegories of the Kaulbach school, nor yet to dwell long in the bituminous shadows of Piloty. He was, like Chardin, enamored of appearances. What we so loftily classify as still life—as if the greatest portrait or historical piece in the world is aught but still life!—was for him a passion. It may have taken him years to emancipate himself from the artificial methods of Munich, yet by her false idealism he was never entrapped. His early portrait of Duveneck demonstrates that. He saw the world steadily, soberly; a daylight world, full of beautiful adventures in tonalities, silhouettes and fleeting human expression. No, he is not an idealist, Chase, and would probably pooh-pooh the dream world of Arthur Davies and at the same time praise its rich hues. Standing on as solid underpinnings as his own figures, Chase indulges in no illusions regarding himself. He long ago knew what he wanted to do, and he is one of those rare and enviable beings who have accomplished what they set out to perform. Perhaps therein lies his chief limitation. He is a normal man, not impish, fantastic or caprine, and in his smiling meadows there are no flowers of evil.

But he is not a man with a solitary formula, any more than he is a man of a single mood. And this brings us back to our original contention: Chase is a versatile artist. He has ceaselessly experimented. He has submitted his temperament to dangerous influences. Bigger men than he have been swamped in the bath of eclecticism. Following, no matter how reverently, in the footsteps of Velásquez, Sargent and Whistler does not always make for that most precious of all qualities—individuality; but Chase breasted these perils and emerged invincibly himself. And isn't an ounce of his sincerity worth a ton of academic platitudes? Naturally the Chase legend was created by Chase. His vivacity, his delight in astonishing with staccato paradoxes, his hat, his cravat, beard and eyeglasses are survivals of the romantic Whistler days. This same vivacity is sometimes disconcerting when transferred to his canvas and gives the impression of a shallowness that is not an essential trait. He paints swiftly as he thinks swiftly, and there are days when the current brawls through a shallow bed; but such mutations need not concern us now. The triumphs of an artist should be measured, not his failures.

The astounding frankness of our artist is exemplified by his gathering of all sorts and conditions of pictures at this retrospective show. It is in the true sense a backward glance at his achievements. Hung pellmell, the catalogue giving no clue to the birth date of the pictures—which it should have done—we are confronted by a Chase of various periods, and more baffling still a Chase who painted like a little god thirty years ago. That famous "Ready for the Ride," one of the earliest of his important productions, contains as beautiful passages of paint as anything he essayed afterward. But is it *du vrai* Chase? We do not think so. The golden pâte—blond pallor would be a better phrase—the beauty of the hair, the general morbidezza of the skin, the blacks of the habit, the peaked hat, gloves and pose, all suggest older models, a blending of Hals and Van Dyck; the unaffected naturalism of the one, the aristocratic grace of the other. The drawing is that of a master; alone the expressive features foreshadow the later Chase. It is a handsome picture, a stunner, if we may employ studio slang; with the "tone of time," and, let us add, overvarnished.

What then precisely does William M. Chase stand for in the art of to-day? At the risk of tooting the horn patriotic, he is to our notion preeminently an American artist. There is no such thing as an American technique; crisp, bold brush work, clear, brilliant coloring, these are the property of no particular nation in the twentieth century. But a man's vision may be both his own and in a general way that of his native land. Our native temperament is not rich or highly imaginative. Poe, our representative lyric poet, was glacial on the human side; and what could be more frostily cerebral than the crystalline verse of Emerson? Whitman, notwithstanding his turbulent fancies, his invocation of the great god Pan, stirs the nerves more than he warms the heart. Are we really a chilly people? Are we absolutely devoid of ideals, so called? Our literature does not definitely answer; it rather shirks the question. Our painters, however, do answer, and in no uncertain manner. The landscapists are nearly all pantheists, whether sun worshippers like Hassam, mystics like Davies, or poetic like Homer Martin. Our mural decorators are men of force and imagination. Our figure and genre painters, realists as a rule, portray types of American men and women and the happenings of our home life. On the side of the realists it is easy to range Chase.

It would never occur to him to illustrate a line from Ossian or Swinburne.

Painting according to his idea is an affair of energy, observation and beautiful surfaces. Music and moonlight he leaves for the poets of the brush. Not a Peter Prim, nevertheless a Kennebec salmon is to him a salmon, and with what simple intention and peaceful brush he transcribes its glistening wet bulk! He is as humble as a scientist before the scales of a herring, the belly of a skate, the tentacles of a cuttlefish. (He has reproduced the very texture of a small devilfish; you feel, indeed, the tactile values of the writhing arms.) He has painted the veritable portraits of fruit and vegetables and copper stewpans. There is the beauty of what we call "reality," and Chase has never failed to sense it. (Many other "realities" have never attracted his attention. He has his blind side.) In vain we look for high passion, resounding dramatic themes in his pictures. Being an American, he goes to the theatre for his drama, and the newly awakening consciousness of a tiny lovely child is far more entrancing to him than the big drums of the operatic or the amorous. He is too sympathetic with the dear common joys of life to be frigid, remote, objective. He can communicate to us his love of certain lovely aspects of life. The truth is that Chase has been too happy, too successful to be "interesting" in the modern sense of the word. For him moral vivisection has few attractions, and vivisection is demanded nowadays of portrait painters. Alas for the golden glamours of Giorgione!

Yet he has a revelatory brush when he wishes. Look at the Whistler portrait, or first study at the head of Emil Paur, the conductor and composer. Ursus major! you say, as you note the beard, hair, eyelashes, eyebrows, the fur collar of the coat, the strong hands flushed with reddish down. A type and an individual. A man who tells you less of himself here, just because his externals are so pronounced, than in his music or his conducting. The Whistler, all individual, no type—except the genus feline—is a spilling of his mental and physical characteristics that amazes you. Here is psychology, if you will, and by sleight of hand mimicry the entire composition and execution is in the Whistlerian key. We like it better than Boldini's portrait, though it is not so brilliantly diabolic; but it is truer. The catlike, treacherous James, James the supercilious, the vain Jimmie and Jim the dandy are indicated in unerring strokes. That forefinger flexed at the top of the cane, that deadly glare from the eye behind the monocle, the coy "cheeky" advanced foot, the slender waist and waspish expression—did Chase understand the character of his dear friend the sinister and magnetic James McNeill Whistler?

Many of the canvases are hopelessly outmoded in the matter of style and paint. Other days, other ways. His portraits, on the whole, are his best claims upon posterity. His still life, we assume, will always be admired; his landscapes are, we fear, hostages to fortune (and they represent his palette at its clearest, at its most sparkling), his genre pieces show him on his heart side. Several of his interiors are charged with sentiment—not sentimentality. Then he can wave his little wand and give us a studio that is as gemlike as Fortuny. In "Two Sisters" the psychology is thin and splintery; all is prettiness and fashionable favor, though the fabrics are gorgeously depicted. "His First Portrait" is a mood, a maternal mood; while "When One Is Old," with its loose handling and homely pathos, would please the veteran Joseph Israels. And the various portraits of the painter's wife, the portraits of Louis Windmüller, Jay Cooke, Alfred Stieglitz (observe the painting of the eyeglass lens), an "Artist," a noble interpretation; of little Miss Barney, of Dorothy and her sister, of General Webb—you realize that Mr. Chase is one of our greatest portrait painters as well as a connoisseur in fish and in fruit—and those subtle tonal pictures, "Lady With the White Shawl," "The Open Japanese Book," "Hide and Seek," "The Red Kimono," they are Chase to the very edges of the frame. We forgot to say that "The Red Roofs of Haarlem" is a warm color effect; the interest is much better focussed than in some of the larger landscapes.

It may fairly be asserted that William Merritt Chase is an American painter in feeling, choice of theme and artistic attitude. If he had remained abroad like so many of his friends, followers of Gérôme, Bonnat, Bouguereau and the Barbizon men, we should have lost the racy native note, an alert, combative, cheerful note, though not profound or spiritual.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 78 (September 18, 1915): 10, 20-21

That William Merritt Chase was not awarded the grand prize for painting at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, must matter little to a much belaurelled man. Prize or no prize, he is the Dean of American Art, not by reason of his years—for he is as spry a youngster as ever—but because he is our representative painter; in him there is a sum of the qualities we recognize as truly American. Now, this doesn't mean that he is the "best" painter among us; there is no such thing as "best" in art. There is only "different." Alden Weir, president of the Academy; Arthur B. Davies, Childe Hassam, Ernest Lawson—a long list might be shown to prove that Mr. Chase is not a solitary in his calling.

Edwin B. Child
(1868-1937)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 7, 1909, p. 6

Mr. Edwin B. Child is showing six portraits in the Knoedler Galleries—Mr. and Mrs. Lanman Bull, Mrs. W. Lanman Bull, Jr., and Miss Elizabeth Worthing Bull (a smiling tot in white seated in a garden), Mrs. A. von Hünebein and Mrs. Richard F. Outcault. Mr. Child is an agreeable portraitist, with a judicious eye for decorative effect. Nor do his well modelled heads lack character. Mrs. Outcault in a delicate blue is a pretty woman, while Mrs. Hünebein is picturesque is a big hat. The head of Mrs. W. Lanman Bull, Jr., is painted in high relief in a medallion. The show window holds a life size portrait of a handsome young man, a striking piece of painting by Wilhelm Funk. Mr. Burke Roche is the subject and he is posed rather Byronically, his fatigue shirt open at the neck, the clear contours of his head set off by a swirling background in vivid tones.

Across his arm he carries a red coat; sport is in the air, yet the entire spirit of the portrait, a very brilliant one, is eighteenth century.

Alfred Vance Churchill
(1864-1949)

Churchill taught at Grinnell College and Columbia before joining Smith, where he remained for the rest of his life.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, February 9, 1907, p. 8

At the New York School of Art, 2239 Broadway, corner of Eightieth Street, Alfred Vance Churchill is showing until the end of the week eighteen landscapes, the outcome of two years spent at Moret-sur-Loing, France. Mr. Churchhill is a young man of promise. At present he is art instructor in Smith College, Northampton, Mass., but he will not long remain a pedagogue if he is able to paint such excellent pictures. They sometimes betray the traces of other men's influence, natural enough, considering the age of this American. But he has vision of his own, and at times a poetic one. His nocturnes, views of the thrice famous old Moret Bridge, bits of marine, misty effects, rain gusts and sunlight studies, are often temperamental and reveal a dexterous brush. "George Gray Barnard's Studio," in an autumnal landscape at Moret, is effective; and of considerable merit is "Sunlight Late in Spring," with skilfully managed reflections of broken light. This is a picture worth while.

Guy Gayler Clark
(1882-1945)

See under Brewster above.

Paul Cornoyer
(1864-1923)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, January 7, 1907, p. 6

Paul Cornoyer is showing his new work in the Powell Gallery, 983 Sixth Avenue. There are rainy days in Madison Square; Washington Square and the Plaza are seen under varying conditions. It is New York sympathetically appreciated, though sometimes with an approach to sentimentalism. In his pictures devoted to the village of Moret Mr. Cornoyer betrays a leaning toward both Thaulow and the later Dutch. The water of "The Old Mill," for example, has the Thaulow shimmer. This painter is also an impressionist. He has considerable harmonic sense. He sometimes sees with others' eyes, but he will certainly develop a more individual vision. The Plaza picture is full of good painting, even if detail here and there has been overaccentuated. There is a richly tinted study hung high which reveals a more personal note than the more elaborate canvases. Rhythmic vivacity is absent in Cornoyer's work, but there is a compensating repose, and some day we hope there will be more breadth and originality.

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, March 20, 1910, sec. 3, p. 4

Paul Cornoyer continues to advance. His recent work hangs in the Powell Art Gallery, 983 Sixth Avenue, near Fifty-fifth Street. This artist is devoted to aspects of the town, particularly those in the neighborhood of the Plaza. He has painted Fifty-ninth Street looking west or east; he has shown us the big hotels at the corner and under varying conditions. His former somewhat phlegmatic vision and heavy paint have much changed during the last few seasons. Given to precise definitions and a general literalism, Cornoyer has now become more poetic. The envelopment of his subject is more gracious. His gamut of tonalities is wider. The touch is mellowing. "Winter, Fifty-ninth Street" (No. 10) is an agreeable transcription of a joyous bleakness. "The Plaza, After Rain" is a canvas of genuine charm. "Night in Times Square" and the "Bryant Park" are familiar enough, but presented with just the transfiguring atmosphere that robs them of banality. Mr. Cornoyer paints around Provincetown in the blaze of the sun or by moonlight. He also shows a bit of old Chelsea, England, warm in tone. His rendering of snow and sunshine is particularly admirable.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, March 2, 1911, p. 6

Mr. Powell's little "Spring Academy" at his gallery proved a success from the start. He has four canvases apiece from four artists, Messrs. Paul Cornoyer, Hobart Nichols, Orlando Rouland and Frederick J. Mulhaupt. Probably the picture that will most pique public attention is Paul Cornoyer's "A Bit of the Bronx," for it reveals territory that may prove new to the average New York cockney. You might as well be in New Jersey or France, so far as the environment is concerned; nevertheless it is The Bronx, and within calling distance. It is not in the Cornoyer key and is full of good rich paint. His "Washington Arch" in winter time and "Drinking Fountain, Madison Square" are favorites of ours. This painter has New York at the tip of his brush. The "St. Etienne" of Orlando Rouland is richer in tone and feeling than anything we have hitherto seen of his work. Mr. Nichols and Mr. Mulhaupt are up to their accustomed standard.

Arthur B. Davies
(1862-1928)

One of Huneker's favorite painters, Davies had his first one-man show at Macbeth's in 1896 and another one in 1901. Though he exhibited later with "The Eight," his style was romantic rather than realistic. He was, with Whistler, the first American painter on whom Huneker wrote an essay later published in book form; his study of Davies, published originally in the Sun *on June 4, 1908, p. 6, was combined with the passage included below (from the* Sun, *April 15, 1907, p. 6) in a single essay reprinted in* The Pathos of Distance*—an essay that is considered a classic in Davies criticism. As president of the American Painters and Sculptors Society, Davies was a leading figure in the organization of the Armory Show in 1913.*

*Huneker knew Davies personally. "I met Arthur Davies yesterday afternoon at the Renoir Exhibition," he wrote a friend on February 26, 1918, ". . . and I promised to go to his studio . . . and see his new work . . . . He never gives interviews, but we are fellow-Unicorns, and he is partial to me" (*Letters, *pp. 243-244). (In 1906 Davies had painted a picture titled "Unicorns," the title of Huneker's collection published in 1917.)*

Only one of the letters Huneker wrote Davies has survived (in the published version); the others, mislaid when Mrs. Huneker was collecting her husband's letters in the early 1920s, have apparently been lost. (They were not included in the sale of Davies's library held in 1926.) In the extant letter dated May 27, 1908, Huneker told Davies that he had asked his publishers to send Davies copies of his books.

For other critiques of Davies, see under "The Eight"; Sloan; Spring Academy, 1908, No. 2; and National Academy, 1912.

"Special Art Exhibitions," New York *Sun*, March 1, 1907, p. 8

The Engineers' Club, lower down Fifth Avenue, cannot boast—as far as we know—of any members wielding the brush, but it is holding an exhibition of paintings by American artists, twenty-seven in number—the paintings, we mean—that is the very cream of the men present. The art committee, Messrs. Philip T. Dodge, J. R. Andrews, and E. E. Bartlett, expresses its thanks in the catalogue to the artists and owners participating in this choice little feast for the eyes. Several well known dealers, Cottier, Macbeth, Montross, Tooth, are included in this acknowledgement of courtesies extended. Some of the pictures are newly painted, several novel to this city, notably a charming landscape by William Keith, the San Francisco artist who lost all his paintings in last year's calamity and then valiantly set to work and painted beautiful new ones. Mr. Keith is a veteran of many palettes; one recognizes that in his practised touch. He is a tonalist with a large, luminous style. We wish for more of him. A remarkable new picture is by Arthur B. Davies, a gifted poetic painter of high distinction. It is called "Moonbeam," and is a night piece in which is depicted a little girl enveloped in a delicate dim bluish haze—a blue of a ghostly tone—with a river in the distance, upon which pass spectral craft. The moonbeams fleck the legs of the child. But it is the broadening spirit that is the keynote of this singular canvas. The problem seems Whistlerian; but Whistler would have eliminated the color scheme to an incredible evanescence. Mr. Davies permits us to see the solidity of his forms while not sacrificing the nocturnal mystery of the whole. What does it mean? What is the symbol? A little girl alone with the moon, her silhouette in shadow—and what she is thinking of we do not pretend to know. But she is very wonderful in her familiar yet poetic environment. And there is your real poet for you: the man who can transfigure every day surroundings. We strongly advise the painter to name his canvas "Our Little Lady Legs of Moon Street—Nocturne in Dark Blue Flat." Then he will have the lovers of exotic titles at his feet. Titles sometimes rush in where angelic paint fears to tread.

"Around The Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 5, 1907, p. 8

Mr. Macbeth has several new Davies, California landscapes, that make one's pulse beat faster. We recall a certain delicate saffron morning sky—but there will be, there must be, a special Davies exhibition some time, and then we shall let loose the dogs of war. But we may say now that Mr. Davies's artistic advance the last two years has been remarkable.

Charles Harold Davis
(1856-1923)

"Special Art Exhibitions," New York *Sun*, March 1, 1907, p. 8.

Mr. Charles H. Davis is a tonalist who needs no fresh praise at this late day. Suave in harmony, winning in theme, his canvases never fail in an oft neglected quality—that of suggestion. Perhaps Mr. Davis occasionally goes too far in pursuit of the sentimental; yet there is a frankness, a freshness, in his pictorial declarations that save them from imputations of the obvious. His note is his own. At the Macbeth Galleries he displays fifteen landscapes of uncommon evenness in merit. Four were painted in North Wales last summer; the remainder are rich settings of New England scenery, hills, trees, twilight, sunlight and springtime. Nicely discriminated in touch, no one could mistake the Welsh for our native landscape. Conway Hills from Deganwy and a ruin by the sea are both delightful transcripts, in tone convincing, and composed with a discreet freedom. The delicate blues, greens and misty purples in these and in the "Relic of Kings" and "Mountain Fastnesses" are very lucid, and betray the born harmonist. In the New England scenes there is an oak tree with russet tints backed by a soft blue sky, all of which has a sense of autumnal resignation. The "Old Post Road" is very alluring. There is a sense of magic in the harvest moonlight. And there is genuine gold in the "Twilight" (No. 7). Mr. Davis has the reflective sentiment that envisages beauty lingeringly, sympathetically.

Henry Golden Dearth
(1864-1918)

See, also, under National Academy, 1912, below.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 5, 1907, p. 8

At Julius Oehme's, 322 Fifth Avenue, some recent pictures of Henry Golden Dearth are on view. This artist has a pretty color fancy; several of his pictures, "Souvenir of Versailles" especially, betray a close study of Monticelli's piquant and delicious fantasies. Montreuil, Boulogne, are the principal themes of Mr. Dearth. He lives at the former place and has lovingly delineated its picturesque environs. He has a fondness for rich yellow sunsets â la Turner, and does not disdain Thaulow's recipe for making water with broken lights upon it. We preferred Mr. Dearth's more peaceful and sincere pictures, such as "The Poplars," "The Peaceful Hour," and the cattle piece with moonlight and a dark blue sky. The "vermilion moment" is Dearth's ideal.

Joseph de Camp
(1858-1932)

See under "The Ten."

Mathilde de Cordoba
(1871-1942)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 5, 1907, p. 8

Mathilde de Cordoba shows her oils, pastels and water colors at the gallery of Louis Kätz, 308 Columbus Avenue, near Seventy-fifth Street. The portrait of John Burroughs is well worth a visit to the West Side.

Thomas W. Dewing
(1851-1938)

See, also, under "The Ten."

"Special Art Exhibitions," New York *Sun*, March 1, 1907, p. 8

The Montross Gallery is showing a small, select collection of Dewing and Tryon pictures that it is safe to say has not had its equal in interest this season. All new pictures, four are by T. W. Dewing, twenty-one—in oils and pastels—by D. W. Tryon. The Dewings, recently painted (two are the property of Charles L. Freer), are objects of much admiration for the numerous visitors to the Montross Gallery. They are examples of this favorite artist's remarkable virtuosity, all handled with unusual breadth, and are not so light in technique; they also reveal a human quality not always present in the Dewing prodigies of polished paint. Meissonier might have signed the "Mandoline," though it is not in the hard, highly finished style of the microscope-loving Frenchman. It is a girl in a luscious red page's costume, holding her instrument. Her legs are slender, with that curious immature pose of youth—not without suspicion of ingrowing knees. But she is graceful in a maidenly fashion, and she is vital, not a mere study in fabric. "La Comédienne" is the strongly silhouetted full length of a girl with rather emotional features; . . . a buff hued prompt book is in her relaxed hand. Her sensuous mouth and visionary eyes betray the tension of her mind. She has been mentally rehearsing her part in a play. Her gown is a delicious *mélange* of faint yellow; grays and subdued blues are in the color pattern. Her picture is rare in motive and in its enamel-like surface. More exotic, bolder in synthesis, though not easy to describe, is "Monterey," a woman of adorable leanness, attired in an old gold gown and stretched in a low chair. We see her in profile; the background is dark blue. "The Letter" is the more familiar Dewing. A woman writing, her face turned from us; another woman is regarding her. The room is spacious, atmospheric. Without the least technical notation of Japanese, the canvas suggests a Japanese exclusive of all but essentials, a lightness, clearness, quaintness that might, if transposed to a theme purely Japanese, be very germane. Mr. Dewing possesses the Japanese tact of omission. But his vision is Dutch, a Dutch of peculiar elegance. A quartet of admirable pictures, these!

The Tryons have that indefinable quality of feeling that steals over the spectator assisting at some open air function when nature, as if coy, diffidently lifts the curtain obscuring her stage and slowly begins her diurnal performance. And Tryon does not, like so many artists, play the prompter's part. A patient and unobtrusive spectator, he watches, scrutinizes, notes the faint, soundless panorama unrolling before him; sometimes his notes are hasty, vivid; but generally he paints with an *andante* brush, paints thinly, though never meagrely. The soul of the landscape is his concern; its richer, more colored proclamations he leaves to men of robuster vision. Very often his suppressions seem too much like painful renunciations. He seems happier when the current of landscape life is running at its newest, gentlest—early morn or late evening. His "Dawn" (No. 10), is worthy of Corot in its gossamer-like brushwork, dewy harmonies, ineffable touch of morning and vaporous sweetness. It is not Corot, however, in its method of seeing or working. The simile is forced upon us by the poetic feeling so manifest in the American painter's conception of nature. Tryon is always a painter of moods. His afternoons, nights, moonlights, seascapes, winds, twilights are so many testimonies to his reverence and refinement. The pastels are definite, swift, imaginative. We repeat—this exhibition should not be missed by lovers of pictures, for here are two widely varying genres treated by two masters.

Marius de Zayas
(1880-1961)

In 1915 de Zayas founded the Modern Gallery, financed by Walter Arensberg.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, January 6, 1909, p. 6

If you wish to enjoy caricatures of well known people, caricatures that are not offensive and executed with verve and a touch and go style, drop in (or up) at the Photo-Secession Galleries, 291 Fifth Avenue, there to see the charcoals of Mr. Marius de Zayas. He has caught on the wing, at the opera and on the Avenue, such folk as Beatrice Mills, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Howard Cushing, Creighton Webb, John Drew, Alfred Vanderbilt, Frederick Townsend Martin. Among stage players and opera singers and others we smiled at Anna Held, Mimi Aguglia—pinned at the psychological moment in "Malia"; Olga Nethersole, Alla Nazimova, Mary Garden, Caruso, Diamond Jim Brady, a masterpiece; Richard La Gallienne, Tesla. We don't think that Mr. de Zayas was "annoyed" *à la* Greuze by any of this distinguished company, yet—! Effective autochromes by J. N. Laurvik comprise the other half of this enjoyable show.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 77 (May 1, 1915): 20

I have just discovered that I am not a cubist. I had suspected my sincerity for several years, after a course of optical tortures at the Autumn Salon, Paris. But my absolute ignorance was brought home to me the other day in such a manner that the illusion, slight as it was, has quite vanished. I had gone into the Photo-Secession Gallery, at 291 Fifth Avenue, to congratulate Alfred Stieglitz on his latest issue of *Camera Work*, crowded with flattering messages about his splendid propaganda for the new art, and also to admire the charming designs of John Marin. Then my eye fell on a perfectly stunning design of Marius de Zayas. It was planetary in its suggestion; or the basaltic foundation of some new, strange world—the power of evocation through sheer linear patterns. I said this to comrade Alfred, and he mysteriously whispered: "Yes, it's a superb portrait, and we suspect who it is." A portrait! And I thought of a cosmos. I sneaked away. I was not a cubist after all. Lo and behold! in a brilliant publication for March coming from the Photo-Secession, and entitled "291," the secret is divulged. The starry geometrical wonder resolves itself into a portrait of "291, throwing back its forelock"; in a word, the portrait of the only Alfred Stieglitz, as interpreted by the gnomic vision of de Zayas. I'll never dare to look Stieglitz in the face again without blushing at my ignorance.

Paul Dougherty
(1877-1947)

See, also, under Lawson, 1907, below.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, January 24, 1908, p. 6

Paul Dougherty's exhibition at the Macbeth Galleries, 450 Fifth Avenue, will make the veriest desperado of critical ennui open his eyes. There is much to rejoice over in the new work of this young man (he is just 30), the chiefest that his improvement is so marked, and in a department of his art where most needed. Never distinguished in the quality of his paint, his brush work, as broad and as vigorous as ever, is beginning to undergo that change which must come in the evolution of a painter; else mannerism and deterioration. It is the fashion nowadays for young artists of all genres to boast carelessness of style. Our rising school of novelists are not writers—only typewriters. And they are proud of it. They sneer at Flaubert as the young painters sneer at Fortuny, or indeed any man who has an artistic conscience. The veracity of the sketch is all very well; revolutionary Paris is at the present time exhibiting sketches in its mad attempt to match the dishevelled manners of Cézanne and Gauguin, forgetting that much of the work of these two painters was not intended for publication, much less for hanging. It is the misprint in the Beethoven quartet over again—is it Beethoven or Bill Schnautze? Some musicians still play the misprint. And the new boys of Montmartre fall over each other in their endeavor to imitate the grossest of Cézanne's sketches. In this case imitation is not flattery but burlesque.

To be solicitous of one's style does not presuppose the stereotyped. Mr. Dougherty is admirably gifted. If anything, he has too much technical facility.

He is reckless with his riches. Where he does not observe he imagines. His paint is often "painty"—it glistens in fat strokes. And it lacks variety, the gravest of all shortcomings. This we could have said yesterday of Mr. Dougherty. But not to-day—that is, not of all the work now shown in the Macbeth Galleries. Swift and solid as ever, his gamut of tones is wider, the tonal quality is clearer, less opaque, less harsh. We must remember that the prose of a man who narrates things epical or describes elemental things cannot be so tender, tame or attenuated as that of an aquarellist. This painter paints combats; but the combatants are not humans, but sea and air and earth. His imagination is taut in its effort to translate into the terms of his art the dynamic energy of a big black wave sweeping to a pyramidal crest to meet its match in a fierce buffet of wind which lops off its liquid turret and lays low its rhythmic pride. Or that granite faced fortress on the coast of Maine, with the marshalled attack of the ocean which comes rolling in, a serried mass of breakers, meeting an ineluctable resistance from the immemorial cliffs. Then the spent waves sidle and retreat down the sloping rocks in sullen defeat. Elemental is the precise word that describes this "Onrush" which faces you on your entrance to the gallery. That it was sold the first day of the exhibition, last Monday, proves that there are lovers of art naked, unashamed and powerful. The canvas reveals personal style. There is a fine clash of tonalities, a battle of the greens, while around a corner of the haughty cliff comes a ray of light, a little pallid, sinister, even abashed. This theme handled with less imagination and reserve—despite its swirl and splendor—could easily become strained and melodramatic in other hands. But Mr. Dougherty has rhythmical repose and a mastery of composition. He knows the art of focussing the interest.

There are twenty pictures in the show, a half dozen of them sketches—stirring little sketches, painted some of them in a half hour and betraying that feeling for weight, resistance, sweep which are the foundational excellences of Paul Doughterty's art. He narrowly escapes the sentimental in several of his canvases. His sunlit skies are a trifle too creamy, his blacks and browns too oily and sensuous. Yet what a romantic note he sounds in "The Crow's Nest"! What a suggestion of Norwegian fjords—without Ibsen harps—there is in that "Moonlit Cove"! "Along the Beach" was painted up in Sweden. It has a bright, impressionistic effect, with its high key, its white clouds, its hatch of hues. Perhaps it marks the modulation in the art of this young man to newer fields. He won't stay all his days up on that stern ironbound coast of Maine. He is sure to tire of spray and the mysterious charm of emerald waters. With the exception of a few tiny spots, one depicting a child in a sketch, no humanity is visible in all these austere canvases. But a marinist is not of necessity a pessimist.

Dougherty, on the contrary, is a virile optimist. Life is worth living in his outdoor pictures. Let us enjoy them without wishing him anybody else but himself.

H. Anthony Dyer
(1872-1943)

"Robert Henri & Others," New York *Sun*, January 21, 1907, p. 6

Every year Mr. H. Anthony Dyer goes to France and Holland and returns home with a batch of pleasing watercolors. Mr. Dyer, who stems from the good old Dyer stock of Rhode Island, is showing thirty-six of his pictures at Knoedler's. He loves watercolor for the sake of the graceful if somewhat shallow medium. One of the best of the set is not in the catalogue; it is a bit of open country with some trees and a well rendered sky. The marine sketches, "At the Quay; Trouville," "The Two Mills; Voorburg, Holland," and "In the Tideway, Katwyk, Holland," are the more notable of this choice little collection, which reveals a distinct improvement over last year's exhibit in the same galleries. Mr. Dyer apparently produces without much effort. He should essay oils.

Thomas Eakins
(1844-1916)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, January 10, 1907, p. 8

Artist Thomas Eakins writes to the *Sun* to say that the subject of his life size portrait at the Academy exhibition is Mrs. Frismuth, the lady who made the donation of a large musical instrument collection to the University of Pennsylvania. In the *Sun*'s review of this picture it was conceded that Mr. Eakins had represented musical instruments, though the statement was the result of an archaeological study of which we were proud at the time. As a matter of fact Mr. Eakins has depicted the donor of these instruments in a manner which absolutely precludes her right hand knowing what she may do with her left. Thus are a scriptural injunction, art and philanthropy in pleasing commingleme nt.

"The Eight"

In the first of the following critiques, Huneker anticipated "The Eight's" show of the following season, an outgrowth of a disagreement between Robert Henri and the Hanging Committee of the National Academy as to which pictures should be shown. Huneker mentioned here four of the eight painters who later *banded together. Sloan described the February 9, 1908, article as "a fine support of the work" (*John Sloan's New York Scene*, p. 194).*

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, February 14, 1907, p. 8

Already the circulars are out for the Spring Academy, to be held from March 16 to April 20. The hanging committee is to be: C. Y. Turner, F. W. Kost, Francis C. Jones, Louis Loeb and Fred G. R. Roth. The jury of selection offers a list of well known names: Herbert Adams, J. W. Alexander, E. H. Blashfield, Emil Carlson, W. M. Chase, C. T. Chapman, Kenyon Cox, Elliot Daingerfield, F. Luis Mora, Frederick Dielman, Ben. Foster, Robert Henri, W. H. Howe, Samuel Isham, H. Bolton Jones, W. S. Kendall, Frederick W. Kost, Will H. Low, G. H. Maynard, F. D. Millet, J. F. Murphy, Leonard Ochtman, E. H. Potthast, William T. Smedley, H. B. Snell, C. Y. Turner and Irving R. Wiles.

After we awoke on reading these names we remembered the end of our dream. It was thus: Ernest Lawson, Glackens, George Luks, Arthur B. Davies, Jerome Myers, Paul Doughtery—and then came another awakening. These men are on the committee for To-morrow. And To-morrow always comes in art, though not in time. We impatiently await To-morrow.

Millions for books, millions for colleges, millions to the right of us, millions to the left of us, but not one penny for pictures! A university should be endowed for the education and conservation of taste in matters aesthetic. Let the necessities of life and of the schools take care of themselves; we clamor for the luxuries. And art is yet to be acclimated in America.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, May 24, 1907, p. 8

There need be no particular significance attached to the announcement of the "Eight"—Arthur Davies, Robert Henri, William Glackens, Ernest Lawson, George Luks, Maurice Prendergast, John Sloan and Everett Shinn. It is not a "new Salon," nor is it a "Salon of the Refused." Most of these men have exhibited at the Academy, and doubtless will be seen there again. Like the "Ten American Painters," the "Eight" mean to enjoy the distinction of a special exhibition—nothing more. As to "rebellion," their work is the only rebellious thing about them. Of course, Robert Henri is the commanding spirit, inasmuch as he took the initial step by protesting against academic methods. But let us gently discredit the wild tales of secessionists that are rife. The above named painters have little in common except a general disgust with the Academy. No two are alike in styles or ideals. They are, however, modern in the choice of subjects and several are uncompromising impressionists. An authority on matters artistic in Paris has declared that the minor exhibitions in that city are undermining slowly, yet none the less surely, the special salons. If this be the case then the "Eight" and the "Ten" in New York may do pioneer work after all.

"Eight Painters: First Article," New York *Sun*, February 9, 1908, p. 8

Eight painters are showing pictures at the Macbeth Galleries, 450 Fifth Avenue, until February 15. Their names are Arthur B. Davies, William J. Glackens, Robert Henri, Ernest Lawson, George Luks, Maurice B. Prendergast, Everett Shinn and John Sloan. With the exception of Prendergast, who hails from Boston, they are residents of New York. Not gathered together as rebels, for several are members and associate members of the Academy. Nor is this exhibition a protest against academic traditions, a salon of the unhung. Without exception, every man of the group is known to picture lovers at current exhibitions, even at the Academy. This preamble merely to clear the air of cant and sensationalism; there is no more deadly cant than the pose of persecution, of genius unappreciated. Furthermore, while several of these men have been refused at the Academy there are thousands who keep them company. An unfortunate impression is abroad that the eight painters are a howling band of Indians thirsting for scalps of academicians; like that noisy crowd so unerringly portrayed by Zola in "His Masterpiece." Nothing could be further from the truth. Nor are they like the "Ten American Painters" welded into a permanent association. The eight are not incorporated; this may be the last foregathering. Not one is like another in the expression of his talent. Individualists all, they differ in their work as well as in technical methods. To call them impressionists would be a misnomer, though strictly speaking any artist is an impressionist or he is not worth his salt; even the oldest conventions are impressions. Davies is a poet, a visionary, and like all true mystics he is able to render his dreams in terms of the concrete. Luks is a realist but paints more like a modern German or Dutchman than a modern Frenchman. He does not often indulge in broken brush work after the manner of the division of tones men. In a gallery full of Dutch masterpieces his "Pet Goose" or "Spielers" and "Pawnbroker's Daughter" would hold their own. He has the "tone of time" in certain of his canvases, such a harmonious and subtle comminglement of colors—mind you, in a low scale—that you exclaim: "Hugo Ballin may be the 'young old master,' but Luks is the old young master."

If this present exhibition were purely an impressionist one Willard Metcalf and Childe Hassam should have been included. (We ignore entirely at this point the ejaculations of Montross and Macbeth.) But it is not entirely impressionistic. Lawson, Prendergast, strictly speaking, are impressionists. Henri is not, nor is Glackens nor Sloan. Disparate as are their aims and execution, one thing binds them together—an absolute sincerity. With the solitary exception of Davies, they are painters of contemporary life in its varying phases. Lawson, a sensitive pantheist, a sun and air worshipper, paints the upper Hudson and Harlem River districts. Glackens and Sloan, apart from their portraiture, are devoted to the East and West Sides. Shinn, a brilliant chap, depicts the life of the theatre, circus and ballet; while Luks, the most versatile of the group, will paint any surface that interests his vastly retentive vision. Henri, as we once hinted, has, despite his fresh, dashing brush work, his breadth of style and vigor of attack, something of the classic. He is less an innovator, less a revolutionist, than the others; while Prendergast, with the delicate art of the Celt and a nimble touch, is really a neo-impressionist. He employs the *taches* according to the new men of the Independent Salons. His little panels are cunning mosaics, flowerlike arabesques, delightfully decorative. What, then, the formula that will describe these mutually exclusive tendencies? How classify them? As the sailor says in the play: "Here are my arms, here is my manly bosom, but where's my Mary?"

Now the "Mary" may be found in a singularly felicitous phrase of Royal Cortissoz, who in writing of this show wound up with the advice that its painters "go forth into the living, breathing world with no thought of anything save the straightforward portrayal of visible things." And it is precisely this very thing seven out of the eight have already done, for Arthur Davies usually paints out of time, out of space. Straightforward portrayal of visible things! The straightforward prose of Mr. Cortissoz has hit the critical bull's-eye. Believing that character, too, is beauty, seven of these painters have sought for it in the highways and byways of New York. They are realists inasmuch as they paint what they see, let it be ugly, sordid or commonplace. Luks, Sloan, Glackens, born illustrators, are realists, as are Gorky, the late Frank Norris in "McTeague" and Theodore Dreiser in "Sister Carrie," though very often in sheer artistry superior. But they are not afraid of coal holes, wharf rats, street brats, the teeming East Side and the two rivers. They invest the commonest attitudes and gestures of life with the dignity of earnest art. Just now the byword of reproach is "pose." But if these men posed, why should they devote their days to an unprofitable form of art? They could easily paint the pretty stuff that sells so well; there isn't one who is not a skilled draughtsman, and at least two can give cards and spades to any academician in America. As for color, if you have not the color sense then don't criticise Lawson or Luks. No, there is wholesale sincerity displayed, and the resolution to fight out a desperate battle; for the assertion of a personality in art is always a cruel conflict.

Technically, some of these painters stem from France. Is that a sin? In former days our painters imitated English models; then came the Düsseldorf and Munich crops. When the 1830 phalanx, the Barbizon group, made their influence felt our landscapists betrayed the impact of the new vision, the new technique. Our younger men are just as progressive as were their fathers and grandfathers. Every new generation uses as a spring board for its achievements the previous one. They have a lot to put on canvas, new sights that only America can show. What matter their tools? They have individuality enough—and here we do not refer exclusively to these particular eight painters but to all the modern young men who have refused to see through the studio spectacles of their predecessors. They make mistakes. They experiment; all art is a ceaseless experimenting. They are often raw, crude, harsh. But they deal in actualities. They paint their present environment—the only real historical school—and they do this with a modern technique. Manet, Goya, Renoir, Monet, Pissarro, Toulouse-Lautrec, Degas, Whistler, may be detected in the technical procedures of seven out of the eight painters, but half a century ago native born American artists were imitating men of lesser originality. The question at issue is whether these eight men have anything new to say. They stand and fall by the answer to that question. They deserve our sympathy, but they ask innings of no one.

And now the writer must make a confession. He has been a frequent visitor at the Paris Autumn Salons of the Independents, and compared with the performances in paint he has witnessed there this show at Macbeth's is one decidedly reactionary. The truth is that New York in the matter of art is provincial. We see sometimes, of course, the modern masterpieces; occasionally a great French or Russian fiction is translated or rumors of new Italian and German poets and playwrights reach us. But we still adhere to the outworn conventions of obscurantist English fiction and drama and quote with a moral smack of the lips "poisonous honey from France." In music alone New York hears the new and the old worth while. It was in 1885 or thereabout that Messrs. Durand-Ruel gave an exhibition of Monet, Sisley, Pissarro and other now classic impressionists. Great was the wail that arose. Purple with suppressed laughter, polite persons groped their way out into the avenue. It was too much. Nowadays we shake our grizzled locks over the extravagances of the youngsters who depart so widely from the sound academic workmanship of Manet—who, as George Moore says, was not an original, but a marvellous manipulator of paint; Monet, serene, golden; Pissarro, Sisley and others of the 1867 set. Degas never belonged to them. He is a master of the line, a legitimate follower of Ingres. Any young painter recently returned from Paris or Munich—the Munich of the secessionists—would call the exhibition of the eight painters very interesting but far from revolutionary. If some of us sit up now aghast, what will happen to our nerves when Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh appear?

Therefore let us be catholic. Let us try to shift the focus whenever a new personality swims into our ken. Let us study each man according to his temperament and not ask ourselves whether he chimes in with other men's music. This giving of marks in schoolmaster fashion should have become obsolete centuries ago. To miss modern art is to miss all the thrill and excitement that our present life holds. It is not every one who can truthfully enjoy Correggio and Manet, Botticelli and Homer Martin. But don't we wish we could! Ready made admiration, as George Saintsbury pointed out in his essay on Baudelaire, is fatal to young minds. Nevertheless we should cultivate a broader comprehension of schools, styles and personalities. You will not at first grasp the subtle harmonies of Arthur Davies, while George Luks's macaws will stab you in the optic nerve. And that leads us to an admission. When fairly within the Macbeth Galleries you are appalled by the clashing dissonances, by the jangling and booming of eight differently tuned orchestras. These galleries are rather intimate. There is a muscularity and outdoor atmosphere in many of the canvases -none of them suggests studio lighting—that seems to demand a ten acre field. Mr. Macbeth did not hang the pictures. If he had we might have been spared some noisy contrasts, some glaring spots. All publishers know through painful experience that authors are the poorest and most expensive proofreaders of their own manuscripts. It is a pity that this fact is not borne in on painters, who seldom display a sense of the apt and decorative when hanging their own work. As is customary, the men in this exhibition cast lots for corners —valiant pugilists of paint!—and proceeded to group their compositions. Lawson was lucky. His four pictures are four different chords of color. The tones modulate deliciously from one to the other. But Maurice Prendergast kills his charming and joyous transcripts of St. Malo, of child life in gay little parks by the sparkling seaside, by hanging in juxtaposition sixteen of them. They are, thus grouped, whirling arabesques that tax the eye.

The "Hon. James M.," passingly mentioned in the following critique, was James Benedict Moore, lawyer, man-about-town, and owner of New York's Café Francis, a favorite resort of artists. A close friend of William Glackens, he was a patron of painters and writers. Edwin Arlington Robinson lived in an upstairs room in Moore's home from April 1901 to the fall of 1906. The "Hon." suggests that Huneker knew him. The "young art critic" in the Mouquin picture was Huneker's friend, Charles FitzGerald of the New York Evening Sun. *Huneker reported the Café Francis's closing (New York* Sun, *May 2, 1908, p. 6).*

"Eight Painters: Second Article," New York *Sun*, February 10, 1908, p. 6

At the exhibition of the Eight Painters at the Macbeth Galleries Henri's lifelike "Laughing Child" faces you as you enter. It is superb paint, as is the "Dutch Soldier." Power is there, masculine and not the mere brush work of an artistic artisan. Such relief, such crisp touches, such planes. We wish for more of Henri's landscapes and seascapes. His touch is so bold and original when he builds up those rugged coasts and rhythmic waves. When it comes to the rendering of certain flesh tones and textures he is past master. A painter of robust talent, not a poet nor yet a profound psychologist, Luks has shown to greater advantage, but he can't forever rest on his oars because he has the "Spielers" and "Pawnbroker's Daughter" to his credit. There is fine quality in his "Pet Goose," with its misty white haired woman, its white goose, the brown withered hand holding it, and the bowl on the floor. Values are exquisitely weighed. And the humanity of the picture, without the note of sentimental anecdotage once intruding! There is sly malice in the "Macaws," which regard with feathered disdain the foolish looking human who peers in at them through the wires. Luks is a man capable of painting the point of view of a cageful of monkeys; men and women without. Not, however, as beautiful in tone are these birds if compared to his "Boy With the Parrot." "The Duchess" was described in the *Sun* last winter. She is a majestic old party who once pursued the trade of usury on Sixth Avenue by night. She is Hogarthian. Her victims were unfortunates. Her nose is tinted by the rum of time. Note her abundant swathings. She wore half a dozen dresses at once. The faded green is finely suggested. After the "Pigs" Luks might almost sign his name George Morland Luks. They are genuine porkers, pink, dirty and black. The red headed boy feeding them would have pleased Walt Whitman, who in "Leaves of Grass" has described such a limber hipped youth.

And what will you say to the Glackens "Shoppers"? Here is mastery, if you please, of material, and the easy vanquishing of half a dozen technical problems. That the subject was worth the while is a question that must be left to the artist. He elected it. Women in a shop, a salesgirl, furs, hats, faces, fabrics, movement, light, air and many nuances of shop manners. Verisimilitude, lovely passages of paint, the whole seized with a virile grip that does not relax in any part of the canvas. Interest is maintained from top to bottom, side to side. The surfaces are superb, modelling of heads and hands synthetic. Glackens has never revealed such science, such freedom of style, and, as far as it goes, such penetrating observation. It is a remarkable presentation of an obviously commonplace happening. The central woman wears a meditative aspect. She is considering that gravest of problems–just what to buy. The two women back of her are admirably done. The picture is contemporary with a vengeance. It breathes of to-day, of to-morrow, and of Macy's every morning.

The Mouquin Café picture, near by, is not new. It is an "honorable mention." A portrait evidently of the Hon. James M., with a lady in a blue dress. It is the moment of liqueurs and soft asides. A young art critic with a Mephistophelian smile looms in the background. Does he know the lady in blue? Does he envy the Hon. James? Glackens has asked these questions, not forgetting to paint the singular veracity, the still life on the table, that still life which often makes life at Mouquin's cabaret far from still. Renoir is slightly evoked. Not a too spiritual picture.

Some of the other contributions of Glackens are familiar; his New England landscape is full of character. John Sloan, too, has shown several of his pictures elsewhere. But the "Cot" is new and one of the best things we have had from him. It is a woman in nightdress, stooping over her naked foot, which rests on a tumble down bed. A dextrous study in tonal values, in various whites. The pose is capitally caught. "Sixth Avenue and Thirtieth Street" might be rechristened "The Lady With the Growler." Full of humor as it is, it is also a saddening picture in its portrayal of misery. Sloan is more acid, more pessimistic than either Luks or Glackens in his embodiment of low life. "The Duchess" of Luks is sinister enough, but she has a vinous twinkle in her bleary eyes, though she does not sport vine leaves in her hair. Sloan, humorist too, can see to the core of ugliness. His street scenes are full of rude animation. He is in a way a philosopher, as must be admitted after studying his etchings. In the matter of pigment he grows every year.

A virtuoso whose figures possess tactile values of vivacity and substance, Everett Shinn has never before displayed such glitter and bravura, although not all his eight examples are novel. He owes much to Degas, something to Toulouse-Lautrec, but his own personality is not negligible. Two or three of those ballet girls of his and his female acrobats would please Degas, so tense with vitality are they, so truthfully are their supple attitudes and muscled legs delineated. The rehearsal of the ballet is extremely well done, and the women in midair on a trapeze is paint prestidigitation. To be sure, the feeling is purely one of superficies cleverly set forth, yet tribute is due the marked talent of this young man. He has an eye for the broad humors of the music halls. His lady sitting in a box is an excellent study in modelling.

With Arthur B. Davies we tread other landscapes. This seer of visions, this poet who would penetrate the earthly envelope and surprise the secret fevers of the soul, disengage the solemn emotions of subliminal personality, evoke magical scenes in a no-man's-land with Botticellian figures, primitive seas and hills, a sort of Pre-Raphaelitic mood disquietingly interfused by a delicate modern feeling; a neurotic strain of ascetic music, with the hills of a celestial Florence for a frame and the antique nymphs of the brake moving or reclining melodiously—into what category may we compress Davies? He is obstinately mediaeval, until he carelessly brushes in the grandeur of a California forest. His women, nympholepts, affect the imagination as do the bacchantes of Maurice de Guérin. And yet he catches with exquisite tact the virginal lines of a young girl who surely lives not far from Central Park. He has the apocalyptic strain in him and many of his canvases are darkened by symbols. But beauty is always present, else its fragrance hinted at. Those fragile, mysterious women, haunted by visions of the great god Dionysos, or perhaps Pan, where do they come from, where are they going? One can ask of Davies as did the Centaur of another: "The jealous gods have buried somewhere proofs of the origins of all things, but upon the shores of what ocean have they rolled the stone that hides them, O Macareus?" Upon the crust of what planet have you seen your picture visions, O Arthur Davies? In rhythm, color, spacing, he is the composer of music.

Herr Heinrich James remarks that "there are two kinds of taste in the appreciation of imaginative literature—the taste for emotions of surprise and the taste for emotions of recognition." It is the same with pictorial art. In the case of the other men—save Ernest Lawson, who has much imagination—our emotions of recognition are gratified. But with Davies it is always the emotion of surprise. He is an eclectic. His imagination plays him pranks; it leads him into dangerous spots, because it is always dangerous to paint an idea, be it never so poetic. His failures need not concern us now; his successes are often amazing. We do not think that he is seen at his best among the eight painters, though he is a living protest against the assertion that this exhibition is barren of idealists. We mean that he has painted, especially his later canvases, better things, with the exception of "Maenads" and "Girdle of Ares"—the latter a symbolical picture of unearthly hues in which the struggle for life is shown: you are in a valley; men wrestle naked with men. It might be Armageddon, or it might be the place where "those two hills on the right, crouched like two bulls locked horn in horn in fight" amid which Childe Roland saw the "Dark Tower." Let us hope that Davies will appear in a special show this spring.

Withal, an unequal exhibition. Materialism rules, the aspect and not the soul of things; after all, painters are chiefly concerned with surfaces, not symbols. Too many pictures by half, and not in every instance the top notch of the artists therein. They have all of them the one defect. But as the gentle genius Turgenieff wrote: "At a certain age, to be natural is to be extraordinary." These young men have had the courage to be natural with more or less success. For that reason you will like or dislike them—all criticism, no matter what the doctors tell you, is a question of personal temperament.

Huneker apparently did not know–or was he joking?–that the "E. Dimock" mentioned toward the end of the following critique was Edith Dimock, the wife of William Glackens. (See under Herter below). In his diary (p. 408) Sloan berated Huneker for this review.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 7, 1910, p. 6

A revolution that doesn't revolve could hardly be called a success; but no fault can be found with the way the wheels go 'round at the exhibition of the Independent Artists in West Thirty-fifth Street. Indeed, the velocity and variety of the aforesaid wheels are almost blinding. Wheels of every description: wheels within wheels; Catherine wheels, and the wheel of Ixion--poor art lashed to the spokes. Such busy little wheels! Such busy little Goya, Manet, Cézanne wheels! The coruscation is dazzling, the noise deafening, while the "quiet" canvases in the collection seem like mournful wraiths. All the lads and lasses, the insurgents, revolutionists, anarchs, socialists, all the opponents to any form of government, to any method of discipline, are to be seen at this vaudeville in color, and the worse they smear the more they tug at the coattails of painters like Henri, Davies, Lawson, Glackens, Bellows, Rockwell Kent and a few others for support. The pendulum has swung from the insipidity and conventionality of the Academy to the opposite extreme–to rawness, dull vulgarity (there is a fresh vulgarity, you know!) and the banalities of wretched paint, draughtsmanship and composition. The younger generation has kicked in the front door of the master builder, but something is lacking–art; the chief devil possessing this show is the devil of empty display. There is plenty of crude talent, but without schooling or direction. These young women and men wish to sing *Isolde* and *Tristan*, *Brünnhilde* and *Siegfried*, before they have mastered their scales.

But the gesture is brave, as they say in Parisian anarchistic circles when some imbecile throws a bomb at a gendarme. It is well to inform official circles at times that there are children among them taking notes. Perhaps the easiest thing to criticise in this hastily improvised affair is its lack of unity, its absence of tendency, in a word, its general futility. As for novelty, why, at Alfred Stieglitz's Photo-Secession Gallery a week ago there was a grouping of the minor spirits of the Matisse movement that were actually new, not mere offshoots of the now moribund impressionists as are the majority of the Independents. However, neither raging abuse nor cool criticism will prove to the muddiers of canvases in Thirty-fifth Street that they ought to be at house or sign painting (for the technical lessons involved) or breaking stones of the highway instead of wasting good paint and muscle. Paul Gauguin said that a painter is either a revolutionist or a plagiarist. These young folks have demonstrated their ability to play both rôles with complete complaisance. However, there is a limit, and this limit logically resolves itself into the Fakirs' exhibit in West Fifty-seventh Street. The Fakirs are the connecting link between Academic stupidity and impertinent Independence.

Three years ago the *Sun* saluted the work of such men as Davies, Lawson, Henri, Glackens, Sloan, Jerome Myers, Bellows, Prendergast, Kent, Julius Golz, Everett Shinn and others. They are here, but not in their best estate; yet how resplendently they shine! Mr. Henri, whose influence upon the youthful, warlike spirits is very fatally marked, shows a Salome dancer, startling in its coarseness, as befits the theme; therefore a human document. What such a sensationalist as Ben Ali Haggin attempted in the full length portraits of Mary Garden and Rita Sacchetto, Henri achieves with a virtuosity that overwhelms. He even dares to tell the truth, a Schopenhauer truth, about the lower limbs of his model. She is short legged. If painters recorded that fact oftener portraiture would soon go out of fashion. Mr. Henri is always brilliant. Yet—dare we confess it?—the marine on the second floor is worth in an artistic way all his females in this show. He is sincere, powerful, imaginative in that marine.

Mr. Davies has several pictures; "As Movement of Water" is the most seductive, but his wonderful color, still more wonderful poetry, seem like angels astray in the ruck and confusion of these galleries. Mr. Lawson is to be viewed better at his individual show in the Madison Gallery. Mr. Glackens's big nude is surprisingly brilliant, though reminiscent of Renoir, particularly in the color scheme. The Bellows pugilists we admired at the Pennsylvania Academy, and we have described before the surprising picture of Blackwell's Island by Julius Golz. Elmer Livingston Macrae holds his own, and James Preston is on the way to be completely Lawsonized. As for Everett Shinn, he appears as a master of the classic manner when compared with some of his neighbors.

"Road Breaking" by Rockwell Kent further confirms our first impression of the young man's talents. When he made his maiden exhibition on Fifth Avenue (at Clausen's) two or three seasons ago, it was not difficult to foresee his future. His marines are as powerful and drastic as ever. Walt Kuhn, Ernest Fuhr, Carl Sprinchorn, Homer Boss are men who are doing things. Polly Rice is somewhat disconcerting. She is young, gifted, and not burdened with a spirit of reticence. Her "Head of an Anarchist" is the best. Her notion that nuns are sinister hypocrites seems to be based rather on a reading of Eugène Sue's "The Wandering Jew" or Blanco Ibáñez's "In the Shadow of the Cathedral" than on facts.

Evergood Blashki has jumped the boundary line and is now with the independent goats, after long vegetating with the academic sheep. His color is rich and vibrating. Prendergast is delightful as usual, and the Jerome Myers nocturnal dock scene is still fascinating. We praised it long ago. Young Guy du Bois, who has inherited the artistic activities of his father, Henri Pène du Bois, shows some clever work. We liked "Au Cadran Bleu," with its feeling for values. John Sloan's striking illustrations are no novelty, yet always worth seeing. He is a born ironist. Hilda Belcher is a favorite, and Frank Nankivell comes to the front as an "old master" with his charming Whistlerian portrait of a veiled woman. We admired it at a Pennsylvania Academy exhibition. His color spots in his little landscape are enticing. Leon Dabo has a poetic nocturne that shivers sensitively in the hurly-burly.

Nothing new, you see! The best things have been shown here time and time again; the bad stuff we hope never to encounter any more. We preferred the third floor with its original drawings to all the rest. Henri, John B. Yeats, John

Sloan, May Wilson Preston, Florence Scovell Shinn, E. Dimock—fine, subtle character in the young man's stuff—Glenn Coleman, and so many others that the list would fill a book. The most impressive piece of sculpture was Gutzon Borglum's large head of Lincoln. There are contributions by Aitken, James Fraser, Humphreys, Louis Potter, Gertrude Whitney and Dorothy Rice.

To sum up: we advise those who have visited the spring Academy to see the Independents. They will have the poison and the antidote, but about twenty blocks apart. It is a joyful show in Thirty-fifth Street, and as an expression of a spring frolic it will harm no one, not even the suffering public. It will probably pay expenses; and that is an important item. Nevertheless, we regret that the number of exhibitors was not limited to a baker's dozen, the number of pictures to not more than three dozen. Fancy 260 paintings, 344 drawings, plastered all over the dingy walls of a badly lighted house! No, messieurs et mesdemoiselles les Independents, you'll never beat the Academy at its own stupid game by substituting quantity for quality! Two wrongs don't make a right. Oppose quality to quantity. Slash off the heads of two-thirds of your applicants and try to kill the demon of vain display. One ounce of sincerity outweighs a ton of garish virtuosity. All of which is submitted, though confessedly as old fashioned as the Flood; but then, we prefer one man shows to the most variegated paint circus that ever whirred.

Ellen G. Emmet
(1876-1941)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 1, 1907, p. 6

We got to the Macbeth Galleries just as the Ellen Emmet portrait exhibition was closing. It had been a very successful affair. Miss Emmet paints men with force, sobriety and veracity. The heads of Dr. Trudeau, Lawrence Grant White, young Joseph Choate: a characteristic production—and of Augustus Saint-Gaudens were noteworthy. Our greatest sculptor—some say the greatest living sculptor—is Saint-Gaudens to the life, low toned in scheme, loose in brush work and objectively viewed.

Herbert W. Faulkner
(1860-1940)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, January 10, 1907, p. 8

Mr. Herbert W. Faulkner of Paris shows some water colors at the Powell Gallery, 983 Sixth Avenue. There are twenty-six, chiefly devoted to Venice and the Alhambra. Under the Spanish set are pasted quotations from Washington Irving. Very effective are some of these specimens of Mr. Faulkner's art. One recalls the "Toten Insel" of Böcklin in its disposition of dark green poplars and its unforced note of melancholy. No. 2, "Sunset from the Ramparts of the Alhambra," is excellent. Mr. Faulkner strikes the popular note always.

Anna S. Fisher
(1873-1942)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, January 6, 1909, p. 6

The Powell Gallery, 983 Sixth Avenue, enjoyed such a success with the thumbnail sketch exhibition that another is promised for next season. Just now Miss Anna Fisher, a pupil of Henry B. Snell, is showing some of her new oils and water colors. The young lady has painted in England, France and Italy. Her English farm scenes are full of homely sentiments. The "Barnyard," the "Flock of Sheep Going Home" and such subjects bring out the best that is in her talent. "Village Gossip" is convincing, as is "The Goose Girl." More elaborate and no doubt the *clou* of the little exhibition is the "Italian Court."

Frank Fowler
(1852-1910)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 25, 1908, p. 6

Frank Fowler is a well known portrait painter, so his little exhibition of landscape sketches in oil at the Powell Art Gallery, 983 Sixth Avenue, will interest lovers of art and may surprise them. Simply and freshly Mr. Fowler has noted a few impressions of Nutley, N. J., the old Morris Canal, a garden at Garrison-on-Hudson, a charming scene, glowing peonies almost fragrant, and views at East Hampton, L. I.

Frederic C. Frieseke
(1874-1939)

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, January 8, 1911, sec. 3 p. 4

The joint exhibition of Messrs. Richard E. Miller, Lawton Parker, Guy Rose and Frederick C. Frieseke which just closed at the Madison Art Gallery was one of the most brilliant given in that interesting gallery. Mr. Frieseke, who blazed a trail in the Corcoran Gallery exhibition now in progress at Washington, is the frankest sun worshipper we have encountered for many years. He has youth, audacity, talent, science, and the shrill scarlet trumpets of high noon sound in the majority of his canvases. Unafraid of the scorching sunshine, you are literally forced at times to avert your face after gazing at one of his gardens, in which the refulgent tones of Japanese umbrellas fight for supremacy with the surrounding flowers. And how he has painted that umbrella! It recalls the celebrated description of Emma Bovary's sunshade when Dr. Charles Bovary paid her a certain visit. Mr. Miller possesses a more harmonious temperament. He is less flamboyant, he feels the modulating edges of things. His interiors are cool and graceful, his women delicate and mysterious. Quite another artist from Frieseke, who paints a naked nymph with hot shadows on her nubile flesh. [Parker's] "Mellow Light of a Gray Day" has charm and Rose goes in for gray misty days on November mornings. A strong quartet. Just such men, Frieseke in particular, would give a jolt to our Academy shows. Even the Ten might be rid of a tendency to chronic anaemia if such a dynamic paint toreador as Frieseke were to penetrate the portals of Mr. Montross's temple of subdued harmonies.

Maurice Fromkes
(1872-1931)

Born in Russia, Fromkes came to the United States at the age of 18.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, March 12, 1908, p. 8

Upstairs ten recent portraits of Maurice Fromkes attract daily audiences. The best liked, because that of a popular singer, is the one of Maurice Renaud. Sir Edward Elgar, Doris Keane, Master Lawrence Alderdice—a medalled picture—Mrs. Julia A. H. Worthington, L. Rossbach and daughter and Miss Allen Joy Ayers are among Mr. Fromkes's sitters. The Renaud head is painted with power and insight.

Charles H. Fromuth
(1861-1937)

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, March 20, 1910, sec. 3, p. 4

Quite of sound lineage is the work of Charles H. Fromuth, whose pastels are to be seen at the Folsom Galleries, 396 Fifth Avenue, until March 26. Fromuth was formerly a pupil of Thomas Eakins at the Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia (he was born there 1861). He has been abroad for twenty years and is well known in London, Paris, Berlin, Munich, being the recipient of many medals of honor. His specialty is marines, and the forty-four examples in this exhibition are paintings of Concarneau, Finistère, France. They are of a singularly high excellence. Mr. Fromuth's vision is exact, realistic, his color rich and romantic. We have praised his work at the annual exhibitions of the Pennsylvania Academy, but this is the first time we have viewed it en masse. He is bound to be admired in New York. A man of such versatility, accomplished craftsmanship and an eye for both character and the picturesque will not be lost to view in the ruck of metropolitan picture shows. His handling of his medium is resourceful. Look at those drawings—there are two or three—for they proclaim the artist.

Ernest Fuhr
(1874-1933)

See under Petersen below.

Wilhelm Heinrich Funk
(1866-1949)

Born in Germany, Funk came to America in 1884, worked here for many years, and eventually returned to Germany. From 1892 to 1897 he was on the staff of the New York Herald. *Huneker, who may have known him as a fellow newspaperman, asked Scribner's to send him a copy of at least one of his books,* Ivory Apes and Peacocks, *in 1915.*

See, also, under Child.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, February 9, 1907, p. 8

Wilhelm Funk, who now moves and paints in a rarefied social atmosphere, is showing his portraits at Knoedler's Galleries, 355 Fifth Avenue. There can be no doubt in the presence of these fourteen pictures that Funk is on occasion as modish, as "smart," as brilliant, as any of his petted contemporaries. That he can paint solidly, soberly and, in his few landscapes, with a sense of feeling we know. His portraits, particularly of the masculine sex, are satisfying. We have spoken before of the Richard Watson Gilder which was hung for a time at the City Club. It is easily the strongest and most idiosyncratic of the portraits shown of Mr. Gilder. It is also very decorative. General Horace Porter and Sir Casper Purdon Clarke are unmistakable. Mr. Funk has a keen sense of character. The Schwarzenbach figure was in the recent Academy. Miss Whitney reveals a sensuous color scheme. "Angeline," the village beauty, is very "fetching," and in the larger arrangements, such as Mrs. Willoughby Sharp and her children, the artist shows due consideration for spacing, balance and harmonious adjustment. "Miss Jeanne Towler" is a charmingly painted head, with a suggestion of Lenbach. An interesting exhibition.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, January 6, 1909, p. 6

At a soirée given by the Baron d'Holbach in Paris the painter Greuze was introduced to Mme. Geoffrin, celebrated for her ugliness. She also wielded a malicious wit. Greuze was afraid of her tongue. He whispered to his host: "My God, if she annoys me I'll paint her!" You are reminded of this credible anecdote while visiting Wilhelm Funk's exhibition in the Knoedler Galleries, 355 Fifth Avenue. Certainly Mr. Funk's sitters could not have annoyed him, for the entire thirteen (with a study of a Dutch peasant girl to escape the unlucky number) are praised in paint, complimented, smothered in flattery until the walls of the gallery fairly sing out the artist's politeness. To be sure he has had some admirable subjects to experiment upon. The portrait (No. 4) entitled "Jeanne," doubtless suggested to Mr. Funk the very happy idea of treatment à la Lenbach—not the ascetic Lenbach of the early days when, fresh from Italy, he carried back to Munich visions of the gods, but the later Lenbach, the decorative, amiable old gentlemen who turned all women into illusions. Mr. Funk's sitter is pretty. It is said to be—hush! a secret whispered among the Knoedlers—Miss Jane Towler, the actress. An ornamental picture, highly agreeable and sincere because the portraitist did not have to invent the features. He has made a charming arabesque of face, hat and hair.

The portrait of Mrs. J. A. Qualey is excellent; Funk, not fashionable Funk, but the artist, in love with his theme. "Master Qualey," a nice boy, is also a bull's-eye, simple and sincere. "Mrs. White" recalls slightly the sensational portrait of Mary Garden shown last season in the window at Knoedler's, where it proved almost the death of the traffic squad at the corner. There were runaways in those days. Mr. Funk has given us a lady attired in a pinkish umbrella cover. The face is exotic in coloring and expression. We admired the unpretending portrait in browns of Mr. George McAneny. There is character in it. Mr. Frank Jay Gould's portrait is an excellent likeness, freely, broadly brushed. Little Ann Seton is a sitting darling of five or six. She is treated in the eighteenth century English manner and is the most attractive picture in the exhibition, considered as subject. There is the usual effective and brilliant rendering of textures. No doubt some day Mr. Funk may get angry and paint an ugly woman in all her native ugliness; but we shan't be afraid of the truth.

Daniel Garber
(1880-1958)

See under Spring Academy, 1911, No. 2.

Robert David Gauley
(1871-1943)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, May 24, 1907, p. 8

How should a humorist be painted? Isn't this question as futile as asking how a humorist should look in public? At home, naturally, he must look glum, and for many reasons–his wife may refuse to laugh at his jokes (the worm will turn!) or the children may demand "a *real* funny story, papa." However, in the case of such a head as that of Charles Battell Loomis there is nothing to be done except to catch its pervading gloom in proper tones, aureole the features with pessimism and the trick is finished. David Gauley has admirably caught the likeness and the general wistful air of the boy humorist of North America. He has quite simply set before us the features of a fun maker who even more than Simeon Ford has "melancholy lashed to the mast"–to quote the harmonious phrase of Patricia O'Brien. The steel gray hair–pepper and salt Mr. Loomis describes it–the long, sad Chopinesque mask, and the introspective gaze, these with all the minor accessories of mouth, ears and nose Mr. Gauley has painted with his usual skill and verisimilitude. The portrait will be on exhibition later. Mrs. Loomis thinks it is flattering and Mr. Loomis thinks that Mrs. Loomis is a humorist.

Mr. Gauley is working hard, though he did not exhibit at the spring Academy. That adorable model who posed for the "Girl with the Muff," the young woman with the magnetic Venetian eyes, may be the theme for a new picture. The artist still shows the pretty female head in profile, with the yellow dress, beautiful in tone and texture. A notable picture.

William J. Glackens
(1870-1938)

Though Glackens and Huneker grew up near each other in Philadelphia–Glackens once made drawings of the Baldwin Locomotive Works where Huneker worked briefly–they apparently did not know each other then. There was a brief exchange of correspondence between them in 1917 when Glackens, as president of the newly formed Society of Independent Artists, invited Huneker to attend the group's first exhibition which opened on April 10, 1917. By that time the critic felt cool toward Glackens for some reason. In an unpublished letter to John Quinn, March 29, 1917, Huneker remarked: "I wrote Glackens a formal letter of thanks for the invitation, but saved up for the post-

script, which was this: 'But how the hell, Glacks, did you remember my name?'" Since Glackens did not keep correspondence, according to his son, the letter (and possibly others from Huneker) has disappeared.

See under "The Eight" above.

Julius Golz, Jr.
(b. 1878)

See under Bellows, 1907 and 1908.

Albert L. Groll
(1866-1952)

See under Rix below.

Charles P. Gruppe
(1860-1940)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 7, 1909, p. 6

C. P. Gruppe has been painting in the meadows, amid the dikes, along the canals and streets of Holland for seventeen years. It occurred to him the other day that he was homesick. So he packed up his traps, his pictures, and returned to his native land. He has hung about three score of his works at the Powell Art Gallery, 983 Sixth Avenue–sketches in the majority. They are enjoyable for their frankness and color quality. We see Katwyk, The Hague, Volendam; even Central Park, in the very foreign city of New York. The best of Mr. Gruppe's portraits is that of Pablo Casals, a Spanish violoncello virtuoso. Mr. Gruppe will remain in America and paint both portraits and landscapes.

Alexander Harrison
(1853-1930)

This Philadelphia-born painter lived for nearly fifty years in Paris, where he died. He was a friend and supporter of Robert Henri whom he met in Paris in 1889.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (May 30, 1914): 17

The enjoyment of many worthy persons at a picture exhibition is too often marred because they fear being suspected old-fashioned when they admire a canvas not dated from yesterday. They like to be in the new "movement," and to prove their iconoclasm they scoff at Manet, and simply smile if you assure them that Alfred Stevens or Fortuny were great painters. No doubt they—and many young art students belong in their category—will carp at the retrospective show of the two brothers Harrison, Alexander and Birge, which closed the season at the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society. One of America's most distinguished painters, and peculiarly honored by the French Government, Alexander Harrison ranked once upon a time among the revolutionists. Now he is labeled a reactionary; nevertheless, he has painted a dozen pictures—landscapes, nudes, and marines—that will serve him with a passport to fame. The big canvas, "In Arcadia," lent by the Luxembourg Museum—as is his "Solitude"—was the sensation of the hour in Paris a quarter of a century ago. I well remember the names given the work by certain critics. Mr. Harrison was a pupil of Gérôme and Cabanel, yet, in the modelling of the two beautiful girls of "Arcadia," there is little evidence of his two masters' teaching. Bastien-Lepage, I should say, was more of an influence. The sunlight, the aerial envelope, and the radiancy of the flesh were for those days daring technical transgressions. The academic world despised all *plein-airistes*, even when Bastien attempted a compromise between the old and the new, and became, in the bitter epigram of Degas, "the Bouguereau of the New Movement."

Well, if, as a painter, you scoff at the Harrison methods, just try to paint with the same solidity in modelling beauty of surface and breadth of style. A versatile artist, his interpretation of the sea won him fame from almost the first. "La Crépuscule" is here—lent by the Corcoran Gallery, Washington—and, while it will seem unduly sentimental to the new men, there is no mistaking its fidelity and sentiments. Waves, their shape and rhythms, are recorded. Over eighty canvases are on view, testimony to the ceaseless experimenting of Mr. Harrison. Several of his landscapes are as "modern" as to-morrow, and there is a Breton boy reading posters that is positively "dangerous" in its tendency. The truth is, a good picture is without date, and Mr. Harrison knows how to paint, without reference to schools or movements. Doubtless, the exhibition gave me pleasure for purely personal reasons. I was in Paris at the time the youthful Philadelphian was pushing into prominence. The "Batignolles school"—Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Sisley, and a few others—were the butt of critics and public. I recall a certain exhibition over which we held our sides with laughter. Oh! those insane impressionists! Yes, I'm not ashamed to avow it now, for I was then a Verdant Green of the purest water. A number of young chaps I knew were, as their personal temperaments dictated, admirers of Bonnat, Gérôme, Duran—the fascinating, dashing Carolus -Laurens, Cabanel, and the fleshly Bouguereau. I remember our emotions when the portrait of President

Thiers, by Léon Bonnat, was first shown. What bulk, what magisterial technique, what characterization! Alas! the last time I saw this once-celebrated picture it looked as if it had been painted with printer's ink at midnight in a dark room. Other times, other mimes.

Birge Harrison
(1854-1929)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 25, 1907, p. 8

More than fifty landscapes and marines of Birge Harrison are hung in the gallery of the Century Association. They testify to an immense amount of hard work, immense facility. We wish we could like them all; frankly we cannot. If you admire a Lawson snow scene you can't like Harrison's notation of the same subject–that is, unless you are double visioned. Mr. Harrison paints snow with "authority," smooth, clean, refined snow, yet it does not give you the impression of having been closely observed. In a word it is studio snow, snow conventionalized. Several of the marines are effective, many pretty and insincere. Effect is aimed at; the pathos of sunset, the sentiment of the cloud that hides the sun, and the light that waits for thee, my darling, in the window on a cold, dark night. We approved of the dark paint of the Seine bridge and Quebec from the river; also the pastel "Evening Light" and the blue ice of Plymouth harbor. And there was a small canvas, without a number, of unforced feeling, a stretch of water, the tree shadows falling, a single sail in the middle distance. This outdoor mood seemed the most sterling bit in the room, far adrift from the other pictures in technical address and showiness as it is.

Childe Hassam
(1859-1935)

One of the foremost American impressionists, Hassam was a member of "The Ten." See below under that heading and under Lathrop, American Water Color Society Exhibition, 1908, and National Academy, 1912.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, December 18, 1907, p. 6

It would . . . be an unjust criticism to call Childe Hassam's present exhibition at the Montross Galleries, 372 Fifth Avenue, superficial because it happens to be the most varied of one man shows. Mr. Hassam has never before thus demonstrated within four walls his versatility, and it may be added, his virility. The accustomed complaint that impressionistic work soon fatigues the eye because of its excessive high pitched tonalities and its absence of good old fashioned diatonic harmonies does not hold good of the Hassam exhibit. He has assembled a variety of styles, and, aided and abetted by Mr. Montross, he has them hung so that no matter which way one turns the eye is surprised, soothed, shocked and satisfied. Mr. Montross, it may be remarked in passing, is a virtuoso hangman, a lord high executioner of canvases. To be "skied" by him must be pleasure. He could fill the walls of a gallery with frames empty of pictures and nevertheless create the feeling that they were hung exactly so as to display to the best their expected tenants. Mr. Berenson would call this the sense of space composing.

"Two American Painters," New York *Sun*, December 18, 1908, p. 6

What more violent leap into a veritable Armida's garden of art can be taken than a visit to the Montross Gallery (372 Fifth Avenue), there to see the Childe Hassam, after the misty Orientalisms of Tanner. Naturally it would be absurd to make comparisons. Each man seeks his own chimera. The visions of Tanner often o'erweigh his capacity of expression; while the too fluent, too brilliant Hassam has expressed with a pantheistic fulness the glories of earth and sky, not until recently greatly concerning himself with a Beyond; and without that Beyond painting, despite manual dexterity, will ever remain a matter of surfaces and treatments. Childe Hassam has been, still is, a robust pagan. As it did for Théophile Gautier, the visible world exists for him. Unlike Tanner he has assimilated the procedure of the masters he studied. His touch is Hassamesque. And now the new pictures begin to spell a new message. Is the Childe Harold of American landscape beginning to tire of sparkling amethyst waters? Is the golden hot sunlight palling? Surely something has happened to what the New Thought people would call Hassam's psyche. That Beyond–*là bas–les nuages!* as our old saturnine Baudelaire puts it, is beginning to haunt the consciousness of this painter. His palette is none the less gorgeous; his massing of tones is as intoxicating as ever, but there is a mirage peeping over his blue hills and long reaches of gilded sands.

The desert! That's the key. Childe Hassam has been in the Harney Desert. He has felt its lonely beauty, its bewildering symphony of colors. Look at that stormy sky, or the picture on the opposite wall, "Painted Butte." Or "The Rainbow" with its modulated chromatic splendor. The old Hassam is here, too; there is a "Little June Idyl," a reduction of a favorite picture; and the Lyme Church enveloped in tender spring airs. "A Provincetown Spar Yard" was finished in 1900 and has gained a cool ripe quality with the years. "Seaweed at Low Tide" is a subject that has been more vigorously handled by Maufra and Paul Dougherty; but Hassam in his gradation of semitones is twice as subtle as either. We note the growing lyric impulse in the "Golden Head–Isle of Shoals," a discriminating study in values, the sky and water exquisitely related, yet so unlike; and not an opaque background, as you may first imagine. The entire scene is poetic. This is a new note in the Hassam composition. Nor must that "Mountain Laurel" be passed without loving consideration. The entire gallery chimes an iridescent chorus. Mood melts into mood, patterns are varied with the accustomed Montross deftness. Above all is the floating sense of spiritual problems attacked, if not overcome. Hassam has always pinned to his canvas the things he has seen. He seems now disposed to give us a more personal interpretation. Perhaps he may, like Childe Roland, come to the Dark Tower of the Beyond.

Charles W. Hawthorne
(1872-1930)

See, also, under Spring Academy, 1911, No. 1.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 25, 1908, p. 6

We have seen and praised several of Charles W. Hawthorne's pictures when they were exhibited earlier in the season at the National Arts Club. Now about a dozen specimens of this gifted young man's work may be seen at the Schaus Gallery, 415 Fifth Avenue, and one's earlier impressions are confirmed, not corrected, as to his potentialities. "The Lemon Girl," the "Boy with the Wine Flask," the portrait of Sir William Richmond, the famous British artist—an admirable example of simplifications and subtle hints—and a few studies of Venice, of Sicily and Orvieto that are full of audacious brilliant cleverness [sic]. One of them has the hot, smiling vividness and sharp definition of Fortuny. And charm! "The Daughter of the Flower-seller" is full of charm. Mr. Hawthorne says that he uses tempera or water color as a foundation and paints thinly over with oil. He contrives a vital, salient surface by this method, and his pictures vibrate with light and air. His vision is shrewd; perhaps it may go deeper than glittering superficies and come to grips with character some day. At present he revels in the joys of paint for paint's sake, though one may not deny the feeling in that "Boy."

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, March 27, 1910, sec. 3, p. 4

At the Macbeth Galleries figure paintings by Charles W. Hawthorne and landscapes by Hermann Dudley Murphy are on view. We have written before of several of Mr. Hawthorne's present contributions, "The Fisherman," "The Boy with the Wine," &c. A sturdy, sincere art, his, broad of purpose and execution. Those fish are real looking, and if that boy with the flagon had come from Holland signed by one of the moderns it would have been sold immediately. It is very vital.

William J. Hays
(1872-1934)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 5, 1907, p. 8

At the Powell Galleries, 983 Sixth Avenue, you may enjoy the dogs and horses skilfully painted by William J. Hays. There are bits of New York daily life in the streets; the horse sales on East Twenty-fourth Street, an old landmark; fire engines tearing along, the strapped driver tugging at the reins, the beautiful, intelligent beasts panting as they gallop, eyes afire, every muscle astrain; the fire itself, the engine aglow, smoke pouring from its brassy chimney, the bustle and commerce of a big crowd; horses at polo, one excellent canvas showing a close study of Degas; or at the winning post, Gravesend—these and kindred subjects are shown. There are dogs sympathetically painted, an English setter, an Airdale terrier, a cunning chap, an American foxhound, and a St. Bernard. The colts in the field prove Mr. Hays to be a close observer.

Robert Henri
(1865-1929)

There is, surprisingly, no record of any personal association between Huneker and Henri. For other critiques of Henri, see under "The Eight"; National Academy, 1912; and Pennsylvania Academy.

John Da Costa (1867-1931) was an English illustrator and portrait painter.

"Robert Henri and Others," New York *Sun*, January 21, 1907, p. 6

In the gallery of the New York School of Art, 2239 Broadway, entrance on Eightieth Street, Mr. Robert Henri is holding an exhibition until January 26. Instructive will be the comparisons naturally instituted between two such widely disparate temperaments as those of Da Costa, whose exhibition of child portraits at the Tooth Galleries was noticed yesterday in the *Sun*, and Henri; also the differences in paint, in handling, in the choice of subjects. If Da Costa is often subtle, if he leaves to the imagination some rich vacancy in his silhouettes, Henri is seldom subtle, though he omits with almost a sense of contemptuous rejection. He too has the faculty of selection highly developed, though to men of the old school he exercises this faculty in an arbitrary and at times a brutal manner. Da Costa composes after an *a priori* conception; Henri always relies upon his perceptive faculty. Both have their mannerisms, which, as the late Wolfgang Goethe once remarked to his faithful ear, Eckermann, is a good thing; it is by his limitations that we recognize the master. If Robert Henri were in Paris at the present his tendencies would not be so easy to classify. He would not fit exactly into the *cadre* of the anarchs who display their violent deeds in paint at the Autumn Salon, the new sons of Cézanne and Gauguin. Nor would he be altogether *persona grata* at the other salon, rather, the merged salons. But in New York there is no mistaking him. He is a revolutionary and we glory in him.

For one thing, he does not fear the ugly; the ugly for him is always the expressive; at least his forceful brush so transmutes it. And then he never quails before paint. If a color jars, let it jar. A master of dissonances, he compels his material; he is seldom seduced by it. He achieves a synthesis by the liberal use of inharmonic tones. There is something invigorating in the virile, smashing way in which he goes straight to the climax, letting values go hang, but contriving with a sort of controlled carelessness to set on its legs the man or woman he handles. And what air circulates about his figures! If in studio parlance Da Costa's paint is "swell," Henri's is "bully." You draw a deep breath as though you inspired fresher than studio air; you accept the buffetings of his brush for the sake of the reality he shows you—Henri reality. Do not look for the poetic undertones of minor chords; when Henri is melancholy he does not mope in the moonshine, but sends hurtling across his canvas an angry, wet, foam crested green comber that crashes on the beach, the advance rumor of a threatening storm. After all, it is a question of temperament, as it is in the baking of pies, the performance of a Chopin ballade, the preaching of a sermon or the penning of a sonnet. And temperament in abundance has this painter. Robust in vision, a disdainer of the cheap shams indulged in by meticulous and less self-reliant men, he does not dodge the problems that arise when a delicate surface is at stake. He has something more than *brio* in his brush; he can paint soberly as well as brilliantly, and this exhibition, which includes some of his earlier work, displays a wider range of technique and expression than one would suppose after studying his contributions to the present Academy.

An analogous picture to his Spanish girl at the Academy, an earlier picture, is here; a Spanish dancer, the brick red shawl with the very real fringe, the hidden right arm—you can feel this one under its covering—the unforced pose, the rhythmic carriage as she proudly advances and the vitality of the entire figure, of the insistent eyes—it is Henri at his top notch. The girl with red hair (13), gorgeous hair, is more loosely handled than is usual; her glance is magnetic; she hunches slightly. A girl good to look upon. The portrait (18) of Miss Nivison, herself a painter, has been taken *sur le vif*. Any one who knows the original with her attitude of faint deprecation will see the girl on the wall, her painting apron slipped from her shoulders, the fluffy bit at her neck, her gypsy eyes, and in her hand, finely indicated, some brushes. The blacks are flowing, those blacks Henri studied in Edouard Manet. A notable portrait, without the harsh paint and sometimes wiry drawing of the artist. Number 3 is a Spanish girl. It is a vivid study, yet a singularly attractive one. Music lovers who enjoy the music making of Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler to-day may see in this head her counterfeit when she first came to New York fresh from Leschetizky's training stables. You recall Goya, or his newest disciple, Zuloaga the Spaniard. Near by is a wood interior—a springtime in the forest of Fontainebleau. There are suggestions of a Corot delicacy in blue leafage; the air seems sweet, inanimate life —as man in his ignorance calls it—is tenderly alive. A genuine spring mood. Henri here has laid aside his boxing gloves and taken up the violin.

His "Brown Girl" reveals his intimacy with certain traits of Whistler and Chase. It is a full length, with browns and Henri blacks. The tones float. Her hand on her hip, the girl says with her eyes: "Robert Henri painted me. I'm proud of it." The girl has good reason. The portrait of Mrs. Robert Henri is no new painting. It may be three years old. It received a prize at the Chicago Art Exhibition. It is more carefully finished and more charged with meaning than any of his other pictures. Now, artists do not always paint their consorts with equal success. In music, for example, Richard Strauss, the composer of "Salome," depicted his wife in a most unflattering light. She was personified in "Heldenleben" as redheaded and a virago. She sang in acid tones—Richard was critically truthful there—on the fiddle, and in the "Domestic Symphony, or Every Home a Hell," she raised ructions with her spouse after the most approved methods of Donnybrook *Schönheit*. Not so Robertus Henrici. A candid painter as well as a gallant, he has in this portrait shown us how sensitive is his touch, with what delicate articulation he can manage the human hand. The head of Mrs. Henri is significant and of a charm. The expression is not without wistfulness. The symphonious comminglement of colors of the dress and background is admirable. The ruching at the neck and bust plays a delicate solo in *blanc majeur*. The brooch, a touch of smouldering red—is it ruby?—completes the harmony. As for the validity of the portraiture, that is not for us to decide. Without a title this picture would still be a very definite psychologic victory for Mr. Henri.

In another portrait (12), that of an actress who shall be nameless, we encounter yet another specimen of the artist's versatility. There is a little of the conventional in the pose of this comely young woman in the modern war paint of evening dress. But what a stunning line there is in the profile! It begins under the ear and curves down and around to the finger tip. It is a line sweet, supple, without being orotund; a *legato* line, over which your eye lingers. The rose tones of the dress are melting. Suavity rules. The chiffon, the gleam of a buckle, the contours, in particular the well modelled chin and the high bred air of the sitter—in this instance an upright full length—contribute to make this a capital specimen of the Henri technique, subdued to the mode Lydian.

There is a lighthouse with a stretch of sea, keenly expressed; some studies, all of a rude power, and a storm episode with the wave masses of an extraordinary weight, movement and general vitality, which prove Henri to possess considerable feeling for natural facts. His 1898 picture, a Parisian fête—"The 14th of July"—is not without its Whistlerian echoes. But Jerome Myers beats Henri in this *genre*. The "Girl in Green" (19) is the same subject as No. 13—her red hair is set off by rich, subdued green. Whether Mr. Henri will ever discover the "secret of the old master," as Mr. Abendschein would say, need not concern us now. He has at least discovered the secret of Robert Henri, and his future is not behind him—like that of the young poet cited by Heinrich Heine—but where it should be, still to come. When the angularities, the rough paint, the too passionate vision—pshaw! why desire a man to be other than himself? Without his defects he would not be Henri. Goethe was the wisest critic who ever breathed.

Adele Herter
(1869-1946)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 1, 1907, p. 6

At Kraushaar's Galleries, Fifth Avenue below Twenty-ninth Street, portraits of Adele Herter are now attracting unusual attention. Mrs. Herter does not paint like her husband, Albert Herter, though she has painted him in a masculine kimono—is there such a dainty garment?—and with a wife's due appreciation of his blond comeliness (William Glackens please make note!). Mrs. Herter is felicitous in feminine portraits, though to our notion the best picture, certainly the most sincerely felt, is the head of Dr. Edward K. Dunham, with its curious suggestion, vague as well, of Paderewski. Best of all, these portraits do not resemble the same family—of silks, satins, lace, diamonds and pretty paint—which dazzle us in the displays of fashionable portrait mongers. Mrs. Herter searches for the character of her sitter, not alone for the texture of her gown. She is not flattering. She portrays a handsome woman midway in this mortal life, with crowsfeet about her eyes, and in them unconcealed regret. Her portrait of little Miss Abby Rockefeller is a study in the psychology of infantile Standard Oil. The granddaughter of John D. holds an orange in her hand (or is it a lemon?) and is evidently conducting a dicker with her nurse, who is in the invisible foreground.

Eugene Higgins
(1874-1958)

Higgins did not know Huneker personally, but found his criticism "very interesting." In a letter to me, June 18, 1952, he recalled that the following critique was used in an article published in Current Literature. *All but the first eight sentences and one later sentence are in fact reprinted in that journal (43 [October 1907]: 403-404), the extract identified as the work of "the art critic of the New York* Sun."

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, May 24, 1907, p. 8

At the New Gallery in West Thirtieth Street there is an exhibition of paintings and drawings by Eugene Higgins which will remain until June 15. Mr. Higgins is a young Irish American, a few years past 30, who was born in Kansas City. He lived among the working classes and after a brief course at the St. Louis Art School he went to Paris, there to encounter the inevitable disillusionments. He resolutely studied at the Julian atelier and had instruction from Benjamin Constant and Laurens. He learned to draw. His work is not in the least like his masters'; it patterns more after Millet. Higgins is a revolté in feeling. He has lived not only with the proletarian in Paris but has studied still lower social strata. Like Camille and Lucien Pissarro, H. G. Ibels, Maximilien Luce, Adolphe Willette, Duclos and other artists who have illustrated the immitigable miseries of the downtrodden, the vicious, the diseased, all the *disjecta membra* of the city, in "Père Peinard," "L'Assiette de Beurre," "La Plume," Eugene Higgins has felt the terrible dissonances of modern life. He has been compared to Maxim Gorky by John Spargo, which is apt enough as a literary comparison, though it tells us nothing of the painter's peculiar gift. But he is not a natural born painter; his color sense is deficient -hot, muddy, lustreless, "painty." His designs are on quite another plane. His line is big, firm, flowing, personal and very emotional. With it he contrives many poignant effects. The best of his drawings are simple and free from "literature." They tell a story, to be sure, but without theatrical emphasis. Yet you shudder. Here is the scum of Paris, jailbirds, bullies, degraded females, drunkards; the used-up, miserable children carrying liquor to their besotted parents—a new method of seeing these stepchildren of nature, without humor, without pity, but gripping nevertheless. There is material here for reformers, and it may be the rock upon which the talents of Higgins may split. The moment a picture becomes a pamphlet it ceases to be art. To give him his due he is for the most part plastic. And as he is evidently a sensitive human, the man in him collaborates with the artist. What hands he draws! Hands clutching bottles, hands crooked with lust for thievery, skinny fingered hands, veritable bird of prey hands; hands threatening wretched brats, or held over the head to defend it from blows. A shocking design that is worth a hundred Socialistic sermons is that of a convict gang on a conveyance driven to prison by keepers as brutal as themselves. Such faces Dante dreamed of in the lower circles of his Inferno. Old men shrinking in alleyways, lying in wait for a chance to rob; East Side Russian Jews buying from a wagon; [a] group of workmen going sullenly through the wet morning air to work—a mass of documents (if you like the word) testifying to Mr. Higgins's powers of observation, sympathy and technical ability. He makes these drawings because he likes the subjects. He has lived and suffered in the hells of Parisian poverty; the life has entered his soul. He is therefore an admirable exponent of its grim facts.

Arthur Hoeber
(1854-1915)

Born in New York, Hoeber was not only a painter but also an art critic for the New York Times *and for the New York* Globe *(1905-1915).*

See, also, under K. H. Miller.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 5, 1907, p. 8

Arthur Hoeber is showing fifteen pictures, landscapes, seascapes, refined, intimate, poetic, at the Schaus Galleries, 415 Fifth Avenue. We most admired No. 6, "Edge of the Pond," possibly because of its unaffected nocturnal feeling, though it is also very well painted. There is much to enjoy in "The Flowing Tide," with its delicate tonalities. "The Coal Wharf" and "Mists of the Evening" show Mr. Hoeber's mastery over two distinct moods. To alter slightly Whistler's phrase, Mr. Hoeber "also writes."

Winslow Homer
(1836-1910)

In Steeplejack *Huneker referred to Homer's "grim power" which, he said, the overrated George Inness lacked (2:206). Elsewhere Huneker described Homer as the "greatest nature painter thus far produced in America" ("John La Farge," New York* Sun, *November 16, 1910, p. 8).*

"Winslow Homer," New York *Sun*, October 3, 1910, p. 6

More than any other painter of his generation, the late Winslow Homer has come to stand as representatively national. The American quality of his work was recognized and proclaimed at Paris, not alone because of his choice of subjects, but also because of the technical methods involved. Homer did not lean heavily on any school. The rugged frankness and unfaltering simplicity of his nature made abhorrent to him schools, cliques and movements. But if he lived a hermitlike existence in his Maine studio, almost surrounded by the sea he so loved, the sound of whose waters never ceased, he did not develop a vein of misanthropy or indulge in a barren egoism. On the contrary, his work became richer, more human, when this poet and painter approached nature closely. He began by delineating scenes that made instant appeal to the popular fancy. His "Prisoner from the Front" appeared at the moment when it would be most appreciated, 1865; and in his genre pictures of Negro life and character he rivalled the fame of Eastman Johnson.

But the real Winslow Homer is the painter of the sea, the interpreter of its moods, its tempests and walls of foaming waters. Few of his contemporaries equalled him in suggesting the illusion of the weight and movement of the sea booming on lonely, rock ribbed coasts. The water of Gustave Courbet is as impressive, yet not so rhythmic, so fluid as Homer's. The stark power of his seascapes reveals the character of the man, his dislike of decoration, his fundamental sincerity. His art has been called Homeric; the simile is a happy one. At times he and Walt Whitman are akin in their naked, heroic utterances. He gave to the world on his canvases more than a hint of the elemental forces, and because of this he impressed both critic and public alike with his essential Americanism.

A comparison between his work and that of his friends, the elder group of American painters, would result in placing him alone, and at the top. His temperament was original; he never learned much from the French, as did Homer Martin; perhaps the advice of John La Farge at the turning point of his career exerted the most beneficent influence. He could paint interesting anecdotes as well as the others, but he was at his best when handling a single theme: the oncoming tide, the fierce duel of wind and wave with granitic cliffs. Always the ground bass of the sea's rude chant sounds its diapason throughout his noble art. His powers of composition were not remarkable; indeed, as in such a picture as "The Gulf Stream" at the Metropolitan Museum, it is confused, though this canvas is not among his most masterly. He was not a master of pictorial counterpoint, but the note of grandeur he unfalteringly sounded when he hymned the sea. He has had an army of imitators, no great pupil. Even in his impressionistic water colors, the solace of his old age, he has not been approached. His English contemporary who passed away last month, Holman Hunt, had something of the same stern outlook upon life and landscape; but where Homer gloriously succeeded Hunt failed: i.e., in the synthetic grasp of his theme. The American saw life, if not more steadily, yet with a larger vision. Both were realists as far as surfaces were concerned, but Winslow Homer had the profounder temperament, above all he was a more gifted craftsman than the Englishman. In the history of American art there will be but one Winslow Homer.

George Inness
(1825-1894)

Following the passage quoted below, Huneker reproduced verbatim (without using quotation marks) most of Chapter XIV of Samuel Isham's History of American Painting, *which he described here as "invaluable." He acknowledged*

Isham's authorship at the end of the article.

Huneker did not share Hoeber's opinion of Inness. See, below, his 1910 critique of "The Ten."

"Trio of Great American Landscape Painters," New York *Sun*, June 23, 1912, sec. 4, p. 15

There is now an exhibition of paintings by the late George Inness, N. A., and a few examples by the late A. H. Wyant, N. A., at the New York School of Applied Design for Women, at Lexington Avenue and Thirtieth Street, which will continue through this month and the months of July, August and September. During weekdays the admission fee is small, on Sundays free.

The Inness pictures number twenty-one and are from the George H. Ainslie collection; Wyant is represented by nine canvases, and Thomas Moran by five. These are all from the sale collection. A portrait of his father by George Inness, Jr., is also on view. Lovers of landscapes should not miss this opportunity, for, as Arthur Hoeber writes, "The late George Inness was not only the greatest landscape painter that America has produced but he was one of the greatest artists of the modern world, fit to rank with the best of all nations." He may be said, continues the well known painter-critic, to have come under the head of that much abused word genius. He loved nature and he saturated himself with it, painting best from his memory of the scene, in the quiet of his studio, where, taking his own conventional way, he might wander into strange paths and experiments, in the end and this is the secret of the great artist—making himself part and parcel of the performance, so that the result was "nature seen through an artistic temperament." It is this that gives the lasting value to his work, that distinguishes it from the mass of excellent technical performances on all sides.

Furthermore, Inness possessed a fine sense of the pictorial, knew to a nicety the value of balance, of light and shade, and he had the anatomy of nature at his finger tips, so that in later years every brush sweep was full of meaning. This was the result of a long and serious apprenticeship to nature, the making of hundreds, even thousands, of sketches where every branch and leaf was depicted with extraordinary fidelity and for the purpose of study.

George Inness had an extraordinary success toward the end of his life, but in truth he was never without serious patronage almost from the beginning. He always sold fairly well and had admirers, but it was not until the early '90s that a serious demand for his work was made.

Then it was that Thomas B. Clarke, Richard Halstead and other prominent collectors, seeing the import of his art, began to buy all they could get from him, and their reputation as amateurs was such that others followed in their footsteps. Finally in 1899 at the sale of Mr. Clarke's collection came the staggering sensation of a buyer paying $10,150 for the "Gray, Lowery Day"—

never before had such a figure been offered for an American landscape at auction. That same evening another example fetched $6,100. It was his "Clouded Sun."

Happily these sums were not the result of hysteria or the nervousness of ill advised bidders. George Inness had been publicly recognized. Since that time collectors have vied with one another in their efforts to secure his work. Albert Sterner, Elliott Daingerfield and other artists are of the same opinion as Mr. Hoeber concerning the artistic merits of Inness. Mr. Hoeber praises the present exhibition most enthusiastically. In sooth, there are some beautiful specimens hung.

John C. Johansen
(1876-1964)

See under Spring Academy, 1911, No. 1.

Content Johnson
(1871-1949)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, February 14, 1907, p. 8

Miss Content Johnson, a pupil of Mr. William M. Chase, is holding an exhibition at the galleries of Fishel, Adler & Schwartz, 313 Fifth Avenue, until February 16. Apart from her secure technical ability there is an individual note in her pictures of outdoor life, her gardens in particular. "An Old Garden in New France" is harmonious in color, and "The End of the Day's Work" shows mastery of a significant problem in light. Miss Johnson has been warmly praised by Mr. Chase.

William Keith
(1839-1911)

See, also, under Davies, first critique.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 5, 1907, p. 8

At the Macbeth Gallery, 450 Fifth Avenue, are now hung two dozen landscapes of the veteran California painter William Keith. In the San Francisco disaster Mr. Keith, who is not far from 70, lost the work of years. He was not dismayed, as this present collection testifies. In less than twelve months he painted these pictures, and, apart from the physical achievement, there is no sign of haste, no lack of finish. As you enter Mr. Macbeth's rear gallery you are sensible of a gracious, dark scheme of color. Sombre in color rather than in spirit are the Keith canvases. He is not modern. He does not disturb the optic nerve in tone or theme. He is a tonalist, who loves a full, rich *pâte*—flowing brush work and a poetic situation. Too often the note of sentimentality obtrudes; but other days, other ways. A glance at the handsome, distinguished head of Keith, a head in its forms not unlike Meissonier's, though more romantic in the expression, tells you that here is a painter who early conceived a particular ideal of beauty and has never modified it throughout the years. Realists, impressionists, symbolists, intimists, have come and gone, but Keith still paints as he painted forty years ago. And, after all, it is something to stick to one's standards. He has studied Gainsborough, Diaz, Constable; but he paints only in California, so his subject matter is fresher than the English or French masters. "Approaching Storm"—you see the white thunder heads over the treetops—is a satisfying composition. With half a dozen others it is marked sold. There are some very harmonious examples, like No. 20, "The Berkeley Hills" (Cal.); or the beautiful "Gray Day, San Ramon Valley"—also sold. Mr. Keith is happy in his portrayals of misty, golden mornings. The "Autumn, Sonoma Creek" (No. 6), a tranquil pool reflecting an early evening sky, would have pleased Diaz. This exhibition is attracting many lovers of art who are not in the mood for brilliant virtuosity or the blistering sunshine paint of the new men.

Rockwell Kent
(1882-1971)

This popular New York artist informed me on June 5, 1950, that after the following review appeared, he probably wrote Huneker, "but I have no copy of a letter. Nor do I believe I have any correspondence from him. In 1920 I wrote him asking him to write an introduction for my forthcoming first book, Wilderness. *To that letter I received no reply." (Neither letter has turned up among Huneker's papers.) The two men never met.*

For other critiques of Kent by Huneker, see under Bellows, 1907 and 1908; "The Eight," 1910; and Spring Academy, 1908, No. 2.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 5, 1907, p. 8

If you long for a thrill go to the Clausen Galleries, 381 Fifth Avenue, and look at the new pictures, fourteen in all, of Rockwell Kent. Mr. Kent is young. He was a pupil of Chase and latterly of Henri. He shows more of Henri than Chase in his work, which recalls in a general way the canvases one sees at a Munich Secession exhibition. If you have ever been in the Scandinavian section, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, of these shows, you would speedily recognize Mr. Kent's affinities, though probably he never saw a painting by Kröyer or

Edvard Munch. He demands a gallery larger than Clausen's to give him adequate breathing space. *Donnerwetter!* but he knocks you off your pins before you can sit down with these broad, realistic, powerful representations of weltering seas, men laboring in boats, rude, rocky headlands and snowbound landscapes. You are at the *ultima Thule* of North America—it is only the Maine coast—but the barbaric life and general atmosphere of desolation evoke Spitzbergen rather than New England. The paint is laid on by an athlete of the brush. Dissonances are dared that make you pull up your coat collar. Mr. Kent lives with the fishermen of this desperate coast, and he has evidently endured the rough weather, the bleak scenery, for the sake of catching their reality. He is very vivid, in style [immature], yet a style both personal and powerful. We noted with admiration such canvases as "The Clearing," "An Inland Village," "Toiling on the Sea"—thrilling in color movement and mood -and "Evening Stillness." The latter is a landlocked harbor, empty of human life—one is tempted to say God forsaken, were it not for the calm beauty which conquers rugged nature. Those fishermen in their cockleshell crafts, on a sea that is running like a mill race and tumbling like tornado clouds, those fellows out there under the lee of that harsh pile of rocks, are rendered with a fidelity that tells of a big grip on essentials. But rough paint, crude paint, very rough paint! Kent could be seen in a ten acre field without a spyglass.

Daniel Kotz
(1848-1933)

"Some Special Exhibits," New York *Sun*, January 31, 1907, p. 6

At the gallery of Louis Kätz, 308 Columbus Avenue, there may be seen some oil and water colors by Daniel Kotz. This painter is an inveterate delineator of outdoor life. He feels earth, sky, clouds, light, atmosphere often more keenly than he expresses them. A careful, a reverent student, he represents snow with sympathy—his "Blizzard" (6) is a shorthand record, though none the less effective picture, of the desolation of snow, the solitary wilderness of snow. A "Twilight" (12) is very pretty, as is the "October" (4), a genuine autumnal episode. These are in water color. The oils are rather thin and not so fluent. "Indian Summer" (3) is a study in an attenuated light, and No. 1, "A Bit of Little Italy" (Park Ridge, N. J.) has a touch of tenderness.

Walt Kuhn
(1877-1949)

See under Petersen.

Kuhn and Huneker were both friends of John Quinn but, according to Kuhn's widow, they were only casual acquaintances and did not correspond.

John La Farge
(1835-1910)

Huneker sent La Farge a copy of Egoists *in 1909, to which La Farge referred in his extant letter to Huneker of April 19 [1909]. Huneker mentioned receiving an earlier letter from La Farge (*Letters, *p. 82), but it has vanished, as have Huneker's letters to him.*

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, May 2, 1908, p. 6

It is related of Flaubert that he caught the inspiration for his perfect short story, "Saint Julian the Hospitaller," while studying the clustered glories of a stained glass window in the Rouen Cathedral. Combined with his literary temperament there was an emotional responsiveness to form and color that could translate into prose motives essentially those of art. After looking at John La Farge's "Peacock Window" you recall the Flaubert anecdote and long for a like pen of gold. At least two decades Mr. La Farge has worked, though intermittently, at this little masterpiece, which he showed for a few days recently at his Tenth Street studio. Only three feet high and not quite two in width, the window is of such splendor that it would flood a church with its imprisoned radiance and jewelled crossfires. In what torrid paradise did the artist capture this fabulous fowl with the incandescent heart of a salamander? Monticelli would have envied the gorgeous fusion of burning Byzantine hues displayed in the small cloisonné panel. But it is the creation of an intellectual Monticelli. The glass is thick and the distribution of tones subtle. The tail of the peacock droops musically; there are peonies for contrast; the greens and blues are of the richest without sounding the note barbaric. The copper and lead which bind the design do not withhold the streaming azure and the jewelled eyes of the tail. Light is the artist's accomplice in this lovely arabesque, and he has handled the element as a composer would handle sound and silence. At a time of life when other men are preparing for bed this veteran is moving toward new triumphs. With good old Sir Thomas Browne he can exclaim: "The huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia." But has John La Farge ever time to sleep in the midst of his untiring artistic activities? Certainly his latest achievement in his favorite medium has charm, dignity and expressiveness.

Another work of his long matured—it was begun in 1887—and just finished is a picture entitled "Kwannon Meditating on Human Life," in which the mystic side of the man has full play. The goddess is painted with singular transparency, her attitude is hieratic, the color scheme of subdued opulence. At Macbeth's, 450 Fifth Avenue, this picture hangs in the main gallery.

"John La Farge," New York *Sun*, November 16, 1910, p. 8

John La Farge was not only the dean of American artists but the best known and best beloved. The other day the veteran Elihu Vedder in his memoirs spoke of the influence upon him of William M. Hunt and John La Farge. The late Winslow Homer, the greatest nature painter thus far produced by America, admitted his indebtedness to La Farge in the matter of advice. The truth is La Farge was a tremendous power in native art, a power that made for all that was noble and beautiful and inspiring. With pen and brush, pencil and glass he practised what he preached, preached what he practised.

And he possessed a potent personality. That his richly gifted, richly cultivated imagination did not manifest itself to the full in his paintings must be set down to the undeniable fact that his was not a creative temperament. He was not a great painter; indeed, his pictorial achievements are, in conception, of the so-called selective order, his craftsmanship is only mediocre. Neither the color nor the draughtsmanship of La Farge holds more than a respectable interest for us after a glance at his stained glass compositions. These are glorious. They will become classic in the history of American art. And they display a novel technique. Despite the versatility of the man, his brilliant, erudite discourses and writings, his mural work, his imaginative painting, his pioneer efforts in introducing to us Japanese art, despite these manifold accomplishments the future will know John La Farge only as the master of magical colored glass.

In a letter to Edward P. Mitchell, April 30, 1911 (inaccurately reproduced in Letters, *p. 109), Huneker described Cortissoz's book on La Farge as "a work of* pietät . . . *brilliant and interesting," adding: "Yet I am not convinced that La Farge was a master! He wrote, theorized, talked too much–the amateur par excellence. However that will not enter into my review of the book. . . ."*

The ellipses in the following critique are Huneker's.

"John La Farge," New York *Sun*, May 7, 1911, p. 8

Whatever may be the verdict of posterity, that very uncertain critical entity, regarding the artistic labors of the late John La Farge, one can safely predict that his stained glass will be accepted in the future, as it is to-day, as something individual and beautiful. And by that time, while his influence may have become a mere legend, it will be recognized as having been a power during his lifetime; of this there can be not doubt, despite the disputed artistic worth of his paintings, mural and otherwise. To have vividly realized the artistic, intellectual and personal characteristics of the man, no mean literary task, is the merit of the memorial and study ("John La Farge") just published by Royal Cortissoz. In the admirable monograph he has painted the portrait of his dead friend piously and lovingly. You seem to hear the voice of the artist as he winds into the middle of an aesthetic argument or spins out one of his fascinating yarns of the South Sea isles. You see him high on scaffold in his shirt sleeves, before a church wall, or else stooping over his glass, a very alchemist; but always passionately engrossed, always the artist of lofty ideals, perhaps at times a Don Quixote mystic dreamer, and altogether a curious Old World figure in these practical days. John La Farge fairly lives in the evocative pages of Mr. Cortissoz.

The description of his person is sketched by a hand versed in the art of seeing things. "The charm of La Farge," says the author,

> was prodigiously heightened by the originality and distinction of his countenance, the vividness of the appeal made through his carriage, his typical gestures, and a quiet but curiously rich and characterful voice. He had the thinker's skull, amply domed, and his dark brown hair, extraordinarily fine and silky, retained its color long after age had set its mark upon him. In fact, it was only very late, when he had entered upon the final struggle with illness that the graying of his hair became noticeable. His features both harmonized with the pure structure of his head and gave it elements of strangeness, like the accents placed here and there by genius in a great sculptured portrait. The nose was long, straight and powerful, with nostrils well curved, delicate in texture, very firmly defined, the nose of a man of breeding. It descended from between strongly marked brows which, with the fine green-gray eyes, gave the face its most arresting note of individuality though the ears, too, large and beautifully set, were full of character. His eyes were generously lidded. . . . I chiefly remember them peering through half closed lids and expressive of reflection or brooding inquiry. . . . His skin was close grained and smooth, with a soft warmth of tint difficult to describe, for it partook of the olive hue of the Southern Latin races and of that quality suggestive of wax or parchment which you will find in the scholar of any clime. . . . He was a man of good height, though latterly a stooping habit withdrew attention from the fact that he was six feet tall. . . . Refinement in its very essence was subtly proclaimed in all the details of his appearance and in all his little idiosyncrasies.

His father was a French refugee—from the Santo Domingo massacre—and landed here in 1808. He had been an ensign in the naval expedition. He married the daughter of Binsse de Saint-Victor. John La Farge was born in this city at 40 Beach Street, March 31, 1835. He died at Providence, Rhode Island, November 14, 1910. The recollections of his early years told by Mr. Cortissoz were for the most part communicated to him by the artist. Of particular interest is the story of his first visit to Europe. He had read De Musset, Heine and Balzac, and chiefly regretted that he had missed seeing the great romancer by a margin of a few years and that the year he arrived at Paris Heinrich Heine had died. He went there in the spring of 1856. His mother's family welcomed him and he found in the celebrated man of letters, Paul de Saint-Victor, a cordial cousin. His granduncle once had been a successful rival in the affections of Mélanie Guilbert as against a certain Henri Beyle, later know to fame as Stendhal. There is no doubt that the brilliant literary and artistic circles to which he had access greatly stimulated the growing passion of the youthful La Farge for art. He met Thomas Couture, and once posed for Puvis. He studied a short time under Couture, then travelled about the Continent copying the masterpieces of the galleries and sketching from life. In the winter of 1857-58 he returned to America.

Then follows an account of the evolution of the artist, and a half century devoted to his painting, related with concision and precision. The chapter on glass we found particularly illuminative. Many new facts are assembled. The inception of his discovery of opaline glass as a medium for gorgeous color schemes is described, also the passion that developed in La Farge for his exotic art, the secrets of which had been half forgotten. His process is accurately set forth. With the late Clarence King, La Farge had talked over an astounding project when the tomb of General Grant was under consideration. Here are his own words:

> Our notion was to have filled the drum or perhaps the curves of the dome with the richest and deepest of figured glass, built, if I may so express it, into the walls of the structure, and not a mere fitting in as windows. . . . This imaginative tower would then have been like the glory of the interior of a great jewel in the day, but at night would have sent out a far radiance over the entire city, making as it were a pharos, a lighthouse, to be seen from afar by night as well as by day, and dominating the river as well as the land. Of course this was far too poetic and ideal a structure to be accepted at the date we proposed it.

Truly a fantastic dream, yet none the less one that might have been realized.

In chapter VII, the last—the volume is far from bulky—Mr. Cortissoz dwells upon "our sole old master," his writings and opinions on art, his attitude toward artists, his inveterate optimism about modern art and letters, his love for Japanese prints, and his unselfish pleasure in the work of contemporary American painters. His profound faith in the church of his forefathers, his harmonious life, and his lively interest in those young artists who came to him for advice are carefully recorded. We commend the book to those for whom the name of John La Farge was a pillar of flame and to those who will profit by his example. The illustrations are few but fit. We prefer to the later photograph of the artist the sympathetic interpretation by Wilton Lockwood.

William L. Lathrop
(1859-1938)

See, also, under Spring Academy, 1911, No. 2.

"Among the Americans," New York *Sun*, April 15, 1907, p. 6

Occasionally in the hurly-burly of the season a painter steals into New York unheralded by sounding trumpet blasts, unattended by an admiring if noisy chorus. He unbuckles his wares, shows them and departs as quietly as he came. But not without stirring a few by the delicate poetry of his art, by his ability to present sundry moods of nature as if she were only a prism through which her rays had passed and struck upon his canvas. Mr. W. L. Lathrop is neither a revolutionist nor a reactionary. He does not employ divided tones, nor is he a lover of hot flashing sunlight. The personal equation is in his work as distinctly as if he were a follower of Monet or Cézanne. He is as atmospheric as Cazin, and his pictures are not in the least like Cazin; he paints water and sky that recall Boudin in their fluidity and coolness of tone; yet he signs "Lathrop" in every stroke of his brush. In a word, he is an intimate personality, a follower of his own moods, an expounder of the gospel of art for the individual. Last season at the Montross Galleries Mr. Lathrop exhibited his original work and was received with unqualified words of praise. This year he is once more in the city, at the same galleries—372 Fifth Avenue—and with twenty of his pictures. We fancy Mr. Lathrop reading Wordsworth, not Swinburne (though the Hegelian law of opposites may prevail in his case; Henry James, master of metaphysical fiction, is said to enjoy Marie Corelli when in a dressing gown humor). There is nothing hectic, "precious," brilliant or dramatic in Lathrop's work. It is old Dame Nature in her everyday garb, just as we see her on a countryside where the unexpected never happens, where the sun shines never too brightly, where clouds—and cloud shine, so often neglected—are like truant children overhead, where water is wet and good to gaze upon. Lathrop lives all the year 'round at New Hope, Pa., across from Lambertsville. The Lehigh and Delaware Canal is in his neighborhood. Boats swim sluggishly down its bosom to the rivers, and the ghost of Fritz Thaulow does not fleck the surface with its red. In winter the odor of scrapple is in the air. The snow hides in ravines until May. The painter goes forth daily. He has never studied abroad. He has never studied with any one, and—perilous experiment!—he paints what he sees. But the result has justified the risk. These twenty canvases, unequal as they are, demonstrate the sincerity of the Lathrop vision. We do not consider this artist a path breaker. Yet who would not part with much of the trumpery of puffed up reputation and extravagant posturing to see nature so simply, so honestly, so individually as W. L. Lathrop sees it? He has spoken of his unfeigned regard for the impressionists, but he felt that their technical methods were foreign to his nature. He confesses to admiring Pissarro more than Monet. So he paints in a low key, not claiming any superiority because it is quiet in tone, and his pictures are unforced in note and contemplative in sentiment. His temperament seems rather umbrageous.

It is not necessary to describe his pictures. Go and saturate yourself in them. They do not leap from the frames, nor are they misty riddles. We prefer, *inter alia*, "On the Canal" (No. 8); "Fodder Stacks" (No. 9); "Coming Storm" (No. 2); "Melting Snow" (No. 18); and a tiny canvas, "Evening on the Hilltop" (No. 17), the ensnarement of a corner of nature. Mr. Lathrop sets traps; he does not conquer his material by sheer force—which grows upon one. "Pasture Land in Summer" (No. 3) is of a green loveliness, the shadows of the trees lying upon the land like a benison. The Lathrop canvases you may live with; they have the quality of unobtrusive, faithful comrades. He spies upon nature to surprise her secrets. He often succeeds.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 10, 1908, p. 6

Because he employs such a reticent color scheme, avoiding the obvious sonorities of painter's rhetoric, the exhibition of W. L. Lathrop now on at the Montross Gallery, 372 Fifth Avenue, is a relief to both eye and spirit. After the scarlet trumpets the still small voice of the wood wind! Lathrop, without hinting at the brilliancies of the innovators or the academic formulas of the past generation, is a man who nevertheless should not be classified as merely a negation of both schools. He is moderate by temperament, but no painter reveals more decision in the selection of his themes. That is to say, he is neither colorless nor timid. A vein of poetry runs throughout his work, but it is not a facile one. It comes quite naturally to the surface when it is needed. We once called this artist a follower of Wordsworth rather than of Swinburne. He is reflective and masculine. A well defined rhythmic feeling may be noted in his pictures. His chief excellence is his naturalness—which must not be confounded with naturalism; yet we wager that there are few among his contemporaries who are closer observers of the essentials in the art of landscape -that art at once so easy and so difficult. You will never gasp or be dazzled before his canvases, but surrender yourself to their influence and their fundamental sincerity will win you notwithstanding the absence of glitter and bravura. Here character, not externals, counts the heavier. He is the gentle, intimate interpreter of nature.

At the first view his present show is less sober than that of last season. The color key is higher pitched. The lilacs and mauves and purples of the impressionists, however, do not rule; when such tones are demanded they appear, but you would never think of calling one of these pictures a "symphony in lilac." Lathrop is too preoccupied with the spirit of his scene to allow the flesh to veil its meanings. As paint goes his is not voluptuous, yet there is a cool magnetism in his surfaces. As for his brush work, its dexterity or its decorative disposition, one never bothers with these technical questions; the picture is the thing, not the paint alone.

"Fisher's Island" and his own favorite spots in Pennsylvania are the subjects he has elected to show us in his oils, water colors and sketches—twenty-one in all. The sketches are leisurely enough without abating suggestion of *prima vista*. "By the River," for example (No. 19), is rich and full; the greens are rich, the structure full. It is at once vital and reposeful. That long level path in the corn field—a water color (No. 13)-is very tempting to the eye; and there is delicious water in the marine (No. 16). Among the oils it is hard to make preferences. "Gray Day" (No. 10) is one of ours. The sky with its veiled silver is as delicately poetic as a Cazin—and less conscious in its presentation. "Waste Land—Fisher's Island" was shown at Philadelphia last winter. "Coast Road" is on the same island; so is "Cloud Shadow," which is perhaps the most skilfully manipulated of these canvases, the light hidden from the subdued greens of the foreground, but breaking through the cloud and falling upon the yellowish sandy soil near the top of the picture. The strip of sky above this is most eloquently expressed—all the more eloquent because it is not theatrically displayed. "White Oaks" is a new note in Lathrop's landscapes, bolder, more brilliant, more intense. But the chief impression of the exhibition is one of a strong, simple man mellowing steadily, displaying a fondness for the bleak, arid aspects of seashore and plain; sensitive to discreet harmonies, to the minor undertones of nature, but tonic, not pessimistic; always sane and often subtle.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, May 14, 1908, p. 6

The Montross Gallery, 372 Fifth Avenue, is anticipating the season with a genuine summer show of pictures by thirteen well known artists. There is a "Wet Day," by Childe Hassam, presumably in Paris, a gay canvas despite the inclement weather, and the same painter's "June Morning," with the white flesh of an adventurous nymph all a-dazzle in the leafage. A "Sunset" by George Inness must have been the fruit of his Italian journey. It is old fashioned in style, though none the less sterling, and with a sunny background of slumbrous beauty. We again admired the delicacy and sincerity of W. L. Lathrop's art. That "Hillside Pasture" with its modest herbage is a study in earth forms. The swell of the hill, the bellying out of the slope and the peaceful atmosphere attract the amateur of nature. His "Evening Light" is in a different key; saturated as it is with a rich level luminousness, an ordinary meadow, there may be seen in it a few human dots. The "Buckwheat Field" is another transcription, the note unforced, as is always the case with Lathrop.

Willard Metcalf's "East Boothbay Harbor," which was hung in this exhibition last week, has been removed to make way for a magnificent explosion of blossoms in a vase. His "Evening Star" hangs in the middle of the north wall, its romantic sentiment not a whit attenuated since it was first shown.

Rather the reverse. All who are curious to view one of Dewing's Henry James ladies in the making should not miss his charming portrait study. John La Farge's "Night Dance" is attractive, as is A. P. Ryder's "Oriental Camp." The chords of mystery are sounded in both. Fromentin or Decamp might have signed the Ryder, though it is doubtful if either of these Frenchmen ever contrived such a sense of an air bathed landscape. Twachtman's study of a garden fascinates by its pure optical appeal, while in Phimister Proctor's "Buffaloes on the Trail" there is suggestiveness. That bleaching buffalo skull sends the eye over the vast expanse, accentuated by a sinister dying light on the horizon. You feel the possibilities of the scene.

In Horatio Walker's work there is usually the quality of the homelike. That big stable of his with the women milking, the confident hen on the stairway and in the deep shadows the figure of a man tells the story without rhetoric. A seasonable picture. The autumn pastoral is quite brilliant with its chickens and other fierce fowl of the wilderness. Mr. Weir presents an approaching shower, not one apt to become a cloudburst; the tender shrubbery, the sensitive tree eagerly await the promised drenching. They are all athirst of an early summer afternoon. Mr. Tryon's study is rich toned and autumnal. He also shows a moonrise, the "vitreous downpour" of which silvers the sea. Mr. Henry C. White has an October moonrise, poetic in character. The exhibition will probably continue until the end of the season.

Ernest Lawson
(1873-1939)

Huneker and Lawson were friends according to Lawson's daughter, who often heard the painter mention the critic. The description of a "palette of crushed jewels," frequently quoted in connection with Lawson, is ascribed to Huneker (F. Newlin Price, "Lawson, of the 'Crushed Jewels,'" International Studio, *78 [February 1924]: 367), but I cannot find it in print.*

In a letter to John Quinn, May 12, 1915, Huneker described Lawson as a "genuine talent"–"the best of our landscapists qua *landscape, without figures. None of them can match his musical color" (*Letters, *p. 185). Four years later, Huneker remarked that "Lawson grows bigger, stronger every year. . . . His contemporaries in landscape he has passed and surpassed long ago" (New York* World, *December 21, 1919, Editorial section, p. 5). In* Steeplejack *Huneker referred to Lawson's "sumptuous paint quality" which, he said, Inness lacked (II:206).*

See, also, under "The Eight"; Sloan; Spring Academy, 1908, No. 1; and Spring Academy, 1911, No. 1.

"Monet, Lawson, Dougherty," New York *Sun*, February 7, 1907, p. 8

Crossing the ocean of paint and prejudice, yet only going to Macbeth's new galleries, 450 Fifth Avenue, or across town and up to the New York Art School, 2239 Broadway, corner of Eightieth Street, we may enjoy the work of two young men, both landscapists and marine painters, yet both as different in their personal method as Manet and Monet. Paul Dougherty and Ernest Lawson are the artists whose work exhibited this winter has set the studios buzzing and the critics praising. Lawson is a gold medalist at the Philadelphia exhibition, and the success of Dougherty's Academy picture was so marked that he was awarded the Carnegie medal, which he had to forego because of some silly red tape. Both men inspired warm words in the *Sun* of justly deserved praise. It is a tribute not only to Robert Henri's sound judgment but to his good heart that he was so outspoken at the Lawson show as to say: "This man is the biggest we have had since Winslow Homer." It is true. And it would have been as true of Paul Dougherty. Fourteen in number–two extras not catalogued–the Lawsons set you to wondering if we all are not talent blind during certain seasons! How these pictures–several the property of Mr. James Moore–escaped the greedy fingers of the connoisseur and dealer is a wonder. Yet there they are, there they were, and only the few saw, noted and bought. There are some melancholy souls in town to-day, for Lawsons and Doughertys have jumped up 50 per cent in value.

Lawson's paint is now his own. He has felt the impact of the impressionists; he can handle all the tricks of that method with ease. But he sticks to no formula. If he sees a tree as black as charcoal it comes out black; if he sees men as red tufts of color in an excavation he notes the fact. He believes in the Harlem River; Italy and soft skies do not interest him. His canvases are tonic; cold breezes sweep across them; the snow is prismatic; tree trunks gleam in the setting sunshine; across the hill is a patch of blue sky; the river is greenish–the whole effect is magical. Direct, virile vision–Lawson, like Dougherty, has the "innocence" of the eyes. He loves icebound rivers; chunks of ice float down stream. You hear them crackle. It is on the stringpiece of the pier at Twenty-eighth Street and the North River. Or across marvellously toned green ice cakes the gulls fly. A ball of marked red is a dying sun. The scene is poetic, yet without one false note, without the "slow music" of so many sentimental brush dabsters. His Harlem Flats shook you by their ugliness; very well, don't look at them; nor at the Pennsylvania Tunnel. These pictures are for people with nerves and strong stomachs who can see real, not fictitious, life. Several of the Academy pictures are here. They come out at you strongly, for they are fed by a northern light and not "skied" in the morgue. How Lawson feels the green of spring and the joyful vernal shimmer may be seen in his "Early Summer," a canvas as lovely in tone as his prize picture in Quakerdom. It is an occasion not to be neglected by art lovers in search of sincere, broad native work, suffused with human feeling, often sweet, always sane.

Whether it is his youth–he is not yet 30–or his temperamental tendency, it may not be denied that Paul Dougherty sees nature more poetically, let us say more subjectively, than Ernest Lawson. He loves midocean under rich moonlight; or he portrays the plastic union of wave and cloud—a phantasmagoria of green mist and undulating water; or, in his landscapes, such as the "Old Viaduct," "Mid-Island Gorge," he sees with the poet's as well as the painter's vision. He has not the defining eye of Lawson, but perhaps a more divining one. He shows Winslow Homer's influence. Dougherty has affection for the lower tones of the gamuts. He is not afraid of foundational blacks and browns. His paint is very solid; his forms, such as his striated rocks or curling waves, or the heavy, sullen swell of open sea, are *felt*; you have no doubt as to their reality, and not a false step, not a theatric stroke. There are twenty of Mr. Dougherty's pictures; and the little red seal is being daily affixed—the seal that denotes a sale. You can see that this work is the result of a rigorous personal study of nature. The artist spends much of his time near the ocean and on fishermen's boats. Studio paint or studio light is never suggested. His "Moonlight at Sea" is a series of graduated wave rhythms that convey the mass vibration of water—the picture seems to rise and fall, and without employing the impressionist's spots or dots. Beautiful greens and blues abound in his work. "The Leaping Wave" is one example; "The Blue Fog" another. We admired "The Old Viaduct" and its processional trees. You are in mid-France—until Mr. Macbeth remarks that the scene was viewed at Binghamton. Mr. Dougherty not only has a future, but is enjoying a present.

The faults of both Lawson and Dougherty are obvious: the former might temper his realism to the shorn lamb with advantage; the latter should subdue a tendency to sentimentality. Technical shortcomings are not in our province to record.

All three of these exhibitions—that of the great Frenchman and of the two gifted young Americans—recall Mr. W. C. Brownell's words of wisdom for those persons who face the past and see no good in their own days. "To an intelligence fully and acutely alive its own time," writes Mr. Brownell, "must, I think, be more interesting than any other. The sentimental, the scholastic, the speculative temperament may look before or after with longing or regret; but that sanity of mind which is practical and productive must find its most agreeable sensations in the data to which it is intimately and inexorably related. . . . [Huneker's ellipsis] Culture is impossible apart from cosmopolitanism, but self-respect is more indispensable than culture."

In a word, let us be catholic in our tastes; which may also mean let us be occasionally—contemporaneous. It is fatally easy to praise Raphael and Titian.

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, November 6, 1910, sec. 3, p. 4

Ernest Lawson has discovered Coney Island. Rather let us simply say that Coney Island itself has been discovered by a painter. There it was for years, sprawling in the broiling sunshine in all its joyous vulgarity, men, women and children promenading or bathing, sitting or outstretched upon the sand, a wriggling mass, not in the least attractive when viewed at elbow length, yet a singularly racy theme for the artist—why then hasn't somebody placed the lower end of the island on canvas? It has been snapshotted and an occasional refined painter has "selected" a sweet orange sunset effect behind the Highlands and has purred with satisfaction over his celestial harmonies. Coney Island, rank, unsavory, running over with "powerful uneducated persons," as Walt Whitman puts it, not a spot for poetic invocations, but smelling of clam chowder, beer, hot sausages, the air crammed with the hoarse rude voices of "barkers" and baby squallings, in a word, the real Coney of 1910, this Lawson has studied, and the result is to be found in a dozen canvases on which actuality wars with beautiful tonalites. It may be remarked in passing that the vibrating color hatches and patches of this artist never suggest the niggling mannerism of so many impressionists.

There are not painting to-day half a dozen realists possessing a tithe of Lawson's robust vision and gift as a colorist. Two Spaniards, Zuloaga, Sorolla; several Frenchmen, and among the English only Augustus John. His eye carries with precision the shape and gait of things, above all, their density and weight. It is a material vision, a pagan vision, if you will (better say pantheist; that's more popular), not concerned with the manifestations of the spirit, though keenly cognizant of their beauty and significance. Lawson does not miss the poetic note, he can sound it clearly enough, but it concerns him less than the ripe realities of normal life. Decorative prettiness has its meanings for him; he always weaves a pattern, elliptical as it is, and he has learned enough from the Japanese to detest symmetry for symmetry's sake. "The obvious poetical," that thin sentimental vein which is the bane of the majority of American landscapists and the pride of the dealers in saccharine, to that temptation this eminently virile painter has never succumbed. His pictures exhale health; his touch is as forthright as Gustave Courbet's, and like Courbet he finds relish in facing the problems of every day life. (Indeed he is much less romantic than the Frenchman.) He has shown us corners of New York, the upper West Side, that were new and in whose presentation he was quite as much poet as painter. His "Gulls," with the stretch of frozen Hudson, Jersey in the distance and the greenish tonalities peculiarly subtle, is a canvas that will not be soon forgotten. He has just finished a superb view of lower New York and the Battery as seen from a Staten Island ferryboat.

But Coney Island! A lot of people in bathing suits reclining under gaudy green yellow umbrellas stuck in the sand by ingenious advertisers. Some women walk by in all the showiness of bathing costumes. Across the top of the picture run the hard, graceless lines of the pier. Sunlight is felt rather than seen; that is, it floods the scene, though not in the fluid, quasi-dramatic contrasts of Sorolla. It is New York, not Valencian sunshine. As Lawson believes less in composition cookery than nature unselected, he has painted without rearrangement the story of a summer afternoon as it unrolled before his eyes. However, despite his impromptu quality he knows how to "place" his subject. The umbrellas, seven in number, make a picturesque pattern, and what with sky and lighting that awful pier becomes positively eye enchaining. And how the sensitive ones will shiver as they enter the Madison Square Gallery, where hang two of Lawson's latest works.

The other picture is of exceeding charm, a May party within Central Park. This theme is hardly novel; Glackens, Sloan, Jerome Myers have set it before us. Lawson is himself. His rich hues so artfully valued and the weaving lines of trees, children in festive mood, and all enveloped in a seductive atmosphere are his alone. This particular canvas will be admired where the other will give a dynamic shock; the painter is dynamic in all the Coney Island episodes.

At his studio are a dozen, the most striking being a string of passengers leaving the iron steamboats and moving up the pier. This was painted directly from the second story of the pier. Why didn't some one think of the possibilities of such a sight? In Lawson's clear, gay colors this group of pleasure seekers produces a stunning impression. He has never been given to peopling his canvases, the landscape usually sufficing. His boy bathers are well known, but generally speaking he avoided figure compositions. That has now been changed. Another Lawson—let us call it his second period, just for fun and history's sake—has come into view. When in January he exposes these Coney Island pictures he will create a sensation. The further we get away in America from the artificial "finished" surfaces in art the better. Our native drama is crude, but isn't it better than our inane, sickly, anaemic fiction? American landscape art is superior to either; nevertheless it must avoid that stumbling block, the "merely pretty." Mr. Lawson has been pronounced "unfinished" by those whose ideal is the licked up, shiny, pretty article of commerce which abounds in every dealer's gallery and every exhibition. "Finished?" Yes, the art is surely "finished," but of life there remains none. Really, you know that art and life are not so divorced as some would have us believe. Lawson is always vital. And he has that much to be envied quality, distincton of style and unabashed fidelity in observation.

There are other excellent pictures at the same exhibition now in progress. Mr. Taylor has solved the question of hanging his color dynamiters so that no premature explosion need be feared. George Bellows, a genuine talent, shows two examples, "The Warship"and "In Virginia." We prefer the former with its realism, tempered but not softened, to the rather commonplace scene on the lawn. Allen Tucker's "The Bridge" is dangerously close to Lawson's "Umbrellas," but holds its own delicately observed and rendered harmonies. Jonas Lie, deserting for the nonce his remote peaks and snowclad hillsides, shows old houses on the border of a canal full of Thaulowlike water. The canvas also recalls Baertsoen, the Belgian, and his splendid canalboats. Elmer Livingston MacRae is always welcome. We admired Edmund Greacen's "At the Wharf" with its discriminating values in lighting. Will Howe Foote's "Summer Night," recalling in subject the moonlit house at Lyme first made memorable by Willard Metcalf, is there, and there are pictures by W. Sherman Potts, D. Putnam Brinley, Charles Ebert and Karl Anderson, all worth seeing. The exhibit holds to November 14.

“The Seven Arts,” *Puck*, 77 (March 13, 1915): 17

At the Daniel Gallery, on West 47th Street, there is an exhibition of Ernest Lawson’s landscapes. Mr. Lawson needs no introductory trumpets. He is arrived. In the beginning a follower of Monet, he has developed not only an individual technique but an individual vision. And he has patiently painted the outskirts of our city; he discovered the Harlem river, pictorially speaking; he saw possibilities of cityscapes in the Bronx; and to the New York scene he brought [an] iridescent palette that fairly dripped richness, and a feeling for the picturesque never banal. To-day, a dozen of his works, some dating back a few years, others of yesterday, show the increasing mastery of Lawson in his material as well as spiritual means. All art is the victory of temperament over technique, and the Lawson palette to-day, tonally as sumptuous as ever, is more sensitive. The Metropolitan Museum has bought one of the wintry canvases in this group—a masterpiece. No living painter is the superior of Ernest Lawson in poetic vision allied to an intellectual mastery of actuality. Next to Monet I’d rather own a Lawson than any other modern, and that’s high praise, according to my taste. Again—tastes differ; and you can always dispute taste (which is mediocre when your friend doesn’t happen to agree with yours).

Jonas Lie
(1880-1940)

See, also, under Spring Academy, 1908, No. 2, and under National Academy, 1912.

“Around the Galleries,” New York *Sun*, January 7, 1907, p. 6

Jonas Lie went to his native Norway last summer for the first time since he had left it as a boy. The results of his work in the mountainous land which Ibsen fled and Björnson loved Mr. Lie presented in the New Gallery, 15 West Thirtieth Street, where but recently Mr. Van Perrine showed his storm studies. Mr. Lie is the reverse in temperament of that painter. He might be called an optimist, but that pessimists also go to the heights. Witness Ibsen’s *Brand*, not to revert to Byron’s *Manfred*. However, pessimistic Lie is not. He feels the sublimity of sky and summit, but it is in no morbid manner. He paints in a high key, though not with a niggling brush. Broad and flowing are his strokes, without betraying any preference for modern dots or touches. Yet much of his work suggests the impressionistic. Details are rapidly summarized, unity is seldom absent, and if—apart from some technical shortcomings—fault is to be found, it is in the tendency to attenuate. His peaks, frosty and glittering with sun smitten snow, are vividly expressed. Simple is his chromatic range, simple and dramatic. How he can feel more homely scenes is manifested by the

"Dance of Norwegian Peasants," a spring dance in an interior, with a smoky lamp; some peasants, male and female, are vigorously footing the heavy measures. Here is your Grieg for you without Grieg's prettiness. Lie does not flinch from conclusions; like Zola, if he had to depict the sweat on a dancer's back he would attempt the feat. In the open he is an idealist. "The Barns" could have been easily a Thaulow, but it is Lie, and a rich tone the picture has. He can paint trees at the verge of a precipice that seem about to leap into the void—perhaps like Heine's "fichtenbaum" searching for its fellow. (See old Sir Thomas Browne on the superior advantages of tree courtship.) This exhibit of Mr. Lie has strengthened the high opinions held of his talents—he is a painter of poetic temperament and individual vision.

Louis Loeb
(1866-1909)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 7, 1909, p. 6

When you hear that Louis Loeb is giving a retrospecitve exhibition of paintings at Macbeth's (450 Fifth Avenue) you feel assured that whether you like his work or not his pictures will gather crowds. Mr. Loeb has many admirers. A list of the loans in this show would fill half a column. He usually paints the same motif—a charming young woman with Henner hair and complexion and features of delicate sweetness. His landscapes do not appeal to us; they suggest in a heavy way Corot or anybody. Nor is he successful in all of his compositions. He fails the fire of invention. That "Joyous Life" just misses it, though the pattern is gracious, the coloring luscious. But for sincerity his portrait of Israel Zangwill, notwithstanding its rather dull blacks, is praiseworthy. It is a strong bit of paint psychology. The witty philosopher of the Ghetto is serious; almost prophetic is his gaze. A man with such expression makes one forget his native ugliness. It is the Zangwill of the New Jerusalem, Zangwill and his mission of Zion. Or look at the profile in colored chalks of Helen Teschner. This girl, whose violin playing was praised by Ysaye, holds the violin to her chin. She is playing the Beethoven concerto. She is the fervent acolyte serving the altar of music's god. Her features and expression denote a high order of intelligence and sensibility—withal girlish and unaffected. Mr. Loeb's color harmonies are sensuously rich in "The Peacock" and his "Siren," lent by the National Gallery, Washington. "The Gilt Shawl," "Antique Gossip" (a nude) are favorites. How dignified his conception and solid his handling may be noted in the portrait of Mrs. H. S. Frank, and the head of Professor Werner. Miss Eleanor Robson as "Merely Mary Ann" we described some seasons ago.

George B. Luks
(1867-1933)

Luks was first criticized by Huneker in the Sun, *March 21, 1907, p. 8, in an article later combined with one printed in the* New York Times, *February 6, 1916, p. 13, into an essay reprinted in* Bedouins. *John Sloan called the earlier article a "fine appreciation" and a "beautiful example of Huneker's ability to interest in art criticism" (*John Sloan's New York Scene, *p. 114). Huneker and Luks undoubtedly corresponded, but the only surviving letter is one from Luks to Huneker, October 22, 1915, in which Luks extended Huneker—"my old pal"—an invitation to visit him. A year earlier, Luks's "caricature" of Huneker, which the latter described to John Quinn as "very funny" (*Letters, *p. 185), had been published in* Vanity Fair *(3 [November 1914]: 54). The portrait for which this was a preliminary study was apparently never completed.*

See, also, under "The Eight."

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 25, 1907, p. 8

It is now the time of year which the dealers call the "top of the season," yet a time and a "top" that lack the animal provocation of stinging air and wintry sunshine. There are the usual amount of sales, hurry up, executors and hand me down Rembrandts; but something is lacking. The snap is not in the blood. Paint begins to smell heavy. And the merry bock rears upon the posters. Spring is here, though the snow may heap inches high upon the streets. For the reporter of paint, varnish and genius, even his favorites of yestermonth wear an ominous expression. Ha! he cries, can we have been mistaken? And then he goes to the Brandus sale, sees an Alma-Tadema sell for $100,000—more or less—and after a dealer staggers with his purchase down the avenue the tormented critic feels at rest. When Henri, Glackens, Sloan, Lawson, Luks, Davies, Myers, and any of the "wicked" new men sell a canvas it is really sold—not knocked down.

Some one has discovered that George Luks is a naughty painter! His colors are not blessed. His frames have read Swinburne and his canvas was bought in Paris! Isn't it joyous, this dear old "gag"? When you don't like a poet, a pianist, a painter, a composer, a sculptor, a novelist, just brand him as "immoral," or "mad," or "decadent"—which is both—and then turn your "virtuous" palette and paint chaste pink water ice young ladies. Any one who has ever seen the work of Luks knows that it is "healthy" realism; that it is optimistically cheerful; that it deals with life and not with the burnt umber ghosts of darkened studios.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 25, 1908, p. 6

There is an exhibition devoted to American painters at Macbeth's, 450 Fifth Avenue, familiar names all. A novelty is a dock, either the Hudson or the East River, by George Luks, which is an unusually rich toned and masterly picture. It is very St. Luks, very realistic and a brave facing of the more commonplace aspects of the scene—a dock, horses, draymen,&c.It is the path of sunshine on the waters and some rolling clouds that transfigure the ordinary surroundings. The "Apple Mary" of Mr. Luks is also to be seen, a morsel of Dutchlike fidelity in its easy performance.

"New Portraits by Luks," New York *Sun*, June 20, 1908, p. 6

To delve into the psychology of George Luks as man and painter would be seemingly an easier task than if it were that of Arthur Davies, for example, or A. P. Ryder. Luks is so simple at first meeting, his surfaces so very frank and apparent, that to catch his psychological pose is only a matter of professional dexterity. But afterthoughts, like staircase wit, are apt to prove disconcerting. Now, the majority of mankind wears its daily mask and you ask for no revelatory lifting. You encounter a good fellow. What more is necessary? The pretty girl you take in to dinner is, as our German cousins say, sufficient by the grace of God. Her looks are better than the salad, and if she is clever it is a lucky dessert for you. Most painters are good fellows, some charming—whether they paint well or ill. In the everyday world we mustn't ask too many questions, we mustn't expect too much. This we conceive to be the best fashion in which to approach a man like Luks. He is all surface until you discover that the very clarity of his nature conceals depths. Never would you suspect him of having the complicated soul, as the phrase goes, unless you get a peep behind the scenes and note that your first facile diagnosis of the man has been totally wrong. We firmly believe that if George Luks had gone on the stage he would have proved an extraordinary low comedian. Yet if he had not escaped the call of the theatre we should never have guessed his potentialities, for such an infectious comedian he would have been that the deep human sentiment in his nature would never have been allowed to come to light. Luckily he is a painter and his versatility finds an outlet in portraiture, in vivacious anecdote, in veracious landscapes and marines and in the depiction of the humbler aspects of life, of its dear and near daily side, of its dramatic surprises.

The man and painter are so thoroughly fused that the simplicity of his case vanishes on closer inspection. Luks is the man and he is the painter; you can't even hyphenate him. He is not a painter in the morning, a gentleman in the afternoon, but he is the painter awake and asleep. He was born to paint as other men are born politicians. He can paint in a coal hole or on the roof. And he can paint while executing one of those inimitable mimicries of his or his rhythmic rattle or his improvised sidewalk conversations. We do not instance his minor accomplishments as an evidence of any freakishness. They are the superficial blowing off of temperamental steam. Concentration of observation, depth of sentiment are his natural heritages. He is an eye. But back of the eye is a heart, plenty of it. He has an excess of sensibility, though its outward symbols amaze and alarm the stranger. In a roomful of academicians he might be a bull in a china shop. This exuberance, this almost ceaseless display of verbal fireworks are disquieting, particularly when you turn from the man to his work. You can't always see at first blush that the easy fitting worldly mask slips away when the artist faces his canvas. You can't see—that is, if you do not know him well—that the bull-like physique is fined down by his art into a unique expression of the visible. He sees nature through his temperament, and if that temperament is of the same order as Franz Hals and Goya, then all the luckier for Luks. Of the profundity of the human soul he has no conception. He is not a poet, not a visionary like Davies. The concrete holds Luks in its grasp. For him the invisible world does not exist.

Oh, yes, there is the reverse of the medal. No man is made all of a piece, and the art of Luks has its seamy side. He has an infernal impatience, that chief sin of heresiarchs, according to Cardinal Newman. That also means that he takes criticism in no amiable way. And the corollary of impatience is haste in execution. Luks never will finish a canvas. He must have five hundred stowed away in the two rooms that serve him as a studio (if you say to him that he is painting in a glaring south light he is apt to retort, "North light; hell!"). None is finished. Nevertheless this rough handling of his material—not irreverent or careless—has its special fruits. Some subjects respond gloriously to the treatment. Swift, brutal, never subtle, though suggestive, his portraits leap from the bare canvas into being. A recent caprice has set him to painting the human face. In the fury of his execution when the fit is upon him he could cover miles of walls with figures. He recalls, at least in this particular, the painter Claude Lantier, described by Zola in "L'Oeuvre." This itching of the nerves, this tugging of the muscles which impels a pianist to play until Jericho falls or his listeners die, is but the special organ of any artist keyed up to the pitch of intensity. Luks is the most normal young man imaginable. Full of the kindly sap of life, he too often boasts his powers when he should be making lines and color patches. That is his very human side. Slightly inhuman is his capacity for sustained work—mind you, we don't say sustained in the sense of sticking at one picture until he has exhausted its possibilities, but a capacity for work prolonged and laborious.

His new portraits were generally finished—rather, unfinished—in from one to three sittings. The George Luks we know so well as a *bon viveur*, as an illustrator with few peers, is a psychologist with a brush when painting a man's head. His interpretation of the rugged features and characteristic personality of W. A. Fraser, an English writer who has spent much time in India, is very strong, especially when you learn that it was dashed off at a sitting. It is impromptu only in its verve, but it is a presentment of the case of Fraser; if unfinished it is yet complete. Not in the least evocative of Hals or any of the Dutchmen, for Luks has an individual manner, nevertheless it belongs by affinity to the Dutch group. It is, we venture to say without fearing contradiction, a portrait any of the living men, the big fellows, would be proud to sign. Luks admires it himself. He is naive in the matter of self-recognition. He knows a good thing when he sees it, and says so aloud.

As a complete antithesis in method his lately painted head of Professor G. is an excellent example of sobriety in color and tact in the management of varied phases of character. It is a slow picture. Professor G. is that distinguished Assyriologist who first deciphered the cuneiform inscriptions on a stone Coptic water wagon. His secret eyes are a sort of runic riddle which spell the woes of thirst. A perfectly proper, well groomed gentleman, yet behind his conventional appearance the painter has sought for the salient traits of character. He might be an Orangeman plotting the fall of Rome, or a music critic about to explain how Mary Garden sings without any voice. A sinister, well bred person, you would say, slightly given to contradicting the universe. Sargent could not have given us a better reading.

Mr. Karl Buenz, the German Consul-General, is there to the life. You hear his amiable accent coming over the edge of the paint. And that marvellous embodiment of Whiskey Bill, a well known personage in the American Parisian colony! Several judges hold out for the Fraser portrait, which we greatly admire for its noble qualities, but we plump for the head of Whiskey Bill, a head not unlike Wilhelmj's, the head of a great violinist and a profound alcoholist. In Gorky's "Nachtasyl" there is an old actor who runs through the play exclaiming: "Ich hab' mein organismus mit Alkohol vergiftet." We have never seen Whiskey Bill, but we are sure that he has poisoned his organism with alcohol. But a wonderful expression, a man of gifts, a man who thinks, a stern Dante who has seen the mirage of thirst, not one of Hals's or Steen's jovial drinkers. The spleen of life has killed the ideals of Bill. They float submerged in his melancholy eyes. As for his hair, we may compare it to Masson's engraving of the gray haired man Guillaume de Brisacier, after Mignard, with a difference—the hair is treated more luminously in mass than in detail. There are the usual number of studies from life, of "Old Mary Curling Her Hair," a companion piece of the "Goose Girl," recently exhibited at Macbeth's. The most masterly picture in the collection is an ideal head of Bobbie Burns's "Souter Johnie," which will prove a sensation at any public exhibition. Therein is a synthesis of all the most admirable qualities of Luks. Humor, technical audacity, solid modelling, vital color, sweet sentiment and a searching humanity that all combined will make a vigorous appeal to any spectator. Luks sometimes plays to the gallery, but he is sound at the core. His feet are set upon the mountain. He is not pausing to grasp at the pretty flowers or pretty applause. He is enjoying a hard time on his way to recognition, a recognition that is bound to come. But do not imagine because he is the smiling George Luks with the Napoleonic brow and round cherubic cheeks and nimble wit that he is easy to decipher. We quite give him up in despair.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 20, 1910, p. 8

It is the sincerely human strain in the Luks pictures that is attracting such a throng of people to the Macbeth Galleries. That his first "single man" exhibition would be the artistic event of a waning season was a foregone conclusion. When he appeared in company with the so-called "Eight" his work aroused peculiar interest. No need to tell *Sun* readers that in any exhibition, here or abroad, George B. Luks would hold his own. A more important question was whether he would stand the extremely trying test of a solo performance. This question is fairly answered by the present collection. Not one but thirty-six canvases figure on the programme, and yet it is not too long. Nor is the eye shocked by the explosion of hues or by insistent brutality of themes. There is but one example in the gallery that can be called brutal. It is the "Wrestlers," an almost academic exercise if compared with some pugilistic illustrations we have lately reviewed. Besides, a wrestling match is not precisely a harp recital, as much as the extension and contraction of legs and arms resemble arpeggios. That forthright quality appertaining to the art and temperament of Luks is averse from calling a spade by any other name. Therefore his two giants roll and clutch; you hear the gasp of wind that is squeezed bellowwise from their chests, and the squeak and crackle of their strained muscles. It is a monstrous design, one that might have pleased both Michelangelo and John L. Sullivan. That it may be called gentle art we doubt, but it is alive, every inch of it; and we are spared the sight of blood. A man is being massacred, but it is a dry, not a liquid massacre.

Possibly Mr. Luks included it in his catalogue for the sake of variety, for he is nothing if not versatile. It demonstrates his sense of "tactile values" with a vengeance, and in the last analysis is as human as his "Spielers," though not as pleasant. The latter picture, rechristened "The Dancing Girls," shows us Luks in his most charming mood. It is a little masterpiece, and the poet and the philosopher are in the makeup of Luks. His mixed German and Dutch ancestry have contributed to the ensemble of his admirable qualities, but his humor is altogether American, we are tempted to say altogether of New York. He is genuinely cosmopolitan without losing an iota of our indigenous virtue. A painter of the people, of the comedy and tragedy of life's little ironies, he is never betrayed into depicting with sentimental excess the sociological wrongs of a class. This is refreshing, for nowadays we get too many second rate sermons and pamphlets in paint. The humanity of his subject is the chief concern of Luks. We never tire of seeing those two carefree children whirl about the pavement to some merry tune, overheard rather than heard. "The Pawnbroker's Daughter" is a classic. The envelope of this picture is beautiful; the colors commingle harmoniously, the girl with the Eastern eyes, who carries so deftly the carafe on a platter—Salome did not compass the feat more gracefully—is unforgettable. Signed with the name of some great modern Dutchman this canvas would be famous. It will be some day.

Luks is more Dutch than German in style. That baby with the vigorously modelled head plucking at the strings of a guitar is quite Dutch in feeling. The paint, the brushwork, the sentiment are all of Holland. Dutch too in suggestion is the chess café, with its group of interested players in a Rembrandt-like atmosphere. Mr. Luks was never in Holland, though he studied in Düsseldorf; luckily he has forgotten how to paint like that juiceless school. Abounding energy, an obstinate curiosity tempered by sympathy with poverty and suffering, united with his remarkable plasticity of style, have kept him from stagnating in academic swamps. Nor can his work be placed in the category of the insurgents. He is too individual, too much Luks to be drawn into the maelstrom created by another man. He will never be a follower of Matisse, because he has too good an opinion of Luks; nor of Manet or Monet. And this is well. It is his way of seeing things rather than his recording of them on canvas that is his prime claim upon critic and public. His color sense is so opulent, his handling of his material so dexterous that he ventures easily into territory where others stumble. "Audacious" is the word that best describes such color experiments as the "Woman and Macaw." We praised it last year, as well as the "Woman With the Parrot"—not in the present exhibition. The man who can manage such scarlet sonorities can also paint a miserable girl in gray tonalities that are exquisitely modulated. She is now called "The Little Gray Girl," and she has draped herself in a shawl a world too wide for her. She would have brought tears to the eyes of Dickens; but there is no suspicion of the pose sentimental, the pose lachrymose. That is how the tact of omission is so excellently understood by Luks.

The "Duchess" seems to have stepped from some picaresque tale. Swaddled in stolen gowns, her nose richly tinted, her eyes those of a bird of prey, this sinister yet humorous figure is as lovingly rendered by the artist as if she were a society belle. Perhaps more so; the elements of her makeup are more complex. The "Old Clothes" man is true to the type, and with a fund of unuttered wisdom and humor in his strongly marked features. The "Child Playing With a Doll" is good Luks, the painting in particular, though the subject is well worn. "Amateurs" is a sketch of two half frightened, half defiant young people in a sharp white stagelight. The "Jam Thief" is a kiddy making away with his plunder, a mere note, none the less eloquent. "Churning" takes us back to the "Pet Goose"—unhappily not in this collection—although it lacks the quality of that wonderful old woman. We confess that we are not convinced by the landscapes or the flowers. Mr. Luks has not found his way as yet in the open; he generalizes too much and does not seem to care for his picture. That Central Park scene might have been an interior, so stuffy is it. It lacks air and animation. But his portrait of a heifer, not recorded in the catalogue, is very fine, and Mr. Macbeth should place on view the "Pigs" of yesteryear; they are masterly. Of the "Cats" the same may be said.

It may be noted that the most significant contributions to this exhibition are not new. For several years past Mr. Luks has busied himself with portrait painting, and with mixed results, although in the matter of sheer handling it is in this department that he betrays most improvement. His surfaces are sleeker, the edges more delicate, his conjunctions finer. There was much adverse criticism of the head of Senator Root, but those who know that statesman saw the essential man behind the professional mask. Luks never aims at subtlety, or if he does he usually misses the target. Salient traits he always depicts, though he may lose half of the characteristics of his sitter in the process. For instance, the head of John Quinn, Esq., is not only an excellent likeness but it expresses the man of law. John Quinn lover of art and literature is not present; that side did not interest the artist; he was after character, not an aesthetic trait. How does a lawyer look? Like John Quinn, we confess. F. J. Gregg, Esq., is easily the most triumphant of the portraits, for the problem was hardly facile; the placing of the head and bust and the boldness of the brushwork are alike admirable. How does a critic look? The answer must be—like No. 20.

But the Luks that juggles with an idiosyncrasy as does a virtuoso on the single string is to be found in the heads of "Souter Johnie" and W. H. Fraser, Esq. The latter is a strong interpretation of a strong personality. Miss May Harriman's portrait is vital as far as it has gone; it will be improved by further sittings; and the full length of E. W. Root, Esq., we may praise as a piece of splendid brushwork, even if the resemblance does not fly from the frame to your eyes—as our Gallic brethren would put it. Both the portraits of Mrs. Luks and her sister, Mrs. H. E. Frankenberg, reveal skilled craftsmanship, though we regret that Mr. Luks has fallen into the prevalent fashion among artists of understating the good looks of their wives. Withal a decorative picture is No. 13.

The real Luks, however, is the Luks interested in the byways and highways of life; the Luks who knows the heart of darkness on the East Side; sympathetic and brilliant painter of men, women and children as they joy or sorrow, thrive or die. We sincerely hope that his successes will not turn him astray from the path he has made his own; that he will remain in America and record the New York scene. We have plenty of face painters, but only one Luks.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (April 11, 1914): unnumbered page

Seeing its doors hospitably open I drifted the other day into the exhibition of contemporary art in the National Arts Club, and there met some old friends —George Luks, Rockwell Kent, John Marin, Samuel Halpert, Marsden Hartley, Arthur Dove, Alfred Maurer, Kenneth Hayes Miller, Maurice Prendergast, Elmer L. Macrae, Carl Sprinchorn, and a dozen others. The new painting is beginning to look quite old-fashioned, the fate of all violent movements to escape the conventional. But what's good in the movement has come to stay. There's Prendergast with his paint which makes his canvas look like embroidery; there's Luks who was born an "old master" and seems all the more so among these purple and yellow enigmas; and there is Kenneth Miller, an idealist, a dreamer in a land of dreams—how are you going to include these three disparate personalities in the welter and jumble of the present show? I've always had a profound sympathy for the rebel in the Seven Arts, but as I grow older I'm beginning to transfer that sympathy to myself. I've blistered my eyes in foreign galleries and I've accumulated varicose veins tramping all over Europe in search of novelty, but when I return and find these young chaps slavishly imitating the Cubists, or the Zonists, or the Post-Impressionists–as a decade ago they patterned after Monet and the Impressionists proper–then I despair of their originality. But anything is better than a return to benumbing academic methods, so perhaps the young artists–Cubists, Zonists, and Post-Impressionists–may profit by the freedom of the new forms; above all they will avoid the pitfalls of the obvious.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (May 23, 1914): 16, 21

I once called George Luks "a hand and an eye." His exhibition of oil paintings at the Kraushaar Gallery set my memory cells in motion. There were several old favorites: "Woman and Macaw," "The Guitar"; but, as the spirit of man is never satisfied, I longed for "The Spielers," "The Pawnbroker's Daughter," or "The Duchess." "The Spielers" is now in the possession of Archibald Gwathmey, Esq., and "The Pawnbroker's Daughter"–a bit of a modern Rembrandt–is owned by young Mr. Root, son of Senator Root. The new pictures show new curiosity on the part of the artist, though no marked technical advance. His drawings of polo players are vivid notations of movements and gestures rapidly seized and rendered. The single landscape present intrigued my attention; the subject is, "Round Houses at High Bridge," and the atmosphere is splendidly suggested. Luks knows his values. Steam, and again steam, is painted in a delicate scale of pearl grays. A most satisfying picture.

George has the intensity of a Spaniard, and the Dutchman's craving for realism. He recalls Toulouse-Lautrec in his choice of themes. The East Side was once his happy hunting-ground. In the First and Second Avenue Yiddish restaurants, where old men with biblical heads drink coffee and slowly converse; on Houston Street where, apparently, the entire East Side is buying fish for *Shabbas*; in corners where the refuse of humanity drifts–there Luks catches some gleams of humor and pathos, some touch that brings before us in a dozen strokes of the brush or pencil a human trait that emerges to the surface of this huge boiling kettle like a spar thrown up by the sea.

All is not misery in these mean streets; a rift of wintry sunlight, a stray tune from some miserable barrel organ, and behold! two children waltz with an unconscious zest for life that will survive till they are octogenarians. Of such contrasts Luks is the master. His "Spielers" is like a quivering page from–who knows? The East Side is yet to boast its Dickens. And Dickens would have enjoyed the picture of the little tousle-headed Irish girl of the Gas House District, with her rebellious red hair, dancing with the pretty flaxen-haired German child, surely the daughter of a delicatessen man of Avenue A. Humor, technical audacity, solid modelling, vital color, sane sentiment, and a searching humanity combined, make a vigorous appeal to you at the present exhibition.

Jean MacLane
(1878-1964)

See under National Academy, 1912.

Elmer L. MacRae
(1875-1953)

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, March 12, 1911, sec. 3, p. 4

Elmer Livingston MacRae is showing his recent work in oils and pastel at the Madison Art Galleries. There are landscapes and waterscapes, portraits and figure studies, all indicative of this young artist's sense of style and character and a fresh responsiveness to certain moods of nature. His pastels of children are charming, his studies in Boston of rare interest.

John Marin
(1872-1953)

Huneker mentioned Marin briefly in Steeplejack *(2:163). The painter's son informed me that he was certain that his father knew of Huneker and may have met him.*

See under Maurer.

Homer D. Martin
(1836-1897)

See under Inness.

Alfred H. Maurer
(1868-1932)

Huneker mentioned Maurer again in his notice of an exhibition at the Little Gallery of the Secession in March 1910; see under Weber.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 7, 1909, p. 6

At the Photo-Secession Gallery, 291 Fifth Avenue, Alfred Maurer, a whilom Chase pupil, is showing fifteen sketches in oil. A profound peace will overspread the exacerbated souls of them that display threatening grinders when the names of Sorolla and Zuloaga are mentioned. Here is this young Maurer, who went abroad in full possession apparently of his color sense, suddenly become a chromatic fantasy. The catalogue notes that the influence of Henri Matisse shows itself in these extraordinary efforts. Matisse, yes, and also Gauguin, whose strained symbolism has evidently affected the ambitions of the American. He is after something, that is certain, but whether it is a Catherine wheel at full tilt on a Fourth of July night or an ordinary apoplectic aura we can't say. We know that Prendergast of Boston can succeed in making clear his vision while working in the same bloodshot optical region. Perhaps Maurer will some day. It is a cruel Eastern Garden of writhing arabesques that he puts before us. And yet—but let us wait; such attacks pass. Besides, this chap has talent as well as boldness. John Marin, another American in Paris, has twenty-five water colors in the same gallery, delicious in tonalities, subtly evocative. There is the poet in this young man; he has a creative touch. He displaces the line to achieve movement; often his cityscapes are mere wraiths. A harmonist in an attenuated scale, a symbolist, above all else. While Maurer could be called "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," Marin is the master of mists. He can give you the disembodied soul of Paris. We recall both Claude Debussy and the prose poet Francis Poictevin when looking at his studies. Altogether an interesting duet in fire and shadow, this little exhibition.

Gari Melchers
(1860-1932)

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, March 5, 1911, sec. 3, p. 4

Mr. Montross has elected to show some paintings of a deservedly popular artist, Gari Melchers, who better than any contemporary American painter has absorbed the spirit and style of the modern Dutchman. Mr. Melchers is a favorite because of his healthy brushwork, robust vision, and feeling for the human side of his themes. His "Smithy" we praised when it hung in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, last winter. The large show piece which occupies a large slice of Mr. Montross's west wall was awarded a gold medal at the Paris Salon when exhibited there in 1889. It is called "The Communion," and depicts a group of humble folk approaching the Holy Table. A very realistic, well lighted canvas, the figures modelled with cinematographic fulness, the sentiment of the scene is admirably caught. One old man in particular is almost pathetic in his expression of faith and a lovely humility. He is veritably thinking, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Toil has coarsened his poor old hands, but indomitable spirituality is implicated in his attitude. Synthetically the picture is not strong; it is a group of heads rather than closely related composition, but impressive all the same. The various young mothers of Mr. Melchers suckling their infants are always engaging because of their humanity, and also because they are excellently painted. The portrait of Dr. Lewis A. Stimson is a virile performance and highly characteristic of the sitter. Other and more brilliant pictures are hung, notably some sunshiny bits, also a sympathetic interior in which the warm air circulates and the light is not frosty of tone, as is the wont of such Vermeer-like effects. Mr. Melchers seldom gives us aught but prose, withal sober and sincere prose.

Willard L. Metcalf
(1858-1925)

Metcalf, a member of "The Ten," was one of Huneker's favorite American painters. Mrs. Metcalf informed me in 1966 that her husband "respected [Huneker's] opinions and spoke of him and his writings with great admiration." Extant are one letter from Huneker to Metcalf, February 21, 1919, and one to Mrs. Metcalf, March 27, 1919, with regards to "Willard."

See, also, Huneker's critiques of "The Ten", and under Lathrop, third critique.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 5, 1907, p. 8

If there had been a lingering doubt as to the versatility of Willard Metcalf that doubt was dispelled by the sight of his two new snowscenes at the Montross Gallery, Thirty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue. Mr. Metcalf is a Maine man; he has experienced the joys of its winters, the sparkling, dry winter days when your feet press crisp ermine and your eyes feed on skies of Neapolitan azure. The painter has selected two typical spots and "atmospheres" for depiction. One is a group of trees heavily coated with snow—the "Snow Bearers" he calls them. The cluster, a dignified one, shows a variety of whites, from faint purple to the leaden hued white that hides in snow shadows. The lighting is masterly.

Not a human note sounds from the canvas; yet it is homely, familiar—good old Yankee land, where just around the corner the sleigh has dropped a jolly party at the barn, while from the house there is a smell of logs, mingled with the psychical odor of pie, New England pie, Maine pie, the pie that mother made. You may educate some men in Paris for years, but some time or other the Gallic devil, or seven devils, will be exorcised. With a Yankee, pie and early memories are more potent factors than piety. The other picture is larger. It is snowing down Maine way. The snow falls on the farmhouse and makes glitter a frozen brook. The air is charged with fine white particles that sting and exhilarate. You do not worry about dirty streets—these roads will be banked with snow for months. If Lillian Nordica saw this canvas she would burst into an old fashioned hymn tune, the sort she sang before Wagner coaxed her into Valhalla. Mr. Metcalf acknowledged there was personal satisfaction in catching the sentiment of a Maine winter. His management of values in a restricted scale of whites is admirable.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, January 7, 1908, p. 6

In his preface to "Marthe," his first novel, J. K. Huysmans wrote: "I set down what I see, what I feel, what I have lived, writing it as well as I am able, *et voilà tout*." Substitute the word "painting" for "writing" and you have in a nutshell the artistic credo of Willard Metcalf, whose exhibition of pictures is now on at the Montross Galleries, there to remain until January 18. Apart from a technical dexterity that grows with the years, the cardinal appeal of Metcalf's paintings is their sincerity. He sees, feels, records sincerely. He is sincere always when he plants his easel in front of nature and because of this fact you never catch him expressing an insincere mood—for some painters are the veriest *virtuosi* in insincerity. He may fail in the notation of a sentiment. There's many a slip between brush and canvas; but one is sure that at the bottom the missing sentiment was sound. Endowed with a healthy perception of landscape and blessed by a vigorous and poetic brain, Willard Metcalf is an artist by the grace of God, as our German friends say. And this artistry has not been allowed to lie fallow. Each season brings to his admirers fresh evidences of a closer, more loving observation, a firmer control of his medium. A follower of Monet at the start, Metcalf has escaped the colored snares of scientific impressionism and found a path for himself. He paints in several different ways; he cross-hatches, divides his tones, slashes with a broad loose brush, or if needful employs resilient dots. The primary truth of impressionism he has never missed -its innocence of eye. He is brilliant and tender and strong. He often renounces that he may gain, though his impersonality is not a mere negation of individuality. It is rather a patient lying in wait for the secret of some nook, the secret of an innocent mirror of water, the dangerous secret of simplicity. When he has captured the mood he surmised and sought it is not necessary for him to sign his picture. It is a Metcalf from top to bottom, side to side. Of bravura, of trickery there is absolutely no spoor.

The nineteen examples at the Montross Gallery are sufficiently varied in style to make an entire afternoon's visit an easy task. All new save one, and that is really a novelty, the pictures reveal the artist in many moods under shifting skies, on the land, on the water. The chief attraction is "Golden Screen," which won the Temple gold medal last year at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. It was praised at the time in the *Sun*. An autumnal scene viewed across trees tinted by the glory of the slow vanishing season. There is the joy of an American fall in it, not the November of the elegiac poetlings. Old gold and coppery red, the leaves piled on the road deaden the footfall. The air is brisk. One thinks of brave sublunary matters rather than the decay of nature. In a word—an American, not a European autumnal landscape. The sheer beauty of the picture, apart from its happy delineation of a cheerful mood, is in its rich tonalities, its graceful patterns of tree, vegetation and earth forms.

"The Passing Glory" on the opposite wall is a more sober, also more subtle notation of the same time of the year. Sober, but warm. Warm, and a trifle wistful. Nature herself seems to feel that the apogee has been reached, is undulating into the lean and sere. There is a delicate gamut of colors; the hill has shown its glory for the last time. The sky alone is young. Cattle lend a homelike atmosphere to a beautiful piece of painting. The snow scenes are Metcalf at his best. "Snow Bearers" was described in these columns last season. "First Snow" suggests a virginal blanket. The color is laid in with sensitive discrimnation. Of the waterscapes three are singularly sympathetic. Brilliant and gay is "The Rendezvous," with its blue water, a blue that in America the coast of Maine alone can boast; its little yachts, flags flying, sails spread. A sparkling day. "Camden Hills" is a transposition of ground and time of day. It is quite as truthful and indeed more interesting, though the yachts are missing. The water is a vibrating dark blue. Cloud effects are striking. In "Young Spring" there are delicious adumbrations of green. "The Evening Star" sounds poetic chords. Suffused moonlight in "A Summer Night" is skilfully handled, but the picture does not bring conviction as to definitions. It would not be difficult to mistake the house with the one lighted window whose gable is tipped by moonshine for an aqueduct pierced by two openings. We further admired "Ebbing Tide," a stretch of sun-flecked water that Benson, the painter—who lives up on the hill—calls his "front yard." It is wonderfully seized and rendered, all the usual problems of light and air being disposed of with Metcalf's ease of manner, a manner that never says: "Behold, I have turned the trick!" While this artist was painting his "Passing Glory" during one half the day, the other half he devoted to a picture that will probably be shown this winter. He has named it "The Golden Hour." We may better describe it as "The Three Guardsmen." It is a very admirable portrayal of three trees, of different families, all flowing from the painter's brush and made sentient on his canvas. We do not err in describing this picture as a triumph of Metcalf's art. In it he is naturalist, painter, poet. We shall not attempt to describe the loveliness of his "Trout Brook," of his "Buds and Blossoms," of his "May Pastorale." He seldom misses fire, either when depicting the stark desolation of "Midwinter" or the lyric sweetness of the "Bower." All these colored visions confirm the amateur of landscapes in his notion that Willard Metcalf will count heavily in any estimate of contemporary American artists.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, January 6, 1909, p. 6

Willard L. Metcalf has been adding inches to his artistic stature. At the Montross Gallery, 372 Fifth Avenue, a steady stream of visitors keeps the elevator going all day. Fourteen Metcalf canvases are adequately hung and are landscapes. The potential poet that is concealed within the huge frame of Metcalf is beginning to manifest himself. Avoiding, with a few exceptions, the obvious and the sentimental aspect of things and scenes, this painter has sought more sober color keys and simpler subjects. Those "Twin Birches" (No. 1) wear an air of delicate distinction, natural aristocrats, displaying a fine network of branches with quivering leaves set against a serene sky. Near by there is a luscious flower group, purple, white and gold, in which the temper of one who loves color for color's sake rules. The old sentimental Metcalf peeps out in the "Garden of Dreams," a scheme of composition and tone that recalls his prize canvas, "May Night." The note is sweeter, less diffused; but it's too sweet to be strictly the truth. A porch made for wooing, a garden for loitering—and then you expect to hear the gentle voice of David Belasco: "Ring up for the second act please, Mr. Stage Manager!"

There are two pictures in the gallery that are bound to be admired. One, "The Opal," is water meeting sky. It is a shimmering, exquisite seascape without a hint of the slumbering, darker moods. The other, "The Green Canopy," is a nobler motive handled by a master of the intimate. Mr. Metcalf's coasts do not give the feeling of the primeval, rockbound Maine shores of Winslow Homer or Paul Dougherty. He is less concerned with the harsher struggles of sea and cliff. His "Returning Tide" is a dignified, luminous composition, while "Harmon's Harbor" reminds us a little of that sparkling picture at the former show called "The Rendezvous." "The Young Moon" (No. 7) is very Metcalfian, as is also his "Indian Summer." We value the "Midsummer" (No. 13) with its cool delicious atmospheric quality. Quality, indeed, is the precise epithet which describes this painter's advance. Brilliancy for brilliancy's sake he does not attempt. There is less blaze and more glow in his skies. Sometimes he achieves the satin firmament of Boudin, and the expression of a beloved loneliness as in the heart of the woods—for example, "The Green Canopy" -is very alluring. Mr. Metcalf has kept his ear close to the ground, has interpreted the loveliness of Connecticut nooks and ingles. His dark green and old gold are absolutely lyric. Not so subtle as Alden Weir—who is?—nor so brilliant as Childe Hassam, Willard Metcalf has preempted a corner of nature all his own.

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, January 8, 1911, sec. 3, p. 4

Willard L. Metcalf is showing his new landscapes at the Montross Galleries, sixteen canvases in all. The first impression is that the artist is painting in a lower key than is his custom, the second that there is more power, less decorative prettiness in his work. A half dozen of his pictures grip you and they are neither sun saturated, nor yet evocations of recondite moods. Simplicity rules. It is strange to come upon browns and grays and blacks in the otherwise blazing palette of this early impressionist. That "Trout Pool" with its November atmosphere is precisely the picture that academic American painters tried to paint a half century ago, but failed because they manipulated their pigments academically. Where the Metcalf browns are rich the others are dry; where his blacks reverberate, theirs are bituminous; where he gets air, they were successful only in producing a sensation of stuffiness–for we have seen some forest interiors which make you feel as if you were about to choke. This particular scene will arouse the envy of any true fisherman. It is an ideal trout paradise.

"Blossom Time" (No. 1), with its fat greens, its rich earth rifts and tender vernal sentiment, may prove for some the most attractive picture in the gallery. "The Golden Carnival" (No. 3), with its solid hill architecture, its warm brown and gold, is, however, a formidable rival. We admired the rhythmic waters of "The Rapids" (No. 2) more than "The Falls" (No. 2) [*sic*]. A charming example is the "May Festival" (No. 11), with its delicate blossoms and blue sky. The "June Pastoral" (No. 6) has lovely quality. Nowhere is the note of sentiment forced, though despite the hard knocks of life Mr. Metcalf has remained an invincible dreamer. The decorative element is not missing in his composition, but rugged nature, even though it be viewed through the rose-colored lens of an idealist, has the paramount share in the artist's scheme. It is a pleasure to be able to record the sense of increasing virility in Mr. Metcalf's art, while his mastery of nuance is always in evidence.

"Things Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, January 7, 1912, sec. 3, p. 4

Willard I. Metcalf believes that a landscape artist paints best on his native soil. Cosmopolitanism is all very well in its way, but it is only skimming the surface when an American delineates German, French or Italian scenery. To this statement might be offset the case of Whistler, who interpreted Venice and London in his own magical way, or the case of Claude Monet, who has shown us a new Thames. Whistler, however, was a true cosmopolite, though it is to be doubted that if he had revisited America and had painted her native aspects he would have been successful. He saw with French and Japanese eyes; and perhaps Monet has only portrayed London with the eyes of a Frenchman; a poetical vision withal. There is much to be said on the subject. Look at the

Dutchmen who painted in the Italianate fashion; and isn't Turner at times reminiscent of Claude—Claude, who was an Italian and a classicist despite his Lorraine origin? Thus far American painters have given us the happiest versions of our landscape, and those men are superior who have begun to forget their Gallic or Teutonic way of envisaging the life around them; we mean by this not alone technical methods but the special vision of an artist trained in Paris or Munich. Mr. Metcalf is a case in point. When he returned to New York in 1890 after years of study in Paris he painted to all intents and purposes like a Frenchman and a French impressionist. He was among the earliest of the American group of young artists who preached and practised the gospel of Monet and the other chiefs of that school. He has modified during the last twenty years his more radical outlook and expression of nature, and by dint of painting only American scenery he has emancipated himself from a school and has also defined his own personality with absolute clearness.

These are facts that will be patent to the most careless observer after a visit to the Montross Gallery, where Mr. Metcalf is now holding an exhibition of his recent work, fourteen catalogued canvases in all. The range of sentiment is not so wide as deep. Metcalf is sealed of the poetic temperament. His handling of pigment is refined, as befits his themes, though we rejoice to say that there is less prettyfication than usual. More vigorous, and ever alert for a fresh point of view, there are half a dozen pictures at least that will command respect and admiration. Perhaps he is best when face to face with nature, where the intrusion of man is little to be feared. He has no love for the anecdote or for the obvious composition that elicits at once the exclamation "Isn't that a cosey barn!" The large "Red Oak" which is chief soloist on the west wall of the gallery does show the roof of a farm house, but the interest centres in the relations of the beautifully expressed tree, the rolling, irregular hills and the exquisite blue of the sky in opposition to the prevailing greens, browns and reds. Of atmosphere there is plenty; the note of sentiment is present, though unforced. Nearby hangs a canvas which the artist calls "Mid-summer Shadows," a bit of road seen from his studio at Cornish, New Hampshire. The greens of the foliage are particularly mellow and the shadows are cool, even caressing to the eye. An old barn plastered with circus posters and advertisements is to the right of the spectator. The country lane winds in the centre. There are a few humans. The pattern of the composition evades monotonous balance. Over all is the hush of a summer day. It is a picture of one mood, and that mood is adequately rendered.

Rather a new departure for Metcalf is his "Spring Afternoon, Central Park." He seldom has indulged in city scapes, and the ease with which he captures not only a mood but makes veritable pictures should encourage him in other essays. From his city studio he saw the east side of the park and the jagged sky line of Fifth Avenue from Fifty-ninth Street upward. The foreground is spacious, the foliage sparse; you may view riders on the bridle path. The dome of the synagogue at Seventy-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, green and exotic looking, is the main note, though the tower of the Clark house towers above it. The irregular façade of the avenue is shown, though without topographical distinctness. The air is lazy, it shimmers in the distance. You seem to be gazing upon the shapes of some remote Eastern city, with its palaces rearing skyward, its turrets, minarets and mosque; for the synagogue wears an Arabian aspect. The entire picture is bathed in mystery, and it is hard to realize that it is the familiar New York, the thrice familiar Central Park of 1912. Yet Mr. Metcalf has thus seen it and through his own eyes, not the eyes of Monet, the eyes of Whistler or of any one else. The canvas is singularly interesting and rich in tonalities.

How well the painter feels the organic structure of the earth, of hillsides, may be viewed in his "Upland Pastures," or for that matter in any of his pictures dealing with such problems. His snow is justly celebrated; no finer specimen of it ever came from his brush than that in "The Hush of Winter." Here again the blue sky plays a ravishing duo with the white mantle of snow, with an obbligato from some bushes, in which the purple fines away into a vague violet. Metcalf feels subtle nuances, better still catches them in full chromatic flight. There is much food for enjoyment at this exhibiton, which lasts till January 13. The spectacle of the tall art writer stooping to pat the little painter approvingly on the head, telling him that he has "improved" since his last public appearance, is not precisely solemn. Therefore we desist from saying how much Willard L. Metcalf has gone on this past season. He always knew how to paint, with charm and delicacy, and while his production has been and still is uneven, for he is human, there is a virility and deeper feeling in this group of pictures than we have ever before noted. And we say this even if the painter is the taller man of the two.

Kenneth Hayes Miller
(1876-1952)

In 1951 Miller informed me, through his daughter, that he never met Huneker but admired his work as a critic.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, March 2, 1911, p. 6

Mr. Macbeth follows his exhibition of thirty pictures by American painters with one of forty selected paintings. Among some familiar names we encounter that of Frederick C. Frieseke, whose "Garden Umbrella" has been described; also Charlotte B. Coman's "After the Harvest." We were glad to see Paul Cornoyer's "The Circle" and Charles Warren Eaton's "Among the Pines." "The Blue Nuns" of Karl Anderson contains attractive tonalities. "Spring, Cos Cob," by Elmer Livingston MacRae, has his usual charm and freshness of pigment. Hobart Nichols, Paul King, F. K. M. Rehn, William Ritschel, Eugene Higgins, Arthur Hoeber, whose color scale has wonderfully widened within the last few seasons; Lilllan Genth's "The Glade," Spencer Fuller, Guy Rose, Chauncey F. Ryder, Augustus Vincent Tack, Douglas Volk (ever "Douglas, tender and true"), Frederick Waugh's "Among the Wharves, Gloucester," a very interesting picture; Carleton Wiggins, Cullen Yates and a few others make an attractive exhibition. We admired the rich color scheme and decorative quality of Ivan G. Olinsky, who was formerly associated with the late John La Farge, and for Kenneth Hayes Miller we have nothing but praise since we first saw one of his enigmatic yet fascinating studies at the Frederick Chapman Gallery. We wondered if its promise would come to aught. Mr. Miller is a mystic who has escaped the allurement of Arthur B. Davies, yet belongs to the same artistic family. With Davies's superb command of drawing and color he cannot compete–few living painters can; but he is greatly daring, and we should be grateful to any artist who has individuality and tries to develop it. "The Mirror" is the most original picture in the exhibition, even if it does recall in a vague fashion both Whistler and the Japanese. His three other contributions are full of distinction and characteristic of this young artist's avoidance of banal methods. Needless to add that the first named picture, No. 20, was bought before the exhibition fairly began.

Richard E. Miller
(1875-1943)

See under Frieseke.

F. Luis Mora
(1874-1940)

"Some Art Notes," New York *Sun*, March 8, 1907, p. 8

Among our own younger men few have displayed such a rapid rise as Luis Mora. He is already an N. A. But that must not be laid to his door. He is youthful and probably he was snow marooned some stormy night in Fifth-seventh Street when the Academy life saving station sent out a life buoy. However, he does not paint according to respectable traditions, notwithstanding his reverence for William M. Chase. Mora belongs to the modern Spaniards who date their ambitions from Goya. Robert Henri has felt this current and has succumbed to it when he so pleased, but he never was carried too far down stream. Mora sometimes is. Whether or no he has studied Zuloaga, his paint and pose of subject is suggestive. And very rough and dashing is his execution. *Brio! Chic!* are two imported words that best express his quality. For our part we prefer the sober tones and sincere vision displayed in his father's portrait, which, with other works of Mora, is now on view at the New York School of Art galleries, 2239 Broadway, corner of Eightieth Street. There is a fine dignity in the head and figure of this striking looking gentlemen–himself an artist. There are some familiar pictures from recent exhibitions, the "Spanish Café" and "The Pirate and the Prisoner." The "Sun Screen" is a problem which often delights this painter; a girl bathed in the broken lights that filter through a lowered blind; the girl is blue, the light golden, while without are touches of green vegetation. The effect is of a mellow richness. There are twenty-three examples in all, portraits, landscapes, even a big copy from Velásquez's Baltasar Carlos, and the "Mendicants," owned by the National Academy, with its pot bellied brown Murillo beggar boy. It may not be denied that the clash of tints and the tonal oppositions so freely indulged in by Mr. Mora are very exhilarating, but they can be hardly pleasing to the average academician.

Gustave H. Mosler
(1875-1906)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, February 9, 1907, p. 8

More than a hundred pictures of the late Gustave Henry Mosler are at the American Art Galleries, the artistic remains of this talented young man. There are many pleasing subjects and several strong canvases; his first Salon picture, "Under the Apple Tree," sunlight filtering though the leaves and dappling a cow's back, is genuine out-of-doors in atmosphere. "The Wounded Cow" is a large and ambitious work.

Hermann D. Murphy
(1867-1945)

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, March 12, 1911, sec. 3, p. 4

The refined art of Hermann Dudley Murphy is at the Kraushaar Galleries, some of his supersubtle Venetian scenes, a profile portrait of Mrs. Bigelow, color notes of beach life and a strong landscape, "The Mountains." Mr. Murphy is always delightful. We will not soon forget his "Music Boats," shown at the Corcoran Gallery.

Jerome Myers
(1867-1940)

Myers mentioned Huneker's effort on his behalf in his autobiography, Artist in Manhattan *(1940), p. 26.*

See, also, under Spring Academy, 1911, No. 2, and New York Water Color Club Exhibition, 1910.

"Some Special Exhibitions," New York *Sun*, January 15, 1907, p. 6

Mr. Macbeth still has in another gallery one of Arthur B. Davies's practically conceived and charmingly executed landscapes. There is also a Jerome Myers, a companion to his wonderful little picture at the present Academy exhibition. It is a night piece, with the populace listening to band music. Few artists have portrayed so translucently dark night with living humans moving about. Mr. Myers has a touch all his own.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, May 24, 1907, p. 8

If you are passing Macbeth's Gallery, 450 Fifth Avenue, go in and look at the five Jerome Myers hanging on the walls. There is one picture, children following a piano organ, the owner of which seems like an Italian Pied Piper, who lures the youngsters by the magic of his music–and muscle–to the unknown perils of Avenue A. It is a lifelike composition.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, January 7, 1908, p. 6

A grave, idiosyncratic quality is displayed by Jerome Myers in his exhibition at the Macbeth Galleries, 450 Fifth Avenue. Myers has not consummate brush mastery. He paints with a restricted palette and usually in low harmonies. He is not an epicurean poet, loving sky and sea and mountain for their own magic, as do Childe Hassam and Willard Metcalf. We once took the liberty of naming these two gentlemen, though not in sport, "sun soaked pagans," and pagans they are and sun worshippers. If they ever lift the veil of Maya it is not humanity they show us–rather the glories of the earth, of the firmament above, of the waters below it. (We are tempted to amend this statement on remembering that Metcalf has painted a New England farm house, which certainly framed a succulent roasting turkey; we could swear to the odor that crept through the door across the snow.) With Myers it is common humanity that is the shibboleth. He is not a sentimentalist. He is not a Socialist–at least his pictures are not an excuse for thrilling preachments in which the rich are vile, the poor virtuous. Nevertheless, brush strokes go deep. They scratch our thin optimism when he brings to us the treasures of the humble: their little joys–so joyous in their constant misery–so appalling–their daily ways, goings and comings. And he has beaten out a style of his own to render these surfaces, a style that is still and sombre–he can represent absolute repose in a curiously suggestive manner. He paints dark pictures–there are only three or four light ones in this exhibition; and he has a feeling for night, for the mystery and fear of strange corners. Rembrandtesque would have been the epithet applied to some of these canvasses by the critics of an earlier generation. With all their apparent absence of variety they are, when closely studied, each after its style, very different. Many problems of atmosphere, clear and obscure and translucent, Myers has set himself to solve. Sometimes the effect of a street scene is that of a flat Pompeian mural decoration. Airless, the sharp snipped silhouettes of the children assume hieratic attitudes, yet they are vivaciously alive; it is not arrested motion as typified in a photograph. Street gossips meet. Bustle, animation, humor are before us in the life of the East Side. Sometimes, as in a transparent breath, a summer night's sultry envelope, men and women and children swim vaguely before our gaze. It is August and humid veils of steam descend upon the town. Blue black skies which show here and there a half smothered star; a bench at the end of an anonymous street. Upon a bench sit four or five of the disinherited of life. An old man's reddish beard catches a gleam of light—the source is not shown; probably some remote lamp post; a woman props her head upon a skinny arm. There is despair in the pose. Two children in ambiguous whites are the highest notes in this subdued scale. Mystery, the mystery of Rembrandt, without his consoling magic, pervades "Evening On the East Side." "By the River's Breath" is, with its few exhausted, prostrated humans, worth a wilderness of socialistic sermons. The young woman with the auburn hair—auburn as seen in the dull dusk after a hot day—who lies on the stringpiece of the dock, would not, as may be seen from her air of depression, her poverty colored rags, be sorry to fall into the dirty river water below. Such a picture, presented without academic rhetoric or sonorous moralizing, gives one an uneasy quarter of an hour.

However, Myers is more cheerful than pessimistic. He possesses quiet humor. His string of children, merry, capering grigs in tatters, with nerves excited by the dance, by the ice cream vendor, by play, by the music of the hand organ, are justly admired. Children follow the organ man or stream upon the recreation piers, or form for the painter's retentive eye a marvellous mosaic of a summer night in Madison Square. Again we see with pleasure "A Night Concert," now in the possession of William M. Chase, and the "North River Recreation Pier," lent by Louis Marshall. A group of drawings, several of them having served as a base for pictures in this show, are on view. The Jerome Myers pictures remain until January 18.

Walter L. Palmer
(1854-1932)

"Some Special Exhibits," New York *Sun*, January 31, 1907, p. 6

Walter Launt Palmer is showing thirty-four of his water colors at the Noé galleries, on Fifth Avenue. It is difficult to single out any one of them; they are all good, all interesting. To vary his accustomed presentations of snow effects there are water scenes, a beach, some Venice, too. But it is his snow and its various notations which first catch the eye. To do one thing well is a delight, and these snow pictures are in the key superlative.

Lawton S. Parker
(1868-1954)

See under Frieseke above.

Joseph T. Pearson, Jr.
(1876-1951)

See under Spring Academy, 1911, No. 1, and National Academy, 1912.

Ernest Peixotto
(1869-1940)

"Some Art Notes," New York *Sun*, March 8, 1907, p. 8

Ernest Peixotto, one of our younger and ambitious illustrators, recently exhibited some of his studies of French gardens at the Clausen Galleries, on Fifth Avenue. He has lived for some time at Fontainebleau, and these paintings betray serious aspirations. They are all very well done, the color scheme being decorative.

Van D. Perrine
(1869-1955)

"Among the Americans," New York *Sun*, April 15, 1907, p. 6

To go from the Lathrop exhibition to the Palisade pictures of Van Perrine at the New Gallery, 15 West Thirtieth Street, is like leaving some sweet bosk for the gloom and thunder of nature's melodrama. And by melodrama we do not mean the phrase in the Kremer sense, but simply melodrama. Van Perrine is melodramatic; he perches himself upon some rocky coign and paints earthquakes, tornadoes, cataclysms. He would sympathize with John Martin, mezzotinter, who always saw nature in its eruptive periods. You settle in front of a Van Perrine canvas and wait for the curtain to rise; something terrible is always happening around the corner of those cliffs. Sometimes, as in the grip of a horrid nightmare, something does happen. Robbers slink, their booty in hand, over the edge of the formidable cliffs. Below is the Hudson, rolling by its mighty currents. It is hard to realize that Manhattan is so near; but we see its twinkling lights. It is the year 1950. *The* murder trial [the Thaw case] may be still going on! But we know nothing of this. We are in a savage land, primeval man throttles his brother; together they may roll across the lip of the narrow pathway and their enlocked corpses feed the fish. It is all huge, and thrilling, and theatric.

It is entitled "Primeval Man." Is it an allegory? Whether or no, this young painter has demonstrated that not far from Broadway there is the wild majesty we sometimes go in search of thousands of miles away in Switzerland or South Africa. If Lawson discovered Harlem and the Harlem River, to Van Perrine belong the Palisades. He lives on their brink for six months of the year, in an old abandoned schoolhouse hard by Englewood. It is his Helicon Hall of visions and ink. He must paint with ink and electricity. "Earth's Energy," with its single sinister flash of chain lightning and the storm scarred battlements, proves the essentially dramatic temperament of a painter who would be a boon to some authors as an illustrator. He has feeling for the idyllic too, for the sudden little poetry in which nature dryly exposes herself—spring blossoms on the side of an inaccessible mountain. One savage old rebel of a rock, a very Prometheus of granite, quite fills a big canvas. It looks harsh and ineluctable enough to defy a dozen avalanches. But such a theme! How few there are who can or will sympathize with this Brobdingnagian mass of stone rearing its ugly, unsymmetrical bulk into the air! Mr. Van Perrine also shows several pictures in a lighter key than is his wont. But he is still the painter of storms, the unplacated wielder of a tarry brush. He paints night, not translucently, but the very heart of midnight's darkness. Whatever may be questionable about his technical methods or the narrow range of his art, there is no denying his powerful, if morbid, imagination.

Is it not better that American born painters interpret America, peaceful or tempestuous? We have no great school of figure painters yet, but our landscapists and marine artists need not be apologized for. And do not forget that we have glorious landscapes. They paint America as seen through American eyes. Europeans seldom catch the dry atmosphere, the hard skies and the clear, cool tones of our vegetation. It is because they were born where less purity of air and a lazier, less vivid, more poetic, if you will, atmosphere prevail. When the American artist, especially the one who has been trained in Europe, can forget much of that training and say to himself, "*Et ego in Amerika!*" then all the better for his art. Anything that makes for the dignity of the individual, not its debasement, should be his aim; let him read Max Stirner, rather than Tolstoy; Walt Whitman, rather than Verlaine. As to the philosphy of art—the philosophy of painting is paint; the philosophy of music is tone; the philosophy of sculpture is form; and the philosophy of literature is—ink? No, for literature is ink and ideas, form, music and color. Walter Pater believed that all the arts continually aspire toward the condition of music. He should have said —literature. But, back to our Yankees!

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 25, 1908, p. 6

Van Perrine, painter of celestial earthquakes and of typhoons that meet and twist and twine over the Palisades, has caught earth and heaven at the tip of his vigorous brush and again shows his prowess at the New Gallery, 15 West Thirtieth Street. What midnight birds, Wotan's ravens, swirl through the storm darkened air! (Mrs. Ford, who harbors genius at her gallery, says they are not ravens, but wild geese.) What trees writhe and bend in the infernal gales! A dazzle of green tips the edge of a tree; the storm lowers; you feel like chanting *dies irae!* And not a whiff of wind in all these canvases; they are airless. A new note is in the trees smothered in moonlight. There are at least three pictures out of these twenty-one which are strong. Yet we know Van Perrine would turn away from them and point out his inkiest symphonic poem as his favorite. Like many another he is not a keen self critic. He posesses power of an elementary sort, a sort of Gustave Doré, John Martin of the Palisades. The dramatic contrasts that may be caught on the wing as a gale furiously rushes over a headland beating down the defiant trees are interpreted by this painter with a largeness and veracity that call forth the admiration of artists and also set them to groaning at the reckless misuse of undoubted powers. To his friends Van Perrine is an inspired genius with a mission. Perhaps he is; but we wish he would escape from that monochromatic cavern of his and see color and suggest air. The trouble is, notwithstanding his constant observations of nature, he paints, metaphorically, in a cellar. He is a studio painter of the most desperately old fashioned variety.

Martin Petersen
(1866-1956)

Born in Denmark, Petersen settled in the United States in his teens.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, March 18, 1908, p. 6

The New York School of Art, corner of Eightieth Street and Broadway, is showing in its gallery an exhibition of three men, M. Petersen, Ernest Fuhr and Walt Kuhn. Petersen is a favorite of ours ever since we saw that "Sun Shower" of his at the Academy. And there is better work of his hung here—twenty-six pictures in all. The "Coppersmiths," a prize winner at the New York Water Color Club; also his "February Sunlight, in the Studio, Evening"—a water front charged with sentiment; the "Peddler Wagon," capitally lighted, and "Shop in Chinatown." Fuhr's large pictures betray a certain restraint in handling, though full of color, especially "The Shaded Corner" and the "Mexican Market." But his sketches are full of verve, impromptu and suggestion. French washerwomen on the banks of little streams and like themes give a measure of this young artist's promise. Mere color notes as some of them are, they display a quick eye and marked feeling for variety in rhythms. Kuhn has a dozen spirited pictures, the best of which are his transcriptions of horses. It is a suggestive exhibition.

Maurice B. Prendergast
(1859-1924)

Prendergast spent most of his life in Boston but lived his last twelve years in New York. His work was admired by John Quinn, who commissioned two mural-scale panels from him in 1914-15 and cosponsored his last trip to Europe in 1914. Prendergast's paintings were not popular until after his death. Deaf and retiring, he showed his regard for Huneker by asking a friend of his to invite Huneker to dinner during one of his trips to New York; apparently the invitation was not extended because the friend did not know Huneker (letter to me from Ira Glackens, August 29, 1961).

See under "The Eight," and American Water Color Society Exhibition, 1907.

James Preston
(1873-1962)

Preston, a member of Robert Henri's circle, used to drink beer with Huneker at Knirim's in New York's Hanover Square.

See under Spring Academy, 1908, No. 1.

Robert Reid
(1862-1929)

Reid was a member of "The Ten." See below, under that group.

Dorothy ("Polly") Rice
(1889-1960)

This painter and sculptor married Waldo Peirce, the writer. Her second husband was P. Hal Sims, the bridge player.

See under "The Eight," 1910.

Julian W. Rix
(1851-1903)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, January 10, 1907, p. 8

Albert Groll's landscape, with deep blue sky and finely painted cloud masses, is at [the Schaus] gallery. Mr. Groll recalls, in a way, the work of the late Julian Rix. It is instructive to see the canvases of the two painters juxtaposed. Rix was a poet in his evocation of summer skies, a poet who deserves a place near Tryon, Wyant and Martin at our museum. Not for him were the twilight and haunted pools of Wyant or the melancholy marshes of Tryon. He loved to sail in the sunshine with the rhythmic life of cloudland. You do not care for his foregrounds, so intense is the life of his upper atmospheric strata. Involuntarily you tilt your head back to scan those rich azure tones, those fleecy boulders of vapor, the under edges white with solar radiance. There is poetry, too, in daylight, the poetry of the blazing noon hour. Julian Rix felt it deeply, expressed it adequately.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 5, 1907, p. 8

There is a superb Julian Rix at the Schaus Galleries, a large picture, with tall trees, strongly modelled, and a vista that is very enticing. A tender sky barely shows. It is one of the best examples of Rix's work we have seen this winter.

Theodore Robinson
(1852-1896)

See under the critique of Whistler as a painter.

Charles Rosen
(1878-1950)

See under Spring Academy, 1908, No. 1.

Albert P. Ryder
(1847-1917)

See third critique under Lathrop.

John Singer Sargent
(1856-1925)

See under Spring Academy, 1908, Nos. 1 and 2, and Pennsylvania Academy.

Surviving is one letter from Sargent to Huneker, dated April 24th [1895], in which Sargent referred to a letter from Huneker, now lost.

William Sartain
(1843-1924)

"Some Special Exhibitions," New York *Sun*, January 15, 1907, p. 6

At the Macbeth Gallery, 450 Fifth Avenue, there is an exhibition of the paintings of William Sartain, himself the bearer of an honored artistic name; he is the son of John Sartain, the engraver. Mr. Sartain shows twenty-seven canvases. His temperamental tendency seems to be toward the veiled aspect of natural things. He is a poet of half lights, a dreamer of nocturnal scenes, vigorous withal when it comes to seizing the salient point of a landscape. His "Pool by the Shore," No. 17, for example, has a Courbet-like note; it is sober, strong, the trees in marked relief, the water sullen, the total effect of a reality well grasped. In No. 20, "The Meadow," possibly his most significant picture on view, we are given a stretch of dark foreground, which we enjoy for the beauty of the sky. "In the Mountains of the Basilicata" the tonal scheme is very novel though not fantastically improbable. The sweep of mountain top with a deep crease in the centre, and of an indescribable attenuated green suffused by delicate gold tones, makes a picture that is original in treatment and envisaged in an original manner. "A Coming Storm," No. 11, is another of Mr. Sartain's effective intrepretations of an ordinary natural occurrence. This storm comes noiselessly upon the land; there is the brooding bush while the trees bend to meet its fury. "First Snow" is capital. So is No. 26, "A Group of Trees," atmospherically depicted. The individual note makes its presence felt in this modest gathering. The outlook is sane, yet the outlook of a man who sensed the melancholy undertones of nature. Mr. Sartain paints simply, directly; and it is often agreeable painting.

Abram G. Schulman
(1881-1935)

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, November 6, 1910, sec. 3, p. 4

At the Haas gallery is an exhibition of paintings by A. G. Schulman, a young man of talent, personality and technical ability. His forest interiors reveal some study of Rousseau and Diaz, with some individual traits. Schulman is sincere. His weakness seems to be a sentimental tendency. This he might attenuate with advantage until he has better command of his material. His paint leans in the direction of the glistening varnished quality of the North American Tonalists, of which Ranger, Blakelock, Dearth, Daingerfield, Bogert, Bunce and others are distinguished exponents. We think a course of Davies, Lawson, Glackens and Luks would clear Mr. Schulman's too fat palette. He contrives open air atmosphere and shows feeling for trees. The more accurate study of values should be his resolve.

Frederick R. Shaler
(1880-1916)

See under Brewster.

Everett Shinn
(1876-1953)

Shinn, the last survivor of "The Eight," informed me in 1950 that he could "make no claim to having known [Huneker] from the few hand shakes on the street," though he recalled one meeting in the "staggering company" of George Luks.

See under "The Eight."

Walter Shirlaw
(1838-1909)

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, March 12, 1911, sec. 3, p. 4

Apart from the Manets shown at the Durand-Ruel Galleries (we reproduce on this page his "Au Café") the most significant art event is the memorial exhibition of the work of Walter Shirlaw at the National Arts Club. It comprises nearly 200 examples of his oil paintings, water colors and drawings. This collection was on view earlier in the season at the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts, the Art Institute of Chicago and the Buffalo Academy of Fine Arts. Mrs. Shirlaw has consented to exhibit the work of her late husband because she believes, as do his friends and admirers, that they are a monument to his talent, industry and character. Shirlaw was an eminent painter and this collection reveals his wide range and indomitable perseverance. He returned, as Mrs. Shirlaw truthfully says, to this country from his studies abroad at a "psychological moment in the development of America art, and with the enthusiasm of his nature he threw himself into the intellectual maelstrom of that period with an energy that produced marked results."

He was one of the earliest instructors in the Art Students League, and his teaching exerted then, as did his personality later, a vital influence upon contemporaneous art development. The American School of Wood Engraving received from him aid and stimulus; indeed, there are but few American painters who at the present time have achieved distinction who do not remember with gratitude the efforts of this sterling artist for the advancement of the American school. . .

Walter Shirlaw was born in Paisley, Scotland, 1838, and died in Madrid, Spain, December 26, 1909; he was buried in the English cemetery. His father was an inventor and maker of fine hand looms for weaving the Paisley shawls; his mother inherited a sound color sense. When their son was 3 years old they came to New York City. From his childhood he betrayed a strong artistic instinct, manifested in crude drawings and modelling in wood or clay. At the age of 12 he left the public school and apprenticed himself to a bank engraving company, believing it to be the shortest road to the profession of art. He remained with this company a number of years, working at design and engraving. He attended the night schools and drew from life in night classes. At an early age he opened a small studio and exhibited pictures at the Academy of Design. To earn money enough to go abroad he again took up his engraving, accepting the position of designer in the bank note company of Chicago. There too he had a studio, and during his sojourn the Art Institute of Chicago was conceived and he was active in the foundation work.

At last in 1870 Walter Shirlaw went to Paris. It was a singularly inauspicious time, as the French capital was besieged by the Prussians. So he went to Munich and studied there for several years under Wagner and Kaulbach. He displayed such ability that the German Government offered him studio and models. But he returned to New York and from that time he became identified with the cause of native art. Catholic in his tastes, he travelled and lived in France, Italy, England and Spain. His self-portrait, which hangs in the present exhibition, bears a curious resemblance to Paderewski, not in coloring but in general conformation of head and features, also the same pensive expression.

Shirlaw is represented at the Buffalo Art Gallery, the Indianapolis Art Society, the City Art Museum, St. Louis, the Art Institute of Chicago, the Northampton Museum, the Lotos, Century and Salmagundi clubs of New York, and the Congressional Library, Washington. Medals came to him from Munich, Philadelphia (the Centennial Exhibition, 1876), Atlanta, Buffalo, St. Louis, Chicago, and an honorable mention from Paris. He was a National Academician, one of the founders and the first president of the Society of American Artists. He was also a member of the [American] Water Color [Society] and the Mural Society and of many New York clubs.

Probably one of the most important of his works is "Sheep Shearing in the Bavarian Highlands," owned by the St. Louis Museum. The scene depicts an old monastery, the shearing being done by peasant women. This picture received an honorable mention at Paris. But his reputation was first established by a small picture entitled "Toning of the Bell." It shows the foundry where the bell is tuned with the aid of an old fiddler. This work received a medal in 1876 at the Centennial and is now in Chicago. When the demand for decoration developed in America Shirlaw was among the first to receive a commission to paint the frieze in the dining room of the late D. O. Mills; the subject was "Peace and Plenty." Another decoration is the one in the Congressional Library. consisting of eight figures. Here the artist's mastery of draperies is demonstrated. Small decorative themes for panels and stained glass windows were executed during a number of years, among them the two designs in pastels called "The Rainbow" and "The Lost Chord," for windows in the home of William T. Evans. Shirlaw was well known as a designer, the United States Government utilizing his numerous ideas. Charcoal was a medium that appealed to him. He made designs for Longfellow's poem "Michael Angelo" in charcoal, also illustrations of Indian life for the important magazines. He was equally at home in water color. A gifted man and a genuine force in our art history was Walter Shirlaw, not to dwell upon his personal charm and upright character. The exhibition at the National Arts Club should be visited by art students, for the work of Shirlaw marks a well defined transition period in our national art history.

Edward Simmons
(1852-1931)

One of "The Ten." See below under that heading.

John Sloan
(1871-1951)

At the time of his death Sloan was called the "dean of American artists." In a telephone interview in 1950 he informed me that he never met Huneker or corresponded with him. But he referred to the critic in his published diary, John Sloan's New York Scene *(1965).*

See, also, under "The Eight" and Spring Academy, 1908, No. 2.

"Among the Americans," New York *Sun*, April 15, 1907, p. 6

There is on view at the present time a choice collection of American pictures at the galleries of the New York School of Art, corner of Eightieth Street and Broadway. The names of Carlsen, Chase, Davies, Lawson, Mora, Sloan, Twachtman and Weir are in the catalogue. Several of these works have been hung before, but they are all well worth seeing again–and again. The Chase still life is another of his Friday dinner evocations–fish so fresh that any housewife longs to get her fingers on it; to alter slightly the poet, it is fish "ready for the fry." His "Feeding the Baby" is another still life; the chubby infant is quiet for the moment, quiet and happy as it sucks its bottle, gazing upon the world of men and things with a vague though none the less philosophic indifference. He (or she) is in motherly arms. As art it is a masterly portrayment of a threadbare subject. But the vitality, the easy looseness of the drawing, the grasp of tone, of pose, of composition are Chase at his best. John Sloan is to the fore with his "Rathskeller," a transcript of a phase of life metropolitan. The silhouette of the young woman, the fatigue in her attitude, the "mug" of the chap near her–a spider watching for the fly that is, in popular parlance, born every minute–the subdued raffish gloom of the spot–you are on the Great White Way, though downstairs. In this picture the Sloan psychology and the Sloan artistry (would that we had a less academic terminology) are seen at their happiest confluence. Arthur B. Davies is represented by two of his earlier studies: "Mad Night," which might be a quivering page torn from Whitman's "Mad, naked summer night," with its elemental gale, its bewitched and tumbling figures; the "Mohawk Valley" has the minute and truthful quality of a Pre-Raphaelite painting in America. It seems mannered and a trifle meticulous. The two Lawsons are his very best; the children coasting on a wide avenue with Harlem flats for a background are the triple distilled essence of sections of New York life. And it is a very pleasing canvas–Lawson never neglects for versimilitude the decorative aspect of things; he is a colorist as well as a keen observer. His "Breezy Day" is a joyous seascape in which the crisp sunshine cuts the air sharply; the choppy blue waves clasp and dissolve; even the rocks, in this glorious welter of sea and sky and cloud, seem alive. It is a rhythmic picture, and its pattern of colors of rare beauty and abounding vitality. Carlsen presents the still life he showed at the fall Academy, a study in grays and whites; also a September landscape, high in key and of a charm. The Twachtmans are wonderful. They are the acme of impressionism; Niagara Falls, springtime and the Yellowstone Falls in winter. A deluge of iridescent hues is the Niagara picture, a region of rainbow mists and spectral peacock feathers. Twachtman must have carried about in his head, while he was on earth, the color spectrum. His paint explodes and shivers into luminous splinters. His tones make one dizzy, so vertiginous in pitch are they. There is a very small picture owned by Robert Henri. James Wilson Morrice painted it. It is a Venice night piece, a group possibly out on the Piazzetta. It is Whistlerian, yet personal. Mr. Henri is not represented, though he may have been on the "jury" (fatal word!). J. Alden Weir has a head, a strong, interesting study in dark tones, and a characteristic landscape. Luis Mora and Kenneth Hayes Miller show some strong portraits. Altogether a capital show.

William T. Smedley
(1857-1920)

See under Spring Academy, 1911, No. 2.

Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones
(1885-1968)

See under Bellows, 1910, and National Academy, 1912.

Carl Sprinchorn
(1887-1971)

See under Bellows, 1907 and 1908, and Pennsylvania Academy.

Born in Sweden, Sprinchorn came to the United States in 1904. He recalled in a letter to me dated September 7, 1970, that "we heard a great deal of [Huneker] from Robert Henri, etc. . . . He sometimes wrote very favorably about our various exhibitions." Sprinchorn never met or corresponded with Huneker.

Maurice Sterne
(1877-1957)

"Things Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, January 21, 1912, sec. 4, p. 4

Martin Birnbaum of the Berlin Photographic Company yields the floor this week to Hamilton Easter Field, who furnishes a brief introduction to the catalogue of the paintings, drawings and etchings of Maurice Sterne. Though born in Russia Mr. Sterne was educated in New York. In 1904 he went to France after taking a travelling scholarship and immediately succumbed to the then prevailing influence of Paul Cézanne. His drawings reveal this influence more than his oils, which are of the sort to horrify respectable academicians, royal and otherwise. His nudes are powerful in line, unflinchingly realistic in presentation. We recommend them to the suffragettes who believe that their sex was traduced by Arthur Schopenhauer when he wrote of limbs, bowed, knockkneed and short. The etchings show marked skill with the needle. Maurice

Sterne indisputably possesses talent, but he is still in the period of storm and stress.

Albert Sterner
(1863-1946)

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, March 19, 1911, sec. 3, p. 4

Albert Sterner is the sole performer at present in the Berlin Photographic Galleries. His lithographs, monotypes and drawings are well hung. Mr. Sterner is an artist whose work never stales. His line is rich and vigorous, his point of view interesting and his knowledge genuine. And how versatile he is you need only go to this exhibition to discover.

Henry O. Tanner
(1859-1937)

See, also, under Hassam, 1908.

"Two American Painters," New York *Sun*, December 18, 1908, p. 6

It would be interesting to speculate upon the odd twist given the career of the elder and younger Dumas if either had been so unfortunate as to have been born in America. All the amendments of our Constitution would not have afforded these two men of genius with their "taint" of African blood the chance they enjoyed in France. Also there were several poets of distinction whose work may be found scattered in the anthologies who are euphemistically described as Creole, though their hair was kinky and their color dubious. It is not necessary to name them. A quite modern instance is the Afro-American artist Mr. Henry O. Tanner, who has won a position in Paris as a painter of themes religious, and in addition has enjoyed the enviable honor of having two canvases purchased by the French Government. They now hang in the Luxembourg. We have seen them and admire the practical spirit of equality displayed by the French. Otherwise, they hardly rank more than mediocre productions.

But here in the land of the free and unequal, where the skim musical milk of Stephen Foster so long passed as African melody, would we have accorded Mr. Tanner the recognition due him? He solved the question for himself by going years ago to France and studying there with the masters whose style and methods were in harmony with his nature. Mr. Harrison S. Morris, in his little word of introduction to the exhibition of Tanner's works now at the American Art Galleries, in Madison Square, south, does not tell us with whom this painter studied. His is not an original, creative temperament. He was content to follow in the broad, facile highway of men like Laurens, Lhermitte and half a dozen others. Rather timid, often fumbling, Tanner at his best is very agreeable. The son of a bishop, he has, unlike the majority of clergymen's sons, a distinctly religious sense. He evidently selected sacred subjects from inclination. He is very sincere and earnest. You can well believe the stories told of his trips to the Holy Land, of his Biblical erudition. A delineator of pious parables, he has not the swift brush and definite vision of James Tissot, but he is unquestionably a more fervent believer, and his work never smells of commercialism as did Tissot's. Nevertheless, it is largely the outcome on the technical side of studio "cookery," of the fatal tendency toward eclecticism.

There are thirty-three pictures at this show, which is to close in ten days and will not be followed by a public sale as has been said. The pictures will be sold in the ordinary way. Indeed, some are not for sale, being lent by the Carnegie Institute, the Art Institute of Chicago, the Pennsylvania Academy, Mr. Rodman Wanamaker and Atherton Curtis. Mr. Tanner is sentimental. He sees the sacred figures and events he sets before us emotionally. A slender streak of imagination which often aids his not very individual technical equipment is to be discerned. But his art is popular. It makes an appeal to those who love the anecdote. Seldom does he rise to the sublimity of such a scene as the resurrection of Lazarus. "The Hiding of Moses" is singularly modern and a relief to the eye after so many confused color schemes. "Christ on the Road to Bethany" derives its effect purely from its landscape, which is the best handled and realized in the gallery. It is atmospheric, and the Tanner landscapes and interiors are generally airless. Its sky recalls some of the dark luminous skies of Le Sidaner or Cottet or Simon. The habitat seems real.

It is precisely because of his low tones, his smothered harmonies and careful generalizations that Tanner will win the suffrages of those who see in sombre hues a resemblance to the old masters. There are suggestions of rich, veiled color in the "Christ and Nicodemus"; but consider the conventional postures and patterns and monotonous quality of the big canvas "The Coming of the Bridegroom." Patient, reverent art, this, but without a spark of the inmost spiritual light. The various Christ heads shown us are sentimental and reminiscent. We admired much more the vigorous presentment of the old bearded Jew in turban, entitled "A Jerusalem Type." There is also strength in "The Two Disciples," which is in the Luxembourg (the first illustration of the catalogue). Mr. Tanner has worked hard and would resent any attempt to patronize him under cover of such a commonplace rubric as: "What wonderful work from a colored man!" He has been judged in Paris as a painter, independent of his mixed blood, and we are usurping the same privilege. Not a painter of the first rank, nor a virile painter, he is an artist of pious moods, who does not altogether realize them. The little tract of uncrossed territory that lies between the imagined and the achieved Tanner seldom crosses; but he has nursed his dreams, and that is a rare case with artists nowadays. His exhibition is well worth seeing.

Edmund C. Tarbell
(1862-1938)

Tarbell was one of "The Ten." See, also, under that heading below.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, February 9, 1907, p. 8

Edmund C. Tarbell is showing twenty-five specimens of his versatile style at the Montross Gallery, 372 Fifth Avenue. Virtuosity reigns in half a dozen pictures, and the portraits are notable. That of Edward Robinson, lent by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, is an excellent likeness; also happily conceived and executed. "The Golden Crescent" is a white and red pattern, the "crescent" possibly being formed by neck and chin. At least at this conjunction the tones are delicately golden. The blue portraits are atmospheric. Several interiors, one "Girls Reading"—just finished—are as elaborate as Terburg or Metzu in their polished floors and tables. "The Breakfast Room" is another example of this brilliant paint and clever draughtsmanship. "The Venetian Blind," an old Salon picture, comes from the Worcester Art Museum. It is a semi-nude, with her back to the spectator, lying on her side, a Venetian blind letting in the finely rendered light. It is a composition of science and of pictorial feeling.

"The Ten"

"Ten American Painters," New York *Sun*, March 22, 1907, p. 8

The full dress rehearsal of Varnishing Day at the Montross Galleries, 372 Fifth Avenue, for the American Painters' Exhibition, was an interesting function for the outsider who smuggled himself in; but whether the Ten found it quite so piquant is another matter. One thing the *Sun* reporter can vouch for—he heard no blasphemy while he was present; especially did he fail to note any variation in the suave manner of Mr. Montross, upon whose head thunderbolts might have fallen without any betrayal on his part of the pleasure imparted. Was there a corner in varnish or a flurry in frames? Neither one nor the other. Merely the fact that when the thirty canvases by the Phalanx of 1907 were hung as usual, in groups, groans escaped the bearded throats of the Ten, and Mr. Montross said: "This will never do!" Pictures, brothers and sisters of a common father, clawed each other's colors. Subjects jostled subjects, and after impressionistic tones were so divided that divorce seemed imminent, then the Montross Gallery arose in all majesty and exlaimed: "Gentlemen! Leave the grouping to me. Do not wash your palettes in public. See, it is a lovely spring day. Go walk the avenue and note the latest Rembrandts and newest Rubenses in town. Ere you return peace will once more reign on bonny Mont Ross." The ten painters followed to the letter this friendly advice, and Fifth Avenue that bright afternoon was delighted by the spectacle of the Phalanx, headed by Robert Reid and Willard Metcalf, patrolling the boulevard just as they did when in Paris, when in the studio of Gérôme or some other foreign master. And William M. Chase forty blocks away!

When the Ten returned (there were only five or six, as a matter of truth, but "Ten" sounds so like the Venetian school) the magic had worked. The pictures had been rehung and but few changes were made afterward in Mr. Montross's plans. Big Robert Reid, looking like the Giant in "Jack the Giant Killer," calmly smoked a fat cigarette and willingly sacrificed a picture so that a friend would have a better place. Childe Hassam, who is more Byronic than Browningesque (one could never say, "Childe Hassam to the Dark Tower Came," because Mr. Hassam never went "dark" in his paint), puffed his pipe and excoriated the chaps who say that America has no landscape. "America has an Italian sky," he asserted, "Italian climate. Its lighting is not English, but Italian; that is, American. Hence some English painters find it difficult to comprehend our high scale of lighting." Willard Metcalf, who has cut off his beard because he was taken for a twin of Reid, bore his honors, Philadelphia and Washington, with equanimity. Like Reid he is one of the tall men of the Ten. They are, indeed, all big fellows. Simmons, a typical American head, both mystic and shrewd; J. Alden Weir, in profile still resembling that spirited bust of Olin Warner at the Metropolitan Museum, wide of chest. Thomas W. Dewing, whose touch on canvas is as delicate as Joseffy's on the pianoforte, is another giant, and when Remington wandered in there wasn't much room for spare folk. The night of Varnishing Day Mr. Montross enjoyed during his slumbers a composite nightmare. He thought himself a palette and the Ten were after him for his colors. After a terrifying tumble over the cliff of Robert Reid's "Land of Nowhere" (not hung—hence the dream), Mr. Montross escaped on a cobalt blue horse with as many legs as a Bryson Burroughs centipede (see forthcoming Academy notes) and awoke exclaiming: "My kingdom for a wall!"—which was an obvious plagiarism from Robert Henri's Academy speech.

The present exhibition of the Ten American Painters is strong, various, characteristic. It is the event of the season and is sure to attract throngs of art lovers. The men represented are Frank W. Benson, William M. Chase, Joseph De Camp, T. W. Dewing, Childe Hassam, Willard L. Metcalf, Robert Reid, Edward Simmons, Edmund C. Tarbell and J. Alden Weir. Mr. Chase was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Twachtman. As the newest member, also a veteran among the others, let us begin with his contributions, three, a landscape, a masterly still life—fish with a copper bowl in which is cunningly adumbrated an image of the painter at his easel—and a portrait of Cadwalader Washburn holding a palette, one of the most striking portraits we have had from Mr. Chase in a long time—solid, lifelike and persuasively handled as to pigment. Metcalf's "May Night," now the property of the Corcoran Gallery, and the winner of the medal at the recent Washington exhibition, deserves the praise it has won and much more. As a member of the Ten aptly put it, "the Metcalf canvas is classic in conception and execution." The soft, semi-luminous night—the luminosity suffuses everying; the silhouette of the old Colonial mansion (at Lyme, Conn.) with its Greek façade; the patches of dull white, dresses of mysterious women—one sits on the piazza, a tiny ray of light projected from an open doorway just tipping her profile with orange gold—and the hush of an exquisite evening ("night of the few large stars," as Walt Whitman sings), the classic serenity and deep sentiment of the scene, all make this picture a rare one. In it Metcalf has accomplished a feat that he may never again parallel. The nocturnal, peaceful charm was before his eyes, but there was clairvoyance of spirit and a happy balancing of temperamental forces in the production of this work. A few emphatic strokes and sentimentality might have obtruded; a less admirable sense of definition and obscurity would have reigned. Above all, there is deep poetic feeling. The paint is smooth and thin, yet the effect is colorful and rich. His two daylight pictures are more impressionistic; trees with a hint of autumn and an oak bearing tender buds.

Childe Hassam has sent in four canvases, all fresh and original. "The Bowl of Nasturtiums" contains some of the most remarkable painting from Hassam's brush we have ever seen. The light and not the gorgeous flowers is the hero in this loosely handled picture. The girl in white at the window—on close inspection this white proves to be a clashing of deliciously modulated tones—is surrounded by a current of air. It circulates about her, caresses her. She seems almost diaphanous in its warm radiance. Renoir could not have solved the complicated problems with more mastery. There is a girl at a keyboard; and a nude perched on a cliff, while beyond sparkles the sea, bathed in brilliant sunshine. This is simply a "stunning" picture, this "Dawn," with its tactful values and its breezy quality. The girl is modelled with a loving sensuous brush free from "fat," the figure is of distinction and beauty. Mr. Hassam is always master of his vision amid his most magical inventions.

Dewing sends three of his finely wrought subjects, old masters in little, of which the "Statuette" is the strongest, though there is much to admire in the group of gossipers. Tarbell is represented by only one picture, but it suffices; a New England exterior, unfinished, yet finished beyond the power of other painters. You say Vermeer or Terburg. Tarbell has imprisoned also within this frame a separate national, rather sectional sentiment. It is American, and it is New England. The room with its window, above all, its background, fairly floats in atmosphere. The women are actual transcripts. A masterpiece in this *genre*. Simmons has been too modest, or else too busy, to prepare more than his Cornwall marine, a foreground of sea with a long silvered ripple of moonlight upon its rhythmic waves. It is intimate rather than broad, a canvas in which there is much personal sentiment. The two De Camps are stirring, a girl, "Sally," in a sailor suit full of robust paint and character, and a handsome woman, a semi-nude, braiding her hair, and broadly brushed. Frank Benson's "Against the Sky" was also a prize winner at the Corcoran Gallery exhibition, a girl with a hat and veil, brilliantly set forth, a bit of virtuosity in the blur of veil and the bluish white scheme. The portrait of Isaac C. Bates was recently shown in Philadelphia, if we mistake not; the boats in sunlight attest to Benson's versatility by their well observed rendering of sky, graduated tones and vivid waves.

For his "Land of Nowhere," first seen in a mirror, Robert Reid substituted a fantasy, a girl's head in autumn leaves, while above is a benevolent garden god, a satyr, but with an innocent smile. The performance is crisp, decorative, and the tints agreeable. The two portraits, of two pretty women, are graceful, and in high clear tones. We preferred his nude on the edge of a high mountain overlooking a dream landscape. There are imagination and *imprévu* in this picture. Weir likes to surprise. His early morning is a page from Keats; some women, presumably goddesses because of their shapely beauty, bathing in a misty clear-obscure that is wonderfully atmospheric and poetically suggestive. His "Summer" is a girl in green, sitting and reading, with a dog at her side. Restrained tonalities, a sensitive, discreet invention, and a mastery of his themes, that need no flamboyant proclamations to assure us of the fact, are the ingredients in the newer manner of Mr. Weir. Altogether the ensemble is harmonious at this exhibition (which continues until April 6), and it again demonstrates without any possibility of dissent that the Ten American Painters are making history.

"Nine American Painters," New York *Sun*, March 19, 1909, p. 6

Dinna ye hear the slogan at the Montross Gallery? It runs to this lilt: Ten American painters, all on the line, out dropped Simmons and then there were nine! To be brief, the Ten this year—and it is their twelfth annual exhibition—are only nine, E. E. Simmons not being represented; furthermore, it is a small show (small and select); there are but twenty-two numbers on the programme. We do not complain. After the Pennsylvania Academy, the National Academy and monster one man exhibitions this intimate collection at 372 Fifth Avenue is a veritable relief. The painters represented are Frank W. Benson, William M. Chase, Joseph De Camp, T. W. Dewing, Childe Hassam, Willard L. Metcalf, Robert Reid, Edmund C. Tarbell and J. Alden Weir. The latter artist is the most generous, as he sent seven contributions. De Camp has one, Dewing two, Hassam four, Benson three, Chase two, Metcalf one, Reid two, and Tarbell one. Mr. Montross with propriety could display over the door of his gallery this legend: All hope abandon, ye who enter here without quality! Quality is paramount in this exhibition of the Nine-Tenths.

In strong contrast with his handling of fish and game Mr. Chase shows a still life of equally attractive character, a portfolio of prints, a Bible, several dusty volumes, and the dim etching of a windmill. It is all still-life-like; the textures of the old books and the outlines of the etching have an indescribably real effect, as if we had come upon some musty corner of an antiquarian's library. His study of a boy's head in browns is solid and satisfying. Mr. Benson of Boston, lover of outdoors, lets us enjoy a view of the Benson girls, who with a dog are sitting on the shore of sparkling blue waters. The air is full of ozone.

A brilliant picture. Mr. De Camp has a large canvas, "The Blue Cup," a comely girl examining a bit of china, near her a table with still life on it; the light falls on her face. We are not told whence it comes, but it is sufficiently illuminative. Her supple young body is finely modelled. You could easily walk about her, there is plenty of room. That you would do so is another story. She is a pretty creature, and her creator has lent her tempting attributes. At the special exhibition here some weeks ago of Mr. Dewing we noted the fact that he had changed his model. That girl who played the 'cello had never read Edith Wharton, though she probably knew her Goltermann concerto. Something more disquieting was the way she wore her stays, which were carelessly laced. Fancy a Dewing girl not in perfect social harness. The example at the present show is not untidy, though she is by no means one of the Dewing Superwomen. "Yellow Tulips" is the title. She is sitting with her back to the spectator. The scheme is greenish, relieved by the yellow note of the flowers. In finesse superlative is this picture, though not enamelled, and there is air to breathe. It is lent by Charles L. Freer.

The "Summer Idyl" of Mr. Hassam is truly an iridescent decoration. The backs of the two nymphs are benign in tone and shape. The swimming pool, which we recall at the Isle of Shoals (Appledore), called Neptune's Hall, is a jewelled transcription. The play of light and color fascinates. In "The Music Room" a different sort of problem is attacked, a problem dear to Degas and Renoir. A young woman sits rather stiffly before a concert grand pianoforte (as the fallboard is invisible we can't give the name of the maker, but it doesn't look like a stencil instrument). She rests her right hand on the desk, her left relaxed as it touches the keyboard; evidently Mr. Hassam has studied the devitalized piano arm and hand; he has suggested the sag of muscle capitally. But the white keys at close view seem too long; doubtless an intended falsification. The handsome model is a trifle [self-] conscious. She is too posed. Her draperies in their loose fall are admirably realized. It is a canvas that has quality.

Quality too is to be seen in Mr. Weir's "Pan and the Wolf," with its dark greens and blues, its dense atmosphere of the remote. It is a picture for painters. "The Peacock's Feathers," with the girl in blue standing behind a massive backed chair, we saw in Philadelphia; also the charming "Danbury Hills." The "Yellow Flower" of Robert Reid is a large canvas of which we wrote when it was shown in his studio exhibition. Its transparent colors and daintiness of expression are very attractive. Mr. Metcalf's solitary offering is entitled "The White Veil," a snow scene somewhere up in New Hampshire, in his own poetic manner, tonalities and sentiment delicate and significant. Mr. Tarbell sends what is described as an "unfinished" work; but where most men end he is just beginning; therefore the foreground is negligible, because the glory of the composition is the light with which it is flooded – silver daylight, the cool light of New England. A girl bathed in its magic is reading. The spacing is alluring, from the chair to the wall, from the window to the chair. It is the Vermeer gambit, that no one will deny, but who can handle such difficult and lovely problems as does Tarbell? Mr. Montross has again proved himself past master in the art of hanging pictures so that their expression is positively human. You will draw no blanks at the Montross Gallery in this exhibition, which lasts until April 7.

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, March 17, 1910, sec. 3, p. 4

The reception in Berlin of the American pictures is about what we expected. The German critics find us weak in figure composition and our technique too derivative in landscape. Naively they think that earth, air and water are different in America. Nature is all rocky mountains or sandy deserts, humans all cowboys or Indians, architecture all of the skyscraper kind! Remington is their man. He is their idea of an American artist. For years we have sought in vain among the work of German landscapists for any particular indication of national traits. Bad painting is the rule in Germany—as we saw at the exhibition here last year—and as for the new men, the secessionists, they are simply ridiculous, being victims to French impressionism, misunderstood. We fancy the Americans can more than hold their own in either Berlin or Munich. We are moved to these remarks principally because the exhibition of Ten American Painters is now in progress at the Montross Galleries and would be an object lesson for any doubter as to the superiority of American technique, American vision, over German ideals and technique. Twenty years ago we should not have dared to suggest any such comparison. While French influences were fermenting, the old leaven had not altogether ceased working. Truthfully speaking, the further you go back in American art the more appalling becomes the paint. If Gilbert Stuart, Trumbull, Peale, Neagle and the rest were mediocrities, what were their successors? Don't mention the desperate Hudson River school; there were meaner talents, worse offenders. Until the '80s native painters, with all their gifts and aspirations, didn't know what good paint was.

Chase escaped the Germans and a few others with him.

Nor shall we hesitate to add that if George Inness and Homer Martin came back today we should find them decidedly second rate—as they were; Inness and his pottering around the English, and Constable; Martin and his fumbling after the Monet school without achieving a truly individual style. What nonsense has been written of these two men and how little we hear of Twachtman, their superior in vision and palette. But in the historical perspective they serve their turn. The young men of to-day are better painters. They are at least masters of their material.

Study the thirty-odd canvases at the Montross Galleries. A feast of color, and while bigness is lacking that is a modern deficiency not peculiar to America. But subtlety in observation, feeling for character as well as for decoration, raciness of atmosphere, together with finished craftsmanship, are present in the work of Benson, Chase, De Camp, Dewing, Hassam, Metcalf, Reid, Simmons, Tarbell and Weir. It is a pleasing coincidence that the first appearence of the Ten in the new galleries should also be the occasion for a particularly fine showing on their part. Each man gives a capital account of himself. Childe Hassam has painted the façade of some Chinese merchants' houses in Portland, Ore. He has never done anything more original, never has his brush displayed such finesse. The subject is hopelessly commonplace, but the magic of color can transform a town pump into a meteor. The tonalities are simply indescribable, and there are passages of blue that must have loosened from some Italian sky and en route overtaken a robin's egg. Therein the artist dipped his brush. A few Orientals are seen lounging on the steps and a cynical cat is perched over a doorway.

A singular but beautiful picture. Let us whisper discreetly that we prefer it to the "Spring Garland," one of Hassam's pet, long limbed nudes, wearing a festoon of flowers across her nacreous flesh. She is presented panelwise. "The Summer Sea" won a medal at the Pennsylvania Academy.

Weir's "Hunter's Moon" was praised in the *Sun* when shown at the last Pennsylvania Academy exhibition, but it looks better here than in Philadelphia. Another work that is caviare to the crowd, yet delights the eye and imagination of the art lover. His "Flower Girl" is the best figure painting we have had from Mr. Weir in years. Few men would dare the dangerous tonalities he has combined in the garb and the flowers, the skin, eyes and hair belonging to this damsel. Edward Simmons shows a vigorously modelled woman with blond hair and plenty of physique. Robert Reid has never before been so seductive in his management of his palette as "The Shell" will prove. And the iridescent harmonies of the shell, of textures, of the girl's face and her graceful hat are not merely wrought into a decorative pattern; the figure is in tangible relief; character is not missing. Tarbell's "Josephine and Mercie" is lent by the Corcoran Gallery, Washington. Its literalism is tempered by the exquisite wit of this painter. Benson is brilliant, breezy and Bensonian, as usual. Mr. Chase sends some fresh colored landscape bits, views of his Florentine villa, the garden, slope of Fiesole and a big oleander bush. His fish, not in the catalogue, are masterly. Joseph De Camp's "The Fur Jacket" was in the Pennsylvania Academy, a strongly characteristic performance. "Roses" is a charming canvas, full of light and air; the dewiness of the flowers contrasts well with the dry, shiny browns of that violoncello back of the girl. Dewing's "A Musician" is one of his deliciously wrought gems. A young woman holds with outstretched arm a 'cello. The instrument is lustreless, yet the whole picture glows internally. Willard Metcalf reveals power in his "Frozen Pool." The scene is austere, yet is the promise of spring in the air. The harmonies of color in the birch and cedar, which modulate at the sky line, are Metcalf at his subtlest. The "Red Maple" gives an inspiriting stretch of water, and the shadow in the lake of of the tree is captivating. Mr. Metcalf marches on. Altogether a notable exhibition.

"Ten American Painters," New York *Sun*, March 22, 1911, p. 6

The fine flower of American painting is certainly to be found at any exhibition given by the Ten American Painters. Their fourteenth annual show is now in progress at the Montross Galleries, and after a visit the sacrosanct quality of the gathering, coupled with the exquisite modulation displayed in the hanging, Mr. Montross at his happiest with difficult color problems on his hands, arouses the sensation of a conservatory filled with orchids. Not that as a whole the pictures can be called orchidaceous, but in a symbolic sense, because there is infinite care bestowed upon the preciousness of surfaces, upon style, the style aristocratic as well as style personal, and also upon—and here the emphasis is not too ponderous—upon the exclusion of all that might disturb a preconceived scheme of decoration, in pattern, hue or theme. In the slang of the studio, the Ten are "swell" painters, and they live up to their reputation. The hypercritical, and in art criticism they perilously graze the cranky, will maintain that the breath of life does not circulate freely in these pictures; that this art has too much of the exotic and not enough of the human; that, cloistered, aristocratic, chill, it will never reach the heart of "the people." We are constrained to answer that this last named defect is in our eyes one of the chief joys of the exhibition, if so sanguine a word as "joy" be allowed. Tolstoy and his mujik tests of the beauty and usefulness of the arts never appealed to us, and the absurdity of the great man's delving in a field where he had no right to be was precisely his conception of a democratic or socialistic art. Art is not democratic, nor is it socialistic; it is individual, anarchic, if you will. And the Ten American Painters demonstrate this fact. Quality rules. The crude contention that number is sovereign is put to flight after a trip about the harmonious gallery of Mr. Montross.

But you can't pitchfork human nature. Rude virility, the snapping early frost of youthful mornings, the fire of enthusiasm, the dynamic slap in the face that the new men administer not too tenderly—these elements are missing at the Ten show. A body of refined, middle aged men, they are no longer seduced by the siren of the modern; they have filed their pictorial sensations to the vanishing point and are content with simple phrases, jewelled cadences. Their veriest prose is Paterian, though their poetry never reaches the O Altitudo! of, say, Arthur Davies. Despite the finesse in craftsmanship, the tonal delicacy, there is nowhere manifested in the work of this organization the slightest preoccupation with spiritual ideas, ideas that touch the hem of the ideal, or with emotional profundities. From the most commonplace, Frank W. Benson, to the most poetic (and pantheistic), J. Alden Weir, the chief concern is less vision than beautiful paint. Notwithstanding the variety, the vivacity (as in the cases of Robert Reid and Childe Hassam) and the virtuosity which may be ascribed to every man jack of them, the exhibition if transferred bodily to Paris would be voted vieux jeu, old style, dating back to 1890, perhaps earlier. Nor do we mean to insinuate that such veterans as Joseph De Camp and William M. Chase lend color to this declaration; on the contrary, their contributions fairly buzz with vitality. No, it is not the technique alone that seems out of mode, but the way of looking at things; the newer vision is missing. Hassam and Reid and Metcalf are impressionistic in their procedure, Metcalf least of the three; they lean heavily upon atmospheric effects, they hash their paint, and their canvases reverberate rather than glow. Chase will never quite forget Munich, while the Boston contingent, Benson, Tarbell, De Camp, has not succeeded in escaping its icy, intellectual environment. Their production is brilliant, but without warmth; it has light, not heat. Weir, an impressionist too, does not forget the emotional side of a landscape; his landscapes are more appealing than his humans. The Bonzi of American art, a Whistler who has refined upon himself, is T. W. Dewing. He is our last word in subtle tonalities; nevertheless he would be called terribly normal by the Matisse crowd in Paris.

Having settled, at least to our own satisfaction, that the Ten American Painters are an elderly band of conservatives hopelessly imprisoned behind the bars of a few outworn pictorial conventions, let us now describe in part this fourteenth annual exhibition, which as matter of truth is vital as well as full of fine paint. Of course it is easy to find wanting in the prose of Walter Pater the sheer humanity of Hazlitt, or to discover that M. Debussy is not a Richard Wagner. Therefore we should enjoy the gifts vouchsafed us by the gods. And the Ten American Painters rather affect the Olympian attitude. Neither their palettes nor their subjects are proletarian; the cry of the heart in distress, the aspiration of the soul, the misery of the masses, are not in their schematology; they are not fit themes for their paint, and are as much vieux chapeaux to them as their own work would be to contemporary "Paris." Quality, quality, quality, is the ideal embraced as a dogma by the Ten.

There are only nine of the hierarchy on view; Edward Simmons is the missing member. Taken in its most comprehensive sense the exhibition is better this season than last, with more buoyancy and a better average of execution. Benson has one of his blue affairs, little girls blue on a cliff, a sunny affair, shallow in sentiment, but not lacking in charm. Those eternal fish of Chase—we say this advisedly, for if canvas could but endure the Chase fish would be eternal—are outpointed by a brilliantly painted portrait, something quite different from the usual official portrait, of a young woman. It represents Chase at his best; and of that best we prefer to write. De Camp seems to have said to Tarbell and Paxton, "Go to! I'll show you," and he has. His "Window," apart from the cleverly depicted still life, has the quality of humanity in the girl, and as for the loose handling of her dress, the values of the whites, we can add that they serve as an object lesson to the St. Botolph school of glazed china Vermeers. The portrait by De Camp is a sober, decent, honest effort, but like the Tarbell portrait deadly dull.

The most fascinating Dewing we have had the good luck to see is his "Lady Listening." No need to dilate upon the quality, upon the subtlety of the nuances; the handling is freer, the tonalities richer, than is the wont of this highly mannered painter. The distinction of the figure, the high bred staglike head of the woman, her air of hearing something not banal –a page of Henry James, a metaphysical epigram by Henri Bergson, a seldom played prelude of Chopin—are supplemented by a sense of things neither seen nor heard, withal experienced, a new note in the restricted scale of this hermetic artist. Childe Hassam brings one to earth again. His "Breakfast Room" is superb painting; and should we ask for more? Sunshine and shadow, texture and pattern, tone and atmosphere, plus simplicity, are in this composition. We back it against all Boston. The nocturne is better realized than many a Whistler, Whistler who sowed the seed the flower of which they are all plucking. The Gloucester view, despite its unquestionable veracity and scintillating tints, is a trifle too literal.

We prefer the smaller of the Metcalf pictures, "Willows in March," to the "Cornish Hills." Both are snow scenes, fresh in feeling and color. The top of the hills in New Hampshire contains some lovely passages, yet that virginal snow field in belated winter reveals the finer vision. The recrudescence of Robert Reid might prove a tempting text to expound, but we must forego the pleasure. Suffice it to say that Reid is very much alive these days and working double tides. He sends four pictures, of which "The Japanese Screen" is the most decorative, and the handsome young woman in furs the most opulent in color, the most solid in construction. Violet is the dominating note, and it is skilfully distributed throughout the other harmonies. The figure of the girl is admirably done, her crinkled glove, the bag suspended by a chain from her wrist, and the gown, are alike suggestive of reality; the furs are cunningly painted. The nude and the crane in the Japanese screen bear witness to Robert Reid's decorative science. As a composition it is not glaringly novel, a favorite theme of Renoir, Besnard and a thousand of the younger chaps; but it is Reid in style and performance. The large "Portrait of a Lady" by Edmund C. Tarbell has the virtual place of honor. It is the most striking presentment in the show and is hugely decorative. The Weir pictures were recently shown at private view in the Century Club. They are "Lizzie Lynch," otherwise the little girl with the cat; the wonderful nocturne, "New York"; "Pussy Willows," such sensitive painting! and a landscape, "Near Norwich." This is not the time to dilate upon the merits of J. Alden Weir; critical hoarseness might ensue.

And now, what was our last thought, rather our first, after leaving the Montross Galleries? We recalled the anecdote about Thalberg, the piano virtuoso, who went to one of Chopin's rare recitals in Paris. After several hours of the muted magical music the robuster virtuoso had enough. When he reached the open air he began to shout. On being asked the reason he replied: "I want to hear a fortissimo after all that pianissimo!" Well, after the *con sordino* effects on canvas of the Ten, you do feel like a little more of the dynamic, a little more ozone. No doubt those of us who love the full orchestra will be pleased by the tintinnabulations at the forthcoming concert of the Independents. Lucky it is that there are many mansions in the kingdom of art.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (April 18, 1914): 9, 17

There are only seven of the "Ten American Painters" at the Montross Gallery this season. Again Mr. Chase conducts the paint-orchestra with his "Venetian Balcony," his portrait and his still-life. There is always quality in the surfaces of this battle-scarred hero of art. Benson, De Camp, and Tarbell represent Boston; J. Alden Weir, Childe Hassam, and Willard L. Metcalf, New York. The latter has been Europe for a year. His themes are new, his point of view fresher, and his attack more vigorous than of yore. Hassam's "Gorge—Appledore" is a cerulean vision. Mr. Weir is, as ever, a fascinating manipulator of the nuance.

Dwight W. Tryon
(1849-1925)

See under Dewing.

Allen Tucker
(1866-1939)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, January 24, 1908, p. 6

Allen Tucker is showing at the galleries of Fishel, Adler & Schwartz, 313 Fifth Avenue, thirty of his new pictures. Once a well known architect, Mr. Tucker is said to have succumbed to a passion for paint—a not uncommon occurrence—and now devotes his time to the pursuit of shattered lines and colored spots, where once he was absorbed in linear rectitudes and sober white. He is an impressionist, not a brutal, not a powerful one. Delicacy of vision is his, a delicacy that often borders on the hazy in definition. He does not shirk the more common sights of Manhattan, and like Paul Cornoyer and Colin Cooper Campbell paints Madison Square in the snow, across the roof tops, Madison Square at night—rather too dark for us to see the Square, though there are Whistlerian gleams of light; paints Times Square at dusk, a much more satisfactory realization. We liked "The Distant Steamer," with its wraithlike evocations of sky and water. A poetic bit. There is Thaulow water in the Providence "Coal Yards," and at times the high pitched tonal schemes—notably the "Sun Spots"—recall a close study of Twachtman. But Mr. Tucker has not Twachtman's magic melting pot, in which simmer and boil the hues of rainbows, solar and lunar. "The Blue Posts" is a pleasant picture; so is the "Twisted Olive" at Capri. This artist contrives a sense of atmosphere. His touch has not yet mellowed, but it is the touch of a painter born. He is, however, still too fond of Monet.

John H. Twachtman
(1853-1902)

An American impressionist, Twachtman was a member of "The Ten" until his early death. See, also, under Sloan and under Whistler as a painter.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (May 23, 1914): 21

Tried and trusty favorites are hung at Macbeth's. Davies, Emil Carlsen, Leon Dabo, Robert Henri, his capital "Bridget"; Paul Dougherty, Frieseke, whose sunshine is more sublimated than ever; Childe Hassam, colorist by the grace of God, as they say in Germany; Ernest Lawson, an early landscape of rich tonalities; Elmer MacRae, Theodore Robinson, Chauncey F. Ryder, Prendergast, thrice delightful Maurice; Willard L. Metcalf, Ivan Olinsky, Gardner Symons, J. Alden Weir, Ballard Williams, the late J. H. Twachtman, surely the prince of American impressionists, as he is certainly the pioneer, and others, are all displayed in happy sequence.

Abel G. Warshawsky
(1883-1962)

See under Spring Academy, 1911, No. 2.

Max Weber
(1881-1961)

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, March 20, 1910, sec. 3, p. 4

We picked out Max Weber from the rest of the revolutionists in the Little Gallery of the Secession, 291 Fifth Avenue. Mr. Weber caught our eye (collided with it would be more truthful) with his dainty exposure of three ladies in search of the mad naked summer night. That their legs are like casks, their hips massive as moons, their faces vitriolic in expression is beside the mark. The chief thing that interested us was to note the influence of Matisse. We know that Cézanne reduced all forms to the sphere, the cone and the cylinder, and this study viewed as such reveals plenty of cleverness and research. In the meantime the "picture" has vanished; like the old saying at the hospital, the operation was successful but the patient died. The entire new movement, its aesthetic, is based on the avoidance of the picturesque, of the "picture," of the lyric interpretation of nature. Courbet called himself a realist. Was he? No more than Zola. He was at heart a blustering romantic, accepted many studio conventions, and consider his horrible rusty blacks! Manet went far, but Hals and Velásquez hooked him in the end. The break with the past must be radical, one in which the present practice of form and color will be superseded by an absolutely (in a relative sense, toujours, mes enfants!) truthful rendering of nature. Cézanne is the path breaker. Monet, with his colored shadows, is as old fashioned as Turner or Whistler! This Max Weber in his still life has some good color, and his treatment of volumes of tone à la Cézanne must be praised. Steichen is represented by several portraits, classic in comparison with the efforts of his associates. One, that of a woman sitting and gazing at the spectator, is intensely felt. In technique it is strong.

As for shadows, they are antique studio baggage. These young Peter Schlemihls of paint have shed their shadows. A garden scene with tea table by Alfred Maurer is another vivid piece. It is vital paint this, and if it is not in the misty poetic key of Le Sidaner (who is fond of just such stunts with contrasted lights, lamplight against moonlight), it is very individual all the same. Marsden Hartley makes you catch your breath, yet a mountainside of his has a touch of the grandiose and no doubt looked that way to the young artist. Sincerity is the keynote, even the interpretation of the ugly, or what is called ugly, for it's all a matter of degree. Monet, now a rosewater idealist in landscape, was declared hideous thirty years ago. The fact is the opticians and aurists tell us that the capacity for optical and aural "accommodation" of the human eye and ear is very great. Therefore do not be surprised if some of these chaps, Brinley, Carles, Arthur Dove, Fellows, Hartley, John Marin, Alfred Maurer, Steichen and Weber loom up as pontiffs of the Futurists. We confess we went up to the Academy in a chastened mood and sought the compositions of Gilbert Gaul, Henry (not "Oh!" Henry, but E. L.) and dear old J. G. Brown as anodynes.

J. Alden Weir
(1852-1919)

Weir was a member of "The Ten." See under that heading, too.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, January 10, 1907, p. 8

When an author has turned out a dozen fat books, when a composer sees ranged on his pianoforte half a dozen operas, the glow of self-satisfaction known as artistic pride may be warranted; yet both writer and musician base their egoism on memory images—they must summon by distinct acts of volition the various ideas, episodes, situations and music of their respective works. Not so the painter or sculptor, if he be courageous enough to gather under one roof the representative production of years. There, staring him in the eyes, are his creations. Twenty years ago he painted that girl's head—where? Let me see. Oh, yes; it was near the old mill at Moret—no, it was at Cos Cob. Yesterday's efforts jostle the first fruits of his *wanderjahre*, those happy and never again to be recaptured days when, tossing tradition to the wind, he painted as he pleased, letting the devil take the hindmost, usually his last master.

But it is not every artist who has either the courage or the chance to hold such a retrospective exhibition. It is not easy to get together your early, your transitional, your periods of day before yesterday. J. Alden Weir has done all this, and the result may be enjoyed at the Montross Gallery, 372 Fifth Avenue, until January 15. It is, strictly speaking, a comparative exhibition, with J. Alden Weir playing solo; and it may be confessed at the outset that the usual monotony incidental upon one-man exhibits is missing. It is a wise painter who knows how to shift his point of view. Mr. Weir knows how—furthermore, his palette contains several scales of tones, and, best of all, he is not the victim of any school or method, but is the keen analyst of all and a practitioner, though in an individual key, of the impressionistic manner of seeing the forms of nature.

There are twenty-three pictures and more than thrice as many etchings. Among the former landscapes and open air subjects are in the majority. Half a dozen of the landscapes were painted last summer. There is the head of a French peasant girl done more than two decades ago; and interesting it is. His recent portraits, "Memories" (No. 20) and "The Rose Pink Bodice" (No. 21), show careful, intelligent workmanship, though the results are not altogether brilliant. A suspicious insincerity is felt in the first of these. The lady is not in earnest. Her hands are almost claws, especially the left hand. It is curious to note that Mr. Weir's painted hands seem actual evasions of the technical difficulties; the modelling is empty, the flesh tints unhealthy. The women of these portraits have intelligent eyes; yet they do not impress one as real—as real, for example, as "The Gray Gown" (No. 14), which is an admirable presentment of a single fact—a seated woman, who diffuses the charm of her personality through the medium of the painter's brush. The flat tones, the quality of gray and the simplicity of the rendering easily rank this portrait as the best in the gallery. The hands are well hidden.

Several early landscapes are to be seen. "Willimantic" (No. 23) is a sober and solidly depicted picture of some mills, with trees in the foreground. It is so strong and so truthful that it would have pleased such an uncompromising realist as Paul Cézanne, yet it is a picture that makes the appeal immediate. More lyric are the landscapes "A Day in June" (No. 1), with its soft summer sky, through which lazily float dim white cloud hummocks. "The Return of the Fishing Party" (No. 5) is a charming composition, with that *flair* of a modernized Watteau to be seen among the neo-impressionists—Guérin in particular. Mr. Weir probably has never seen Guérin or the young Parisian revolutionists. He has only realized the delicate joy that abides in tender green woods where the atmosphere is a smoky enchantment, through which move human beings who are by the painter's magic given a dream life. It is of interest to examine the workmanship of these pictures. There are tapestry-like effects, so closely spun is the paint web. Some suggest the fat ductility of a pastel. The greens in some have that fresh dewy tint that may be caught after dawn, when the spring has just come. It is incomparably a green that the poet alone may express. Mr. Weir employs with discretion the "spots" of the impressionists; but he so contrives as to modulate and link his tones without isolating them in the bald fashion of the extremists. Weir's paint always flows. He handles complementary hues, as in the "Red Bridge" (No. 8) with telling effects. "The

Donkey Ride" (No. 17) is tapestry again; as a composition it is huddled. There are lovely clouds in No. 18, "Ploughing for Buckwheat"; indeed, the clouds are the real picture. Variety rules throughout in theme and treatment.

The etchings are of interest. A solitary copper engraving is also in this room. It is called "Arcturus," and is an essay in the symbolic, with possibly an eye on Albrecht Dürer. How much more successful in etched portraiture is the artist than in oils—always excepting "The Gray Gown"—may be observed in the heads of Dr. Robert F. Weir, John F. Weir and H. C. Weir. "Castle Russian" (No. 48) is a capital plate—not without Whistlerian hints. Whistler and Seymour Haden, too. A humorous trait is shown in No. 58, "Statue of Liberty." A tramp sits asleep on a bench. He is a statue, free enough as far as his pose. In the far distance is a pin point that is unmistakably the Bartholdi statue. The irony is microscopic, yet none the less enjoyable.

There is no particular moral to be gleaned from the J. Alden Weir exhibition —he has improved, and his earlier pictures are as enjoyable as his later. He is an artist of force, charm, versatility, and when he gives us another exhibition these qualities, no doubt, will be quite as much in evidence. All real artists improve. All real artists have their ups and downs of indifferent days, brilliant moods and dull. Mr. Weir is no exception. So we shan't moralize over his work; merely recommend the spending of an hour at the Montross Gallery. It will be a pleasing one.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, January 24, 1908, p. 6

Of the new exhibition of J. Alden Weir at the Montross Gallery, 372 Fifth Avenue, corner Thirty-fifth street, one finds a wide range of themes. When Weir ceases to be versatile then Weir will cease to be—which sounds like one of the Scottish runes of Mr. Montross composed during a haggis nightmare. The amazing freshness of this artist may be accounted [for] by his avoidance of the quotidian rut. He does not find life too "daily"; instead it beckons him from a half hundred coigns. The pond lies a green fable in the sunshine. Green is the water, and it is like the lip of a cup hemmed about by dreamy greens. Dare we again misquote Poe and speak of the misty midregion of Alden Weir? An early spring shows a field of slender saplings—is that white dab a man moving across the grassy square of the enclosure? There is a dancer that would melt the technical heart of Degas. She stands in repose. Rather listless than alert. But of what smothered iridescence is the texture of her skirts, of her belt, composed! The harmonies of gold, silver and rose are delicious; a luscious chord, but muted, of Monticelli. We can see Whistler stopping to hear the subtle faint music of those tones. Then you come across a motive of which the late Eastman Johnson never tired. It is night. Some adventurous souls—Mr. Weir among them—are treeing a coon. Handled in Weir's fashion the canvas becomes a jewelled nocturne, the low fire a gem à la Rembrandt; its rays illuminating the tip of the coon's snout, roosted high in the trees. Woodland craft and the mystery of silence and darkness.

Look around the gallery! A woman, life size, comes through a doorway. There is illusion—the illusion of an enveloping atmosphere; air enters with her—air and light. A girl in a blue gown hangs in one panel; in the other is a green coat, within it a charming creature; this green is sifted through an octave of greens, ending on the lowest note of the scale and the top of her head—her big, broad brimmed hat. She is solid. So is the lady in the decorative fur pelisse—which we wish was not so aggressively protective. Here is shown the same sensitiveness to flesh tints, which are neither pink nor cream but simply human. The head is finely modelled, the eyes in expression not without a hint of wistfulness. Weir is ever poetic. Even his coon is picturesque. "A Note in Gray" is another feminine portrait. There is richness of paint in "Driving the Cows to Pasture" and a Japanese misty quality in the "Moonlight." Above all else, quality, distinction. In another room may be found a group of Mr. Weir's etchings. His old master Gérôme would hardly approve of the Weir impressionism; these compositions of the needle he could not help admiring.

In the following critique Huneker reprints some of his earlier remarks on Weir, which I have deleted here.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 78 (October 30, 1915): 10, 20

J. Alden Weir is the newly elected president of the Academy of Fine Arts, and it is not too much to say that the choice has given universal satisfaction, for apart from his lovable personal qualities, Mr. Weir is one of our greatest painters, landscape and figure, and his sympathies are eclectic. In a word, a rare president for our principal art institution. . . . [His] now famous view of East Fifty-eighth Street, as seen from the windows of the artist's atelier high in air on Park Avenue. . . . is one of the most remarkable studies of night and night lights I have ever seen. The blazing points of electric lights of Terrace Garden and in the gloom the massive Queensboro Bridge are powerfully yet atmospherically indicated. Weir is one of the few artists who can paint the color of night. . . .

As Emil Carlsen once said to me: "Not alone in America, but in Europe, you will fail to find a painter like J. Alden Weir whose pictures exhibit such quality." This *à propos* of a show at the Century Club. Mr. Carlsen, himself an artist of rare ability, knew what he was talking about. Thât elusive and mysterious term, "quality," may be truthfully applied to the art of Weir; not the factitious gumminess, the false depth, and meretricious luster in manufactured "masters" old and new, but true quality, compounded equally of surface beauty and evanescent quality in characterization, which is the expression of a genuine artistic personality. We are not unvarying worshipers of the Weir figure painting; too often his human face is "papery," it sometimes resembles the texture of his fabrics. You feel that in his case a stitch in time does not save nine, so tapestry-like are some of his technical performances. But I remember a little girl with a kitten, and a lady in a pink and rose bodice—with the poise and bulk of a Gainsborough—both masterpieces of sympathetic observation and beautiful paint manipulation. We know that Mr. Weir has been accused of unduly experimenting, and of coquetting with new styles and schools. This may be true and not in the least a dreadful accusation. The artist who ceases to experiment is lost; his art freezes into a formula. Besides, Weir has the root of the matter in him; he is a painter of race, he can swing out further over the cliffs of novelty without losing his balance than younger men. And when he is at his topnotch, who can approach him?

James A. M. Whistler
(1834-1903)

*Huneker referred to gambler Richard Canfield's outstanding collection of Whistlers in 1906 (*New York Herald, *August 5, 1906, sec. 3, p. 7). In February, 1910, he published an article on "The Grolier Whistler" (reproduced below, under Engravers and Etchers) which was followed the next month by a critique of the Whistler exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum (New York* Sun, *March 20, 1910, p. 8), a critique reprinted in* The Pathos of Distance. *Huneker also referred to Whistler in "The Recantations of George Moore," New York* World, *October 26, 1919, Metropolitan section, p. 6), an article reprinted in* Variations.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, March 18, 1908, p. 6

There is now at the Macbeth Galleries, 450 Fifth Avenue, a collection of canvases by dead American painters which, however, contains many live pictures. Mr. Macbeth calls the gathering "From Copley to Whistler," though he does not mean that the exhibition is a comprehensive one. Many prominent names are missing, Gilbert Stuart for one. Chronologically this show dates from 1737, the year of Copley's birth, to 1855, when Richard Pauli first saw the light. Whistler naturally ranks them all, and there are five fine Twachtmans. The Copleys are three; quality rules, portraits of Timothy Folger, Miss Hall and William Holmes. Three George Fullers win the eye at once with their hazy beauty; also two landscapes of George Inness. Since Mr. Macbeth's special exhibition, some years ago at his old galleries, of Theodore Robinson (1852-1896) we have not seen five such admirable specimens of his brushwork. There is one large canvas which reveals the best influence of the modern French school, full of air and sunshine as it is. It was painted too soon to be understood. To-day it falls quietly into the frame of contemporary landscape style, and, while it does not astonish it sets us to wondering how popular taste could have ever passed it. John Trumbull is represented by a head of George Washington, not particularly distinguished. The Twachtmans are scenes in Yellowstone Park, at Gloucester, a snowscape and other impressions, rich, iridescent and vibrating.

There is a Whistler that comes from Germany, a girl holding a violin; a smaller canvas called "The Widow," which is most subtle in its harmonies of black and evanescent gray, and a study of a girl in rose and brown. Greater Whistlers we have seen, but then there are no mediocre Whistlers. Some are better than others. After looking at these lovely transcripts of character as well as of decorative expression, you recall the Whistlers at the Metropolitan Museum and ask yourself: Why? Why is it that the foremost art institution of America—in our municipal vanity we dare not acknowledge Boston, Philadelphia or Washington, not to mention Pittsburgh and Chicago—makes such an indifferent showing of America's most individual painter? Any one of these Macbeth Whistlers can walk away with those at the Museum. In addition you can see them. They are delicious in their varying tonal modulations, yet not so black and musty that they are enigmatic. "The Widow" is exquisite.

Thomas Sully has two examples shown, one a rather vigorous head of John Tyler—vigorous for Sully, who was essentially a painter of vaporous female portraits, often insipid and oversweet. Wyant has two scenes, and there is, not catalogued, a Wyatt Eaton, a female nude. Benjamin Fitz (1855-1891) is an unfamiliar name. He was said to have been promising. The Butler is a nude lady. William Morris Hunt is seen at his best in a big open air, the water foaming of the Rapids, Niagara. He has an "Ophelia" and a lake view. The Thomas Cole panel recalls the mid-Victorian epoch when John Martin's fantasies were admired. S. A. Mount, Robert C. Minor, Arthur Quarterly make up the list. The Mount is a portrait of Martin Van Buren.

Carleton Wiggins
(1848-1932)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 25, 1907, p. 8

A bull at Macbeth's! By Carleton Wiggins. It stands squarely on its legs and regards the world with indifferent eyes. The Holstein cow that hangs on another wall calmly chews the cud, oblivious of its painted brother. But those Wiggins cattle are very real. The artist shows some pleasing and discreet landscapes; his sheep are appetizing. His skies are silvery. He paints exactly what he sets out to paint. Happy Wiggins!

Alexander H. Wyant
(1835-1892)

See under Inness.

LARGE GROUP EXHIBITIONS

American Water Color Society Exhibition, 1907

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, May 24, 1907, p. 8

With the closing next Sunday afternoon of the American Water Color Society's exhibition at the Fine Arts Galleries on Fifty-seventh Street the painting season virtually comes to an end. A few scattered single man shows, a flutter here and there from the studios, several despairing whoops at public sale of "old masters" (Hoboken and Parma), and June will find most of the dealers on their way abroad and most of the painters afoot and afield or fronting their canvases for next season's crop.

After visiting the water color exhibition one is tempted to quote John Ruskin, who wrote (1888) that

> the general point on which the natural feeling of the public needs confirmation against troublesome gossip is the essential quality and value of water color painting as a piece of polite art. Pure old water color painting, on pure old paper made of honest old rags. There is no glass painting, no tempera, no oil, wax, varnish or twenty-chimney-power-extract-of-every-thing painting which can compare with the quiet and tender virtue of water color in its proper use and place. There is nothing that obeys the artist's hand so exquisitely; nothing that records the subtlest pleasures of sight so perfectly. All the splendors of the prism and the jewel are vulgar and few compared to the subdued blending of infinite opalescence in finely inlaid water color; and the repose of light obtainable by its transparent tints, and absolutely right forms to be rendered by practised use of the opaque ones, are beyond rivalship, even by the most skillful methods in other media.

A bold critic may dispute this praise of the gentle water colored art, but he will not be in the right. Ruskin was. Yet if Ruskin could view the present and fortieth annual exhibition he might revise a certain sentence of the above discourse, or else indulge in one of his rhetorical snorts: "In its proper use and place." Great heavens! Water color that is gouache, rewashed, responged, overrubbed, much smeared, woolly instead of transparent, pasty, not sparkling; on every side frantic attempts to escape the legitimate medium, to overstep the boundaries marked by precedent of water and oil (which won't mix)—what would the late John Ruskin say to all these prancing palettes, these artistic pounce boxes, these heavy, sombre, dull toned or shrieking tinted pictures? Where is the white mount of yesteryear? Why all those heavily moulded frames? The truth is that times have changed. The mixture of *genres* goes merrily on, and if the "quiet and tender virtues" of water color are generally absent nowadays at a function of this kind there are compensating qualities. One is variety; another, brilliancy. While it may not be remarkable, this present exhibition of the Water Color Society, it is much more enjoyable than was the spring Academy. There is a lightness, a brightness, a youthfulness, that makes the walls hum with pretty colors and decorative patterns. Some of the men who were so solemn in oils during the winter fairly sparkle in aquatint.

It is not possible here to enumerate the good things. F. Hopkinson Smith is to the front with several solidly painted Dutch and Venetian subjects; and he violates traditions with his accustomed blithe skill. The cleverest picture in the show is Maurice Prendergast's "Marble Bridge," legitimate water color in pure wash. Those dainty dabs of color—parasols moving up the steps, over the bridge and down the Riva—are very Japanese. Prendergast is unique. Whose eye but the practised one would not be deceived by Hugo Ballin's "Pastoral," with its rich Venetian tones? It simulates oil with its edgeless wet wash and flowing, vague forms. It is very Ballinish, opulent in its color masses and full of a certain pantheistic poetry. The exponent of water color, pure and simple, shudders at the experiment. Childe Hassam is well represented. Alphonse Mucha, prince of decorative artists, shows an elaborate design. M. Petersen is uncompromisingly realistic, as ever. Colin Cooper Campbell's warm coloring is admirable. A. Keller, Hardwick, Gruppe, Léon Moran, Potthast, Emma Cooper, Arthur Schneider, William Whittemore are selected as subjects for quotation in the illustrated catalogue. The etchings and illustrations hung in the smaller galleries are of unusual interest. Pennell, Abbey, Craig, Smedley, Hambidge, Roble, White, Everett L. Warner are to the fore. Mildred Howells's "Birds of a Feather" is a fantastic bit. Ernest Peixotto, Olive Rush, with a charming lullaby, and a host of others are to be seen. Ellen Macauley's "Ballade" after Villon is very striking. Altogether an enjoyable exhibition and one which has proved successful from the artist's point of view. The sales have been very satisfactory. The W. T. Evans prize of $300 has been awarded to W. H. Drake for his "Lion's Lair."

American Water Color Society Exhibition, 1908

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, May 7, 1908, p. 6

At the forty-first annual exhibition of the American Water Color Society everything save oil color is admitted; pastels, wash drawings, miniatures, etchings, wood engravings, charcoal color washed, water color, canary birds, and finally the public. The latter can enter free on every day of the week except Friday and Saturday. No tyrannical masterpiece absorbs your attention in the three galleries of American Fine Arts on West Fifty-seventh Street; which is well of a show so heavily ballasted with mediocre offerings. There is quantity, as is evidenced by the 610 numbers in the catalogue; quality is, naturally enough, rare. Whether the experiment of throwing open the doors to the public for five days a week will be successful we dare not venture to assert so early in the month. Thus far the free days have not had the attendance which the humble fee of 25 cents has provoked. No doubt later, when the fact is better bruited abroad, crowds will begin to appear. A good idea it is in the catalogue to give the price of each picture.

W. H. Lippincott's "Helena" is a big pastel broadly decorative in the Venetian style. M. Kremelberg has a pastel of a young poet that is very attractive. There are several Childe Hassams, brilliant, fluent, picturesque. Albert Groll and Charles Warren Eaton contribute work in their well known manner. Mr. Eaton's "Bellagio," a pastel, is admirable. Romantic is Clara Weaver Parrish's "In Old Paris." Louis Loeb in his accustomed rich key of composition has a chalk drawing, the model of which is pretty. Reynolds Beal's "Summer at Sea," a pastel, attracts much attention. A pastel called "Calicoes" is one of Jerome Myers's exhibits, an East Side bit cunningly handled. Glenn Newell, Charles Austin Needham, C. C. Curran, Helen Dapprich's portrait pastel, Clara W. Parrish's "Blue Door," Georgiana Timken Fry's "Sheep Shearing," and Florence Robinson's "Santa Maria della Salute," are all well represented and worth seeing.

A head in the central gallery by William Levy is one of the most characteristic in the collection. It is entitled "Sarah" and it appeals because of its simplicity and sincerity. Herbert W. Faulkner is brilliant in his "Fashion" (No. 132), and Mary Langtry's "Ducks" with the green-blue atmosphere contrives a posterlike effect. Cocks are fighting in Douglas Walters's water color, "The Rivals"; and Bela de Takach's "Refuge" with its vast Buddha in a green, mysterious night is very effective. Walter Hartson has a Dutch canal. Heil's "Crows in Mid-winter" is striking. Will H. Low's "Love the Ferryman" is decorative. There is feeling in Charles P. Gruppe's "Gray Day" and warm color in Frank Mathewson's "Bruges Canal." The etching groups are charming and frankly carry off the artistic palm of the exhibition. We have praised Charles Henry White's work before. It is here in abundant examples. Timothy Cole's superb reproduction in wood engraving of the old masters—lent by the Century Company—may be viewed, and our resident master of the art, Henry Wolf, shows his lovely "Morning Mists," his "Thomas Jefferson," after Peale, the Vermeer young woman—described last winter in the *Sun*—and his latest, an interpretation in black and white, marvellously true, of Manet's "Boy with the Sword," the original of which hangs in Gallery 24 of the Metropolitan Museum. Shan MacLaughlan's achievements in the representation of architecture are here in force, as are Charles Mielatz's notable etchings of American landscape in city views. There is nothing new to be said of Joseph Pennell, who is a master of the needle. A dozen of his French plates, "Rouen," "Beauvais," "Amiens," are old and beloved friends. Senseney, Vanderhoof, Vondrous, Roth, Kroll, Ethelyn Brewer De Foe, are happily housed in this gallery. Mr. F. S. Church's graceful heads and studies, and Carroll Beckwith's suave, elegant drawings, tell us that these veterans are in full possession of their talents.

Some weeks ago we wrote of G. W. Bellows's drawing, "A Knockout," with its brutal verisimilitude. It was previously hung in a dark corner at a Forty-second Street gallery. Now it may be seen in all its horror. It is a stunning little bit of virtuosity and observation. Bellows has felt the situation so strongly that your fingers tingle. There is smashing character in the outstretched figure of the defeated bruiser. Among the illustrators we encounter familiar names, Jules Guerin among them. This artist's "Chorus on a Stone Wall" is certainly novel. Penfield's "Spanish Woman Dancing" is animated and colorful. But the number of frames prevents us from entering into details.

Cullen Yates, George Wharton Edwards—a bully Dutch interior—Ritschel's Katwyk impression, Gifford Beal's brilliant circus anecdote, Gordon Grant's "Kite," which give us the kite's impression of the earth below. Needham's autumnal piece, Alethea Hill Platt's "Basket Maker's Home," another of Takach's fancies, "Incense Offering to Buddha," Bicknell's "Misty Morning," Lauber's "Idyl," Maurice Prendergast's startling marine—children dabbling about at the sea's edge with toy boats—Anna Fisher's "English Village on a Wet Day," Colin Cooper Campbell's capital "Antwerp," Childe Hassam's "Green Jade Gown," Irving Wiles's "Madrid," and Hilda Belcher's very attractive "Speculation"—a small boy whose face is a question mark—Josephi's "Summer Day," Wharton's glittering "Amalfi," Tony Nell's characteristic "Orange Boy," and William J. Whittemore's sweet "Visions of Childhood," furnish pleasure in the Vanderbilt Gallery.

Petersen's ruggedly truthful "Cider Mill," Hassam's "Bougival" and Hugo Ballin's "Wood Nymph" make a strong trio. Mr. Ballin is as ever graciously sensuous, and his color would melt in the mouth of the sourest Puritan. Two excellent Schneiders—W. G.—are the "Blue Fan" and "Green and Gray." Schneider has a highly developed decorative sense and a marked feeling for delicate nuances. C. C. Cooper's "Balloon Ascension" can be looked at more than once. Alexander Robinson, we are sorry to say, sends but one example of his vital, broad and dashing art. It represents in richly stained spots and patches the landing place near the fruit market in Venice. The fruit is superb. Luis Mora is impressionistic in his "Beach Picnic." Walter Satterlee, H. H. Hildebrandt and Carlton Chapman must be the names to close our notes of a fairly interesting exhibition.

National Academy of Design Exhibitions

Spring Academy, 1908, No. 1

"The Spring Academy: First Notice," New York *Sun*, March 20, 1908, p. 6

The blizzard of 1888 appears to have celebrated its twentieth anniversary by paying a visit to the National Academy of Design at the Fine Arts Building in West Fifty-seventh Street. This remark does not apply to the liberal number of snowscapes scattered throughout this eighty-third annual exhibition, but to the general swooping down upon the staid old academicians of a storm of young painters, who have ranged themselves about the walls jauntily and with a *veni, vidi, vici* ease of manner. This disturbance, however, was predicted over a year ago by the critical weather bureau. The Academy knew after the dull spring and winter shows of 1907 that matters must be mended. Robert Henri and his band of malcontents have won their cause, and now will come the hardest tussle of all; they must not alone stick to their standard of revolt, but must continue to improve each shining hour. Nothing proves as unsuccessful as success, for certain temperaments. The tepid air of the Academy with its gentility and "refined" artistic methods is enough to melt the fiery faith of a Gustave Courbet. Beware, young anarchs in paint, of the sleek pussy cat portraits that hem you in and make your work seem disconcertingly rough! Beware of gentle Mr. Allison who sits at a desk and records sales. What he sells with such facility is precisely the sort of facile art that the revolutionists should abhor. Beware–oh, what's the use of warning these martyrs of art? Rather let us add–beware, Robert Henri, of sending again such a head as hangs in this show! Probably the brilliant portraits you exhibited at the Macbeth Galleries are still in Philadelphia. Nevertheless, why the present offering?

With the best intentions in the world we can't abuse this Spring Academy. It is pitched in a high key, dark pictures are in the minority. And all within a year this has happened. *Es muss ein Wunderbares sein!* However, there are plenty of low toned canvases, plenty of mediocre ones; though it must be confessed that all the light pictures are not masterpieces. Portraiture is in gratifying evidence. John Sargent, J. W. Alexander, J. J. Shannon and Edmund C. Tarbell make a strong quartet–not to mention more than these four big fellows. Landscape is far from perishing. The older members of the Academy, the old guard that paints but never sees, is also out in force. Like the stage Grand Army men, we shall always have them with us. The "boys" are a trifle insolent;

blood will have its say. Sculpture alone is neglected, yet not negligible, for there are some attractive offerings. Next winter, we are informed, the south gallery is to be given over entirely to the art plastic; painters perforce must be content then with two instead of three galleries. This means more rigid weeding out by the selecting jury. Let the good work go on. Those pictures not hung never will be missed. And there must have been a lot of grumbling this season, as more than 1,000 canvases were not exactly rejected, but politely declined on account of needed space. Many a man got in by the skin of his teeth, and some toothless one slipped by.

The jury of selection for the spring of 1908 is: Herbert Adams, J. W. Alexander, George R. Burse, Jr., J. Carroll Beckwith, W. V. P. Birney, Bryson Burroughs, F. S. Church, B. W. Clinedinst, Elliott Daingerfield, Charles H. Davis, Louis Paul Dessar, Daniel Chester French, Samuel Isham, Francis C. Jones, W. Sergeant Kendall, Louis Loeb, F. W. Kost, Frank D. Millet, Leonard Ochtman, F. K. M. Rehn, Will S. Robinson, W. T. Smedley, E. C. Tarbell, Douglas Volk, H. W. Watrous, J. Alden Weir, Carleton Wiggins. Sachems all, of the inner councils of the Wigwam. The hanging committee (no longer a committee on electrocution) is: Paul Dougherty, F. Luis Mora and H. A. MacNeil. Now, even gentle George Luks couldn't object to this trinity. Of course, with his accustomed eye for business, Mr. Luks promptly forgot all about the show and sent nothing in for selection. That "Pawnbroker's Daughter" of his should have been hung on the same wall with his associates in the late Macbeth exhibition.

Shall we go hand in hand, patient reader (as they say in novels), through each gallery? Or, let us take a bird's-eye view. Better still, we will mix the proceedings and do both at once. Above all, we must skip the pictures that are hung every year, every day at the Academy exhibitions and along Fifth Avenue and the adjacent territory; skip also many because this is a newspaper and not a city directory. Let us begin at the beginning, with Charles Rosen's "Freshet" and then move further on and look at his "Old Willow Tree." You won't find two stronger pictures in the building, particularly that tree with the bare, gaunt limbs. Rosen is coming to the front with leaps and bounds. He uses his eyes as well as his palette. "The Road," by E. W. Redfield, is a broadly observed, broadly painted view of a muddy road in a dull town, or the outskirts of a city. The paint is laid on with a trowel, but it is justly laid on. High over head is a little panel–with rich color notes of greens, blues and whites. This bit is called "Landscape" by James Preston, who made it. The eye lingers with pleasure upon its fresh surfaces. John Sargent next claims the attention–though a word would not have been amiss concerning the "Rose Gown" of Lucia Fairchild Fuller. The portraits of Miss Cram and Henry A. Cram, the former painted some years ago, are true Sargentian, though by no means the overwhelming Sargent of the early English portraits. Very solid and convincing is the modelling of Mr. Cram's head. J. G. Brown, Edward Gay, W. A. Coffin, R. M. Shurtleff and F. S. Church are in the vicinity. So is a large portrait of Mrs. Sydney Paget and a horse by A. Brewster Sewell. It is very fashionable, very decorative. We rather prefer the more gorgeous gown of Mrs. Dandridge Spotswood, as set forth by the clever brush of Wilhelm Funk. This particular apparition of modish beauty was described in the *Sun* when she first was shown at Knoedler's. J. G. Brown's "Boy with a Dog" is very well painted, even if the picture doesn't hang together. Consider that dog for a moment!

W. M. Chase, Thomas Moran, H. Bolton Jones, W. L. Palmer, G. H. Smillie, F. K. M. Rehn and Cullen Yates—the latter with a "December in Litchfield" in the misty Fuller key—need not detain us. Irving Wiles's head of Paul Cornoyer is an old favorite. Indeed, there are at least a score of old favorites in this show, of which first we saw some of the pictures at the Pennsylvania Academy and at local affairs in New York City. Thomas Anshutz of Philadelphia shows a woman in a green gown, whom he calls "The Breaker." Doubtless the shimmering rhythmic waves of fabric suggested the title. You murmur "Whenas in silks my Julia goes,/Then, then, methinks how sweetly flows/That liquefaction of her clothes." But Mr. Anschutz is hardly as lyric as Herrick. Childe Hassam's "Blue Moonlight" is another friend, one that we would willingly pass our days with for the rest of our life. Lewis Skidmore's "Helping Hand" is a steam crane, and a faithfully delineated slice of dock life. Beautiful is Ernest Lawson's "Ice on the Hudson," a thing seen with loving eyes and as lovingly painted. Lawson ever makes for a keen vision of beauty. His atmospheric envelope is poetic, while not abating the intensity of his vision. He never smudges, and there are no swooning perspectives in his landscapes; nor are there ugly brickbats. You feel that his eye is alert and endowed with a remarkable faculty of selection. The greens in this picture are harmonious. If Lawson were a musical composer his orchestration would be of the most sonorous and subtle.

Ben Foster, John Weir, Wiggins, are here. So is Charles Vezin, who has shifted his point of view in the direction of more breadth and largeness. His "Factory Town" was painted near Yonkers. "The News Stand," by S. J. Woolf, is a sincere transcript from East Side—or Russian?—Hebraic life. It might be a setting of the poet Rosenfeld's concerning an exiled Jew. It is a strong motive simply handled. Hawthorne's "La Giglia" was seen at the National Arts Club last winter. "The West Wind" and "Hound and Hunter" are two of Winslow Homer's interesting pictures. Hugh H. Breckenridge contributes one of his artificially lighted and effective figures of which we have already spoken in these columns. Irving Couse, Victor D. Hecht, Evergood Blashki and Helen Du Mond end the list in this gallery, not forgetting Paul King's "Bruges."

Spring Academy, 1908, No. 2

"The Spring Academy: Second Notice" New York *Sun*, March 21, 1908, p. 6

The centre gallery at the Academy exhibition attracts attention. Maynard, Poore, Burse, Ochtman, Waugh, Leslie Thompson, Kendall—his "Narcissa," a chubby darling shown in Philadelphia—Jules Turcas and Harry Watrous—who has made us sit up with "A Cup of Tea, a Cigarette and She." It is a vivacious silhouette of a pretty, slender girl at a table. *Chic* is the best word to describe the cleverness and dash of the unpretentious picture. The flat decorative background is happily contrived. To be sure, there is not much air circulating in the room; possibly the pert miss needs it all for her "coffin nail." "Miss Wharton" is by the late John Lambert, whose regrettable death cut off in its prime a genuine talent. This portrait represents a Philadelphian lady, a *fine fleur*, standing in an unforced pose. The accessories are unobtrusively painted. There is an atmosphere of refinement. Paul Cornoyer's "House on the Hill" is in this gallery. So is W. L. Lathrop's poetic "Twilight." A young chap, Antonio Barone, a pupil of Mora, displays promise in the head of an Italian girl. Need we say that "Sweethearts," by W. T. Smedley, is very much admired? The children of his last winter's group are again, and successfully, utilized. Frank Vincent Du Mond's "South Wind," Paul King's "Evening"—of course it happened in Katwijk—a fresh canvas, "Boulevard Montparnesse," by D. Putnam Brinley; a capital view of Brooklyn Bridge in a snowstorm by Everett L. Warner, Koopman's "Village Circus," Jerome Myers's "By the River's Breath"—shown at Macbeth's—are all worth looking at. "After the Snowfall," by Jonas Lie, is a snow covered tree. It is well done, but must yield in attraction when compared to the same painter's "The Heart of the Woods," which is one of the most individual pictures in the exhibition. That pool, a black one over which the ice is beginning to form, demonstrates a shrewd eye. The atmosphere of snowy loneliness is emphasized by a gleam of light at the top of the tree crowded hill. Mr. Lie has given us something new this time.

The wall upon which he is hung is the anarchical one of the show. It will shock. It will scandalize. But no one will pass it indifferently. To our surprise we found it to be the magnet of the galleries. The "North River," by George Bellows, is alone worth a trip to West Fifty-seventh Street. It is the best landscape this young man has yet shown to the public. A bleak aspect, yet enthralling. The ice and snow, the puffing tug, a locomotive in the foreground, and the waters, vividly vital, the cliffs across the river, are portrayed with vigorous skill. Mr. Bellows's paint is as yet not too attractive. He is more concerned with realistic surfaces. That sketch of his "A Knockout"—not in the present exhibition—proved his ability for seizing rapid movement and pinning it down to paper. He studies common life, also the spontaneous and natural. Those "Forty-two Kids"—which stirred up West Philadelphia and Germantown last winter—ought to move the heart of a grumpy schoolmaster. They are caught in the act, these boys, in forty-two different attitudes of youthful nudes, and rendered with nervous intensity. The humor, the humanity of that old wooden staging and its freight are unmistakable. A man who has such power in his elbow ought not to stop at the elbow.

John Sloan's forthright portrait of a man, the Hon. W. S. Walsh, poet, critic, philosopher, is thus far his most virile offering. Very broad, not in the least flattering (Mr. Walsh might sue for libel with a fair prospect of success), it is nevertheless excellent psychology and very muscular painting. His "Haymarket" has been described before. "Children Coasting in the Park" is a lifelike, animated, merry canvas by the popular and well known illustrator May

Wilson Preston. Rockwell Kent's rugged "Evening of a Northwest Day" is well hung. It too is an old acquaintance, as are "Music Lovers," by Petersen, and "Sunday Morning," by Myers. Ivanowski's "Blue Vase" is the portrait of a lady, subdued in its tonal scheme. Near it is Robert David Gauley's head of Charles Battell Loomis, the celebrated explorer of the wilds of Donegal, Tipperary and Cork's coast. We uttered hallelujahs before this picture last winter. Chase's portrait, "W. J. Curtis," is this master at his most robust. Henry A. Ferguson is intimate in his "Road Through the Woods."

The Vanderbilt gallery is well filled. Hugo Ballin's "Under the Pergola," Groll's "Enchanted Mesa"—a dramatic landscape—Cimiotti's "Barnyard," Sewell's "Tired Bacchanals," a group of nude anti-suffragettes; Shannon's portrait of Mrs. Untermyer, Cockcroft's "Breezy Day," fresh and interesting; Thomas Eakins' admirable portrait of his father-in-law, Mr. McDowell; Boskerck's "River Loing," Freeman Clark's vigorous "Climbers" and F. De Haven's large picture "September Afternoon"—we exclaimed "Cimiotti" when first we saw it across the room—are in the list. Ben Foster's "Night" attracts, and John La Farge's "Wolf Tamer"—owned by the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts—still thrills the nerves and the imagination. For a time it worked its grim spell at the Montross Gallery. J. Alden Weir's "Laurel" is one of his exquisite essays in flower life. His "Ballet Girl" is also here. Not the girl but her bodice with its jewelled fires rivets your gaze. J. B. Davol's "The Drift" suggests the Neo-Hudson ink and Midnight school. "Before Sunrise," by D. W. Tryon, with its tremulous Corot-like trees, and J. W. Alexander's brilliant "Study in Black and Green" are on this wall. The nude of Lillian Genth, named "The Lark," reveals science and a sense of beauty. She is very graceful, this dream creature of the dawn, with the lengthy legs. Woodbury's "Blue Wave" does not drive away memories of Courbet's marine bearing the same title.

A magnificently decorative frame occupies the place of honor. Abbott Thayer has painted for it a girl's head. Samuel Isham's "Faithful Shepherdess," Frank Benson's striking "Moonlight," Emil Carlsen's "Windham Hill," are three pictures nearby. The portrait of Edward Robinson of the Metropolitan Museum by Sargent is a sterling work, only yielding in potency to the full length of President Seelye of Smith College. We have had occasion to refer to this masterpiece of lighting, atmosphere, ductile harmonies and character. It will become a classic in American portraiture. The vision floats before you. Its appeal is slow, secret. Its simplicity, Quaker-like, moving. The "Legend" of Arthur B. Davies, with its placid Greek shores, its white women and white unicorns, its profound liquid shadow of tall cliffs, its tonal beauty of sky and water—whence do those qualities emanate? Arnold Bőcklin is evoked; he too was fond of sweet, uncanny monsters, gambolling on remote strands. Not Bőcklin, Mr. Davies is yet kin to him in spirit, just as he recalls Blake and Botticelli and the Florentine renaissance.

Louis Loeb's color is as luscious as ever in "Princess Zonama," and we admired Luis Mora's "American Gladiators" with their lithe, sinewy shapes. The Cecilia Beaux portrait of Mrs. C. A. Morse is very satisfying. Miss Beaux's touch is masculine. Elmer Schofield's "Winter in Picardy" is green and broad;

J. J. Shannon's head of the former Miss Untermyer is of an exceeding charm—not alone because of its textures. Content Johnson's talented "End of the Day's Work," shown earlier in the season; Gauley's beautiful woman—some stunning painting of fabrics in this; "The Old Colonial House," by R. H. Nisbet, which naturally enough suggests Willard Metcalf's prize painting of a moonlit colonial mansion up in Connecticut somewhere; Lillian Genth's "Summer Hours" (sold); Fromkes's sketch of "Carlotta Nillson"; Peixotto's "Watteau Gown"; Horatio Walker's "Woodcutters"; Colin Campbell Cooper's "Abbeville Church"; and contributions by Ballard Williams, H. W. Ranger, E. H. Potthast, Clinton Belmer Ballin, W. W. Gilchrist, Jr., W. H. Lippincott, Charles Melville Dewey, Charlotte B. Coman, must end our recital.

It is easy to dispose of the sculpture. With the exception of bas-reliefs by Saint-Gaudens, a young man named Chester Beach walks [away] with the popular interest. His work, praised by us last winter, shows marked improvement. "The World Humanity," influenced as it is by Rodin, gives us in theme something to think about, while its grasp of a difficult plastic problem is gratifyingly firm. His "Young Nymph" holds the spot of honor. It is the well accented figure of a supple girl. Among the little things, "An Outcast" by Albert Laessle is full of humor and character. J. Scott Hartley's wrestling figures express motion and stress with his accustomed art. The robust female that Charles Grafly calls "Maidenhood" was exhibited in Philadelphia, where her strongly modelled lines—a Zora in metal—were much discussed. Hartley's "Sun Dial" is quaint. Among the portrait busts there is one in marble by Attilio Piccirilli of the Rev. Dr. Henry Brann, the erudite rector of St. Agnes's. It is rather smooth as to surfaces; accentual effects are missing; but the likeness is there, the expression thoughtful. Dr. Brann, the ascetic scholarly opponent of Goldwin Smith, is shown, not Father Brann overflowing with Celtic humor. But can an Italian interpret an Irishman?

In the middle room we overheard the following conversation of two venerable painter philosophers. Said one:

"It's shocking, the show, this year, isn't it, John?"

"Thee is right, William; but I recall ten years before the war, when I shocked them too, with my still life, 'The Mock Turtle.' The critics said that the turtle wasn't solid enough—"

"Hollow mockery," interrupted his friend.

"And I couldn't help thinking as I look about me to-day, at the shiny, glary work of these young chaps, that art, that life itself, ahem! are only mock turtle. Some day, not so many years hence, the pictures of these youngsters will also be called by the public and critics, 'Mock Turtle.' "

Both old cronies (in unison): "Mock Turtle! Mock Turtle!" They hobble away as Harry Watrous collapses.

And now we must acknowledge a debt of gratitude to the organizer of the new régime, to the strike breaker, in a word to Mr. Harrison Morris, who after helping to make the exhibitions at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia a source of envy and wonder far and wide, has, at the very first shot fired in his New York campaign against official dullness and routine, hit the bull's-eye. The Spring Academy is by popular vote the most brilliant and interesting in years.

Spring Academy, 1911, No. 1

"The Spring Academy," New York *Sun*, March 17, 1911, p. 6

The Spring Academy is to be counted as the eighty-sixth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design. It is one of the most interesting, certainly the gayest, most buoyant show we have thus far attended. Landscapes rule, figure paintings are not to the fore, and there is a minority of academicians hung. Whether these are reasons for a better record than last winter's function we cannot pretend to say. There are only 327 oils and 44 pieces of sculpture; perhaps another reason why the Fine Arts Galleries are so fresh and attractive. We have never been favorably impressed by such huge omnibus affairs as the London Royal Academy or the Paris Salons, where the walls are either like a funeral pall or else chatter with parrot-like emphasis and vivacity. But the officers of our Academy deem it necessary that a bigger and more suitable building be secured, so we suppose it will come some day. And then what a resurrection from antique academic catacombs, what a rout of respectable uninspired pictures, what a monstrous regiment of old timers will appear! The uses of adversity and varnish are numerous, and impressionists often rush in where timid painters fear to tread, yet we venture to prophesy that when the brobdingnagian galleries are an accomplished fact the quality of the exhibitions will not be a whit better than this present Spring Academy, if so good.

The hanging committee consists of John W. Alexander, A. P. Proctor and Edwin H. Blashfield. Its work is not above criticism. The Hawthorne prize picture should have been hung on the north wall of the Vanderbilt Gallery, and the Lawson and Bellows landscapes ought not have been placed cheek by jowl simply because they are realistic. Their contiguity is painful to the eye. The exhibition is remarkably even in character, no startling canvas obtruding its superiority over its less fortunate brethren; but how high the standard is may be seen if you study the spaces of that much coveted north wall in the Vanderbilt Gallery. There for example are Childe Hassam's fascinating "Springtime in the City," a picture that we praised when it hung in the Corcoran Gallery last winter; the symphony in green of Ernest Lawson, "Harlem River, Early Evening"; W. Elmer Schofield's strong "February Morning"; the superb still life of Emil Carlsen, once shown at the Folsom Galleries; Frederick Ballard Williams's magical evocation of "New Hampshire Hillsides"; the brilliant "Village Juno" of Robert Reid, to name a few among many that are above the average.

The Thomas B. Clarke prize of $300 for the best American figure composition painted in the United States by an American citizen without limitation of age went to Charles W. Hawthorne. The Julius Hallgarten prizes, $300, $200 and $100, for the best three pictures in oil colors painted in the United States by American citizens under 35 years of age were won by Lillian Genth, Joseph F. Pearson, Jr., and Leslie P. Thompson. The Inness gold medal presented by George Inness, Jr., in memory of his father for the best landscape in the exhibition was won by Elmer Schofield. The Saltus Medal for Merit presented by J. Sanford Saltus was captured by J. C. Johansen; and the Julia A. Shaw Memorial Prize of $300 for the most meritorious work of art in the exhibition produced by an American woman went to Mary Van der Veer. With the awarding of these prizes no one can take exception except those who didn't win them. But there is a good time coming for all some day, and even in academic orchards cherries have been known to ripen.

The large and eminently decorative canvas by John C. Johansen really occupies the place of honor in the Vanderbilt Gallery. It is called "In the Garden" and hangs on the west wall. When we first saw it at the Pennsylvania Academy show in 1910 we admired it; we still admire its suave surfaces, its flat painting, its admirable balance. The tonality that predominates is saffron hued, but there is no melancholy or morbidity stealing over our spirits from its use. The picture is atmospheric and soothing. No one seems to be doing anything but the dog, and that beautiful animal is only gazing at the lookers on. The picture next in interest is the rather intense "The Trousseau" by Hawthorne, a composition in his best manner, also slightly mannered. We preferred his "Morning Chocolate," now in the Pennsylvania Academy, though the New York picture is of more psychological import. The slip of a girl who is being fitted for her wedding dress is very attractive. She is thinking not of gowns but of the one who must soon be obeyed. There is solidity and also a certain rigidity; rhythmic impulse is not a marked element of Hawthorne's work. His coloring is rich but not flowing. He has not yet wholly escaped the thraldom of still life. Nevertheless, the characterization makes this prize winner of peculiar interest. The painter shows us the soul of a maiden, whose gaze is both tender and mystical. And that is something of a feat, it it not?

"A Group of Geese" by Joseph T. Pearson is a splendid specimen of painting mixed with brains. We have called attention before to the progress of this young Philadelphian who carried off the prize for the best landscape in the Pennsylvania Academy exhibition. With what a sensitive brush he portrays fowl life will be noted in his "Under the Weeping Willow" (No. 28, south gallery), a duck of positively humorous aspect, so spaced that it vividly recalls a Japanese decorative panel. As for the vitality of the geese, the feel of their feathers and the general pictorial aspect of the canvas, to match them one must go to the Rijks Museum, where hangs Asselijn's "Angry Swan" or Hondecoster's "Floating Feather," or to analogous compositions by Cuyp, Snyders, Weenix and other famous Dutchmen; and that is high praise, though not exaggerated. Nor is Mr. Pearson an artist with one string to his bow or one subject to his brush; he is primarily a landscape painter, and he knows how to model on canvas, with a large, vigorous handling, men and dogs. See his "Pheasant Hunters" in the Pennsylvania Academy.

Miss Genth's "Depth of Woods" is good Genth, but we confess that we could not boil over with admiration in the presence of either Leslie Thompson's

"Tea Drinking Girls" or Miss Van der Veer's "Dutch Interior." Careful painting, no doubt, but lacking in distinction. The amazing transcription of New York life, an ugly, grimy, cross section thereof, by George Bellows (No. 2, south gallery), is crudely realistic, an almost impossible attempt by a painter with an eye that envisages a thousand details to make out of the jumble of oppositions a picture. But the synthetical grasp is lacking. There is too much portrayed, too much literalism, too little left to the imagination, too harsh an insistence upon the raw facts of a street scene. We are devoted to Mr. Bellows and believe that he will be some day a great painter, nor do we object to his choice of theme. He is nothing if not an apostle of "modernity." We presume to call this "New York" of his "amazing"; we only wish it were composed of finer art. Naturally Mr. Bellows refuses to see his city through the rose colored glasses of Childe Hassam or Colin Campbell Cooper, or the matter of fact manner of robust Paul Cornoyer. We applaud his individual attitude. The thrice confused life of a local quarter is tempting to a realist's brush, but to get it all into one picture and then compel it to come out at you across the frame is a well nigh impossible task. One applauds George Bellows and at the same time shudders at his truth telling ugliness. If New York is really such a dirty, vile Gehenna as he pictures, then it is time the Fathers saw his pictorial arraignment and hastened to remedy so disgusting a state of affairs. Just how far truth should dominate a work of art we dare not say; even the doctors of aesthetics disagree on this point. One thing is certain: if this canvas of Bellows is not very alluring it hums with life; not the overtones, but the noises and smells and disillusionizing sights.

Its neighbor is a "Road Down the Palisades" by Ernest Lawson (No. 4), and to our way of thinking easily the best landscape in the exhibition. We doubt indeed if Lawson has ever achieved anything so finely expressed, so beautifully observed and rendered. "Beautiful" is the precise adjective that should be applied to the work; and it should have been hung where the other Lawson hangs in the Vanderbilt Gallery. Avoiding the monotony of a too symmetrical composition, the artist has with the aid of a few cross rhythms and dissonances given character as well as charm to his finely spun pattern. The river is tantalizingly near, yet you fear to cross that stony bridge for fear that after all distance is the chief enchanter. The tonalities are sensuous, but never degenerate into the syrup sweetness or thick greasiness of the "tonalists." It is a tossup which quality is paramount in Lawson, his richness of palette or his exceptional vision. He sees normally, he is what is called "healthy"; yet he never palls, he is never commonplace. Now, there is Hawthorne and Gari Melchers, both artists of ability; they never thrill you with their sense of beauty, because they are not especially endowed with that mystical organ. Honest, earnest painters without a touch of "inspiration" either in the quality of their paint or their transcriptions from life. Elmer Schofield and Redfield are matter of fact. But added to the magnetic quality of Ernest Lawson's color is an imaginative outlook upon nature. That is why this particular landscape is the most beautiful and significant in the Spring Academy.

Spring Academy, 1911, No. 2

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, March 19, 1911, sec. 3, p. 4

The old guard that neither paints nor surrenders is not out in full force at the Spring Academy; perhaps that may account for the general brightness and "go" of the show. Elsewhere we have written of the prize winners and of the chief landscapes. To be sure, the impoverished palettes and old, silly, piddling stuff that sells, but sickens the soul of the art lover, may be seen dotted about on the walls of the Fine Arts Galleries, though as a rule honest realism prevails; and as Mr. Howells has said, the intensely realistic can be unsurpassably imaginative and always is in its best estate. American landscape proves this without cavil. Let us, as Dr. Johnson did not say, take a walk through the picture galleries.

The hitherto despised Academy Room, better known as the Morgue, makes an excellent impression this year despite the artificial lighting. A "Resting Dancer," by H. G. Warshawsky, is a clever bit of figure painting, in color rich, and considering the difficult and huddled pose the draughtsmanship is adequate. We are not acquainted with the work of this artist, probably a young man, but he has talent and its twin brother audacity. There is Baer's finely worked "Girl With a Lute," Charles C. Curran's "Goldfish," Hal Robinson's "Ice Bound Hudson," Mary Fairchild Low's charming "Brunette," Charles Noel Flagg's portrait of Gen. Edward Harland, a portrait by Albert Sterner and a perfectly dashing affair by Ben Ali Haggin, a dancer entitled "Stanice," in which cleverness is raised to the *n*th degree. We like it better than Mr. Haggin's Mary Garden. It contains passages of good paint–note the values of the blacks in the shoes and stockings–and there is an insolent alertness of pose that the Viennese would call "fesch." Albert Rosenthal's portrait of "Agnes" is more sober and solid than the brilliant Haggin.

The best landscape by George Bellows is in the exhibition on the same wall. It is a "Snow Capped River" and is owned by the Savannah Museum of Art. A sensible criticism of this and of the same artist's "New York," in the south gallery, is that each canvas contains two pictures. The lower half of the "River" could be removed and framed separately with good results. Bellows so overflows with vitality and the joy of art that he paints everything that comes within his eye range. He does not always succeed in making a picture, but his work is very vividly impressed upon his spectators. Chauncey F. Ryder's "The Crown of the Hills" is a landscape composed in cooler tones and rhythms than the Bellows one. You feel the sense of selection in Mr. Ryder. His paint is fresh, and every stroke of his brush tells. "The Blue Heron," by E. M. Ashe, betrays the influence of Lillian Genth. Alice Schille is always welcome, even when she is not at her best. A stirring canvas is Henry Reuterdahl's "The American Fleet in the Straits of Magellan"—early morning. Notwithstanding peace palavers and the alarming irruption of numerous apostles of the mythic dove (from across the waters and not all selfless), the sight of one of our fighting machines is pleasant. One the whole, the Academy Room has retrieved its hitherto doubtful reputation.

The sculpture at the Spring Academy is not too obtrusive. John Flanagan's "Head of a Man" is a strong modelled portrait bust of Edward G. Kennedy, the well known art dealer. Robert Aitkin's "A Thing of Beauty" has charming contours. V. D. Brenner's "The Lily" is a rather ponderous young woman, though agreeable to the eye. Naturally "The Little Mother" of Miss Eberle wins the popular suffrage; it is sincere in feeling and artistic in workmanship. The Scott Hartley contributions are characteristic. Olga Popoff's smaller efforts are here—we recall with pleasure her "Nazimova as Hedda Gabler" at the Pennsylvania Academy several seasons ago; there is an elaborately chiselled marble, the portrait of an old lady by H. Würth. Miss Popoff's portrait of her father is largely seen and moulded. Her "Primitive Man," a fountain piece, is striking. The "Sheridan" of John Boyle has character. We admired Roland Perry's "Thamara," a girl dancing with splendid abandonment, a composition both rhythmic and graceful. There are other excellent contributions, but sculpture has seldom been emphasized at the Academy.

In the South Gallery three landscapes are in disturbing contiguity: "New York," by George Bellows; "Road Down the Palisades," by Ernest Lawson, and Gustave Cimiotti's "The Memorial." A more ill assorted group cannot be well imagined. Matilda Browne's "Hillside Fold" is not far away, also J. C. Nicoll's "October Afternoon on the Coast." Louise Cox's—Mrs. Kenyon Cox's—group of portraits, "My Children," reveals her mastery in filling large spaces and general handling. Lillian Genth has "In a Balcony" in addition to her prize offering. Albert D. Smith in his "Spring" recalls Dufner. Walter Palmer's "Snow" is of course unique. Another Chauncey F. Ryder, "The Hill Road," is very beguiling. De Haven's "Peaceful Evening" might have as a subtitle, "Or Memories of G. H. Bogert." Hilda Belcher's "Fellow Traveller" is very fetching. "The Bride," by Charles Bittinger, is much admired. Sergeant Kendall shows portraits of two children, and Ernest Blumenschein is not convincing with his "Girl Harpist." Mulhaupt's "Group of Birches," Mary Curtis Richardson, the "Studio Tea," by F. Luis Mora (recently shown at Macbeth's), Wilhelm Funk's sensitively painted portrait of Miss Helen Rich and canvases by Olinsky, E. L. Henry, Berneker, Vaillant, Helen Turner are in this room. Daniel Garber has a "White Porch" in which violet overtones predominate. There is a charm in Charles Rosen's "Along the Delaware" and good color in "La Belle Creole," by Helen M. Turner. Whistlerian in suggestion is a portrait by Francis P. Paulus, and there is sound stuff in the head of Mr. G. McAdoo by the much lamented Frank Fowler. R. W. Van Boskerck's picturesque "Château Gaillard" is, take it by and large, his most notable contribution in the present show, though his "Normandy Cottage Garden" in the adjoining gallery pleases many. W. A. Coffin has an attractive "Early Spring," and John F. Carlson's "Silvered Acres," a snow effect, is admirable. A portrait of John Burroughs by Orlando Rouland and Albert Herter's "Lady With a Fan," decorative to a degree, about complete the roll call of this gallery.

The Centre Gallery boasts Gardner Symons's spacious landscape, "The Valley of the Deerfield," Edward Dufner's "Hide and Seek," Herter's "Clemence," Jean MacLane's rich gold arrangement, Jane Peterson's straightforward "Dordrecht," Groll's slightly hectic "Golden Cloud," Kendall's "The Critics," Martha Walter's delightful "Martha," a W. H. Lippincott wood interior, a very chic picture by Harry W. Watrous, "The Surrender," an elaborate portrait of a handsome girl, the textures of whose gown are enticing to the eye, by W. T. Smedley, and works by Van Laer, Couse, Hecht, Charles Vezin–a tender study in greens–Cooper (C. C.), Lewis Cohen, Eaton, Arthur Hoeber, Cole, Wiggins and others are well worth study.

"The Religious Fête," by Jerome Myers, is the first canvas that attracts the eye on entering the Vanderbilt Gallery. It is rich in color and full of movement. Then you gaze at S. J. Woolf's portrait of David Warfield, John W. Beatty's "Eel River," Mathilde Brownell's "Red Hawthorne Jar," Paul King's "Hard Struggle," the two pallid nymphs of Francis Jones, Bernecker's "Book of Etchings," the "Lake George" of Henry A. Ferguson, the misty "Nocturne" of Blumenschein (E. L.), the "Sleepy Boy" of Edith Mitchell Prellwitz, charged with feeling, Potthast's blue "Grunewald Valley," the "Crimson and Gold" of Maurice Fromkes and Howard Russell Butler's "Rock, Sea and Sky" are here. A frankly painted portrait by H. S. Hubbell has won hearty tributes from fellow painters as well as the public. It is a handsome brown boy who is natural to a degree. Ritschel, George Elmer Browne, Carleton Wiggins–"The Dunes," very picturesque–Symons again–a sunburnt hill–a deep blue nocturnal and poetic evocation of the Hudson by Charles F. W. Mielatz, the etcher, George De Forest Brush's portrait of a girl, not at his top notch. Will Howe Foote, Bruce Crane, Carlton T. Chapman, Gifford Beal, Cullen Yates, F. S. Church, M. Petersen, Groll, Whittemore, all make a good showing.

A poetic landscape by W. L. Lathrop, "On Schooley's Mountain," is one of the subtlest we have had from this contemplative painter. Nearby is an original composition by William T. Smedley, which he calls "1910." It is, with the exception of an etching by Mielatz, the first attempt to transcribe artistically an impression of the aviation meet. The scene depicts a corner in Belmont Park last summer. The evening sky is fast melting into misty gray tones; the flying machines are mere silhouettes; below, a group in an automobile watch with upturned eyes the aviators. To make a pictorial arrangement of this rather sparse material demands the observing eye of the illustrator, but Mr. Smedley has not sacrificed his picture to the obvious anecdote. Indeed, the composition is first of all atmospheric. It is meeting with all the popular success it deserves, for it is certainly a novel idea.

Two sea pieces are by F. J. Waugh, "Coast Near Cape Ann," a sterling painting, and "O'er the Dark Sea," by Carlton T. Chapman, the latter depicting a big boat ploughing her way through heavy dark blue swells. It is real. Irving Wiles has a portrait of ex-Mayor Charles A. Schieren, solid and satisfactory. Of Lawson, Hawthorne, Genth, Williams, we have already written. There are also landscapes in this gallery by Foote ("A Summer Night," à la Willard Metcalf), Ochtman, Guy Rose, Charlotte B. Coman, Henry A. Poor, Chester Loomis and Daniel Garber. This last named is a "Barnyard on the Schuylkill," beautifully painted, full of air and not missing in that pigeon egg blue which lends to his tonalities such delicate distinction. Garber is a gifted young man.

National Academy, 1912

"What is the Matter with our National Academy?" *Harper's Weekly*, 56 (April 6, 1912): 8

Critics of our National Academy of Design have been reproached for their persistent grumblings when the regular semi-annual exhibiton has displeased them because of its mediocre quality; furthermore, it is asserted by the Academy authorities that whenever a fairly good show occurs the grumblings do not abate. Is this the truth? Are the art critics of New York City hopelessly prejudiced? I doubt it. Indeed, the majority write fairly favorable notices of the Academy, occasionally deploring the rather meager artistic entertainment offered by the jury of selecton. This was the case with the Spring Academy, which evidently disappointed the heartiest champions of the institution. Some of the biggest painters in the city were notoriously absent, notably John W. Alexander, William M. Chase, and J. Alden Weir, all three academicians. No doubt President Alexander was indulging in his usual self-abnegation; nevertheless, his presence was missed, sadly missed. The same may be said of Mr. Chase, who had the excuse of preparing for public sale his private collection. But even three such important art swallows should not make or mar an academic summer. What is the matter with our National Academy?

As spokesman President Alexander has asserted, and not without reason, the lack of exhibiting space is the principal evil to be overcome. He points to the Pittsburgh (Carnegie Institute), Washington (Corcoran Gallery), Philadelphia (Pennsylvania Academy) exhibitions as confirming his argument. We need a building adequate in size for the Academy, he says, and there is no disputing the fact. But give the Academy its building, give it 2,000 pictures to hang instead of 300, and will the result be different from what it now is—dispiriting mediocrity? Mr. Alexander believes it will be; many people believe the opposite. I remember on my return several seasons ago from the Philadelphia exhibition a controversy I had with an academician; said he: "How is it you find so much to praise in the Pennsylvania Academy when so many of the pictures have been first shown in New York? Is it the superior number that arouses your enthusiasm, or is it the general quality?" My answer was not difficult to guess: "The superiority of the Pennsylvania Academy exhibitions—and also those of Pittsburgh and Washington—is not a numerical one; throw out half the canvases in Philadelphia and the show would remain a rarely fine one. This superiority consists in the simple fact that no academicians are in the galleries." This is, of course, not to be taken literally, as there are plenty from New York and Philadelphia, and they more than hold their own with the young fellows, but the prime artistic curse, the academic privilege which transcends the will of the jury of selection, is not the rule of the three cities above mentioned. When Mr. Trask of Philadelphia, Mr. Maguire of Washington, and Mr. Beatty of Pittsburgh see a picture they like, it is hung on the walls of their respective galleries. No ticket accrediting mediocrity or worse will get over the footlights of their artistic stage a poor or stale canvas. Therefore restricted space is not the only crying need of the National Academy.

If you read the names of the council of the jury of selection and the hanging committee, you will be convinced that philistine methods are not absolutely in vogue here. Mr. Alexander stands for progress; so do J. Alden Weir and Frederick Ballard Williams. A jury of selection that contains such painters as Emil Carlsen, Frederick W. Waugh, William T. Smedley, C. H. Davis, Robert Reid, cannot be accused of retrogressive ideas. And a hanging committee consisting of Albert L. Groll, Bruce Crane, and Robert L. Aitken is a committee not to be lightly criticized; in fact, Mr. Alexander could triumphantly challenge us with the question, Why is it that the Spring Academy is mediocre, when it is largely composed of the younger generation of painters and more outsiders than academicians? and not fear an unsatisfactory answer. True it is that the Spring Academy does not wear the label of a purely academic function, nevertheless the facts in the case are ineluctable. Here is a venerable institution constantly recruited by young talent, and in supposedly the most progressive city in the world. Does it with its prestige of accumulated years and wisdom lead in the American world of art? Is it truly national, as are Philadelphia and Washington? Is it international, as is Pittsburgh? The National Academy is misnamed. It is not representative of national, international, or even local art. It is less provincial than parochial. That it is run by a clique of painter-politicians is a charge that would have to be substantiated if made, and I don't propose to make it, as I know nothing of the inner workings of the academic machinery. But I do know that John W. Alexander, who gives us much of his energy to furthering the interests of the Academy, would resign, and with him every member of the council, if he thought there was the suspicion of truth in such a charge. He is working for the welfare of the institution of which he is the official head, therefore he, or his associates, must be credited with the best intentions—with the same kind which pave immense tracts of territory in Hades. In a word, let the Academy buy a building, and in Apollo's name fill it with as real pictures as those in Philadelphia, Washington, and Pittsburgh, and then read the newspapers the day after this (mythical) exhibition. What a joyful symphony of commendation would arise! But we confess to skepticism. Once an academician, always in the academic skin. And this holds good whether in Paris, London, or New York. Besides, there are too many hen-minded men—the phrase is Mr. Howells's—in power at the Academy.

Numberless theaters may be built, but of what use will they be if there are no plays, no actors for them? If narrow and antiquated policies prevail as to the barring of young talent, there is then no future for an art institution which permits its movements to be hampered by such policies. The New York Philharmonic Society and the National Academy of Design are parallel examples; but the Philharmonic, after years of adverse criticism, has seen a great light, and its programmes are as modern as you wish. Alone the National Academy lags in the race, although the change for the better during the past five or six years is not to be denied. Ridicule hath its uses. In the mean time local galleries on Fifth Avenue, such as the Montross and the Macbeth—to mention but two—give each season exhibitions exclusively devoted to American painters and sculptors, where the very cream of our native talent may be studied and enjoyed in harmonious surroundings, without any charge of admission. There are also exhibitions of the more advanced men, the extremists, if you will, whose rugged sincerity is a refreshing reproach to the sleekness and insincerity of several schools. Thus The Ten American Painters were threatened at one time by the Eight; this organization is dissolved and followed by the Independents; and for the ultra-secessionists you may go to Mr. Stieglitz's gallery and there slake your thirst for eccentricity. Mind you, I don't believe the National Academy should be the stamping-ground for every young mad bull; nor will my suggestion be taken seriously, that you can't see the Academy because of the academicians; that the Academy would be better if its exhibitions were free from academic canvases! But that way laughter lies. To ask an academician to forego sending in a ticketed picture at an Academy show is to betray a tremendous gift of humor. If the Academy wishes to preserve its position at all in the future, it must change its present tactics; it must model its procedure after those exhibitions that succeed. So much for the positive side; for the negative, the example of the Philharmonic society might be profitably patterned after: *i.e.*, weed out the superannuated men, inject fresh blood, and thus not only make the Academy exhibitions of interest, but make them less a picture market. This sounds cruel, but cruelty, not justice, is the natural law of life. As for the increased size of exhibitions, there is an item that appeals but little to me. I recall with a shudder the various exhibitions in that slaughter-house of individual art, the Royal Academy, London. One can have quality without quantity, and also the converse; but this aspect of the case is always commercial, and there I leave it. What I have written are the merest commonplaces to President Alexander. He knows the situation infinitely better than such outsiders as art writers. But what is he going to do about it?

Why is one exhibition better than another? Futile question, to answer which would demand the entire battery of Münsterbergian psychological dynamics. Why is the present Spring Academy less interesting to the fair-minded looker than the Winter Academy? The connotations of spring, buoyancy, fragrance, the rebirth of things, whether material or artistic, lead one to expect a more attractive show in March than in December. Usually it is, but not so this year. We passed through the galleries of the winter show consoling ourselves with the hope that in the spring matters would be remedied; now, in the face of the rather wan and spiritless performances at this current Spring Academy, we longingly look back at the sensations -yes, positive sensations—of last winter. Where are two such cunningly juxtaposed contrasts as the Kenyon Cox allegory and the reclining girl of George Bellows; the latter magnificent in its impertinence, in its anatomy, in its brilliant, audacious paint, and also in its evocation of memories of Manet's "Olympe" and the Madame de Récamier of David? Where are—but as this article is not intended to be a comparative study of the two Academies, let us stick to the spring function and cease vain comparisons.

Well, for one thing the place of honor in the Vanderbilt Gallery is given to a talented lady, Jean MacLane, and, until votes for women is a political fact, impolite criticism must be deferred in this matter, only remarking that Miss MacLane (Mrs. Johansen) has put forth better work than this portrait of mother and daughter. But it is a prize-winning picture! Easily the most artistic figure composition in the exhibition is the woman sitting at a window, by Childe Hassam, which for its subtle color gamut, *savant* draftsmanship—not academic, but impressionistic, though none the less vital—and general charm dominates the entire show. Mr. Hassam is a prize-winner so many times that he should be given no more medals. His paint speaks louder than prizes. Yet we have seen greater Hassams than this.

The same may be said of the contribution made by George Bellows, "Men of the Docks." It is a good Bellows—the laborers in the foreground are strongly modeled, life and decorative quality are excellently blended. The big steamship and attendant tugboat, the tall towers of Manhattan, are all ably indicated by this young master. Yet—Bellows seems to be pulling off the same old trick. He is a realist, not a poet; nevertheless, he can sound certain Walt Whitman chords if he cares to. For one thing he is to be praised—he never sings the song of the oppressed.

No pitying socialistic note spoils his virile art. His workmen are the average workmen of everyday existence. Labor is not precisely sacred, nor is it precisely a curse. It just happens, for mankind must eat, and in the sweat of its brow. Bellows shows the working-man as he is.

Jonas Lie is a poet first, a realist afterward. And he is in both a painter. We have liked better other works of his than the present one, called "Morning on the River." However, it is impressive, and creates the illusion of reality, not the plantarous reality of a Bellows, but as . . . veracious a reality—the reality of one who sees within the higgledy-piggledy of daily life the vision of beauty. (Not academic beauty with a capital "B," but the beauty that lurks in the mist, that invests a steam crane or the abutment of a bridge with a touch of the phantasmagoric.)

Strange! We encounter a list of familiar names in the Pennsylvania Academy, yet everything seems different, seems better. Surely the not too exciting trip over New Jersey from New York to Philadelphia cannot have wrought the miracle. The galleries are more spacious, the lighting is better, and the alignment of canvases happier than in our National Academy. Perhaps there are better pictures, certainly there is more variety. You look in vain for the old tobacco-juice coloration—or stains—of the academicians; the studio subject *par excellence* is absent; there are some nudes, but the thrice-stupid academic nude, with its soapy surfaces, its body of lard instead of flesh and muscles, its soporific mythology, this sort of "machine" is excluded from the Philadelphia gathering. This however, doesn't mean that masterpieces flourish in every gallery. Mediocrity, like the poor, we shall always have with us, otherwise how could we discriminate in a world of masterpieces? The truth lies in the middle; it is the general level of excellence that makes the deepest impression in this particular show.

No wonder, you say, that such men as Robert Henri and Edward Redfield no longer exhibit in the National Academy when they can hang their works in so much more sympathetic an atmosphere. "The Girl with the Fan," by Robert Henri, was one of the sensations of the exhibition. We liked better his "Blue-eyed Bum," not because it is a better painted picture, but that it is more idiosyncratic, more Henri. The girl is Spanish, and in her veins runs the blood of Goya; indeed, Goya is her artistic grandfather, though Goya couldn't have painted her with any more vim and brilliancy than her father Henri; and Goya would never have compassed such painting of textures. "Sea-wind and Sea," by Arthur B. Davies, painted in the flat decorative Maratta tones, is a dreamland picture. Rhythmic life rules. The human figure is a note in the moving arabesque of the Davies poetical scheme. Here is decoration that is also vital, a linear pattern that is creative. Never mind the title; the composition is pictorial, not literary. A profound emotional significance underlies the paint, and the paint is beautiful. The overtopping sensation of the hour is the conversion from the oily surfaces of the so-called Tonalists to a radical form of Neo-Impressionism, of Henry Golden Dearth. This New York painter has evidently been studying, not only the French impressionistic movement from Monet to Maufra, from Manet to Matisse, but he has also ventured farther East, as far, say, as Persia.

The backgrounds of his interiors are resplendent Persian weavings. His color has burst forth into a glowing cantillation. His figures, with their strongly modeled silhouettes, are very real, and, if his rocks and rivers are set forth in too incandescent a blaze, it is but the fervor of a neophyte expressing himself in the most exalted terms of a barbaric sunworshiper. "The Blue Coat" contains some specimens of lovely flower paintings, and the still-life is admirable.

Joseph T. Pearson is a talented young Philadelphian. His geese, his horses, his landscapes appeal. A strange composition, "The Tempest," in which the horses are woven into a pattern of stormy apprehension and yearning necks, tells what a searcher is this artist. No need to expatiate upon the merits of the "arrival" of such men as Chase or Tarbell, Metcalf or Paxton, Reid, Frieseke, Benson, De Camp, Mary Cassatt, or a host of others. They are all here and in their best estate. Murray Bewley is not a familiar name. Yet "Convalescent" was one of the most touching canvases in the show. Henry Rittenberg is a new talent, already on the road to a mastery of still-life and portraiture. "In the Sewing-room," by John C. Johansen, despite its suggestions of Tarbell and Vermeer, was very human, and loose in handling. Among the landscapes were those of Redfield, Lawson, Schofield, Garber, Dougherty, Weir, and Rook. The portrait of Dr. James Tyson, by Hugh H. Breckenridge, was a realistic document; for the broad splashes and gorgeous tones of Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones, we conceived a liking. And we absolutely forgot the National Academy.

New York Water Color Club Exhibition, 1910

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, November 6, 1910, sec. 3, p. 4

If you consider the New York Water Color Club exhibition now on at the Fine Arts Building as a sort of *Vorspeise*, or *hors d'oeuvre*, preparatory to the more solid banquet of the Academy show next month, then it may pass, though there is little caviar or paprika, or indeed any other provocative to the appetite artistic. Some one asked the other day, Why is the Water Color Society? and a wit answered, "Despite the Drought." Well, there is less water than color at this exhibition. In fact, the old fashioned medium is rarely encountered. And of the 367 entries at least 350 could have remained unhung. The same exhibitors, the same venerable stunts. Alexander Robinson leads artistically, Edward Dufner pleases, and Miss Tony Nell with her clever study in black and white wins this year the Beal prize of $200 for the "most meritorious water color." Meritorious it is, nothing more. H. B. Snell, Rhoda Holmes Nicholls—and a hundred other ladies with triple barrelled names—Everett L. Warner, MacRae, Kaula, Jane Peterson—always good to gaze upon—Charles Warren Eaton, Jerome Myers—wholly delightful—Cimiotti, Hilda Belcher, M. O. Kobbé, Marion H. Beckett, Colin Cooper Campbell, with new themes, with a few others, about fill the bill. A mild appetizer, that's all.

The Pennsylvania Academy

"The Pennsylvania Academy," New York *Sun*, February 5, 1910, p. 6

The one hundred and fifth annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts is now in progress at Philadelphia and will continue until March 20. It is by all odds the most important picture show in America, and metropolitan pride is subjected to a severe strain every twelve months because of it. How do these people get up a show that beats our Academy affairs? There are various answers. The Broad Street Academy is more commodious, the spirit of progress is more vital in Philadelphia—this latter explanation rankles; the jury of selection and the hanging committee are more liberal in their interpretation, more sympathetic in their reception of new talent. This last may be the principal cause of success. Curiously enough there are no more mediocre canvases in the Pennsylvania Academy than at one of our academic exhibitions. Whatever is the real reason, you can't help acknowledging after a visit that Philadelphia is the premier among American cities in the matter of annual art exhibitions.

And yet we recognize names of artists, even pictures that have hung in New York, have been commented upon by our critics. The truth is they are better hung, there is more elbow room for both spectator and artist, and the lighting is superior. Sculptors alone have a right to feel aggrieved, as the lighting in the rotunda of the Pennsylvania Academy is cruel to their work. There are 732 paintings and 111 pieces of sculpture. Of course this means a surplusage of mediocrity, but withal the average of excellence is surprisingly high. To our own taste an exhibition of over half a hundred examples is a species of barbarism. The fewer the better. It is impossible to escape jarring discords. However, the hanging committee has segregated the warring animals from the tame; the disposition in the various cages, or galleries, is all that can be expected. The members of this committee are W. Elmer Schofield, Joseph T. Pearson, Jr., Charles W. Hawthorne and Charles Grafly. The jury of selection and awards is W. Elmer Schofield, chairman; Thomas Anschutz, Robert Henri, Frank Benson, Joseph T. Pearson, Jr., Emil Carlsen, Carroll S. Tyson, Jr., Charles H. Davis, Frederick P. Vinton, C. W. Hawthorne and Irving R. Wiles.

The distribution of prizes was as follows: The Temple Gold Medal for the best picture painted in oil, without regard to subject, to Howard Gardiner Cushing for his portrait, No. 418. The Walter Lippincott Prize of $300 to J. Alden Weir for the landscape "The Hunter's Moon." The Jennie Sesnan Gold Medal for the best landscape to Childe Hassam for his "Summer Sea." The Carol H. Beck Medal for the best portrait completed within the last three years to Adolphe E. Borie for his "Lady with a Black Scarf." The Mary Smith Prize for the best picture by a woman resident in Philadelphia to Mrs. Alice Mumford Roberts for "The Morning Air." There can be little exception taken to the justice of these awards, though some better painted pictures were passed over in several instances.

In Gallery F the main body of "swell" art is assembled. Here the throng gathers, particularly if it happens to be a free day at the Academy. It would be impossible for us to say which picture attracts the most, as we only paid two visits of several hours each, but when we were there we noted that Robert Henri's "Ballet Dancer in White" drew larger audiences than either of the John Sargent portraits. The brilliance of the technique, the audacity of the pose and the large simplicity of Mr. Henri's handling seemed to infatuate group after group of lookers on. And now is a chance to speak of the general character of the exhibition. The variety is great, figure subjects run neck and neck with the landscapes, genre subjects and conversation pieces abound, yet in all this profusion a note is to be heard. That note is paint for paint's sake. The liveliest interest is manifested in such subjects as "Woman Trying On a Hat" or "Girl With a Fur Jacket." In a word, studies are enjoyed as much as finished compositions. What does this portend? We can't play the prophet, but there must be more art students in Philadelphia than we suspected.

Mr. Henri's dancer with its swift, direct painting, its sincere vision and its admirable sense of values—the scale is very limited, whites, blacks, &c.—is so vivid that it practically kills every picture within yards of it. One of the Sargent portraits is that of Joseph Pulitzer, which was shown in this city last season. It is of psychologic import and reveals some of the artist's most subtle brush work. The other portrait is new. It depicts Dr. J. William White of Philadelphia. It is an arrangement in red, brown and blue, and is massive in architecture; a heavy Sargent, as befits the subject. Dr. White was known years ago as a prominent athlete and amateur boxer. Time has not softened his challenging glance, though it is somewhat attenuated by his thick eyeglasses. A characteristic portrait; the last, it is said, that Sargent will ever paint. (We don't believe it.)

Mr. Weir's "Hunter's Moon" shows a high dark blue sky, a small soft moon and a narrow strip of foreground. The economy of the means employed in the making of this picture has brought forth surprisingly rich results. It is of charm all compact and atmospherically seductive. George De Forest Brush's portrait of a lady is one of the most satisfactory pictures we have had from this man of a single mood and model for years. It is executed with vigor, and the surfaces are not of that petrified lustre which the Brush admirers fondly imagine to be the patina of the masters. The patina of the masters is for the most part the patina of varnish; and with all due deference to Mr. Brush as paterfamilias, we are not sorry to see a new face on his canvas. Even the family of Eugène Carrière becomes monotonous. Mr. Borie's portrait of his wife is an engaging performance, well planned, well painted. President John W. Alexander's portrait of the late Richard Watson Gilder was in our Winter Academy. It is better hung in Philadelphia. Mr. Chase has a solid portrait of James C. Carter. There are several Childe Hassams and a landscape of Philip L. Hale. Mr. Cushing's portait of Mrs. Cushing attracted much attention in New York. It is as iridescent as ever; artificial, of course, nevertheless brilliant. Edmund C. Tarbell shows an unfinished equestrian group, a huge affair, but as handsome a picture as he ever attempted; in short, masterly. Willard Metcalf, Elmer Schofield, Redfield, Hawthorne, Alexander Robinson—a Venetian bit fairly dripping with rich colors that in their decorative scheme suggest both Frank Brangwyn and John Sargent; portraits of fish by Chase; Tryon, Joseph De Camp—"The Blue Cup" —and Winslow Homer adorn this gallery. The Homer is almost sensational, a brace of wild fowl whirling over the water as they are shot. The movement values are accurately set down. The canvas hums with life.

Not all the interesting pictures are in this gallery. In Gallery A we find Thomas Eakins's sober presentment of a lady, Charles Vezin's "Dogwood and Privet," "Margaret" by Thomas Anschutz, Sergeant Kendall's nude "Mischief," shown in our city last season; John Sloan's "Chinese Restaurant," among others. In the south corridor is the portrait of the American composer Harvey Worthington Loomis, a capital characterization; "Passing" by Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones, one of the rising talents—this picture is a very attractive transcription of an open air episode; a portrait by Alfred Partridge Klots, the "River Rats" by George Bellows, Ben Ali Haggin's glittering "Rita Sacchetto," "At the Zoo" by Miss Jones, with its veracious elephants; one of Parke C. Dougherty's mellow moonlight effects. As for Mr. Bellows, he is in a class by himself. Elsewhere he has two of his boxing pictures and, call them brutal as you will, they hit you between the eyes with a vigor that few living artists known to us can command. Take any of the Parisian chaps, beginning with Henri Matisse, who make a specialty of movements—well, their work is ladylike in comparison with the red blood of Bellows. There is an exception: George Luks. Mr. Luks has made a tremendous portrait of a pair of wrestlers which he will never dare to exhibit because of the law against manslaughter in this State. Mr. Bellows ought to study Degas in the matter of sleek surfaces and the subtle expression of muscular mobility. But why criticise the lily because of its whiteness or George Bellows because he presents a brutal fact in a forthright manner?

"In a Garden," by John C. Johansen, in Gallery B, is wholly decorative, slightly sophisticated and altogether agreeable. Redfield's "East River" is strong. We know the Rosen, Carlsen, Davis, Cornoyer selections. Carl Sprinchorn is very promising; if only his paint quality were more plangent. Metcalf's "Ice Bound" was shown at the Montross Gallery. We admired Colin Campbell Cooper's "Grand Central Station." It is as true as Monet's famous "Gare Saint Lazare." Waugh's "Great Deep," Hilda Belcher's "Veronica," are in the east corridor. In the south transept are a very decorative canvas by Max Bohm and several of Walter McEwen's pictures; also Jean MacLane's "Children Bathing." Gallery E contains Philip L. Hale's "Le Princesse Lointaine," which might have figured with huge success in a Rosicrucian exhibition in the old Parisian days. It is a mass of glowing pigment and rarely decorative in its incandescent fashion. The Ridgway Knight hard by brings you back to 1875. Clare Kretzinger's "Departure" is excellent and there is genuine feeling in Arthur Hoeber's "The Silent Places." Zelma Baylor, Parke Dougherty, Eakins, Charlotte Coman, are in this room. The portrait of the painter Alfred H. Maurer by Susan Watkins of New York is a sterling work. Miss Watkins wields a versatile brush.

In Gallery G we encounter Jerome Myers, William M. Paxton, S. Harkness McCrea, Gari Melchers—"The Morning Room," an unstudied and wholly delightful interior—Nankivell's Japanese-like "Strawberry Field," Daniel Garber's strong hill scene, Jean MacLane's decoration, "Girl in Green," and Cooper's "Blizzard in New York." Gallery H: "The Letter," by Paxton; H. G. Dearth's "Road and Canal," Amiard Oberteuffer's charming portrait of a child, and pictures by Lydia Emmet—the "Nora Iselin"—Luis Mora, Borie and others. John W. Alexander's "Summer's Day" is in the north corridor. It is very fetching. Ernest Lawson has seldom shown a more powerful landscape than his "Heights at Hoboken." Goats are not missing in this rude scene, with its almost brutal emphasis on ugly reality. Daniel Garber also demonstrates his ability to make a picture from not too promising material. Look at his "The White Porch." "The Black Squall" of Paul Dougherty is here and Homer Boss, a young woman in blue and gold, which makes you think of Henri. We liked Richard E. Miller's "Café L'Avenue." James Preston, William Glackens—his "Wickford"—Lawson, Hassam—the prize "Summer Sea"—and Mary Cassatt's "Children Playing with a Cat" (first shown at Durand-Ruel's) are in Gallery I. In Gallery K are Alice Mumford Roberts's prize winner, "The Morning Air"; Elmer Schofield, a

"Marshland" by W. L. Lathrop—of beautiful quality—Paul King and Hugh Breckenridge.

The sculptors represented are Abastenia St. Leger Eberle, Olga Popoff, John J. Boyle, Piccirilli, Solon Borglum, Aitken—the Willard Metcalf bust—Chester Beach, Charles Grafly, John Boyle, A. Phimister Proctor, Lukeman, the late Frederic Remington, Samuel Murray, R. Tait Mackenzie—a low relief of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell—Theodore Spicer-Simson (of Paris), Caroline Peddle Ball, Albert Laessle, Alexander Stirling Calder, Karl Bitter, Bela Pratt, J. Scott Hartley, Helen Farnsworth Mears. Decidedly this exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts is worth visiting.

ETCHERS AND ENGRAVERS

William Auerbach-Levy
(1889-1964)

See final critique under Whistler below. (He hyphenated his name later.)

Timothy Cole
(1852-1931)

Cole came to the United States from England as a child. His wood engravings of the old masters, published in the Century Magazine, *were famous.*

"Timothy Cole and Others," New York *Sun*, February 15, 1907, p. 6

Though still living (he was born 1852) Timothy Cole may be fairly called an "old master" of engraving. There is a classic breadth and dignity in his interpretations of pictorial masterpieces that recall the men of the past who spent their lives over their blocks or plates and did not count a day well spent without its production of beautiful lines. To-day mechanical processes have supplanted this loving patience. Instead of mezzotints we are offered the blurred "doctored" photograph; steel engraving is a thing of machine horrors, and wood engraving is best represented in the person of Cole. Etching being a method of personal expression has escaped the neglect accorded to engraving —owing principally to Whistler. Engraving has been compared to the pianoforte, which reproduces the notes and *nuances* of an orchestral composition, the color being suggested by subtle accentuations. But as the pianoforte boasts of an individuality—first brought to light by Chopin—so engraving—steel, copper or wood has beauties of its own, irrespective of its value as a translating, or rather transposing, medium. In the hands of great men like Dürer, wood engraving, by comparison with steel or mezzotinting, a shallow vehicle, is transformed into an instrument of poignant personal expression. The great impressions—cut out of cherry or pear-wood—such as "The Last Supper," "The Holy Family," "The Adoration of the Kings," "St. George Slaying the Dragon" (now on view at Keppel's) are high water examples of wood engraving. The "quiet and tender virtue" of engraving—Ruskin employed the phrase for water color. It fits both mediums.

Mr. Cole, a high priest of engraving, if ever there was one, almost an anachronistic figure in the hurly-burly of our art world, wherein haste is king and sensationalism queen, Mr. Cole, we repeat, must be ranked as an "old master" before he has joined the others, *là bas*. The student and amateur of his art may see it in a representative exhibition at the National Arts Club, 119 East Nineteenth Street, until February 20. There are hung nearly 100 specimens of Mr. Cole's skill in interpreting Italian, Dutch, English and Spanish masters. The examples are after familiar paintings, and the variety in sheer handling, judging the work on its more obvious and external side, is truly remarkable. From bold sweeping masses to the tenderest stippling, from the summary short hand to microscopic involutions the Cole line is capable of every demand put upon it. And it is a sober, sweet line, firm yet elastic, a very personal line. The moods of the man are harnessed to the moods of the canvas he is paraphrasing in black and white. It may not be denied that our enjoyment is enhanced by the fact that we are acquainted with the originals of Mr. Cole's subjects. Yet the personal equation must not be overlooked, nor the admirable medium itself. So, if you have never seen Botticelli's "Three Graces" (from the "Primavèra") you will still be captivated by the delicious attitudes of the maidens in the engraving. Or the silvery "Madonna" after the same painter; or the melting Correggio "Madonna"; or Fra Angelico's "Annunciation," with its etching-like definitions; or Memmi's "St. Catherine," its archaic stiffness clearly indicated. Da Vinci's "Goldsmith" is better than the "Mona Lisa." The latter is pitched in too dark a tonal key. But with the exception of Calamatta, who has adequately interpreted the da Vinci masterpiece?

In one of Cuyp's landscapes the engraver shows most delicate graduation of masses. The three specimens after Franz Hals are all in a realistic key; could anything be finer on wood than the "Spinner of Nicolaes Maes"? Or Paul Potter's head of a young bull? Jan Van Meer's is the portrait of the lady at the spinet. The room is afloat with atmosphere. Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Woman" is a rich impression; while in a detail from "The Night Watch" the lighting is colder and more like the daylight which Eugène Fromentin declared was the source of this picture's enigmatic luminosity. There is a winning softness in the Hoppner "Mrs. Siddons," and it is interesting to contrast the Earlom mezzotint of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of George Augustus Elliott, Lord Heathfield, with Mr. Cole's treatment of the same theme. Naturally the Earlom plate has a depth and mellowness not possible on a wood surface; yet the Cole reproduction has not missed the characteristic quality of Sir Joshua's sturdy and eminently British soldier. The two George Morlands are excellent. Very brilliant is Goya's "Donna Isabel," and Velâsquez's head of a young man is masterly. Some of the Coles are as small and as pregnant with suggestion as that master in little, Bewick. Others simulate velvety richness of mezzotints. There are a half dozen and more of his heads which appeared in the *Century* magazine (like all the plates): Poe, Lincoln, Hawthorne, Wagner, Modjeska, Emerson, Gladstone, Bryant, Mark Twain. If we remember rightly, the Poe—the best of the series—was accompanied by Mr. Stedman's classic study of the poet and his personality. Several of these plates show Mr. Cole's earlier attempts. Whistler's "Mother" is hardly a happy one; Millet's "Sower" is better. Mr. Caffin was quite justified in calling Mr. Cole "the foremost of the American engravers." Born in England, we may nevertheless claim him an an American.

Ozias Dodge
(1868-1925)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, March 18, 1908, p. 6

The lower hall of Lenox Library, Seventieth Street and Fifth Avenue, contains several show cases of prints by Ozias Dodge of the Slater Museum, Norwich, Conn. Mr. Dodge after years of experimenting has discovered a novel process the methods of which he describes in a pamphlet of interest to etchers. He produces a surface to draw upon and transfers the drawings to copper. He says:

> The process consists of drawing on gelatine with a grained surface, and then using this film to print by the action of light upon a copper plate coated with a bichromate. The coating becomes insoluble wherever the light acts upon it, so that when the portions which were protected by the lines of the drawing are washed out the plate can be etched with and in the usual way. The original drawings are not destroyed and may be used to produce as many plates and as many variations as may be desired.

Mr. Dodge's etchings, with the accompanying films in lead pencil, crayon or red chalk, show a delicate touch, plenty of observation and an easy technique. French open air scenes, girls bathing and landscapes are his themes. He achieves a silvery vaporish surface, and the general effect is a sensitive one. The modern Dutch etchings and lithographs are still on view in the upper galleries, and we recommend them to lovers of this form. They are not alone new in their handling, but are the expression of very bold individual temperaments. We must not forget as we admire Israels, Maris, De Bock, Weissenbruch and others of what we conceive to be modern Dutch that these men are either dead or very old; that to their doors has come knocking a vigorous younger generation. The Lenox Library harbors some of them for the rest of the month.

Charles W. Mielatz
(1860-1919)

See above, under American Water Color Society Exhibition, 1908, and Spring Academy, 1911, No. 2, and below, under the final critique of Whistler.

Born in Germany, educated in Chicago, Mielatz taught at the National Academy of Design.

Four letters to him from Huneker, written between 1915 and 1917, are deposited in the New York Public Library.

Ernest D. Roth
(1879-1964)

See the final critique under Whistler below.

George Senseney
(1874-1943)

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, June 19, 1908, p. 6

They are showing the colored etchings of George Senseney at the Keppel Galleries on East Thirty-ninth Street. Just now Mr. Senseney is a young man in the early thirties who hails from Wheeling, W. Va. He studied in Paris for a few years and at present makes his headquarters in the Berkshires. Many of his subjects he finds at Kent and its vicinity. His sole passion is etching in colors, and both his patience and success are indubitable. We spoke some time ago of this agreeable variation of the art of etching, instancing the work of Raffaelli and a number of French, Belgian and Dutch etchers. Mr. Senseney's plates hold their own in company with the productions of these foreign artists. Rich in tone, luminous in quality, fresh and varied in motive, there is also a poetic, an idyllic vein. Senseney has a sentimental streak which while it is not offensive is not representative. But he is never a seeker after effects meretricious; you feel his sincerity, the sincerity of an individual temperament. The majority of his plates are original in design; we saw at Keppel's but one interpretation, that after a Paul King beach scene at Katwyk. The rest give us an adequate idea of Senseney's methods, of his ideals.

His heart is in the world of landscape. Seldom are the repose and mystery of his nocturnes disturbed by the presence of a human figure. His beloved theme apparently is a foreground of well rounded, rising ground, not scarped.

Trees to the right, broad middle spaces, with a tree or shrubbery to the left. Sometimes the edge of the moon, like the top of a saffron orange, pushes its way up at the back; sometimes it is only a dim glow from a sun long since in its bed asleep. Simple, unaffected and modulated in composition the etcher contrives considerable atmosphere; the emotional feeling is produced by his clever juxtaposition of colors. He is a genuine colorist and an ingenious one, always searching for combinations and not bothering himself about the rules of the game. He works on a soft ground with his needle and inks his plates three times; the results are endless in variety. You can study the same subject differently handled half a dozen times, in a high impressionistic key, in dull musty green or brilliant blues and yellows. He subjects his plates to continual experimentings, toning a too blazing tint, enriching a tree trunk by subtle relief and even modelling into greater density of mass some swelling hillock. Mr. Carrington tells us that the etcher uses to tap his metal a tiny brass hammer. The printing, too, is a very grave matter with these colored etchings. Such effects of discolored tree bark, or rusty earth surfaces, of stippled sky and dappled distances are not achieved without infinite precaution and painstaking.

The result justifies all this care. Not bold, not displaying the bravura of Raffaelli or the massiveness of Fritz Thaulow, the Senseney prints attract you by their air of sweetness, their soft magnetism, their harmonious ensemble in tonalities. Countryside, deserted roads, the top of lonely moors, pools shrouded by sleeping trees, sudden gleams of light through leafy interstices, and the veiled melancholy of spent moons—yes, George Senseney is distinctly a romantic etcher, and besides, one exceedingly practised in the technics of his chosen art. We admire him and recommend his work to amateurs.

James A. M. Whistler

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, January 10, 1907, p. 8

Knoedler's, 335 Fifth Avenue, shows the Theobald collection of Whistler's etchings, a famous collection comprising 241 examples. There is nothing new to say of Whistler's etched work. He is like Chopin—to praise him is to utter platitudes. But it may be said that these exhibits will grow less and less in the future; the Whistler vein has been exhausted. Already the Venetian series is vanishing from the market. Whistler has been translated among the gods; soon he may not be seen outside the museums. Alas! and the spurious Whistler etching is said to have appeared, though it should not deceive any but the blind, so exquisitely individual is the work of this artist. The illuminating article by Otto H. Bacher in the December *Century* should be read by all lovers of Whistler and then they should visit Knoedler's. The wonderful "Traghétto" plate of Venice is there, the plate whose making is so eloquently described by Mr. Bacher, himself an etcher and pupil of the renowned "Jimmie," who was, perhaps, the greatest poet America has produced, a true brother to Edgar Poe.

"Some Special Exhibitions," New York *Sun*, January 15, 1907, p. 6

Yet another Whistler exhibit in town? There can't be too many of them, for soon there will be none at all, and then we shall have to content ourselves with mechanical reproductions of the famous Venetian series, as, perforce, many to-day feed their souls with joy while listening to the velocious tinklings of grindstone pianoforte music.

That veteran who has fought many wars with public indifference in behalf of his beloved engravings and etchings, Frederick Keppel, has hung a hundred and more of the Whistler etchings on the walls of his gallery, 4 East Thirty-ninth Street. The classic single plates and English and Venetian series are strongly represented. Here are the "Black Lion Wharf," "Annie," "The Kitchen," "Street at Saverne," "Old Hungerford Bridge," "Traghêtto," "The Long Venice," "Nocturne Palaces" and many other of the masterpieces. Do not forget before leaving to secure Mr. Keppel's admirable little essay on "The Golden Age of Engraving." It is an excellent introduction to a precious art. Mr. Keppel believes that the late Sir Seymour Haden's pronouncement to the effect that steel engraving was an art that misrepresented the classic painters—Sir Seymour holding a special brief for his own art of etching—has hurt engraving in popular estimation. Which is true. Mechanical substitutes accomplished the ultimate downfall. Besides, where is there the artist to-day who will devote his life to engraving with infinite and loving patience those superb impressions left us by the masters of the art? Time spells money in this age, and money spells success. The only success! So fine engraving is a vanished art. What a pity! No photograph, no etching can render the values of the Mona Lisa like Calamatta's engraving. And what true pleasure there is in the work of the English mezzotinters who interpreted for future generations the portraiture of Lawrence, Reynolds, Hoppner, Raeburn, Romney, Gainsborough and Lely! There is another pamphlet written by Mr. Keppel, "One Day With Whistler," which is worth preserving. The row he had with the redoubtable Jimmie in no wise differed from the rows Jimmie indulged in with others; yet it bore one special feature—Mr. Keppel hit back hard and cleverly, instead of submitting meekly, as did most of Whistler's friends. Unluckily, he never gave to the public his answer to Whistler's classic letter of abuse, though a version is in print, but far removed from the hungry hand of the curiosity hunter. Suffice it to say that when Whistler received the Keppel answer he vowed he would kill the gentle collector of black and white. After you read it there is some slight justification for the deceased painter's homicidal thoughts. Keppel first flays him, then clubs him. It is all very amusing nowadays, this quarrel provoked by Whistler. Fancy any one swift enough to quarrel first with Whistler!

"The Grolier Whistler," New York *Sun*, February 18, 1910, p. 6

Under the auspices of the Grolier Club of the city of New York there was published the other day a monumental collection of the etched work of Whistler, illustrated by reproductions in collotype of the different states of the plates, compiled, arranged and described by Edward G. Kennedy. We hold no brief for reproductions of black and white or color, but the results in this particular case far surpass expectation, and any one of the 400 persons lucky enough to possess the three large portfolios may justly feel happy. It is as close to Whistler as can be accomplished by mechanical means. Mr. Kennedy's catalogue is [a] treasure trove for lovers of the Whistler etchings. So vast an undertaking cost him years of research and travel and had to be backed by enthusiasm and by his profound erudition on the subject. The catalogue is preceded by a brilliant introduction written by Royal Cortissoz, in which he lays emphasis on Whistler's extraordinary mastery of line. The slippery, subtle color harmonies of his portraits, his nocturnes and fireworks are apt to deceive the unknowing. His genius was eminently linear, though it was a line that found little favor with the devotee of the firm classic line. The aloofness of his temperament betrayed itself in his contempt for the subject. His scheme, as he once said, was to bring about a certain harmony of color; but, as Mr. Cortissoz points out, that credo does not altogether explain the touching emotional quality in the portrait of his mother. In his black and white he was still more personal, though his appeal may appear to be less universal.

Mr. Kennedy briefly relates the history of the collection. He refers to the first catalogue, prepared by Ralph Thomas: "A catalogue of the etchings and dry points of James Abbott McNeill Whistler, London, 1874." In this eighty-five subjects were enumerated. In 1886 A. W. Thibaudeau of London published "Whistler's Etchings: a Study and a Catalogue," by Frederick Wedmore. It describes 214 plates, the arrangement fairly chronological. A second edition was printed about 1899 with fifty-four additional subjects. Mr. Kennedy put forth in 1902, with the imprint of H. Wunderlich & Co., a catalogue "compiled by an amateur supplementary to that compiled by F. Wedmore." This brought the number of etchings up to 367. But Whistler had been a rapid worker, keeping no record and not even dating his plates, except in the first years of his career (not after 1870). Mr. Kennedy, true sportsman in the field of art that he is, did not feel satisfied. The Caxton Club printed in 1909 a descriptive catalogue compiled by Howard Mansfield, and this almost exhausted the list, containing 440 numbers described. But Mr. Kennedy had years before, in 1901, made the skeleton of his plan, and his work tops Mr. Mansfield's valuable contribution.

In 1890 Rovinski's masterly catalogue and facsimiles of the work of Rembrandt appeared in St. Petersburg and greatly stirred Mr. Kennedy. It also confirmed him in his notion that a catalogue could be made of the etchings. Filled with this idea he had many discussions with the late E. B. Holden, president of the Grolier Club in 1906, as to the possibilities of the scheme. If they had foreseen, he dryly remarks, that the contemplated catalogue with its plates in various states reproduced would mount up to over 1,000, then the affair would have been dropped; but, this number not even guessed at, Mr. Kennedy visited Whistler at his studio in Fitzroy Square in 1901. To the question of a catalogue gentle James crisply replied "Certainly not." He had a horror of what he called "commercial catalogues." When Rovinski's work, and with it for the sake of comparison some original etchings of Rembrandt, was shown to him he saw the proposition in another light. Then, too, the fact that the projected catalogue was intended for a club of 375 members, was to be subscribed for and only a limited edition on 400 copies to be issued, must have influenced Whistler. He praised the Rembrandts and the reproductions. "This is very swell," he cried, and consented. He was a worshipper of the wonderful Dutchman, and beneath Mr. Kennedy's example—original of the "Clement de Jonghe" head—he wrote: "Without flaw! Beautiful as a Greek marble or a canvas by Tintoret. A masterpiece in all its elements, beyond which there is nothing." James among the prophets!

He died in 1903. A year later the scheme began to take shape. After many journeyings plates were gathered from the four quarters of the globe. In 1901 Mr. Kennedy had acquired the famous MacGeorge of Glasgow collection of Whistler etchings and dry points, and he photographed them before their ultimate dispersal. What is called the photogelatine process was employed—the facsimile cannot be retouched—which has its drawbacks, to be sure, yet the average quality of the one thousand odd reproductions is amazingly good. The etchings are arranged chronologically. Whistler's hatred of plates, wide margins and "remarque" led him to the opposite extreme; beginning with the Venetian series he trimmed his impressions to the plate mark. Sometimes the etched part of a print was cut into. Every variation of the plates is reproduced, including the cancelled. The editorial labor involved must have been exhaustive.

Mr. Kennedy says that "as a matter of record it may be noted that few of Whistler's etchings were issued in sets." This may surprise those who only think of the French set, the Venice, &c. The first was the so-called "Brittany set," in reality the French set. This was 1871, though a number of the plates had been made ten years previously. In 1880 appeared Whistler's "Venice: Twelve Etchings." This was known as "The First Venice Set." Some wonderful pieces are in it; it is hardly necessary nowadays to quote the titles. In 1886 appeared the set known as "The Twenty-six Etchings." The list Mr. Kennedy gives. He also says that the "Naval Review" plates were not issued distinctively as a set, nor were the Amsterdam subjects. He adds a long list of names, the owners of the original plates. It is in the notes to the catalogue that his work was cut out for him. Every plate, every variant, no matter how slight, is noted with fulness. Any change in inking, any scratch, so it have significance, is set before us by the conscientious editor. If on the fifth variation of an etching entitled "Annie" (No. 10 in the Grolier catalogue) Whistler wrote "Legs not by me; the impertinent work of another," it is recorded. (This particular impression is in the Lenox Library.) This is the procedure of the editor, taking No. 23, "The Rag

Gatherers," as a specimen: There are five different states.

> First, the pot at lower corner is white; second, there is more work on the wall over the bed, including a few lines, almost vertical, at upper right; third, there is closer and more intricate work all over the plate; the pot is shaded with cross lines; fourth, a series of cross lines has been added to the shadow at lower right, between the waste basket and the doorway; fifth, two figures are now in the background, a girl sitting up in bed, a boy standing near her. Under "Whistler," at right, there is an indistinct date "1851," which should be, doubtless, "1857."

And so on through the 144 large pages.

It is positively fascinating to follow the mental processes of the artist as exemplified in the various states of his plates. The additions, suppressions, emendations, burnishings and variations were the outcome not of a capricious temper but of a fastidious devotion to an ideal of beauty. You feel as if you were assisting at the birth of a picture as you note the growth from a nebulous mass in an early state to the efflorescence of a charming girl or youth or an old hag in the completed state. London and the Thames, Paris, Venice, Amsterdam —and the superb Zaandam plate also—the nudes, the portraits, all are in this truly remarkable publication. What a pity it is not for the world at large! As it is, the Grolier Club is to be congratulated. Mr. Kennedy is to be complimented. Such things of beauty are joys for a lifetime (why drag in eternity?).

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, January 8, 1911, sec. 3, p. 4

At Kennedy & Co.'s gallery there is an exhibition of rare lithographs and drawings by Whistler which challenges attention. Whistler expressed himself with unsurpassing eloquence in the evanescent lithographic medium. His tact of omission, of rejecting the unimportant, is to be seen at its efflorescence here. The pen and ink drawings are captivating. A new etching by Hedley Fitton, a view of Pont St. Etienne, Limoges, is also at these galleries. The size is 13 3/4 x 16 3/4 inches. The plate is delicate and picturesque.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (May 30, 1914): 17, 20

I spoke of Black and White last week. Our city is rich in etchings, engravings, lithographs—"the stone was made for the mystic" has said Joseph Pennell—and at the Print department of the Public Library, Keppel's, Kennedy's, Arthur Hahlos', you may enjoy an optical feast. At Hahlos' the new Zorn etchings attract. For the most part nudes, magnificently rendered, they show us the big-boned, robust, Swedish girls standing unafraid in the blazing sunshine. A young and talented pupil of Charles W. Mielatz, Levy by name, has "made good" his early promise, and made proud his admirable master. A one-man show is on at Keppel's—etchings by Ernest D. Roth—whose work reveals genuine force and individuality. His Venetian and Florentine plates are fascinating, none the less so because they betray hints of the mighty Whistler. But that is unescapable, for James of the "Five o'Clock" simply annexed Venice as his own, as Rembrandt gave us forever the classic type of the Dutch Jew.

The Whistler etching will soon be as rare as the fabled phoenix. Rapidly are vanishing the greatest plates. Collectors became more covetous with the passing of the years. Worse remains; for when these lucky persons die they usually bequeath their treasures in black and white to their families. They recall the thrice-selfish amateurs who put Stradivarius and Guarnerius fiddles under glass cases, while poor, but honest, fiddlers fairly starve to finger them. So it seems must be the fate of all precious things. There should be a law enacted to restrain these modern Fafners (the dragon in "Siegfried" bellowed "Ich lieg und besitz") from excluding the world from the enjoyment of their treasures. One day a year; a saturnalia of the lust of the eye fully gratified; a holy day for them that loveth the beautiful. Whistler is the very acme of the romantic in etching, as well as in paint. He lived in it, and if he began by imitating the turbid realism of Gustave Courbet, he soon spread wings and flew away to the land of porcelain and fireworks, flew to Japan. To pin him down to a comparison with any poet or composer would be useless, for he is as blithe as Mendelssohn, as subtle as Chopin, as swift and elfin as the German, and not without the morbidezza of the Pole. His etchings may be enjoyed after Rembrandt's; greater praise can't be given. His art is effortless; its primary concern is the notation of beauty. Consider his etched portrait of Stéphane Mallarmé, the symbolist poet (formerly of Paris, now residing in Parnassus, where they say that not even Euphues-Lyly, Marini, or Robert Browning understand his poetic speech). It is the man himself, not drawn, but evoked from the white paper, and all in a few seemingly careless yet deeply significant strokes. Pictorial art, this, raised to the pitch of music.

But what modern master of the needle can be compared with that sombre and incomparable genius, Rembrandt Van Rijn, whose family name was Harmancz, or Herrman? Whose plates can we study without feeling the sharp dissonance? Though James McNeill Whistler ranks immeasurably below the Amsterdam etcher, his genius is of such protean character, his eye so microscopically powerful, his line so personal, fantastically suggestive and poetic, that you may leave Rembrandt, and powerfully as he has stirred you by his gloomy, emotional grandeur, you will still retain aesthetic surfaces free for reaction to the sensitive compelling touch of Whistler. And of what other modern dare one make such an assertion? Whistler is seldom, if ever, dramatic; that region is fenced off by his temperament. Rembrandt's is the profounder nature; nimbler the wit of Whistler. And there are the butterfly evasiveness, the half-hinted revelations of tender beauty, the rapid elliptic style, the tantalizing, almost furtive lifting of the curtain upon dream-like landscapes. Ah! Whistler, too, is a wizard of acid and needle.

It was George Moore who said that if Whistler had boasted more avoirdupois he might look more like Velãsquez than he thought he did. ("Why drag in Velãsquez?" was the imperturbable retort of the painter.) If he had possessed the mystic and glowing imagination of the great Dutchman he might have been his equal as an etcher. But why discuss improbabilities! Whistler, the gracious, versatile etcher; Whistler, the embodiment of virtuosity, though no mere rhetorical skimmer in the empty blue; Whistler, the discoverer of a new way of seeing the world (partly aided thereunto by the Japanese); this man of naive and piercing vision was individual with a fulness that makes his case a rare one. He saw Whistler-wise, and Whistler-like he recorded what he saw. His etchings are things of beauty and a joy forever—that is until the greedy amateur has swallowed them all up, leaving for the poor public nothing save reproductions more or less unsatisfactory.

Henry Wolf
(1852-1916)

"Henry Wolf," New York *Sun*, December 1, 1907, p. 8

Henry Wolf has been called "the last great American wood engraver," and though it is not exactly the truth it is near enough, for he is by birth an Alsatian, an American citizen, and his most distinguished contemporary, Timothy Cole, still lives, still works, though in Europe. Nevertheless, Mr. Wolf is a great master of a fast dying art. And if to do perfectly what you set out to do in a self-selected medium, to express your personality, may be accounted success in life, then Henry Wolf is a successful man. Furthermore, he is a recognized master in his art, and this recognition is steadily growing. One no longer asks "Who is Wolf?" Wolf is the great—and we hope not the last—American wood engraver. To write of him in the key of pathos were mere bathos. He ought to be a very happy man, for, to quote Henry James's telling phrase, "he has mastered his intellectual instrument."

While the magazines have given him his first vogue and enabled him to practise a decidedly non-lucrative profession—wood engraving has been beaten out of the field by a dozen reproductive processes—it is not in the magazines we must look for the greater Wolf. After all, printing is at least one-third as a factor in the art of engraving, and no printing on the paper of commerce can do full justice to the delicacy of Wolf's touch. It is to his own Japan paper proofs we must go if we care to enjoy the tenderness of his tonal effects, the exquisite ductility of his interpretations. These prints are not numerous; the nature of the medium is against their multiplication. Boxwood swells under inkings. The almost microscopic lines and spirals broaden. Firmness and freshness vanish from the plates. Some idea may be gained of the artistic as well as technical heroisms involved by such comprehensive devotion to his art as Wolf displays. Not alone is he quite distanced by the omnipresent half-tone, but he has not even the consolation of the etcher or old time copper engraver —the larger number of pulled proofs. Yet who would not be Henry Wolf? Unique in the land of his adoption, admired by those whose admiration is worth the winning, an artist, literally, to his finger tips, artist as well as supreme craftsman, why should this man be condoled as if he were a martyr on a bundle of faggots? To see under his patient burin the wood slowly take on forms of beauty and to know that he alone is the solitary master of his art, at least in America, are these not enough compensations for the labor involved? We are tempted to say, happy Henry Wolf!

Comparisons between his method of work and that of Timothy Cole resolve themselves into a question of temperamental difference. Mr. Cole was and is a passionate lover of music; at one period of his life he had thought of embracing violin playing as a profession. Yet curiously enough there is less suggestion of music in his plates than in Wolf's. The rhythms are sterner, more masculine, and while you will know a Cole even if it be so far away as to be a mere splotch on a wall, his art is in the main more impersonal than Wolf's. We may conceive of Cole going sturdily through every gallery on the globe and with his burin translating the pictures therein into his gracious language of wood and ink and paper. Not thus can we fancy Wolf. The temperament is just as receptive as Cole's—a glance at the variety of his subjects tells us that—but a certain feminine play of selection, caprice, if you will, enters into his art. He is less objective, but more subtle than Cole. Perhaps more musical, certainly more poetic. We do not seek to infer that his transcription of other men's work is tinged by his personality to the degree of changing it, be it never so imperceptible. No, Henry Wolf is an honest interpreter. He puts down on wood with his infinitesimally fine art what he sees. But he sees differently from Timothy Cole. Oh, blessed word "different," invented by Stendhal to register *nuances* not dreamed of by clumsy critics, and far sweeter in critical ears to-day than was that blessed word "Mesopotamia" for a certain old lady! Mr. Wolf, then, is different. His engravings exhale a charm that places him among the Little Masters in the history of art. And pray do not wince at this ascription of littleness. Whistler, in a broad sense, will be rated as a Little Master by future guardians of critical taste. Moreover, in this restless age when leisure is a lost art, how seldom do we encounter the magic of charm! Corot had it. Manet had it not. Nor Gérôme, nor Meissonier. Fortuny was full of it. So Chopin, so Verlaine; but not Berlioz, nor that mighty poet Victor Hugo. We rather despise the quality in these days of rapid money getting. It may be that the world is too much with us. The ivory tower has become out of fashion. The steam executed fresco will be the next modern annexation of that vanishing art. Personality is a perfume and our socialistic bear leaders rather prefer the odors of powerful uneducated persons. Old Walt called for rude men and women; a cross between a Millet peasant and a democratic East Side "repeater." But they came not in answer to his barbaric yawp. Instead we got the Whitmaniacs, mild, hairy persons, with watery, confiding eyes and the burning cheek of the neophyte.

Now, Henry Wolf does not belong to the army of them that have no artistic profile. His long, obdurate patience counts in the high finish of his plates, but back of the keen perceiving eye, back of the steady controlling wrist there is the brain of an artist, bred as well as born, and the artist who possesses that inexplicable quality of charm. In 1852 at Eckwersheim, Alsace, he saw the light.

At the age of 15 he went to Strasbourg, where, under the advice and guidance of Jacques Levy, wood engraver, and Prof. Emile Schweitzer, in the art of design, he mapped out his future career. He came to America in 1870, and 1871 found him in Albany and later in New York. The first critic to recognize his peculiar gifts and to proclaim the fact was Mr. William M. Laffan, who, in 1877, after seeing an engraving of some ducks, pronounced it "one of the best wood engravings" he had ever seen. Wolf's progress since that time has been steady, but always upward. Not alone with the aid of native talent did he achieve the ascent of his Parnassus. He travailed mightily. He also scorned the facile bribe of success. He was never, in the narrow sense, that unenviable slave, an illustrator. He had an ideal. He may never compass it, for it is not an accessible one, but he has shot his arrow high. And in art it is not so much a question of good marksmanship as the taut initial stringing of the bow.

The Wolf engravings are not high priced, considering their consummate art; nor are they hidden away in remote corners by avaricious collectors. But they will become rarer because the ubiquitous amateur of fine prints has a keen scent for the beautiful. Museums are awakening to the fact that "a Wolf" not so many years hence will be as uncommon as a Whistler. Mr. Fitzroy Carrington of Keppel's galleries tells that he is making up Wolf plates for collectors and museums, but alas! only of the later Wolf; the early work has long ago been snapped up, the artist alone has a complete set of his productions. One amateur who was undecided whether to buy a set of Wolf's or of Wille's took both men's work away with him. He decided the question by keeping both—Wolf, master of the silvery luminous line; Wille, the brilliant, hard and faithful reproducer of surfaces—witness his extraordinary lady with the silver gown called "Paternal Instruction," after Terburg.

It would be interesting if space permitted to quote what artists have said of Wolf's work to Wolf: Sargent, Cazin, Benjamin Constant, Cecilia Beaux, Irving Wiles, John W. Alexander—the list is long. And it would be pleasant also to make mention of the honors in the shape of medals that have been fairly won by him in France as well as in America. His plates may be seen in Budapest and Washington, in Paris and Boston, the Lenox Library, and in Strasbourg and Philadelphia. To enumerate the names of the painters whose works he has translated into his terms of art would fill columns. In several cases he has improved on the originals, notably in the two Gérômes. He has attacked all schools, all styles, from Franz Hals to Homer Martin, from interiors by Vermeer to the subtle tonal gradations of Whistler's "Mother." We know that there is a Wolf room at the Lotos Club, and at the Keppel galleries may be seen representative examples of his art. Only recently he has engraved the Marquand Vermeer hanging in the Metropolitan Museum, a miracle of subdued luminosity and spacing when the medium into which it is transposed be considered. The line, as is always the case with Wolf, is clean and significant. He has the sense of tactile values. Vitality there is in his silhouettes, weight and resistance in his figures. Above all virility in company with poetic distinctions. It does approach the miraculous to study his backgrounds of minute parallel lines; to realize that they are the work of a human hand. The passages of light in the Vermeer engraving are a testimony to Wolf's feeling for the rendering of atmosphere. Air encircles the figures of this plate, which is as suave and velvety as any he ever handled. The Whistler "Mother" in addition to its technical qualities has the Whistlerian spirit—something far more difficult and intangible to connote than Vermeer's admirable though purely materialistic picture. Wolf, too, is particularly successful in landscape. In this form there is no bulk clearly outlined, no specific human interest as in a portrait, nor textures, which spring to the average eye and fill it with satisfied recognition. Instead mass must be modelled into suggestions of hue, a feat, when one considers the poverty of black and white to evoke the colored appearances of nature. But our engraver does not fear the task. Some of his best woodscapes and water views are of his own selection, not from the canvas of another. Central Park, the Adirondacks and bits from elsewhere he has engraved, and the results proclaim him a true landscape artist. Consider his "Misty Morning." It evokes a memory of Corot, not because of the mood but because Corot loved the mist. It is all Wolf's, with its sweet, evanescent touch, its mysterious cloudy envelope, its wet trees, ghostly in the smoky morning; its remote dells. If a man sees such pictures and then by his spiritual and veracious art makes us see them, may he not be called not only a great engraver but also an accomplished artist?

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, March 20, 1910, sec. 3, p. 4

Henry Wolf's latest achievement in wood engraving is the interpretation of the little Mazo girl at the Hispanic Society Gallery by Velásquez. It is a fitting companion to the beautiful silvery Vermeer, of which we wrote several weeks ago. Both originals are in the possession of Mrs. Collis P. Huntington and Mr. Archer M. Huntington. In order to reproduce the translucent, luminous quality of Velásquez the engraver laid in on the flesh heavy black lines which he afterward crosslined with a very fine burin. He has certainly succeeded in his endeavor. In no other of his engravings do we see the same treatment as this transposition of the sweet maid of Velásquez to black and white. Henry Wolf penetrates his subject; each painter he studies he reproduces in a highly individual manner. His Velásquez is at the other end of the scale from the Vermeer. The blacks are sonorous, the nuances innumerable. This work may be seen at the Keppel Gallery, East Thirty-ninth Street.

SCULPTORS

George Grey Barnard
(1863-1938)

Barnard's best-known works were the "Rainbow Arch" and his statue of Lincoln. His collection of medieval art was purchased by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. who presented it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art; it is now housed in The Cloisters at Fort Tryon Park in New York.

In 1897 Huneker referred to Barnard's "tremendous talent" and quoted from a study of him by George Henry Payne published in the Century *(*Musical Courier, *34 [May 5, 1897]: 23).*

"The Boston Museum: George Grey Barnard," New York *Sun*, November 15, 1908, p. 8

To come upon the "Hewer" washed by the tremulous silver of a full moon was not without its aesthetic thrill a few nights ago in Boston. Trinity Church stood in solemn shadow; across the triangle was the museum, and catching and shivering under the light from a sky that was of Italian softness, the heroic figure by George Grey Barnard evoked a sensation quite unlike our expectation. Its virility was not submerged; a man bent and strove at his rude task. But he was not a creature of the palaeolithic age, no longer a colossus. Greece and a Grecian he was become. The setting seemed Grecian. The air had the crispness of Hellas. Serenity was abroad. And the youths who employ this comparatively deserted section for their running bouts did not destroy the illusion as they went by on bare slim legs. Barnard, if his surfaces be considered, is the least Greek among modern sculptors, though his spirit is Greek in its apprehension of the eternal beauty buried in form. But the magic of a moon rolling high and flooding alike the ugly and the beautiful turned the big bulk of the "Hewer" into a vision of old Greece. It endured the test of the open at night as it did in the cold and disenchanting early light of the next morning. After all it is the truest test, and Barnard's statue met it unflinchingly. Boston deserves unmitigated praise for its artistic courage in placing this naked creature on a public thoroughfare, where thousands pass daily, criticise, admire, criticise, but always stop.

Within the Museum of Fine Arts in the Textile Gallery is the exhibition of Barnard's compositions in plaster, marble, wax, terra cotta and bronze. These objects, which date from 1884 and reach to 1908, are the focal point of interest for Boston at present. Nothing since the famous Whistler show has so stirred the aesthetic and popular pulse. It is realized that an artistic force is in America, and an artist who is American to the centre. Barnard, who was born in 1863 at Bellefonte, Pa., is really a child of the West, for after some years spent in Chicago he went at the age of 12 to Iowa. It was the dreams dreamed there that shaped his future. He had never seen a marble when he went as a student to the Art Institute of Chicago. But he had fed his soul on the Bible—that greatest storehouse of dreams—on Dante, Shakespeare and Milton. When he first saw a Michael Angelo head he was rapt into the seventh heaven. It was the vivid realization of form, of its music, its majesty. Nor was the youthful Barnard a rhapsodist. He had begun as a taxidermist—any more depressing porch to the mysteries of art we cannot fancy—and he made his living later as an engraver and worker in gold and silver (like many a young genius of the Renaissance). Having fingered the scales of his art, gaining dexterity and confidence, he went to Paris, and at the Ecole des Beaux Arts worked for years; luckily an academic sculptor, Cavelier, directed him and restrained him from lapsing into the natural extravagances of his poetic nature. In 1891 his nine pieces of exhibited sculpture at the Champs de Mars salon were his baptism of fire; his gifts were acclaimed; later he was elected an associate of the Société des Beaux Arts. After that came medals and orders and recognition in his native land.

Here we know Barnard for what he is—one of the most temperamental and individual sculptors of America. The "Two Natures" at the Metropolitan Museum and the bronze "God Pan" at Columbia University are familiar to thousands. But we have never seen assembled two dozen of his compositions under one roof. It cannot be said that the Textile Room in the Boston Museum in an ideal chamber for sculpture. The four colossal figures intended for the Harrisburg Capitol (recalling the disgraceful manner in which the sculptor recently was treated in Pennsylvania) are too enormous for any but the spot they are intended for—they belong to a group of thirty-three. Furthermore, they ought to be viewed from below, and at a distance. Nevertheless they impress, not alone by mere bulk but by the power of their ideas.

It is a fashion to speak of Barnard as a follower of Rodin. Certainly the great Frenchman has had a strong influence upon the American, but if the young man's methods are carefully studied this influence will prove a superficial one; literally superficial. The underlying ideas of the two men are totally different. Some of Barnard's statues are treated in the block à la Rodin. He sees not as Rodin. The mighty Italian was his first source of inspiration. The large generalization; the attempt to extort from form what is well nigh impossible; the shadow of the vision over every marble of Barnard's, let the technique be hasty, even faulty; the tragic conflict of ideas—always the struggle of the two spirits, gross clay, against running fire—in a word the touch of the epical, which travails sometime darkly, sometime triumphantly in Barnard, were all primarily the glory of Michael Angelo. A tremendous model, even though followed miles asunder.

In his later work Barnard now and then betrays a lamentable tendency toward the splitting of metaphysical hairs in marble. Modern music is nowadays burdened to the bursting point with all sorts of hopeless contents. To set the idea of "Paradise Lost" to tones is a laudable ambition, although one should be a Milton among composers to accomplish the feat. But why drag in all the fauna and flora of Paradise? Such things are for paint or words, not for music. Thus Barnard is at times so subtly psychologic that we quite lose his meanings. We are no fanatics for line, *qua* line; we do not believe in that hoary phrase of the academies, "out of drawing." Yet the swirling limbs, the desperate rhythms of some Barnard creations, together with the text he supplies, are bewildering. You feel that he invariably thinks in terms of sculpture, that the basic conception is form, not literature. His titles, though often suggestive, are not always happy. "The Two Natures," with the Faustian application, was not given to the group in the Metropolitan until after the work was nearly finished. A sense of struggle was implicit from the moment the figures put on shape. Therefore it is erroneous to see in Barnard a poet following Rodin, or Rodin's marked predilections for Baudelaire and Dante. Barnard has absorbed Phidias, Rodin, Michael Angelo, and is emerging the sculptor George Grey Barnard—sane, plastic, sweepingly lyric, and possessing an undeniable sense for the significance of structure. His marbles are rooted in the soul of American ideas. Westward the course of his empire takes its way. His vision faces the future.

His method is of the hole and lump; he coaxes the rippling light and the pregnant shadow across the back of his "Hewer" with his eloquent chisel. Rhythmic this statue is; the blow of the primeval tool falls soundlessly. You hear it with the interior ear. The tactile values are excellent. Not a sullen brute, this man of the stone age; the brow is low, but there is aspiration behind its bony surface. The mouth seems too emotional for a male girt with such thews and sinews. The modelling is fluid, despite the taut muscles necessitated by the pose. The back is beautiful, in its swimming curves. The thighs—do they not recall Greece rather than the northern wilderness?

The life size "Maidenhood" (1896), lent by Mrs. Benjamin Thaw, is placed at the entrance of the Textile Room. Without recalling the smooth vealiness of the Canova sentimental school this statue might for a moment be suspected of prettiness. It is not pretty. It is lovely. It proves that its sculptor has as sleek, as academic a chisel as any of the French technicians. It is alive with the nubile charm of girlhood. Life size, the pose is unpremeditated. The surface treatment is subtle, the silhouette melting into the air and giving you the surprise and shock of life. Of conventional grace there is none. Notwithstanding these conspicuous qualities we prefer the more stormy, aspiring Barnard.

Of course, violence in plaster, clay or marble easily degenerates into pompous rhetoric or theatricalism. But to-day only those who walk in the everlasting twilight of art wrongly comprehended talk about the Greeks and their repose. Throw Lessing and the Laocoön into the fire—especially the latter. Cemetery ideals in sculpture have not only ruled the world too long but actually dominated an entire period of French painting. Think of David! Barnard in his endeavor to make his rhythms and the air accomplices in his vision of beauty does at times indulge in strained and grotesque poses. Violent attitudes are to be noted in such groups as "Man Struggling With Chaos." A professor, probably of drawing, was showing to a pupil this particular work. We could not help overhearing his remarks, which were of the oracular classroom style: "Behold these sausages for legs and arms! Gaze upon that wriggling monster aloft." The young man was doubtless sincere; he had read Ruskin and Winckelmann, and could draw correctly, oh, so correctly, from the plaster cast; but he missed entirely the noble, if not adequately handled, conception of the sculptor. He was looking for the shrewd, sharp line; Barnard was interested only in the realization of his grandiose visions.

"Brotherly Love" is Rodinesque in the disposition of the figures in the marble mass, but the idea is Barnard's. There is a hint here of Jonathan and David; and the hands tentatively touching, the figures barred by the stony block are a symbol of friendship, its remote peaks and perils. Such a composition only a Barnard can handle, and remain absolutely simple and within the territory of sculpture. His early figure of a "Sleeping Boy," lent by Mrs. Henry Codman Potter, is ever a delight to the eye. A sweet child with childhood's unconscious grace, and as a motive truly decorative. In these sculptures the decorative, one is tempted to say Romantic, element is a continuous diapason. The great "Pan"—on view in the court of the museum—is a splendid efflorescence of the Romantic; that sly hoofed creature with its air of voluptuous ease and the lazy breathed music of its reed—what else is it but an incarnation of Heine's dream wherein he saw the nymph in the brake pursued by just such a man-goat? There is also a suspicion of Mallarmé's faun in that never to be forgotten afternoon when he saw the gleam of white flesh through the green leaves.

"A Girl and Cupid," in plaster (1908), suggests the long Angelesque curving body. You hear a note from the Medicean tomb. Portrait busts, a terra cotta of a nurse and Cupid, delicate fantastic masks and the "Urn of Life"—in another room—make up the ensemble of this unique exhibition. There is a Crucifixion, a relief in red wax, a composition sketch showing the influence of the primitives. The intense quality of Barnard's temperament is best seen in his "Urn of Life" (1895-96). He thus interprets it:

> In the midst stands a veiled figure, neither male nor female, holding forth the mystery of life; a man from labor reaches up into space to touch the secret but cannot; and a woman demands its voice or word. To the right the mouth of the dead closed by an angel's hand. Above, an aged pair of lovers lean upon the angel's wing, their clasped hands kissed by the angel of life. To the left, Birth; a mother with the joy of the visitation, a father kissing her brow, an angel holding the new born. Above, a man carving the wing of the angel (the only way we beget our wings is by carving

them). Beyond, a man laboring, his wife above, the unfinished space to be filled by the figures of two children. Family group. Dying poet.

Now this in the round is not nearly so apocalyptic as it reads. There is unity. The idea is logically pursued and there is much tenderness in the modelling. But when we reached the street we forgot all about the Barnard of infinite delicacies and moods minor in the presence of the other Barnard, the real Barnard of the "Hewer."

Chester Beach
(1881-1956)

See above, under Spring Academy, 1908, No. 2.

Gutzon Borglum
(1871-1941)

See above, under "The Eight," 1910, and below under Topics: American Art.

Borglum is best known for the vast portraits of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt carved on the side of Mount Rushmore in South Dakota and for the memorial to the leaders of the Confederate Army carved on the side of Stone Mountain in Georgia.

Henry Clews, Jr.
(1876-1937)

A student of Rodin, Clews spent most of his life abroad.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (May 23, 1914): 16, 21

There is no particular reason why Henry Clews, Jr., shouldn't write "insurgent" prefaces to the catalogues of his art shows, nor why he shouldn't indite poems punching purblind critics in the mental midriff. He enjoys himself so, and doubtless gives his admirers pleasure. Personally, I subscribe to the opinion of Paul Bourget that a painter should think only with his brush in his hand. However, it is not my intention to criticize either his verse or prose, or the taste that dictated them, but to register my very humble opinion of his sculpture now on view at the gallery of Gimpel & Wildenstein. I like the modelling of Mr. Clews better than I do his painting, the latter too often reminiscent of Whistler and charged with a certain preciosity. The straining after the morbid, the unusual, is easily recognizable in the sculpture, but there is no denying the talent displayed. The head of Poe is full of deft modelling, apart from the imaginative conception; it is Poe the thinker, not the bird of night, fallen upon evil days. The exotic note in the exhibition betrays the seeker after recondite sensations, not pleasant, yet characteristic. The various "gods" reveal ironic humor—the god of flies, for example, and also the god of the Ritzonians, an admirably expressed portrait of the maître-d'hôtel of the Ritz, Paris. The portrait busts are interesting. In a word, I dare to suggest to Mr. Clews (an amateur who wisely elects to spend his days in laborious efforts, instead of wasting them in frivolous pursuits) the fact that he is a sculptor by temperament, and that I hope in the future he will stick to his last, like the cobbler in the proverb, and become a Sunday painter for mere distraction.

Jacob Epstein
(1880-1959)

Born in New York City, Epstein lived primarily in London and was knighted in 1954. John Quinn once owned many of his works.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (April 18, 1914): 9, 17

I was reminded of the Struldbrugs in *Gulliver's Travels* when I saw the sculpture in bronze, marble, and wood, at the Photo-Secession Gallery of Alfred Stieglitz, by Constantine Brancusi. The same protruding eyes, the same chinless face, and an appalling air of depraved senility as Swift's "Immortals." That the sculptor calls his work "portraits" of So-and-so, is beside the mark. The modeling is firm, the touch caressing—almost velvety are some of the surfaces. I prefer Jacob Epstein to Brancusi, though this is the registry of a personal opinion. What either man is seeking is a matter of artistic conscience. But let the heavens fall rather than not be yourself. Brancusi is invariably Brancusi, when he isn't early Assyrian or Egyptian.

James E. Fraser
(1876-1953)

For Huneker's brief mention of this distinguished sculptor, see above, under "The Eight," 1910.

Fraser wrote me on July 17, 1952, that he used to meet Huneker at Mouquin's Café. Huneker, he added, was considered by most artists as a "remarkably fine critic with a wide vision, and was looked up to as a writer that had no particular bias in art which he favored above others, such as we have today. It was not trend but worth that he wrote about and considered—what he said was always very good from my standpoint."

Augustus Saint-Gaudens
(1848-1907)

Homer Saint-Gaudens informed me that his father was a friend of Huneker—"not an especially close friend but one who enjoyed Huneker and occasionally talked about him at home, although I never saw Huneker in our house . . . . There were no Huneker letters among my father's papers. . . ."

See, also, under Topics: American Art.

"Saint-Gaudens," New York *Sun*, March 7, 1908, p. 6

A veritable apotheosis of Augustus Saint-Gaudens is the memorial exhibition now at the Metropolitan Museum. That this exhibition is an overwhelming success a casual visit will speedily prove. A pious and lovely idea has been realized through the zeal of the sculptor's admirers and fellow artists. With the exception of a few important works the range and variety of Saint-Gaudens are admirably represented in marble, bronze, plaster, medallions, plaques, medals and coins. Where it was practically impossible to get a replica of the Shaw memorial, a huge photograph faintly serves in its place, and with it we must be content, for there are half a dozen examples in the vast Sculpture Hall that by no means do justice to the original inspiration. How could they? Copies in plaster, cold and bleak, seen in an unsympathetic environment, are mere chilly ghosts. But they had to be included. Perhaps some of the many thousands who have visited and will visit the museum will take the trouble to use their eyes when they pass the southeastern end of Central Park, where stands the most heroic statue in America, that of General Sherman; or in crossing Madison Square, Admiral Farragut may compel them into an arrested attitude of admiration. Memorial exhibitions should serve just such a useful purpose.

What is there to say new about Augustus Saint-Gaudens after the eloquent praise of Royal Cortissoz in his memorial "Life"? Or after the heartfelt words of Kenyon Cox or the tributes of Talcott Williams, Richard Watson Gilder, Mayor McClellan and young Homer Saint-Gaudens? In the current *Century* a very interesting article by the son of the sculptor tells of many traits not known to the world; tells, also, of the muddle into which the new gold coins were cast by mischievous meddling. To those whom Saint-Gaudens called "friend" there is no need of reminder of his friendship. His repose and a peculiarly absorbed manner deceived strangers. His heart was of gold—better still, of true human fibre. Plunged into momentous artistic enterprises, he found time to teach. And what a teacher! Gentle, firm, critical, tender, he wasted no words, and for the less talented he had a way that never hurt, yet was unmistakable. He was the last man to attempt to lead a pupil away from his or her personal style.

Notwithstanding its just and gracious words, the address of Mayor McClellan at Mendelssohn Hall was in one instance singularly unhappy. Quite without a warrant he spoke deprecatingly of Auguste Rodin and his vicious influence on latter-day sculpture. Why, as James Whistler would have said, why drag in Rodin? Saint-Gaudens would have suffered at the reference. The overshadowing influence of any genius upon men of lesser talent is always a matter of regret. Rodin, like Wagner, has deflected the talents of many, perhaps shipwrecked a few. It is the fate of the earthenware vessels when they will float down streams with those of sterner metal. But if Rodin's influence is dangerous, doubly so is that of Saint-Gaudens. What his disciples should fear most is the flat, stale academic shallows into which they will surely flounder if they think they can cope with or imitate a giant who his life long fought dangerous definitions; and the seducing serenity of neo-classicism. Rodin is one of the few great individual sculptors, one of the hue of Donatello–and Michael Angelo. And to compare Saint-Gaudens with Rodin is like comparing Dickens with Thackeray, Botticelli and Raphael, Mozart and Wagner. As *Assessor Brack* says in "Hedda Gabler": "People don't do such things!" Kenyon Cox summed up the question when he wrote: "If Rodin is the greatest modeller of modern times, Saint-Gaudens is the greatest master of composition in modern sculpture."

Saint-Gaudens, the artist of portrait medallions, may be seen in every phase of his thrice delightful gifts. Those low reliefs, with their delicate incisive traceries, almost etchings in metal, are so personal that the monumental side of his genius seems as "remote as the stars." Here the cameo cutter that was and the healthy psychologist of the chisel come into the richest confluence. The Gilder heads, the children of Schiff, the children of Cornelius Vanderbilt, of Prescott Hall Butler, are masterpieces in little. They echo in a new key the Renaissance Florentine art in their sweet intimacy, their avoidance of trite actualities. Are not those suggestions of exquisite forms on the base of the Farragut statue a part of its invincible charm? A devotee of the pure line in sculpture, this Irish American with the French strain showed his composite blood in his minor works. His fancy is not of the expansive, lyric kind; he shunned the extravagant excrescences of romanticism. Those low reliefs of his, from the sensitive Robert Louis Stevenson and intellectual head of Charles A. Dana to the graceful head of some tiny child, express the Celt in the man. We must not forget, in our natural instinct to claim Saint-Gaudens altogether, that he was born in Dublin, bred in America, and to France is due our gratitude for his thorough technical training.

But he was American in his ideals. He interpreted certain types of our national character as no artist before him, either in verse, prose or pigment. If we can say, "Here is the touch of Paris, here and here!" we can also point to the Lincoln–gaunt, homely and standing in all its symphonic simplicity, and ask: "Until Saint-Gaudens what man has so taught us the nobility and power of Abraham Lincoln?" He makes us forget the ugly costume in the vitality of characterization. And hovering always in the background of the sculptor's consciousness was his love of Grecian beauty and the beauty of character. This feeling for character combined with a pagan healthy sense of the real kept his work free from the insipid. He studied under Jouffroy. He was a contemporary of Chapu, Dubois, Saint-Marceaux, Falguière, Mercié, Frémiet, Bartholdi, Rodin, Bartolome and Dalou—to mention a few big men; yet he steered clear of academic formalism as well as dishevelled impressionism.

A remarkable, normal and balanced temperament was Saint-Gaudens's. No path breaker, not a revolutionist, not a Prometheus stealing from heaven its sacred fire, he saw clearly his visions and interpreted them concretely and in the simplest and most concise, cursive terms. That is why we fail often to find an *au delà*, a spiritual beyond, in his compositions; it is not even in the massive and overwhelming sorrow of the Adams monument. He would have probably said that sculpture should not deal with soul states. Morbidity and the expression of his own personality were repugnant to him. He was all for essentials. A large, sane objectivity is the keynote of his heroic statuary. If he disliked the *baroque*, he was equally at war with the pseudo-classicism of a Canova or a Thorwaldsen. Perhaps for Europeans his work may not have the same significance as it has for us. When Matthew Arnold told Sainte-Beuve that he did not consider Lamartine "important," the subtle critic replied: "He was important for *us*." And Saint-Gaudens is important for America. Overflowing the technical frame of his master compositions is the symbolism of character. A nation that produces men and women of character is a great nation. The unit is not the family, as our socialistic friends would have it, but the individual. Upon the highly developed individual Saint-Gaudens poured out the treasures of his art. He recreated American men and women of well defined character. Whether his technique is modern, his sense of color, balance, weight and mass need not concern the layman. There is in this sort of sculpture but a supreme test—character. And it is precisely this test that Augustus Saint-Gaudens magnificently meets.

His limitations have been made clearer by this memorable exhibition. One recalls at this juncture Goethe's profound phrase. Saint-Gaudens, plastic as he was with his tools and in his temperament, did not possess a wide range of imagination. Some of his work is dreary, massive and monotonous. He had fancy and ingenuity. He was very decorative and escaped its pitfalls by absorption in his lofty ideas. But sweeping, compelling, poetic imagination was denied him. He leaves us cold at times. He was of a contemplative mind. Tenacious in the pursuit of an idea, he moulded and remoulded his conceptions; he brooded over them until they assumed their final shape. But of primal passion and overwhelming fire there are few traces. His sensibility was controlled, never rebel or turbulent. He belonged to his century. The epical for him meant the characteristic. And the characteristic resolved itself into the masculine. His women have an old fashioned charm; he seems to touch their clay effigies courteously. But his men are virile and stand on their feet; whether statesmen or Puritans, priests or patriots, poets or warriors. This is the reason why Saint-Gaudens will always embody the American idea in sculptural art. And he interpreteted the humanity of heroes.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Edward J. Steichen
(1879-1973)

Steichen informed me on February 14, 1966, that he never knew or corresponded with Huneker, but "I distinctly remember that I shared in the very high regard that so many people in the art world held for [him]."

See, also, under Weber.

"Around the Galleries," New York *Sun*, April 2, 1908, p. 6

Edward J. Steichen, who seems to say the last word in the realm of vaporous impressionism and moonshot waters, has a dozen or more of his recent landscapes at Eugene Glaenzer's Galleries, 303 Fifth Avenue. One knows hardly which to admire the more: Steichen's sensitive photographs which look like painting, or his delicate attenuated paintings which suggest photography.

Alfred Stieglitz
(1864-1946)

Stieglitz was the editor of American Amateur Photographer *(1892-1896), founder and editor of* Camera Notes *(1897-1903), and editor and publisher of* Camera Work, *beginning in 1903.*

The occasion for the following comment by Huneker was an exhibition at the Photo-Secession Gallery by Frank Burty, the French painter.

For another comment by Huneker on Stieglitz, see Painters: de Zayas, 1915.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 75 (May 23, 1914): 21

I found Mr. Alfred Stieglitz still the enthusiast and rebel against the provinciality of American ideas in the region of art. He has fought a good fight, and for the sheer love of art; for the profit of his soul and not of his pocket. An idealist born, not made.

CRITICS

Bernard Berenson
(1865-1959)

When Berenson was visiting America in late 1903, Huneker had to decline an invitation to meet him extended by a mutual friend, Florence Mosher. In 1908, after the publication of Huneker's review of Berenson's The North Italian Painters of the Renaissance, *Berenson wrote Miss Mosher (who gave the card to Huneker) to tell the critic that he was looking forward to meeting him and that Huneker should be sure to visit him if he came to Italy. But the meeting never took place, Berenson informed me in 1951, though he "used to hear much about [Huneker] and all to his credit. He wrote appreciatively about me when few others dared."*

Much of the long reviews excerpted in the following two critiques consists of Huneker's summary of Berenson's ideas and opinions; most of this material has been omitted.

"Renaissance Painters," New York *Sun*, December 10, 1907, p. 8

Bernard Berenson's new book is entitled "The North Italian Painters of the Renaissance" and is the fourth of the series devoted to that glorious epoch of passion and beauty and power. In the earlier volumes the critic dealt with the Venetian, the Florentine and the central Italian Renaissance painters; with the present volume, all notable contributions to sound and courageous art criticism. Early in his career Berenson hitched his star to the wagon of Signor Morelli, who was as great an iconoclast in pictorial criticism as is Richard Strauss in the art of musical composition. But the young American has eyes of his own, and while admitting in his accustomed frank and whole hearted manner his indebtedness to the method of Morelli he formulated in no uncertain manner an aesthetic code for himself. In each of his four volumes he enunciates his artistic credo, and at the close of "North Italian Painters" he emphasizes his conviction in capitalized letters thus: "In figure painting, the type of all painting, I have endeavored to set forth that the principal if not sole sources of life enhancement are Tactile Values, Movement and Space Composition, by which I mean ideated sensations of contact, of texture, of weight, of support, of energy and of union with one's surroundings." Color, too, he adds, though not so vital to figure painting, cannot be neglected as a powerful and enhancing emotional element. When he wrote his "Venetian Painters" over fifteen years ago Mr. Berenson did not handle the theme of color so broadly as he would probably handle it to-day. And it is enjoyable to see how his various books fit, though rather loosely, in a scheme like the above. Florence, Giotto, Pollaiuoli (Antonio) for tactile values and movement; Venice for color, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto; central Italy for the great space composers and illustrators, Perugino and Raphael, not forgetting Duccio. Mr. Berenson does not adhere to this rigid grouping. We merely suggest that each of his erudite and charming books illustrates, without forcing the note, a phase of his principles. We need not stop here to wonder at the changes in the spelling of proper names. It was once Pinturicchio; it is now Pintoricchio. And, as may be seen, Pollaiuoli is no longer Pollajuolio.

Mr. Berenson keeps perspective well in view. After the youth of the Renaissance had fled its art staled, aged rapidly and begat a monstrous crew of imitators, who poisoned the well springs of other nations, notably the original art of France. "North Italian Painters" bulks larger than its predecessors, yet the author disclaims the inclusion of all of that scattered school. He writes about pictures he has seen, and his index is full of interrogation marks. To Pisanello, delightful artist, is accorded full justice; but perhaps the most remarkable essay is the chapter devoted to Andrea Mantegna. It will hardly please the admirers of this rare painter. Foppa, Veronese, Ambrogio de Predis, Sodoma, Beltraffio, Borgognone, Luini, Bramante, Bramantino, Correggio, Cossa, Dosso Dossi, Lorenzo Costa, Defendente Ferrari, Ercole Roberti, Francia, Gaudenzio, Leonardo and his school, Moretto, Morone, Carlo Crivelli, both Domenico and Francesco Parmigianino, Andrea Solario, Francesco Torbido, Cosimo Tura, Carpaccio, down to Marco Zoppo, if not all written about at great length, are carefully indexed as to place and works. The study of Leonardo is worth the reading, though we think Mr. Berenson too severe in his judgments of da Vinci's pupils and Luini. Bernardino Luini was a painter of inherent dignity and subtle sweetness. In the Berensonian schematology he primarily stands for tactile values, therefore he is flouted.

It is interesting to contrast the Correggio of Mr. Berenson with the Correggio of Mr. T. Sturge Moore. The former is no such special pleader as the Englishman, and we think that he takes a broader view of the Parmesan painter's position in the hierarchy of art. . . .

Mr. Berenson is catholic in his sympathies; he does not deride modern art; he says wise, even warm words about Whistler and Degas—above all, Degas, whose sense of tactile values is superb; yet one can detect that color, the sensuous element in modern art, is for him largely negligible. Shorn of color, art would lose its least intellectual element, he believes. Berenson is an ascetic thus far. The line, the enclosing, vital, circumscribing line, represents for him the highest there is in art—not the "bounding wiry" and eccentric line of William Blake, but the line that was born in Florence. We confess to enjoying without stint that too brief volume devoted to the Florentines. The Giotto study is the swiftest and most comprehensive notation of his genius that we can recall. Michelangelo and his last works are handled in a very reverent though quite modern fashion. There is no rhapsody in the book, and the philosophizing with the hammer is, if not Nietzschean, much more conclusive. Leonardo, Botticelli, with his fresh pagan loveliness, Del Sarto, Verrocchio, Masaccio, Fra Angelico, Ghirlandaio and our favorite Benozzo Gozzoli are all etched by a lively pen and a responsive imagination. Whether you subscribe to each individual tipping of the Berenson critical scales does not very much matter. You are instructed, edified, and often you catch the heat of the writer's enthusiasms. And what fascination there is in the study of Renaissance art. . . .

Berenson attacks with a sure touch the idea of prettiness in art ("North Italian Painters"), and while we cannot accompany him so far as to deny expressiveness as an emotional element in the delineation of the human countenance—Berenson is, we repeat, a very Spartan in his large simplicities and larger renunciation of hedonism in art—there is not a question that with the advent of sentimentalism began the decadence. Furthermore he remarks that "newness is a very minor consideration in the world of art. In that world it is the intrinsic quality only that counts, and that quality, no matter by what materials and with what vision it is obtained, must always be Form, Movement and Space harmonized together.". . .

Now that he has so profitably tilled the field of Renaissance art, what pleasure Mr. Berenson would give his reading public if he should move on [to] Dutch and Flemish and Spanish art. He knows that the creators, the pioneers, are in the past. Greater artists than Raphael, Titian, Giorgione, Tintoretto, Cagliari, Leonardo, Donatello and Michelangelo and the rest cannot be conjured up. Yet Rembrandt and Velâsquez followed them, and the "fiend" Rubens, as Blake called him, and Van Dyck and the Dutch landscapists. With the breaking down of line began the downfall of art. However, this critic admits that in landscape the moderns actually have said something new; indeed, he is convinced that the landscape art of this century will be as vastly surpassed in the future as the "moderns," Corot, Courbet, Monet—who stem from Constable—surpassed the artificial "classical" landscape at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. What many lovers of antique art do not care to see is that while they swallow much of the primitive landscapes, usually repainted in glaring primary tints, with their funny mannikins all on one plane, they balk at the fidelity to nature revealed in modern landscape work. It, too, has its beauty. Every age has its characteristic beauty. Ours seems ugly to the idealists, but not to the sincere artist or observer. Ah, the pathos of distance! . . .

"The study of art," asserts Mr. Berenson, "as distinct from art fancying and from the biography of artists, should be in the first place a study of specific ideas embodied in works of art." This principle he instantly puts in practice of the most felicitous kind. Felicitous is the word that best describes not alone his prose style, but also his critical temper. The pedantic pose is repugnant to his bright, elastic nature. His four books on Italian Renaissance are the best corrective of Ruskin's rhapsodies that we have read. And while he is a little given to formulas his reasons are in the main excellent. Such a high ideal of art in general as he strives for is apt to be disconcerting to the sentimentalists, to the prettifiers, to the sensualists. For the greater public art must be a sweetmeats taste. For the average writer art is a theme with variations.

"Venetian Paintings in American Galleries, Private and Public," New York *Sun*, February 4, 1917, p. 16

It must be tremendous fun to be an art expert, to walk calmly through a collector's gallery or into a public museum and cocking a critical eye say: Let there be nothing! And where there was something, lo! there is naught. The attributions of the ages shrivel. There is a wailing in the land. It is the voice of the dealer who will not be comforted. Now there is Bernard Berenson. With his silvery critical trumpet he topples the walls of many a pictorial Jericho. Entire collections of fair renown wither over night before his searching gaze. Interrogation marks spontaneously spring up in musty catalogues after he has passed that way. Those ominous phrases "school of" and "studio picture" are humble followers of his and sprout at his feet as they sprouted at the feet of his iconoclastic master, the much discussed and much hated Italian critic, Giovanni Morelli. In the copious vocabulary of Mr. Berenson the word "replica" does not exist. Like Ibsen's "Brand," he is all or nothing. Verily, the art expert is a pocket version of a czar. In the bailiwick he is absolute master.

However, this rule may be beneficent. There is such a thing as benevolent tyranny. Mr. Berenson is at times a benevolent tyrant. And a constructive one. His newest contribution to critical literature is called "Venetian Painting in America: The Fifteenth Century." It is a big book and contains 110 illustrations. It is gratifying to learn that our benighted country houses [own] fourscore prime examples of this magnificent school. Mr. Berenson has seen them all, tested and taped them, measured ears, phalanges, dyes and nostril tips; in a word, has said "yes" to some of them. There must have been numerous sighs of relief after this work appeared. To find one's Bellini a Bugiardini, one's Mantegna a Montagna, or a Moroni a Maloni—well, these catastrophes test the soul of a man, and also the great nerve of the American soul, the pocketbook. Have we not declared years ago that in the heart of every collector there is hidden a bargain counter! . . . .

Through the American private and public galleries, Mr. Berenson conducts his readers, inspecting with an impartial eye the masters, major and minor, of the fifteenth century school. The names of Johnson, Altman, Frick, Walters, Theodore M. Davis, Platt, Mrs. Gardner, Lehmann, Huntington, Winthrop, Salomon, Willys, J. P. Morgan, Mrs. John Jay Chapman, Widener and others occur. All their pictures of this school are put under the microscope. We learn that Mr. Frick's "Pieta" is not by Antonello da Messina, but by a Provençal painter; while Mr. Philip J. Gentner, director of the Worcester Museum, recently in a Boston newspaper vigorously repudiated the method of Mr. Berenson's attribution to the Bellini studio of a picture supposed to be by Tocco Marconi. Experts, unlike the Roman augurs, do not always smile as they pass by. For those who are interested in the subject we cordially recommend Bernard Berenson's authoritative and exhaustive handling of his theme.

Royal Cortissoz
(1869-1948)

For Huneker's review of Cortissoz's John La Farge, *see Painters: La Farge, 1911.*

Born in Brooklyn, Cortissoz was art editor of the New York Tribune *and the* Herald-Tribune *from 1891 to 1948. Thirteen letters from Huneker to him written between 1909 and 1919 survive, though Cortissoz's end of the correspondence has vanished. He edited "A Sheaf of James Huneker's Letters,"* Scribner's Magazine, *72 (September 1922): 306-314.*

Frank Jewett Mather
(1868-1953)

Mather, who began his career as a teacher of English and Romance languages, was assistant editor of the Nation *from 1901 to 1906 and art critic for the New York* Evening Post *in 1905-06 and 1910-11. He taught art at Princeton from 1910 to 1933 and was director of its Museum of Historic Art from 1918 to 1946.*

Only one letter from Huneker to Mather has turned up, though there were probably others; Mather's letters to Huneker have not surfaced.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 79 (May 13, 1916): 12

I wish I had adequate space in which to deal with Frank Jewett Mather's "Estimates in Art." The well-known Marquand Professor at Princeton has published few books, more's the pity, for he is one of the rare critics of art in his generation. An expert, a connoisseur, catholic enough in his sympathies to admit Cézanne and Matisse into his pantheon, Professor Mather cannot be ranged altogether on the side of the academic angels any more than W. C. Brownell—who first appreciated the significance of Auguste Rodin. In Mather's recently published volume (Charles Scribner's Sons) we find a delightful gathering: Claude Lorraine, Botticelli, El Greco, Goya, Vermeer, Sorolla—who is dealt some heavy body blows—Carrière and John La Farge, among others. I look forward to a book on recent manifestations in paint and clay by this acute critic, a book that will serve as a counterblast to Willard Huntington Wright's brave but dogmatic book on the newcomers from the Gobelin country.

Willard Huntington Wright
(1887-1939)

Wright studied art in Paris with his brother, Stanton MacDonald-Wright, a leading American painter, and his second wife was a painter. His most active period in art criticism was from 1915 to 1917 when he wrote for the Forum *and* International Studio.

As an art critic Wright espoused the cause of Gauguin, Picasso, Matisse, and Cézanne (on whom Huneker was one of the first, if not the first, to publish an article in America). Cézanne, Wright wrote in the Forum, *was "the preeminent figure in modern art . . . . Purely as a painter he is the greatest the world has produced. In the plastic arts he is surpassed only by El Greco, Michelangelo and Rubens" (54 [July 1915]: 63). On April 17, 1917, Huneker wrote Wright that his* Modern Painting *was a "very important contribution to aesthetics. . . ." According to Randolph Bartlett the book "created a sensation in the art circles of two continents. The earnest seekers who were trying to break away from the domination of the academics hailed the author as their prophet because he had rationalized their principles of form and color" ("The Man of Promise,"* Saturday Review of Literature, *13 [November 2, 1935]: 10).*

For Huneker's association with Wright, see under Literature: Critics.

"The Seven Arts," *Puck*, 78 (November 13, 1915): 10, 18

After turning out a stout work on "What Nietzsche Taught," Willard Huntington Wright now comes before us with a weighty study on "Modern Painting," a theme which he discourses *con amore*. I have been asked more than once about a book that would dispassionately expose the theories of the new men in pictorial art, and here is the answer; for while Mr. Wright errs—in my opinion—in his sympathy for some of the crazy stuff, that very sympathy enables him to see what is best in the various movements. Once upon a time I described music as a "species of emotional mathematics," and the description was just as far as it went—which wasn't far enough. Since then the Cubists, Futurists, Post-Impressionists, and Synchronists emerged and are attempting the impossible, believing music to be the art of arts towards which should aspire the other six arts, and thus seeking to incorporate on a flat two-dimensional surface the rhythms and emotional quality of music. This is mixing-up the babies with a vengeance. The lucidity of Mr. Wright's analysis need not blind us to the fact that a picture is a picture and not a geometrical diagram. These young chaps are only juggling with the raw technical material of their art. Rhythm, bulk—as expressed in tactile values—a suggested third-dimension in volume—are not specific discoveries of the moderns. Before Cézanne there was in painting the solidity of object color values; and show me as subtly rhythmic a line as Botticelli's and you will have gone to the Chinese for your illustration. "Abstract art," as they call it nowadays, is not art at all; it is an abstraction, and art is concrete or it is nothing. I enjoy, though not rapturously, the cylinders, cubes, cones, blocks, and silhouettes of these amateur geometricians, though I'm not emotionally stirred. A "passionate curve" is always allied to something natural, and no artist can create *in vacuo*, can lift himself heavenward by his bootstraps. They are symbolists, even literary, did they but acknowledge it. Music alone can express the inexpressible, but the arts of painting and sculpture must represent, as there are no archtypes, Plato to the contrary notwithstanding. Give us better paint and less metaphysics! These movements were on their last legs when I was in Europe. If you like such experimenting, well and good–it belongs to the studio, and may be higher mathematics of form, "significant form," as the new jargon goes; but don't speak condescendingly of Giorgione, Raphael, Titian, Velâsquez, Vermeer, Hals and Manet. However, the bosom of the ocean of art is vast enough to bear all these waifs and strays. All this is not meant for Mr. Wright, who has a critical proportion, but for the half-baked people who read Clive Bell and fanatics of his kidney and turn sightless eyes upon great art. To fancy that all art was a leading up to Paul Cézanne–an honest, stubborn painter of marked limitation, hag-ridden by theories–is like a bad joke made by a cynical demigod; or the sort of witticism of which Whistler was fond. "Modern Painting" is an invaluable *Vade mecum* for the curious student, and in it Mr. Wright has compressed a library (John Lane Co.).

TOPICS

American Art

"Mr. Borglum on American Art," New York *Sun*, October 25, 1908, p. 8

Are Americans still as thin skinned as in the days when Dickens raised the deuce with our national vanity? A native born woman, resident in London for many years, is at the present hour being made mincemeat of by her sisters in this land because she actually criticised some freakishness of American society. And since the memorable speech of painter Church—"To hell with the old masters"—there has been no such antagonism breeding criticism as that written in the current *Craftsman* by Mr. Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor. All the counties are not yet heard from, but it is evident that Mr. Borglum's frank and indignant outpourings have reverberated about the globe. Hundreds of artists have denounced the unpatriotic Borglum. Though born in Idaho he has been called a worshipper of foreign art idols. Perhaps it was a misfortune for him to have a thorough cosmopolitan artistic training. He is an American to the core in sentiment, but also a citizen of the world. Like his brother Solon, he has dealt specifically with American types of character and incident in his arts, sculpture and painting. But he has presumed to see through the hole in the millstone of art in America and therefore has been the storm centre of bitter abuse.

What precisely did Mr. Borglum say? The majority of his critics did not wait to read the article in the *Craftsman*, but aired their views on the strength of a few detached paragraphs printed in the newspapers. Naturally Mr. Borglum retorted, advising his critics to read the article. It is harmless. What the sculptor says has been said a dozen times in the *Sun*. He is more concerned over the conditions of art in America than in the production of American art. He finds us lacking in "reverence, sincerity and individuality"; too much devoted to the machine-made in sculpture and architecture; too much given to slavish imitation of European models. Well, is there anything strikingly novel in these strictures? He might have pointed out that American landscape art is both racy of the soil and individual; but he was more interested in sculpture. In calling

Saint-Gaudens a man without imagination and then praising in another section the "Farragut," we think Mr. Borglum not exactly logical. Saint-Gaudens was a "master workman," and he was overburdened with orders—a condition sculptors aspire to, as a rule—but his individuality was not thereby effaced.

The sharp criticisms of our ugly waterfronts, of the defacement of the approaches to the Brooklyn Bridge, of our unsightly harbors and parks, are not far from containing a kernel of truth. But what does Mr. Borglum mean by "a restraining Roosevelt," necessitated by our "national rashness"? Did Mr. Roosevelt ever restrain anything, even his own speech? The other day he praised a book or a play—or was it a baby carriage?—for its "clean and healthy" —or wholesome—quality. Is fine art, after all, a matter of soap? Must the face of a statue or the lines of a poem be scrubbed to make them fit for our respectful consideration? Yes, in this clamor for "healthy" books we admit that Mr. Borglum has a slight warrant for his remark: "Puritanism has made us selfish, self-centred hypocrites." He refers, we hope, only to art, not to politics.

The truth is that there is too much clotted nonsense written about an "American" art.

When timid cockneys visit us fresh from a perusal of "Leaves of Grass" they are surprised to find the west filled not with Walt Whitman's "powerful uneducated persons," but with a law abiding population much given to churchgoing and devoted to the cult of Longfellow rather than to any undue admiration of the "good gray poet." "Yet our art must be untrammelled, breezy," original. In Europe the breezes blow hard at times, and when it comes to "untrammelled" a visit to the autumn salon will speedily undeceive the visitor that America is too swift in its art evolution. Mr. Borglum lays the stress on the right spot. We must fight ugliness and mediocrity, and let originality take care of itself. Velásquez, da Vinci, Rodin are artists who reverently went to nature and did not seek to evolve anything regional or national or original; being individual, their work is in consequence imbued with nationality, with originality.

However, we hardly think that "originality is the bane of art," as one of Mr. Borglum's critics insists. It is not a quality to be despised, though it may not be easily wooed; nor are we a "nation of mechanics," as another artist insists. We are in our art infancy and we derive from the Old World in art. What native independence and skill have accomplished it is hardly necessary to recapitulate here. Art in America, not so much American art, should be the watchword, and without "reverence, sincerity and individuality" we can have no art at all. No doubt Mr. Borglum was in a pessimistic mood when he wrote his page or two of truisms, though, sincere and admirable sculptor that he is, he need not despair of his art after seeing his own "Lincoln." The wonder is that his words should have been so fiercely resented.

Hall of Fame

Saint-Gaudens was elected in 1920 and Whistler in 1930.

"Seen in the World of Art," New York *Sun*, November 6, 1910, sec 3, p. 4

A propos of the admission of Poe to the Hall of Fame (Fume?) the *American Art News* in a recent number editorially refers to the strange neglect of American artists in that cemetery of reputations. Mr. Townsend said among [other] things that Gilbert Stuart was chosen at the first election in 1900, and Samuel F. B. Morse was chosen at the same time, as an inventor; strangely enough it is not generally known that he was one of the best of early American portraitists. The selection of Gilbert Stuart appears to be thus far the only recognition of American artists by the judges of the hall. At the election of 1910, several weeks ago, John Singleton Copley received 28 votes out of 97 cast and the 51 necessary for election; F. E. Church only 6 and William M. Hunt only 4, while Hiram Powers, the sculptor, captured 7. That only the names of three painters and one sculptor were placed in nomination, continues Mr. Townsend with justifiable indignation, and—with the exception of Copley—that they received an almost beggarly vote, furnishes a sad commentary upon the regard in which are held our dead American artists. It is to be hoped that at the next election in 1915 the names of Benjamin West, Rembrandt Peale, Homer Martin, A. H. Wyant and George Inness will be placed in nomination. The names of Saint-Gaudens and Winslow Homer will not be eligible under the ten years rule.

Immorality in Art

Podsnap is the pompous, self-satisfied character in Dickens's Our Mutual Friend, *who "always knew exactly what Providence meant."*

Georg Sauter (1866-1937), born in Bavaria, worked in London from 1895 to 1915.

René Bérenger (1830-1915), a lifetime member of the French Senate from 1875, was a crusader against "immoral" literature and art à la Anthony Comstock in America.

"Podsnappery," New York *Sun*, May 12, 1909, p. 6

Mr. Podsnap, in all the glory of a liver colored waistcoat (pattern 1909), stood with his back to a brisk sea coal fire which crackled on the Podsnap hearth. "I note," he remarked severely to Mrs. Podsnap, "I note," he repeated, as if to nail the wandering attention of that lady with the rocking horse nostrils, "that across the waters, at Pittsburgh, U.S.A., there has been considerable agitation over the exhibition of an unseemly painting, by one Sauter, presumably a Frenchman. This picture is called "The Bridal Morning." Shocking! Even if it were not a nude—I say a nude, Mrs. Podsnap!—the title would be an offence; but it is a nude, and that makes the offence the greater. Where are we drifting, madam? Let us rejoice, in common with all persons of good taste and morals, that the Eastern League of Art Students, worthy young women, fled from the spot wherein was exhibited this scandalous so-called work of art. O Culture, what crimes are committed in thy name in benighted America!"

Let us not seek to attenuate the preachment of Mr. Podsnap. His sentiments will be echoed over the land, for Podsnappery is again in the ascendent; and not the first time since the days of Dickens. It expresses itself variously and with intensity. Naturally the fine arts must be, if not abolished, at least regulated. There is nothing so terrible to some people as the human form divine. Banished from our "literature" it is barely holding its own in painting and sculpture. Didn't that godly man Senator Bérenger fight the plastic demon in Paris and almost exorcise it? Now it is Pittsburgh, which according to a local socialistic clergyman is wickeder than New York. But the Pittsburgh case has had precedents. We recall, not so many years ago, the case of William Macbeth, a reputable art dealer, then on Fifth Avenue near Twenty-seventh Street. He had placed in his show window a picture the subject of which was a group of nude children playing, the oldest perhaps ten years of age. It was too much, this innocent painting, for the nerves of an outraged public—represented by half a dozen prudes and iconoclasts. The picture was withdrawn though thousands annually visited the old Hoffman House Café, where Bouguereau's "Nymphs and Satyr" was on view.

When Edouard Manet's "Breakfast in the Open" was shown many years ago at Paris the indignation of certain critics was refreshing. One realized how pure minded a Parisian critic could become if he didn't like a particular painter. The offensive part of the picture consisted of a nude woman in the midst of a company clothed and in their right mind. This motive is familiar to students of Renaissance art, but Paris was deeply offended, though Cora Pearl and Offenbach's indecent travesties continued to delight its aesthetic temperament. So it is with the Sauter painting, whose principal wickedness may be its title. Salome dancers may come and go, but the back of a shrinking young woman—the back of the human slate, as Meredith calls it—set forth in not a remarkable style, is sternly censured by too nice minds.

To Mr. Sauter's picture, "The Bridal Morning," was awarded the second prize at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. It is a harmless theme treated with propriety by the artist, and as such accepted by a jury of artists whose names preclude any accusation of pandering to sensationalism. Indeed, the picture is pretty, and the idea is prettily expressed. Only Mr. Podsnap and his valiant legion of cosmical busybodies would indulge in Podsnappery before such a painting.

Some day the Society for the Suppression of the Beautiful will conquer Italy and destroy its art treasures.

APPENDIX: HUNEKER'S COLLECTED ESSAYS ON AMERICAN SUBJECTS

Abbreviations:

Ivory A&P: Ivory Apes and Peacocks
MC: Musical Courier
NYH: New York Herald
NYS: New York *Sun*
NYT: New York Times
NYW: New York *World*
Pathos: The Pathos of Distance
PP: Philadelphia *Press*

Subject	First Publication	Collected In
H. James	*MC*, 45 (September 24, 1902): 20	*Overtones*, pp. 219-226
Whistler	*NYS*, March 20, 1910, p. 8	*Pathos*, pp. 103-111
Davies	*NYS*, January 4, 1908, p. 6, and February 10, 1908, p. 6	*Pathos*, pp. 111-124
Chivers	*NYS*, May 2, 1909, p. 8	*Pathos*, pp. 285-290
W. James	*NYS*, August 9, 1908, p. 4, and June 7, 1909, p. 4	*Pathos*, pp. 346-366
Music Critics	*MC*, 35 (September 1, 1897): 18-19	*Old Fogy*, pp. 167-182
W. Whitman	*Puck*, 76 (November 21, 1914): 8, 20	*Ivory A&P*, pp. 22-31

Hearn	*NYT*, December 1, 1906, Sat. Review of Books, p. 817	*Ivory A&P*, pp. 240-248
American Painters	*Scribner's Magazine*, 56 (July 1914): 113-136	*Ivory A&P*, pp. 257-261
Wharton	*Forum*, 52 (November 1914): 765-775	*Ivory A&P*, pp. 323-328
MacDowell	*NYH*, June 24, 1906, Magazine section, p. 2	*Unicorns*, pp. 6-17
H. James	*Puck*, 79 (June 24, 1916): 12, 21: and *NYS*, December 17, 1916, sec. 6., p. 8.	*Unicorns*, pp. 53-66
H. James	*NYT*, August 3, 1919, sec. 4, p. 5	*Variations*, p. 6
American Novel	*NYT*, July 16, 1916, sec. 5, p. 12	*Unicorns*, pp. 82-95
A. P. Ryder	*NYS*, June 26, 1910, sec. 3, p. 4	*Unicorns*, pp. 161-170
C. Williams	*NYS*, November 26, 1916, sec. 6, p. 8	*Unicorns*, pp. 195-202
Garden	*NYT*, 1919: April 13; sec. 4, p. 5; February 2, p. 11; March 2, sec. 4, p. 4; February 16, sec. 4, p. 6; January 31, p. 9; January 28, p. 7; and February 22, p. 7	*Bedouins*, pp. 3-44
Poe	*MC*, 25 (December 21, 1892): 8-9, and *NYT*, April 20, 1919, sec. 4, p. 4	*Bedouins*, pp. 94-105
Luks	*NYT*, February 6, 1916, sec. 5, pp. 12-13	*Bedouins*, pp. 106-117
Metropolitan Opera	*PP*, December 30, 1917, sec. 4, p. 4	*Bedouins*, pp. 134-143
Pennell	*NYW*, January 4, 1920, Metropolitan section, p. 2	*Variations*, pp. 67-76
Hammerstein	*NYT*, August 24, 1919, sec. 4, p. 5	*Variations*, pp. 263-269

ADDENDUM:
THREE AMERICAN OPERAS

The following article, discovered only after all the pages of this book were typeset, deals with three American composers of forgotten operas. Joseph Carl Breil (1870-1926) wrote comic operas and two serious ones, The Legend *and* Asra. *Charles Wakefield Cadman (1881-1946), the best known of these composers, wrote operettas and two operas,* Shanewis, *first produced at the Metropolitan on March 23, 1918, and* A Witch of Salem, *as well as almost two hundred songs, including the popular "At Dawning" and "From the Land of the Sky-blue Water." John Adam Hugo (1873-1945) composed three operas–*The Temple Dancer, The Hero of Byzanz *and* The Sun God.

The "City of Cemeteries" is Brooklyn.

"Opera," *New York Times*, March 13, 1919, p. 9

The stage of the Metropolitan Opera House last night was strewn with corpses. Such a naughty holocaust! American composers and librettists seem given over to gore and horrid violence at a time when the world craves the peace that passeth understanding. The "Curious Impertinent" who studies these variations of the operatic weather must have asked himself the question after hearing and seeing Manager Gatti-Casazza's new triple bill: "The Legend," book by Jacques Byrne, music by Joseph Carl Breil; "The Temple Dancer," book by Jutta Bell-Ranske, music by John Adam Hugo, and a revival of "Shanewis," the pleasing Indian operetta, book by Nelle Richmond Eberhart, music by Charles Cadman, which saw the light in this house last season . . . .

It would be idle to deny after a first hearing that "The Legend" was not legendary, but as heavy as unleavened dough; that "The Temple Dancer" was more viable both vocally and musically, and that "Shanewis," by contrast, almost seemed a classic. Candor–which is the short, ugly word in criticism–compels us to state that the three works would shine to advantage across the street from the Metropolitan Opera House; in a word, at the Casino, the home of light operatic entertainment.

But the sanguinary element in these new librettos is arresting. Rosa Ponselle stabs Paul Althouse in "The Legend" to save her stage father, Louis d'Angelo. He in turn is shot and Rosa is bowled over by soldiers' bullets. Florence Easton poisons Morgan Kingston–possibly because of his chaotic phrasing–in "The Temple Dancer," and is slain by the jealous god, Mahadeo, who looks like a glorified Vantine special sale in exotic brasses. And death stalks the finale of Mr. Cadman's score. Poor Richard Ordynski, who managed the production, must have had a busy time sweeping up the remains of murdered humans. Prominent "morticians," which over in the City of Cemeteries means undertakers, should leave their professional cards with Signor Guardi at the Thirty-ninth Street entrance to the house. Who can tell? Something may happen sometime and genuine tragedy supervene.

The stories of the two novelties have been related in these columns. We refuse to repeat them, except to say that they are neither better nor worse than the average. Sung in the vernacular, they might as well have been sung in Choctaw. The words for the most part were unsingable. Ponselle and Easton disguised the horror of the dentals, sibilants, and gutturals, lending emphasis to the labials. So did Sophie Braslau [in *Shanewis*]. By all means let us have opera in English, but let us have English that is singable.

It is not necessary to dwell at length upon the merits of the new music. The Breil score is melodious and commonplace. It ambles along and chokes the action whenever it can. That effective stage setting deserved stronger situations. "The Temple Dancer" sounded more like the real thing–in Mr. Hugo's case, Richard Wagner. The glow of the mock sun saves the operetta from palling like the Breil score. At least there is orchestral color, rhythmic variety, part writing, and freer tonal modulations. From the sandy soil of the tonic and dominant we are rescued, even though the hands are those of Mr. Hugo and the voice that of Richard of Bayreuth. Neither Mr. Breil nor Mr. Hugo writes "gratefully" for the singers.

Miss Ponselle had to perform a lot of vocal stunts and only her extraordinary voice enabled her to compass some of the long-breathed phrases. She possesses a magnificent bellows. Miss Easton, in addition to dancing, which she did charmingly, had a fatiguing vocal part, inasmuch as it was an unrelieved excursion into lofty altitudes. But she is an artist of the first rank and she not only was a lovely apparition as one of the "sacred" cocottes–the libretto is explicit on this point–but she sang and acted with intensity. Rosa Ponselle, too, deserves praise for her mimique. This young woman is striding to her goal with seven-league boots. She is the only satisfactory "find" of the present opera season. Both operettas lack style and structure. In "The Temple Dancer" the gravest defect is the absence of the protagonist. We hear of him, but he fails to put in an appearance.

Mr. Althouse had a chequered evening [in *The Legend* and *Shanewis*], and, as usual, emerged with honors. Like Thomas Chalmers [in *Shanewis*] he possesses voice and personality. Roberto Moranzoni was as dynamic as if he were conducting the Puccini operatic triplets. Manager Gatti-Casazza informs us that the two operettas were selected from two dozen and more sent in to competent judges. We confess we can't say that the prospect of original native opera is cheerful, although moving picture houses may have cause for rejoicing.

The reception of the two novelties was hearty. Mr. Breil and Mr. Hugo were called before the curtain with the singers and Mr. Moranzoni. The pseudo-Orientalism of "The Temple Dancer," with its echoes of Wagner, Verdi, Puccini, Mascagni—even Dvorák was present for a few phrases, the motto of the New World Symphony—pleased. Miss Easton was applauded after her first air, and the duo was liked, despite Mr. Kingston's cold. The Serpent ballet was duly appreciated. The lobbyists decided that the Hugo work had better chances for life than "The Legend." But we resent a "certain critical condescension" among our own when such expressions were often heard like this: "Surprisingly good for an American composer, isn't it?" That way lies perdition. Either—or? as the Norwegian mystic asks; either the music is good or it is bad! When that is settled then the patriotic motive may be blared on the trombones of America. No taint, however, of "modernism" was to be detected in these native compositions; all was safe, sane, and—soporific.

INDEX

This is basically a person index, though artistic organizations and some topics, mostly American, are also entered. Works are listed only as subheadings under persons, and they are found at the end of the entry. Names dropped as rhetorical devices and authors of sources cited in the headnotes are not included. Passing mentions are omitted unless they embody an historical fact or contain a critical comment. The names of Huneker's family and strictly biographical references to him do not appear below, as this information is covered in my thoroughly indexed biography. Nor are the many references to his books, both in the Introduction and the headnotes, with the exception of Mencken's first review of *Steeplejack*.

For historical purposes, minor musicians, actors, actresses, painters, and sculptors are listed if Huneker made even a slight criticism of them. Orchestras, museums, music and art schools, clubs, galleries, and collectors are recorded for the same reason even though they are not criticized, as historians of the arts in America might find such entries useful.

"H" is used throughout for "Huneker."

A separate index to the Addendum appears on page 673.

Abeles, Edward, 204
Abell, Arthur M., 100
Abstract art, 629
Academy of Fine Arts, 567
Achurch, Janet, 260
Adams, Maude, 253
Addams, Clifford, 451
Ade, George, 258
Agnew, Beatrice, 255, 256
Agramonte, Emilio, 6, 7
Aitkin, Robert, 585
Albeniz, Isaac, 139
Alden, John C., Jr., 74
Aldrich, Richard, xxxii, 137
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey, xlix, 48, 379-81
Alexander, John W., 575, 579, 587; 594, 595; and National Academy, 588, 589
Allen, James Lane, 200, 339, 369
Allen, Louise, 204
American Academy of Arts and Letters, 346
American Amateur Photographer, 621

American art-collectors, 185, 551, 556, 568, 610, 613; of Venetian paintings, 626
American Art Galleries, 536, 550
American composers, 18, 68-69, 70, 75, 79-83
American Composers' Choral Association, 6
American culture, 61-62, 340-41
American drama, 200, 443, 515; condition of, 93, 219, 301-2; "Great American Play," xxxix, 223, 242-43; "immorality" of, 312
American Fine Arts Society galleries, 489
American Guild of Organists, 140
American Indian music, 13, 48
American literature, xliii, 69, 81, 373
American Mercury, xxix
American music, 48, 81
American music criticism, 136-37, 146, 637
American Music Guild, 55
American Music Society, 13
American novel, 199-203, 364, 515; "Great American novel," xxiv, xlv, xlvi, 337, 339, 351; H's collected essay on, 638; state of, 369-70, 376
American Opera Company, 9, 165
American Painters and Sculptors Society, 465
American painting, lvii, 81, 460, 557, 631; H's collected essay on, 638; landscape art, 515, 530, 532-33, 540, 553, 584, 631
American qualities in the arts, 311
American songs, 80, 81, 83, 85, 149
American song writers, 125
American Water Color Society, 547, 571-75
American women, 344, 372
American women painters, 592
American women singers, 114-15
American women writers, 410
Ames, Winthrop, xli, 152
Anderson, Karl, 515, 534
Anglin, Margaret, 242, 244
Anshutz, Thomas, 451, 577
Anti-Philistine, 317
Apthorp, William F., 119, 146
Archer, William, xxx, lxin, 201
Arden, Edwin, 290
Arensberg, Walter, 469
Arenski, Anton Stepanovich, 133
Arion Society of New York, 117
Arliss, George, 178, 206, 237, 240, 246; and Ibsen, 267, 268
Armory Show, lvi, 465
Arnold, Matthew, 146, 619
Arnold, Maurice (Maurice Arnold Strothotte), 3
Aronson, Rudolph, 169, 170
Art and socialism, 559, 590, 606
Art education, 473
Arts in America, The, 443-45, 476
Art Students League, 125, 546
Ashe, Edmund M., 584
Ashford, Daisy, 187
Ashforth, Frida, 116
Ashmall, William E., 74
Atherton, Gertrude, 200, 317
Auerbach-Levy, William, 573, 596, 605
Augustine, Saint, 423
Aus de Ohe, Adele, 30
Austen, Jane, 199, 322, 353
Autobiography, 423-24

Bach, Johann Sebastian, 147
Baer, William, 584
Baertsoen, Albert, 515
Bakst, Leon, 151-52, 193
Ball, Ernest R., 115
Ballet, 149-53, 312-13
Ballin, Hugo, 474, 572, 574
Balzac, Honoré de, 196, 354, 363, 365, 415
Barili, Alfredo, 9, 68, 74
Barker, Granville, 193
Barnabee, Henry C., 9, 24
Barnard, George Grey, liv, 611-15

Barone, Antonio, 578
Barrès, Maurice, 414, 415, 433
Barrie, James, 253-54, 255-56
Barrymore, Ethel, 197, 203, 254-56, 257
Barrymore, John, 203, 256, 257
Barrymore, Lionel, 249, 251, 256, 257-58
Barrymore, Maurice, 256, 258
Barrymore family, xl
Barth, Heinrich, 5
Bartlett, Homer N., 71
Bashkirtseff, Marie, 387, 423
Bassford, W. K., 74
Bastien-Lepage, Jules, 489
Bates, Blanche, 177, 179, 184, 192
Bates, Marie, 232
Baudelaire, Charles, xxxi, 93, 94, 476; Henry James on, 411, 412, 414, 415; *Les Fleurs du Mal*, 412, 429-30; and Poe, 391; and Rodin, 613; quoted, 34, 62, 266, 491
Bayreuth, xxx, 312
Bazân, Emilia Pardo. *See* Pardo Bazán
Beach, Chester, 580, 615
Beach, Mrs. H. H. A., xxxv, 3-4, 83
Beadle's dime novels, 374-75
Beal, Gifford, 574, 586
Beal, Reynolds, 573
Beardsley, Aubrey, 152, 333
Beaux, Cecilia, 579
Beck, Carol H., Medal, 593
Beck, Johann S., 74
Beckwith, Carroll, 574
Becque, Henry, xxii, 325
Beer, Thomas, 330
Beerbohm, Max, 274-75, 297, 428
Beethoven, Ludwig van, 90, 147, 300
Belasco, David, 175-95; contribution to American theater of, 190; and dress rehearsals for critics, 308; and H, xxv, xxxviii, 183, 184, 194; and Ibsen, 194; and George Middleton, xl, 239; and Channing Pollock, xxxix, 248; and Puccini, 175; and Frances Starr, 291; and William Winter, xl, 305; as dramatist, 193; on endowed theater, 310; personality of, 188-90, 194; as scenic artist, 192-93, 312; as stage director, 191-92; studio of, 185-86; Plays and productions of: *Adrea*, 181-83; *Darling of the Gods*, 177-80; *Du Barry*, 184; *The Easiest Way*, 193; *The Girl I Left Behind Me*, 193; *The Girl of the Golden West*, 184; *The Heart of Maryland*, 175-77, 193; *Marie-Odile*, 193, 233, 234; *The Music Master*, 193, 231, 232; *Peter Grimm*, 193; *Sweet Kitty Bellairs*, 180; *Zaza*, 186-87
Belcher, Hilda, 481, 574, 585
Belgian Renascence, 433
Bell, Clive, 261
Bellows, George, liv-lv, lvi, 451, 454, 455; *The Big Hole*, 452, 453; boxing pictures, 595; *Forty-two Kids*, 578; *In Virginia*, 515; *A Knockout*, 453, 454, 481, 574, 578; *Men of the Docks*, 590; *New York*, 583; *The North River*, 578; *portrait of Dr. William Oxley Thompson*, 454; reclining girl, 590; *Snow Capped River*, 584; *The Warship*, 515
Benedict, Milo, 73
Bennett, Arnold, 333, 411
Bennett, Richard, 233, 250
Benrimo, Harry, 179
Benson, Frank W., liv, 455, 555, 558, 559; *Against the Sky*, 554; *Moonlight*, 579; *Portrait of Isaac C. Bates*, 554-55
Benton, Thomas Hart, lvi
Benziger, August, 455
Bérenger, René, 633, 634
Berenson, Bernard, lvii, 623-27
Berlin, Irving, 197
Berlin music critics, 4
Berlin Photographic Company Gallery, 151, 549, 550
Berlin State Opera, 55

Berlioz, Hector, 300
Bernard, Pierre, 166
Bernhardt, Sarah, xl, 94, 195, 433
Bertrand, Louis J. N., 14
Bertz, Eduard, xliii, 395
Best-sellers, 347-48
Bewley, Murray, 591
Bible, 402, 612
Bicknell, Frank A., 574
Bierce, Ambrose, xxii, xlvii, lxin, 317, 372
Bird, Arthur, 73
Birnbaum, Martin, 151, 549
Bisland, Elizabeth, xxxi
Bispham, David, xxxvi, 19, 85-88
Bittinger, Charles, 585
Black artists in America, 6, 550, 551
Blake, William, 625
Blakelock, Ralph A., 545
Blashki, Miles Evergood, 455-56, 481
Bloomfield-Zeisler, Fannie, xxxvi, 88-92
Blumenberg, Marc, xxvii, xxix, 98, 101, 132, 388
Blumenschein, Ernest, 585
Bogan, Louise, xli
Bogert, George H., 454
Bohm, Max, 595
Boise, Otis Bardwell, 4, 74
Boldini, Giovanni, 461
Bolm, Adolf, 151-52
Bolton, Guy, xl
Bonnat, Léon, 490
Booth, Agnes, 257
Booth, Edwin, 284, 305
Borglum, Gutzon, lvii, 482, 615, 631, 632
Borglum, Solon, 631
Borie, Adolphe E., 593, 594
Boscovitz, Frederick, 68, 76
Boss, Homer, 452, 456, 481
Boston composers, 140-41
Boston Museum of Fine Arts, 552, 612
Boston music critics, 140-41
Boston Opera Company, 105, 108
Boston Symphony Orchestra, 17, 47, 48, 141, 309; and William Apthorp, 119; and Philip Hale, 126, 137; and George H. Wilson, 140, 141
"Bostonians, The," 23, 127
Boswell, James, 423
Botticelli, Sandro, 629
Boucicault, Dion, 191
Bouguereau, Adolphe William, 634
Bourget, Paul, 122, 414, 415, 615
Boyle, John J., 585
Brahms, Johannes, xxxii, 31, 67, 123, 414, 426; and William Mason, 54
Brancusi, Constantine, 616
Brandes, Georg, 347, 407
Brandeis, Frederick, 63, 76
Brandt, Marianne, 107, 156
Brandus Gallery, 455
Breckenridge, Hugh H., 577, 592
Breese, Edmund, 233
Brenner, Victor D., 585
Brentano's (publisher), 394
Brewster, Anne Hampton, 331
Brewster, Earl H., 456-57
Brieux, Eugene, 346
Brinley, Daniel Putnam, 457, 515, 564, 578
Bristow, George, 74
Brockway, Howard, xxxv, 4-5, 69
Broekhoven, John A., 55, 56, 74
Brontë, Charlotte, 322
Brooklyn composers, 63
Brooks, Van Wyck, xli, lii, liii, 403-4
Brown, Harry, 90
Brown, John G., 564, 577
Browne, George F., 457-58
Browne, Matilda, 458
Browne, Sir Thomas, 306, 504, 517
Brownell, William C., xlix-l, 302, 389, 404-5, 513, 627
Browning, Robert, 385, 418
Brunetière, Ferdinand, 405
Bruning, Albert, 179
Brush, George de Forest, 61-62, 586, 594
Bryant, George W., 74

Buck, Dudley, 73
Buffalo Academy of Fine Arts, 546
Buffalo Art Gallery, 546
Bullard, Frederick F., 55, 56
Būlow, Hans Guido von, 56, 72, 98-99, 388
Bulwer-Lytton, Edward. *See* Lytton
Bunce, William G., 545
Bunyan, John, 423
Burgess, Gelett, 132, 381-82
Burleigh, Harry T., 5-6
Burmester, Willy, 5
Burns, Robert, 41
Burr, Willard, Jr., 74
Burroughs, Bryson, 553
Burroughs, John, 396
Busby, Amy, 221
Butcher, Fanny, xxxii
Byron, Arthur, 217
Byron, George Gordon, Lord, 207

Cabell, James B., 421
Cadman, Charles W., 149
Café Francis, 477
Caffin, Charles H., 599
Caine, Hall, 409, 429
Calvé, Emma, 105, 158, 391, 392
Camera Notes, 621
Camera Work, lv-lvi, 225, 470, 621
Campbell, Colin C., 572, 574
Campbell, Maurice, 275
Canfield, Richard, 568
Capen, Charles L., 73, 140, 141
Cargill, Oscar, xli
Carle, Richard, 197
Carles, Arthur, 564
Carlsen, Emil, 548, 567, 581, 585-86
Carlyle, Thomas, 69, 296, 398
Carnegie, Andrew, 163, 310, 444-45
Carnegie Institute, 546, 551, 587, 634
Carr, Herbert, 290
Carreño, Teresa, 36, 37, 38, 47
Carrington, FitzRoy, 601, 609
Carroll, Lewis (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson), 381, 427
Carroll Galleries, 58
Carter, Mrs. Leslie, 176, 182, 183, 192
Cartwright, Charles, 238
Caruso, Enrico, xxiv, 108, 116, 153, 156
Caryll, Ivan, 235
Casals, Pablo, 488
Casanova, Giovanni J. (Casanova de Seingelt), 423
Cassatt, Mary, 591
Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Egerton, 180, 181
Catherwood, Mary H., xlvii, 317
Cavelier, Pierre, 612
Cavendish, Margaret. *See* Newcastle, Duchess of
Cayvan, Georgia, 207
Cellini, Benvenute, 423
Censorship, 445-46
Century Association Gallery, 490
Century Club, 546, 567
Century Magazine, 574, 597
Cézanne, Paul, xxxi, 549, 563, 628, 629
Chadwick, George W., xxxv, 6-7, 18, 64, 73, 81, 141
Chambers, Robert W., xlvii, 318-20, 347
Chance, Wade, 55
Chapman, Carlton T., 586
Chapman, Frederick, Gallery, 535
Chapman, John Jay, l-li, 406
Charm in art, 608
Charpentier, Gustave, 109, 110
Chase, William B., 102, 103
Chase, William M., liv, lv, lvi, 454, 458-62, 559; and F. Luis Mora, 535; and Jerome Myers, 538; and National Academy of Design, 587; and New York School of Art, 452, 548; and Society of American Artists, 458; and "The Ten," 555, 561; as portrait painter, 461-62, 553, 579, 594; as teacher, 501, 502, 527, 553; *Feeding the Baby*, 458;

fish pictures of, 558, 560
Chekhov, Anton, 343
Cheney, Sheldon, xli, 301, 302
Cherry, Charles, 217
Chesterton, G. K., 411
Chicago Art Institute, 546, 551
Chicago Opera Company, xxxiii, 55, 110
Child, Edwin B., 462
Chivers, Thomas H., xxiv, 637
Chopin, Frédéric, xxvi, xxxii, 52, 58, 126, 561; and Henry T. Finck, xxxvi, 121; compared with Poe, xliii; F. Marion Crawford on, 332
Chopin, Kate, 320
Christians, Rudolph, 268
Church, Frederick E., 633
Church, Frederick S., 574, 586
Churchill, Alfred V., 463
Churchill, Lady Randolph, 327
Churchill, Winston (Amer.), 346, 360, 376
Cincinnati College of Music, 55
Circus, The, 313-14
Clark, Freeman, 579
Clark Gallery, 451
Clark, Grace Gayler, 230
Clark, Guy Gaylor, 457, 463
Clarke, Thomas B., Prize, 581
Clausen Galleries, 452, 502, 539
Clemens, Samuel L., xliii, xliv, 81, 242, 321
Clews, Henry, Jr., 615-16
Cline, Maggie, xxxvi, 93-97, 196, 245, 426
Cloisters, The, 611
Cockcroft, Edith V., 454, 579
Coffin, William A., 585
Coghlan, Charles, 261
Cohan, George M., xxxvii, 149, 172, 195-98
Cohen, Lewis, 586
Cole, Thomas, 569
Cole, Timothy, lv, 574, 586, 597-99, 607, 608
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 17
College professors, 135, 389, 433
Collier, Jeremy, 306
Collier, William, 203-4, 256-57
Colman-Smith, Pamela, lv
Columbia University, 612
Comédie Française, 309
Comic opera in America, 10, 12
Comstock, Anthony, xlii, 61, 307, 446, 633; and Sadakichi Hartmann, 226; and Gabriele D'Annunzio, 445
Comstock, Nanette, 204
Conrad, Joseph, xxxi, xxxii, 58, 219, 356; Katherine F. Gerould compared with, 343; Henry James on, 411
Conried, Heinrich, 142, 153-55
Constable, John, 625
Constant, Benjamin, 415
Cooper, Colin C., 574, 586, 595
Copley, John S., 568, 633
Coquelin, Benoît C., 228
Corbin, John, 208
Corcoran Gallery, 483, 489, 528, 536, 587; and Metcalf, 553; and Benson, 554; and Tarbell, 558; and Hassam, 581
Corelli, Marie, 322
Cornoyer, Paul, 463-64
Cortizzoz, Royal, lvi, lvii, 627; on "The Eight," 475; on La Farge, 505-7; on Saint-Gaudens, 617; on Whistler, 603
Corwey, Ferry, 313
Cottier, Daniel, 465
Courbet, Gustave, 499, 514, 563
Couse, E. Irving, 586
Couture, Thomas, 507
Cowl, Jane, 175
Cox, Kenyon, 14, 453, 590, 617, 618
Cox, Louise (Mrs. Kenyon), 14, 585
Craig, Charles J., 230
Craig, Gordon, 193
Craigie, Mrs. Pearl, xlvii, 321-29
Cramer, Johann B., 75

Crane, Edith, 181
Crane, Robert Bruce, 586
Crane, Stephen, xxi, xxiv, xxv, xlvii, 96, 329-31; parody of, 330
Craven, Thomas, lviii
Crawford, F. Marion, xlvii, 201, 331-32
Criterion, li, 131, 132
Criterion Independent Theater, xl
Criticism, 133
Croker, Mrs. B. M., 115
Crosman, Henrietta, 180
Cross, Michael, xxvi, 86, 87
Crothers, Rachel, xxxix-xl, 246-47
Cubism, lvi, 470, 525, 628
Cui, César, 133
Curran, Charles C., 573
Curtis, Atherton, 551
Cushing, Howard G., 593, 594

Dabo, Leon, 481
Da Costa, John, 493, 494
Daingerfield, Elliott, 501, 545
Daly, Augustin, 217
Damrosch, Margaret Blaine (Mrs. Walter), 98
Damrosch, Walter, 7-8, 58, 97-100
Dana, Richard H., Jr., 356
Daniel Gallery, 516
Daniels, Frank, 251
D'Annunzio, Gabriele, xxx, 183, 415, 445
Dante Alighieri, 613
Dapprich, Helen, 563
Dargan, Olive T., xlix, 382-85
Darmesteter, Arsène, 322
D'Arville, Camille, 13
Daudet, Alphonse, 416, 417
Davies, Acton, 292, 330, 331
Davies, Arthur B., xxi, xxxi, liv, 459, 465-66; and "The Eight," 474; and Macbeth Gallery, 465, 466, 536; as poet, 479; compared with Kenneth H. Miller, 535; Dreiser on H's criticism of, liii; H's collected essay on, xxiv, 637; stature of, 559; *Girdle of Ares*, 479; *The Legend*, 579; *As Movement of Water*, 481; *Mad Night*, 548; *Maenads*, 479; *Moonbeam*, 466; *Mohawk Valley*, 548; *Sea-wind and Sea*, 591
Davies, Hubert H., 254, 255
Davis, Charles H., 466-67
Davis, Jessie Bartlett, 9, 24
Davis, Richard Harding, xxxviii, xliv, 213, 214; as best-seller, 348; as novelist, 406, 409; as playwright, 198, 199, 200, 201-2; as war correspondent, 406, 407; quoted, 288-89; parody of, 407; *The Dictator*, 203-4; *The Galloper*, 204; *The Taming of Helen*, 198
Dean, Frederick, 142, 144
Dearth, Henry G., 467, 545, 591
Debussy, Claude, 33, 126
De Camp, Joseph, liv, 459, 467; *The Blue Cup*, 556; *The Fur Jacket*, 558; *Roses*, 558; *Sally*, 554; *Window*, 560
De Casseres, Benjamin, li, 295-96, 385-87, 426
De Cordoba, Mathilde, 467
De Foe, Ethelyn Brewer, 574
Degas, Edgar, 476, 489, 624
De Koven, Anna (Mrs. Reginald), 9
De Koven, Reginald, xxiv, xxxv, 9-13, 64, 83, 127
De Lara, Isidore, 182
Delf, Juliet. *See* Juliet, Miss
De Meyer, Leopold, 71, 75
Deppe, Ludwig, 120
Destinn, Emmy, 447-48
de Takach, Bela (orig. Takach von Gyõngyõshalasz), 573, 574
Dewing, Thomas W., liv, 455, 468, 511, 560; *Lady Listening*, 560; *A Musician*, 558; *Statuette*, 554; *Yellow Tulips*, 556
De Wolfe, Drina, 250

De Wolfe, Elsie, 250
de Zayas, Marius, 469-70
Dickens, Charles, 354, 362, 631; William McFee compared with, 357, 359; alluded to, 205, 236, 633; quoted, 11, 119, 187
Dickinson, Emily, xlix, 387-88
Dillon, Fannie C., 82, 83
Dimock, Edith (Mrs. William Glackens), 482, 496
Dippel, Andreas, 108
Disraeli, Benjamin, 323, 325
Dithmar, Edward A., 227, 280, 281
Ditrichstein, Leo, 197, 344
Doane, Frank, 290
Dobson, Austin, 134
Dodge, Ozias, 599
Dolson, Grace Neal, 440
Donizetti, Gaetano, 390, 391
Dorr, Dorothy, 219
Dostoevski, Fëdor M., xlv, 199, 357, 358, 375
Dougherty, Paul, 470-71, 491, 512-13, 531
Dove, Arthur G., 564
Drake, William H., 572
Dramatization of novels, 252
Dreiser, Theodore, xxi, xxiv, xxv, xlvii-xlviii, liii, 332-34; and Mencken, xxxii, lii, lxin; and Zola, xlviii; *The Financier*, 332, 333; *The "Genius,"* 332, 333-4, 421; *Sister Carrie*, 332, *The Titan*, 332, 333
Dresser, L. T., 453
Dress rehearsals for critics, 307
Drew, John, 254
Drew, Mrs. John, Sr., xl, 254
du Bois, Guy Pène, liii, lix, 453, 481
du Bois, Henri Pène, 453, 481
Dulcken, Ferdinand Quentin, 76
Du Locle, Camille, 182
Dumas, Alexandre (père), 199
Du Mond, Frank V., 578
Duncan, Isadora, 151
Dunn, J. Malcolm, 181
Durrand-Ruel Galleries, 545
Dürer, Albrecht, 597
Duse, Eleonora, xl, 221, 288, 289, 301
Dvorák, Anton, 3, 15, 48, 56, 82; and Harry T. Burleigh, 6; and Rubin Goldmark, 15; and Harry Rowe Shelley, 62, 64
Dwight, Harrison G., xlviii, 334
Dwyer, Ada, 290
Dyer, H. Anthony, 472

Eakins, Thomas, 472, 579
Eames, Emma, xxxvi, 100-2, 155, 157
Eames, Emma Hayden, 100
Eastern League of Art Students, 634
Eastman School of Music, 82
Eaton, Charles W., 573, 586
Eaton, Walter Prichard, 248, 305
Eberle, Abastenia, 585
Ebert, Charles H., 515
École des Beaux Arts, 612
Edward VII, 86, 258
Edwards, George W., 574
Eekhoud, Georges, 433
Egan, Maurice F., 407-8
Egerton, George, 322
Ehlert, Louis, 37, 38
"Eight, The," liv, lvi, 453, 473-79, 589; and the National Academy of Design, 473-74; compared with literary realists, 475
Eliot, George (Mary Ann Evans Cross), 321, 322, 331, 347, 352
Eliscu, Fernanda, 205, 206
Elliott, Maxine, 216, 217, 258-59, 268
Ellis, Havelock, xxv, 122, 139, 213, 436, 440
Elliston, Grace, 233
Elskamp, Max, 433
Elson, Louis C., xxiv, 140, 141, 146
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, liii, 81, 397; and Carlyle, 69; John Jay Chapman

on, 406; as poet, 460; as seer, 396; compared with Mencken, 425; on Poe, 389; quoted, 266, 397, 401
Emmet, Ellen G., 482
Epstein, Jacob, 616
Essipoff, Anna, 89
Etude, xxvii, xxxi, xxiv
Evans, Lingwood, 266. *See* Thompson, Vance
Evans, William T., 547

Faelten, Carl, 77
Faguet, Émile, 411
Farnum, Dustin, 252
Farrar, Geraldine, xxxvi, 102-3, 292, 447
Farwell, Arthur, xxxv, 13-15
Faulkner, Herbert W., 482-83, 573
Fay, Amy, 120-21
Fay Art Galleries, 453
Fellows, Albert P., 564
Fernandez, Bijou, 261
Feuillet, Octave, 276, 277-78, 285
Field, Eugene, 336
Field, Hamilton E., 549
Finck, Henry T., xxiv, xxxvi, 121-25, 137, 143, 144-45; and Chopin, 121; and Walter Damrosch, 99; and Liszt, 121; and MacDowell, 52; and Mencken, 303; and John K. Paine, 140; and Schopenhauer, 122; and Richard Strauss, 121; and Wagner, 108, 121, 122, 134, 146; *Primitive Love and Love Stories*, 122-23; *Romantic Love and Personal Beauty*, 122; *Songs and Song Writers*, 124
Fine Arts Galleries, 571, 573
Fischer, Emil, 100
Fishel, Adler, & Schwartz Galleries, 501, 562
Fisher, Anna S., 483, 574
Fiske, Harrison Grey, 308
Fiske, Minnie Maddern, 259-68; as playwright, 205-6; and Ibsen, 259, 264-67, 268; compared with Bernhardt, 261, 262; compared with Duse, 261, 262, 267; compared with Réjane, 259; in *A Doll's House*, 259, 260, 264, 265; in *Erstwhile Susan*, 267; in *Hedda Gabler*, 266-67; in *Leah Klaschna*, 236, 238; in *The New York Idea*, 240, 246; in *Mary of Magdela*, 263; in *Marie Deloche*, 260; in *Queen of Liars*, 260; in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, 261-63.
Fitch, Clyde, xxxviii, 200, 206-19; and drama critics, 215, 309; and Maxine Elliott, 258; and Nat Goodwin, 268; as homosexual, 206; parody of, 214-15; *An American Duchess*, 206-8; *April Weather*, 206, 208; *Beau Brummel*, 206; *The Bird in the Cage*, 211, 213; *The Frisky Mrs. Johnson*, 211, 212; *The Girl with the Green Eyes*, 212, 213; *Glad of It*, 217-18; *Her Own Way*, 216-17, 259; *Major André*, 218; *Mistress Betty*, 208; *Nathan Hale*, 211; *The Stubbornness of Geraldine*, 211, 309; *The Woman in the Case*, 218-19
Fitton, Hedley, 605
Fitz, Benjamin, 569
FitzGerald, Charles, liii, 477, 478
Flanagan, John, 585
Flaubert, Gustave, xxxi, 199, 326, 417; and Mrs. Craigie, 323; and Henry James, 353, 413, 416; Henry James on, 323, 411, 413, 415, 446; as satirist, 376; influence on fiction of, 352-53; personality of, 195, 414; quoted, 374; *Education Sentimentale*, 323, 324, 352-53, 375, 411; *Madame Bovary*, 431, 446, 484; "Saint Julian the Hospitaller," 504; *Salammbô*, 244, 429
Floersheim, Otto, 68, 77, 145, 146, 400
Folsom Galleries, 581
Foote, Arthur, 64, 73, 81, 140, 141

Foote, Will Howe, 586
Ford, Paul L., 361
Foster, Ben, 579
Fowler, Frank, 483, 585
France, Anatole (Jacques Anatole Thibault), 227, 405, 414, 424, 426
Franko, Nahan, 103-4, 159
Fraser, James E., 616
Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins. *See* Wilkins
Freer, Charles L., 566
Free verse, 425, 437
Fremstad, Olive, xxxvi, 104-8, 114, 156, 157-58, 426; and Savage-Grau Company, 168; as Isolde, 106-8; departure from the Metropolitan Opera of, 160
Frere, Hookham, 298
Freudian psychology, 447, 448
"Friendly Sons of St. Bacchus," 302
Frieseke, Frederick C., 483-84, 591
Frohman, Charles, 191, 249, 308, 309, 445
Fromentin, Eugène, 415
Fromkes, Maurice, 484
Fromuth, Charles H., 484-85
Fry, Georgiana Timken, 573
Fuchs, Anton, 154-55
Fuhr, Ernest, 481, 485, 541
Fulda, Ludwig, 256, 258
Fuller, George, 568
Fuller, Henry B., xxi, xxiv, xlii, xlvi, 335-41, 373; compared with Howells, 339; compared with Henry James, 339, 340; on the arts in America, 443-44; *Bertram Cope's Year*, 335; *The Châtelaine of La Trinité*, 335, 338, 339, 340; *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani*, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340; *The Cliff-Dwellers*, 336, 339; *The Last Refuge*, 340; *The Puppet Booth*, 337-38; "The Upward Movement in Chicago," 340; *With the Procession*, 336-37, 362
Fuller, Lois, 151
Fuller, Lucia Fairchild, 576
Funk, Wilhelm, 462, 485-86, 576, 585
Futurism, 386, 628

Gadski, Johanna, 97, 100
Gallaher, Donald, 217
Galli, Rosina, 153
Galli-Curci, Amelita, 153
Galuppi, Baldassare, 134
Garber, Daniel, 486, 587, 595
Garden, Mary, xxxvi, 105, 109-10, 291, 426; and Carl Van Vechten, 138, 139; as singing actress, 104; Haggin portrait of, 481, 486, 584; H's collected essays on, xxiv, 638
Garland, Franklin, 230
Garland, Hamlin, 337, 341-42, 361, 362
Gatti-Casazza, Giulio, 21, 103, 108, 160-61, 162
Gauguin, Paul, 480, 527
Gaul, Gilbert, 564
Gauley, Robert D., 487, 579, 580
Gautier, Théophile, xxii-xxiii, 20, 322, 491
Genée, Richard, 10
Genth, Lillian, 579, 581-82
German painting, 557
German Theatre in New York, 32
Gerould, Katharine F., xlviii, 319, 324, 342-44
Gerry, Elbridge, xlii, 307, 445
Gershwin, George, 15
Gibson, Charles Dana, 201-2
Gilbert, William S., 422
Gilbert and Sullivan, 12, 165
Gilchrist, William W., 74
Gilder, Richard Watson, 202, 617
Gillette, William, xxxix, 219-24
Gilman, Charlotte Perkins, 346
Gilman, Lawrence, xxvii, xxxiv, xxvi, 19, 57-58, 125-26; and Loeffler, 33; and W. H. Wright, 371
Gimpel & Wildenstein Gallery, 615
Giradot, Étienne, 206, 238

Glackens, William J., xxxi, liv, 487-88, 496; and Independent Artists' Show, 481; and James B. Moore, 477; *Chez Mouquin*, 478; *Shoppers*, 477-78
Glaenzer Galleries, 458, 621
Gleason, Frederic G., 73
Godowsky, Leopold, 16, 82
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von, 209, 436, 496; and Mrs. Craigie, 325, 327; and Heine, 324; and Henry James, 416; quoted, 18, 122, 209, 223, 423, 494, 619
Goldbeck, Robert, 76
Goldmark, Karl, 15, 16
Goldmark, Rubin, xxxv, 15-16, 18, 81, 82-83
Goldschmidt, Otto, 70
Gollan, Campbell, 222
Golz, Julius, Jr., 452, 453, 481, 488
Goncourt, Edmond and Jules de, 409, 416, 417
Goodwin, Nat C., 258, 268-69
Gorky, Maxim, 497
Gottschalk, Louis M., 70-71, 72, 75
Gourmont, Remy de, 211, 418-19, 424
Goya, Francesco, 234
Gozzoli, Benozzo, 625
Grafly, Charles, 580
Grainger, Percy, 59
Gran, Albert, 205
Grand, Sarah, 322
Grannis, Elizabeth B., 446
Grant, Gordon, 574
Grant, Robert, xlvii, 344, 447
Grau, Maurice, 155, 165, 166, 167
Gray, Thomas, 134
Greacen, Edmund W., 515
Greene, Clay, 96, 97
Gregg, Frederick J., liii, lvi, 343, 429, 524
Grey, Katharine, 229-30
Grieg, Edvard, xxxvi, 51, 121, 125
Griffes, Charles T., xxxv, 16-18
Grolier Club of N. Y., 603, 604, 605
Groll, Albert L., 488, 543, 579, 586
Grove, Sir George, 134
Gruening, Wilhelm, 100
Gruppe, Charles P., 488, 573
Guérin, Jules, 565, 574
Guilbert, Yvette, 94

Haase, Friedrich, 281
Haas Gallery, 545
Hackett, James K., 310
Hackh, Otto, 79
Hadley, Henry, xxxv, 18-21, 26, 81
Haggin, Ben Ali, 481, 584
Hahlos, Arthur, Gallery, 605
Haines, Robert T., 179
Hale, Philip, 16, 65, 126-28, 135; and Boston, 390; and Boston Symphony Orchestra, 126, 137; and George Moore, 409; and MacDowell, 127; and *Musical Courier*, 127; and Whitman, 396; as literary critic, 434
Hale, Philip L., 595
Hallgarten, Julius, Prizes, 581
Hall of Fame, lv, 633
Hamlin, George, 124, 164
Hammerstein, Oscar, 22, 139, 169, 170; H's collected essay on, xxiv, 638; *The Kohinoor*, 170-71
Harbury, Charles, 246
Hardy, Thomas, 362
Harland, Henry, 411
Harling, W. Franke, 205
Harned, Virginia, 288
Harrison, Alexander, lvi, 488-89
Harrison, Birge, 490
Harte, Francis Brett ("Bret"), 317, 361, 362,
Hartley, J. Scott, 580
Hartley, Marsden, 564
Hartmann, Sadakichi, 225, 226, 401
Hartmann, Eduard von, 365, 430
Hassam, Childe, liv, 490-92, 537; and Impressionism, 559; as colorist, 563;

as water colorist, 572, 573; compared with Metcalf, 531; *Blue Moonlight*, 577; *Bougival*, 574; *The Bowl of Nasturtiums*, 554; *Breakfast Room*, 560; *Dawn*, 554; *Gorge–Appledore*, 561; *Green Jade Gown*, 574; house of Chinese merchants, 557-58; *June Morning*, 510; *The Music Room*, 556; *Spring Garland*, 558; *Springtime in the City*, 581; *Summer Idyl*, 556; *Summer Sea*, 593; *Wet Day*, 510; woman sitting at a window, 590

Hauptmann, Gerhart, xxviii, xxx, xxxvii, 274

Hawthorne, Charles W., 492, 581, 582, 583

Hawthorne, Nathaniel, liii, 69, 201, 339, 342, 402

Hays, William J., 493

Hearn, Lafcadio, xxiv, xxxi, 177, 386, 637

Hecht, Victor D., 586

Heil, Charles E., 573

Heine, Heinrich, 110-11, 203, 324, 416, 496, 614

Heinrich, Max, 86, 88

Hekking, Anton, 140, 141

Henderson, Archibald, 297-99, 424

Henderson, William J., xxiv, xxxvi, 128-31; and Wagner, 129, 130-31, 146, 148; as music critic, 143-44; as librettist, 6; as musician, 131; on Emma Eames, 100; on music critics, 137; on Philip Hale, 126-27; *The Orchestra and Orchestral Instruments*, 129; *Preludes and Studies*, 148

Hendricks, John, 197

Henley, William, 405

Henner, Jean Jacques, 269

Henninges, Reinhold, 79

Hennings, Fru Betty, 246-47, 268

Henri, Robert, liv, 493-96, 549; and "The Eight," 474-75; and the Independent Artists' Show, 481; and Rockwell Kent, 502; and modern Spanish art, 535; and James Wilson Morrice, 548; and National Academy, spring 1908 show, 575; and New York School of Art, 452; and James Preston, 542; on Ernest Lawson, 512; on Winslow Homer, 512; *Ballet Dancer in White*, 593-94; *The Girl with the Fan*, 591

Henri School of Art, 456

Henry, Edward L., 564

Henselt, Adolf von, 90

Herbert, Victor, xxix, xxxiv, 7, 13, 21-27, 81, 98; *Babes in Toyland*, 27; *The Captive*, 22; *Hero and Leander*, 26-27; *Irish fantasy for orchestra*, 22; *Second cello concerto*, 23-24; *The Serenade*, 23-24; *Suite Romantique*, 25, 26

Heredia, José María de, 407

Herford, Oliver, 88, 245

Hermann, Samuel, L., 68, 74

Herne, Chrystal, 230

Herne, James A., xxxix, 227-30

Herne, Julie A., 230-31

Herrick, Robert, 577

Herter, Adele (Mrs. Albert), 496

Herter, Albert, 496, 586

Hertz, Alfred, 158, 160

Hervieu, Paul, 186

Herz, Henri, 70, 71, 75

Herz, Ralph C., 217

Heymann, Carl, 37, 38

Heyse, Paul, 263, 264

Hichens, Robert, 357

Higgins, Eugene, 496-97

Hilliard, Robert, 184

Hispanic Society Gallery, 610

Hitchcock, Raymond, 204

Hobbes, John Oliver. *See* Craigie, Mrs. Pearl

Hobbes, Thomas, 325

Hoeber, Arthur, 498, 500, 534, 586, 595

Hoffman, Richard, 76

Hofmann, Josef, 82-83

Holliday, Robert C., 408-9
Holmes, Oliver Wendall, xliii, liii, 389
Holmes, Will ("Roger"), 9
Homer, Winslow, lv, 498-99, 505, 512; and Hall of Fame, 633; and National Academy, spring 1908 show, 577; compared with Courbet, 499; compared with Metcalf, 531; compared with Whitman, 499; influence of, 513; wild-fowl picture, 594
Homosexuality, xliii, 206, 335, 339, 396, 411
Hope, Anthony, 219, 339
Hornblow, Arthur, 279, 280, 446
Hovey, Richard, xlix
Howard, Bronson, 200, 310
Howells, Mildred, 572
Howells, William Dean, xlii, xliv-xlv, liii, 299-301; and Puritanism, 414; and Thackeray, 404; as literary critic, xlix, 409-10; as novelist, 200, 202, 336, 337, 345-46; compared with Muckrakers, 376-77; compared with Frank Norris, 362; compared with Trollope, 346; on Julia Marlowe, 301; on William McFee, 356; on Norris's *McTeague*, 361; quoted, 223, 224, 372, 375, 584, 588; *Criticism and Fiction*, 198-99, 201; *A Foregone Conclusion*, 345; *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, xlvii, 362, 376-77; *The Story of a Play*, 345
Hoyt, Charles Hale, 12, 276
Hubbell, Henry S., 586
Hubert, Philip G., 142, 144
Hudson River School of painters, 557
Hughes, Rupert, xxxvi, 15, 131-33; and *Criterion*, 131; and Hollywood, 371; and *M'lle New York*, 131; and *Musical Courier* (London), 132; as novelist, xlviii, 346-48; on Stephen Crane, xlvii; *Contemporary American Composers*, 133
Hugo, Victor, 431
Humiston, William H., 55
Humperdinck, Engelbert, 15, 17
Huneker, James Gibbons: Americanism of, xxi-xxv, lviii; as critic of American art, liii-lviii; as critic of American drama, xxxvii-xli; as critic of American literature, xli-liii; as critic of American music, xxxiii-xxxvii; books in print, lviii; collected essays on Americans by, xxiv, lviii, 637-38; life and career of, xxv-xxxiii
Hunt, Holman, 499
Hunt, William Morris, 505, 569, 633
Huntington, Archer M., 610
Huntington, Mrs. Collis P., 610
Huss, Henry Holden, xxxv, 28-30, 66
Hutcheson, Ernest, 5
Hutt, Henry, 320
Huysmans, Joris Karl, 211, 365, 376, 416, 529
Hyde, Francis, 64
Hyde, James Hazen, 311
Hyllested, August, 76

Ibsen, Henrik, xxviii, xxx, xxxi, xxxvii, 426; and Florence Kahn, 274; and morality, 326; and Shaw, 298; and William Winter, xl; in America, 195, 215, 247, 265-66; influence of, 300; quoted, 245, 300, 618; technicque of, 222; *A Doll's House*, 205, 259, 260, 264, 265; H's parody of *Ghosts*, 214; *Peer Gynt*, 201; *Rosmersholm*, 274; *When We Dead Awaken*, 275
Immorality in art, 518, 633-35
Impressionism in America, 476, 489, .529
Independent Artists' exhibition, lv, 480-82
Indianapolis Art Society, 546
Inness, George, lv, 498, 499, 500-1; and Hall of Fame, 633; stature of, 557; *Sunset*, 510
Inness Gold Medal, 582

Irish, Annie, 261, 263
Irving, Sir Henry, 32, 277, 278, 279
Irving, Washington, 270
Irwin, May, 110-12

Jack, John, 261
Jackson, John P., 141, 143, 146
Jacoby, Josephine, 102, 103
James, Henry, xlii, xlv-xlvi, xlix, liii; Americanism of, 341-42, 417; and Balzac, 416; and Brownell, 1; and Marie Corelli, 508; and Daudet, 416; and Flaubert, 353, 354, 446; and Goethe, 416; and Goncourts, 416; and Heine, 416; and Maupassant, 416; and public opinion of, 201, 349-50; and Puritansim, 414; and Stendhal, 415; and Tolstoy, 417; and Turgenev, 416; and Edith Wharton, xlvi; as homosexual, 411; as letter-writer, 413-18; as literary critic, 410-12; as novelist, 348-54; as playwright, 300; compared with Flaubert, 413; compared with Hamlin Garland, 342; compared with Anthony Hope, 219; compared with Kipling, 351; compared with Pater, 413; compared with Wharton, 369; humor in, 417; H's collected essays on, xxii, xxiv, 637, 638; on Baudelaire, 411, 415; on Dostoevski, 417; on Flaubert, 411; on Hardy, 417; on Kipling, 417; on Meredith, 417; on Pater, 417; on Wells, 417, on Whitman, 411; sexual themes in, 415-16; style of, 418; quoted, 82, 196-97, 239, 245, 280, 323, 426, 453, 479, 607; stature of, 334, 339, 342, 349, 350, 351, 443; *The Ambassadors*, 416; "Covering End," 351; *Daisy Miller*, 224, 352, *French Poets and Novelists*, 414; *The Golden Bowl*, 416; *In the Cage*, 350, 351; *Notes on Novelists*, 410-11; *The Other House*, 349; *The Portrait of a Lady*, 342; *The Princess Casamassima*, 352; *The Spoils of Poynton*, 349; *The Turn of the Screw*, 351; *The Two Magics*, 351; *The Wings of the Dove*, 351-54, 416; *Washington Square*, 370; *What Maisie Knew*, 349-50, 351
James, Henry, Sr., 352, 416
James, William, 348, 352, 440; H's collected essay on, xxiv, 637; quoted, 377, 416, 448
Janotha, Natalie, 327
Jefferson, Joseph, 228, 269-73, 305
Jeffery, John Albert, 74
Jeffreys, Ellis, 247
Joachim, Joseph, 54, 370-71
Johansen, John C., 501, 582, 591, 595
John, Augustus, 514
Johns, Clayton, 73, 81, 82
Johnson, Content, 458, 501, 580
Johnson, Eastman, 499, 566
Johnson, Owen, xlviii, 354-55
Johnson, Robert Underwood, 354
Johnson, Samuel, 139
Jones, Henry A., 220, 244
Joseffy, Rafael, xxviii, 15, 77, 78, 426; as pianist, 113; as teacher, 60, 68; on MacDowell, 41
Josephi, Isaac A., 574
Juilliard School, 15, 55
Julian, L'Académie, 497
Juliet, Miss (Juliet Delf), 197

Kahn, Florence (Mrs. Max Beerbohm), 274-75
Kahn, Otto H., 160, 162
Karsavina, Tamara, 151-52
Katz, Louis, Gallery, 467, 503
Keenan, Frank, 184
Keith, William, 465-66, 501
Kelcey, Herbert, 207
Kelley, Edgar S., xxxv, 30-32, 74
Kelley, George, 230

Kendal, Madge, 295
Kendal, William, 295
Kennedy and Company Gallery, 605
Kennedy, Edward G., 603-5
Kent, Rockwell, liv, 452, 453, 502-3; *Road Breaking*, 481; *Evening of a Northwest Day*, 579
Keppel's Galleries, 598, 600, 602, 605, 609, 610
Kerker, Gustave, 235
Kessler, Joseph C., 40
Kester, Vaughan, 286
Kilmer, Joyce, 342, 408
Kindler, Hans, 58
King, Clarence, 507
King, Paul, 578
Kipling, Rudyard, 85, 86, 132, 350, 417; compared with Harrison G. Dwight, 334; compared with Henry James, 351
Klafsky, Katharina, 97, 100, 106, 114
Klaw, Marc, 280
Klein, Bruno David, 7, 32, 77
Klein, Charles, 231-33
Klein, Herman, xxxv, 231
Klein, Manuel, 231, 257, 314
Klindworth, Karl, 56
Kneisel, Franz, 35, 141
Kneisel Quartet, 68, 108, 140
Knirim's, 542
Knoblock, Edward, 233-35, 293
Knoedler's Galleries, 455, 457, 458, 462, 472, 601; and Wilhelm Funk, 485, 577
Kobbé. Gustav, 145, 146
Kolker, Henry, 247
Kolodin, Irving, lii
Kontski, Chevalier de, 77
Koopman, John, 452
Kotz, Daniel, 503
Kraushaar Galleries, 496, 536
Krehbiel, Henry E., xxiv, 133-38, 143; and Beethoven, xxxvi; and Brahms, 143; and Wagner, xxxvi, 143, 146; on American composers, 18, 79, 80, 81, 82; quoted, 29; *Studies in Wagnerian Drama*, 147-48
Kremelberg, Mary, 573
Kremer, Theodore, 240, 539
Kretzinger, Clara, 595
Kroeger, Ernst, 79
Kroll, Leon, 574
Kronberg, Louis, 454
Kroyer, Peter, 502
Kuhlau, Friedrich, 388
Kuhn, Walt, lxivn, 481, 503, 541
Kullak, Theodor, 72

Laclos, Choderlos de, 415
Laessle, Albert, 580
La Farge, John, lv, lvi, 415, 499, 504-7; stature of, 505; *Night Dance*, 511; *Peacock Window*, 504; *Wolf Tamer*, 579
Laffan, William M., xxx, 609
Laforgue, Jules, xxxii, 196
Lamb, Charles, 302-3, 376, 424
Lambert, Alexander, 77
Lambert, John, 578
Lambs Club, 249, 251
Landor, Walter, 298
Langtry, Mary, 573
Lanier, Sidney, xlviii, 388-89
Lark, The, 381
La Shelle, Kirke, 251
Lassalle, Ferdinand, 298
Lathrop, William L., 508-10, 578, 596
Lauber, Joseph, 574
Laurvik, John N., 469
Lauvrière, Émile, 390
Lavallée, Calixa, 73, 78
Lawrence, George, 217
Lawson, Ernest, xxi, xxiv, xxxi, liv, lvi, 511-15, 516; and Coney Island, 513-15; and Courbet, 514; and Harlem, 540; and Independent Artists' exhibition, 481; and James B. Moore, 512; and New York School of Art, 452; as Impressionist, 474; compared with Paul Dougherty,

513; Robert Henri on, 512; stature of, 454, 511; *Breezy Day*, 548; *Early Summer*, 512; *Harlem River, Early Evening*, 581; *Heights of Hoboken*, 595; *Ice on the Road Down the Palisades*, 583
Lea, Marian, 246
Lee, Vernon, 322, 325
Le Gallienne, Richard, 357, 364, 410
Lehmann, Lilli, 105, 114, 137, 156, 157, 160; as Isolde, 106
Lemonnier, Camille, 433
Lenox Library, 599, 604, 609
Leoncavallo, Ruggiero, 103, 187
Lesbianism, 123
Leschetizky, Theodor, 90
Lessing, Gotthold E., 333, 614
Levey, Edgar J., 145, 146
Levin, Harry, xli
Levy, Oscar, 440, 441
Levy, William. *See* Auerbach-Levy
Lewisohn, Ludwig, xli, 301-2
Liadov, Anatoli K., 133
Library of Congress, 547
Lickwood, Wilton, 507
Lie, Jonas, 454, 515, 516-17, 578, 590
Lieberman, Max, xxxi
Liebling, Leonard, lviii
Lincoln, Abraham, 51, 271, 611, 618
Lingard, Nellie, 261
Lippa, Kate Ockleston, 55, 56
Lippincott, Walter, Prize, 593
Liszt, Franz, xxx, xxxi; and Finck, 121; and MacDowell, 38; and William Mason, 54; as pianist, 113; as song composer, 124; pupils of, 72, 117; *Etudes Transcendentales*, 41; *Twelfth Rhapsody*, 90
Little Galleries. *See* Photo-Secession, Little Galleries of the
"Little Russians, The," 133
Litvinne, Felia, 114
Lodge, George Cabot, xlix
Loeb, Louis, 517, 573, 579
Loeffler, Charles M., xxxiv-xxxv, 4, 32-35, 81, 126, 127
Lombroso, Cesare, 147
London, Jack, xliv, 347, 372, 373, 375, 377; compared with Frank Norris, 360
London Musical Courier, 133
London Music Hall, 93
Long, John Luther, xxxviii, 175, 183
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, xliii, liii, 69, 389, 632; and Amy Fay, 120; and Walter Shirlaw, 547
Loomis, Charles B., 487
Loretz, John M., Jr., 63
Loti, Pierre, 177, 192
Lotos Club, 546, 609
Louÿs, Pierre, 433
Low life, painters of, 497
Low, Mary Fairchild, 584
Lowe, Will H., 573
Lowell, Amy, xlix, 290, 418-19
Lowell, Augusta, 7
Lowell, James Russell, xliii, liii, 389
Lüchow, August, xl, 426
Luini, Bernardino, 624
Luks, George, xxi, xxiv, xxxi, liv, lvi, 518-24; and the East Side, 525; and "The Eight," 474; H's collected essay on, xxiv, 638; personality of, 519-20, 521; stature of, 524; heads and portraits: *Mrs. H. E. Frankenberg*, 524; *W. A. Fraser*, 520-21, 524; *Frederick James Gregg*, 524; *May Harriman*, 524; *H* (caricature), 518; *Mrs. Luks*, 524; *John Quinn*, 524; *Senator Elihu Root*, 524; *E. W. Root*, 524; other works: *Amateurs*, 523; *Apple Mary*, 519; *Boy with the Parrot*, 477; *Cats*, 523; *The Child Playing with a Doll*, 523; *Churning*, 523; *The Duchess*, 477, 478, 523, 525; *Dutch Soldier*, 477; *Goose Girl*, 521; *The Guitar*, 525; *Jam Thief*, 523; *Laughing Child*, 477; *The Little Gray Girl*, 523; *Macaws*, 477; *Old Clothes*, 523; *Old Mary Curling Her Hair*, 521; *Pawnbroker's Daughter*,

477, 522, 525, 576; *Pet Goose*, 477, 523; *Pigs*, 477, 523; *Round Houses at High Bridge*, 525; *Souter Johnie*, 521, 524; *Spielers* (*The Dancing Girls*), 477, 522, 525; *Woman and Macaw*, 523, 525; *Woman With the Parrot*, 523; *Wrestlers*, 521, 595
Lussan, Zélie de, 168
Luxembourg Museum, 489, 550, 551
Lynott, Master, 230
Lytton, Edward Bulwer-, 1, 429

Maas, Louis, 77
Mabie, Hamilton Wright, 1
Macauley, Ellen, 572
Macbeth Galleries, 454-55, 534, 563, 568, 589; and Davies, 537; and C. H. Davis, 466; and Dougherty, 470-71, 512; and "The Eight," 477; and Ellen G. Emmet, 482; and Henri, 575; and William Keith, 501; and John La Farge, 505; and Louis Loeb, 517; and Luks, 522; and William Sartain, 544; and Carleton Wiggins, 569
Macbeth, William, 465, 513, 634
McBride, Henry, lviii
McCutcheon, George Barr, 347
McDonough, Glen, 10, 27
MacDowell, Edward A., xxv, 31, 35-54, 80; and Boston, 141; and Hamlin Garland, 341; and Grieg, 52; and Philip Hale, 127; and William Mason, 113; as pianist, 38, 42, 43-44, 48, 51; as piano composer, 69; as teacher, 56; compared with Grieg, 45; gratitude to H, xxxiv, xxxv; H's collected essay on, xxiv, 638; H's support of, xxi, xxiv, xxxiv, xxxvii, lviii; on American composers, 82; reputation of, 18, 64, 74, 81; early works of, 7, 38; *Etudes de Concert*, 43; *Piano Concerto no. 1*, 47-48; *Piano Concerto no. 2*, 39, 40, 41, 42, 48, 58; *Sea Pieces*, 49-50, 51; *Second Suite for Orchestra* (*Indian*), 47, 48; *Sonata Tragica*, 39, 40, 45-46; *Sonata Eroica*, 46; *Third Sonata*, 51; *Fourth Sonata* (*Keltic*), 52-54; songs, 41, 125; *Suite no. 1 for orchestra*, 22; *Virtuoso Studies*, 40
MacDowell, Marian (Mrs. Edward), lxin, 36, 125, 127
MacFadyen, Alexander, 82, 83
McFee, William, xlviii, 355-60
Mack, William B., 206, 238
Mackaye, Steele, 193
McKee, Frank, 276
Mackenzie, Compton, 411
McKinley, William, 24, 455
MacLane, Jean, 526, 586, 590
MacLaughlan, Shan, 574
McLellan, C. M. S., 235-38, 339
Maclezova, Xenia, 152
McNally, John J., 111
McRae, Bruce, 254
MacRae, Elmer L., 515, 526, 534
McWade, Robert, Jr., 204
Madison Art Galleries, 457, 483, 526
Madison Square Gallery, 515
Madison Square Garden, 3
Maeterlinck, Maurice, xxviii, xxx, xxxvii, 275; parodies of, 337-39; and Vance Thompson, 433; quoted, 92; *L'Intérieur*, 274.
Mahler, Gustav, 104, 107
Mallarmé, Stéphane, 433, 606, 614
Manet, Édouard, 545, 574, 634
Mansfield, Richard, 274, 276-85; and Clyde Fitch, 206; and Ibsen, 284; compared with Irving, 277, 280; in Shakespeare, 265, 277, 278, 279, 282, 283, 308
Manship, Paul, 454
Mantegna, Andrea, 624
Manuscript Society, 62
Manzotti, G. B., 68, 79
Marin, John, xxxi, liv, lv, lvi, 526, 527; H's prediction on, 564
Marivaux, Pierre, 415
Markham, Edwin, 345

Marlowe, Julia, 265, 285-89, 301, 422
Marmontel, Antoine-François, 37
Marquis, Don, xxxiii, 386
Marryat, Frederick (Captain), 356
Marshall, Louis, 538
Marteau, Henri, 3
Martin, Homer D., lv, 499, 526, 543, 557, 633
Martin, John, 539, 569
Marx, Karl, 298
Mascagni, Pietro, 103
Mason, Daniel Gregory, 65, 82, 83, 140
Mason, John, 206, 237, 238, 240, 246
Mason, Lowell, 54, 82
Mason, William, 71, 82; and Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, 90; and MacDowell, 46, 47, 49; as composer, 54, 71; as pianist, 113; as teacher, 71, 72
Massenet, Jules, xxxvi, 121
Materna, Amalie, 97, 106, 114
Mather, Frank Jewett, lvi, lvii, 627-28
Mathewson, Frank, 573-74
Mathias, Georges, xxxvi
Matisse, Henri, xxxi, lv, 480, 527, 563, 595
Matthews, Brander, 1, 210, 302-3, 321, 421-22
Matthews, William, 52
Matthison, Edith Wynne, 288, 422
Matzenauer, Margaret, 448
Maufra, Maxime, 491
Maupassant, Guy de, 51-52, 351, 416
Maurer, Alfred, xxxi, liv, lv, 527, 564
Melba, Nellie, 101, 157
Melchers, Gari, 527-28, 583, 595
Mellquist, Jerome, liii, lv, lviii
Meltzer, Charles H., 263
Melville, Herman, 356
Mencken, H. L. xxx, li-liii, 419-27; and Dreiser, xlviii, lxn, 332; and Finck, 303; and Charles Klein, 231; and Brander Matthews, 302; and music, 421; and National Institute of Arts and Letters, xxxiii; and poetry, 425; and Pollard, xxii, lxin; and Burton Rascoe, 429, 430; and Stuart Sherman, 301; and *Smart Set*, xxix; and Willard Huntington Wright, 372, 439; as American, 425; as destructive critic, 424, 425; compared with H, xxxviii-xxxix, xlvii; compared with Poe, 425; H's letters to, xxxiv, xxxvii, lx; on Brownell, 1; on H's Americanism, xxi, xxiv, xli, xliv; on H as critic, xxxi-xxxii, xlvi, lxvii; on *Steeplejack*, 422, 425-27; on William McFee, 356; on Edgar Saltus, 366; *The Artist*, 421; *Europe after 8:15*, 420-21; *Heliogabalus*, 422; *The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche*, 440
Mendelssohn, Felix, 91
Mendès, Catulle, 232, 287, 433
Meredith, George, 322, 354, 415; Brownell on, 405; Henry James on, 417; Arthur Symons on, 354; quoted, 123, 296, 387, 634; *Diana of the Crossways*, 180; "The Idea of Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit," 210
Mérimée, Prosper, 415
Merrill, Stuart, 14, 433
Merz, Carl, 79
Metcalf, Willard L., liv, 291, 528-34, 537, 561; impressionism of, 599; compared with Paul Dougherty, Childe Hassam, Winslow Homer, and J. Alden Weir, 531; *Blossom Time*, 532; *Camden Hills*, 530; *Cornish Hills*, 561; *East Boothbay Harbor*, 510; *Ebbing Tide*, 530; *The Evening Star*, 510, 530; *The Falls*, 532; *First Snow*, 530; *Frozen Pool*, 558; *Garden of Dreams*, 531; *The Golden Carnival*, 532; *The Golden Hour*, 530; *Golden Screen*, 530; *The Green Canopy*, 531; *The Hush of Winter*, 534; *June Pastoral*, 532; Lyme house, 515, 580; *May Festival*, 532; *May Night*, 553-54; *Mid-*

summer, 531; *Mid-summer Shadows*, 533; *The Opal*, 531; *The Passing Glory*, 530; *The Rapids*, 532; *Red Maple*, 558; *The Red Oak*, 533; *The Rendezvous*, 530; *Returning Tide*, 531; *A Summer Night*, 530; *Spring Afternoon, Central Park*, 533; *Trout Pool*, 532; *Twin Birches*, 531; *Upland Pastures*, 534; *The White Veil*, 556; *Willows in March*, 561; *Young Spring*, 530
Métraux, Guy S., 420
Metropolitan Magazine, xxx
Metropolitan Museum of Art, 499, 516, 574, 579, 609, 617; and George Grey Barnard, 611, 612; and Whistler, 569
Metropolitan Opera Company, xxxii, xxxvi, xxxvii, 101; American opera by, 21; and ballet, 312; and Fremstad, 104-5; and *Mona*, 82; and Walter Damrosch, 97; H's collected essay on, 638; seasons of 1903-04 and 1904-05, 153-160; season of 1914-15, 160-62
Metropolitan Opera House, 154-55
Metzger, Charles Henry, 79, 142, 143
Meyer, Louis, 68, 79
Meyerbeer, Giacomo, 54
Michelangelo, 613
Middleton, George, xl, 239
Mielatz, Charles F., 574, 586, 600, 605
Miller, Henry, 242, 244
Miller, Joaquin, 401
Miller, Kenneth Hayes, lvi, 455, 524, 534-35, 549
Miller, Richard E., 483, 484, 535, 595
Mills, Darious Ogden, 547
Mills, Sebastian Bach, 76
Mitchell, Edward P., lxviii
Mitchell, Julian, 27, 312
Mitchell, Langdon, xxxix, 239-40, 245-46
Mitchell, S. Weir, 239
M'lle New York, xxviii-xxix, li, 226, 437; and Rupert Hughes, xlviii, 131, 347
Modern Gallery, 469
Modjeska, Helena, 208
Moffat, Yard and Company, 394
Molière, 52
Monet, Claude, 532, 563, 564
Montesquieu, Charles de Secondat, 447
Monteux, Pierre, 17
Montross Galleries, 454, 510, 589; and Dewing, 468; and Hassam, 490, 491; and La Farge, 579; and Lathrop, 508, 509; and Melchers, 527; and Metcalf, 528, 529, 532, 533; and Tarbell, 552; and "The Ten," 484, 552, 555, 557, 558, 561; and Tryon, 468; and Weir, 565, 566
Montross, Newman Emerson, 465, 491, 552-53, 556, 558-59
Moodie, Louise, 181
Moody, Dwight L., 60-61
Moody, Helen Watterson, 122
Moody, William Vaughn, xxxix, xlix, 240-45, 385
Moor, Emanuel, 78
Moore, George, xxv, 323; and Mrs. Craigie, 322; and Harry T. Peck, 428; on Howells and Henry James, 352, 410; Howells on, 409-10; quoted, 193, 476, 606; *Celibates*, 358, 409; *Confessions of a Young Man*, 409; *Esther Waters*, 409; *Mike Fletcher*, 361, 409; *A Mummer's Wife*, 409; *Sister Teresa*, 293
Moore, James B., 477, 478, 512
Moore, Thomas, 122, 207
Moore, T. Sturge. 624
Mora, F. Luis, 535-36, 549, 575, 579
Morand, Eugene, 182
Moréas, Jean, 433
Morelli, Giovanni, 623, 626
Moretti, Eleanor, 179
Morgan, Mrs. Edmund Nash, 115
Morgan, Geraldine, 56
Morgan, Paul, 56

Morley, Christopher, 412, 427-28
Morley, John, 423
Morrice, James, W., 548
Morris, Gouverneur, 347
Morris, Harold, 55
Morris, Harrison S., 550, 580
Morse, Samuel F. B., 633
Moscheles, Ignaz, 54
Mosher, Florence, 623
Mosler, Gustave H., 536
Moszkowski, Moritz, 91
Motion pictures, 268
Mottl, Felix, 107, 158
Mouquin's Café, 616
Moussorgsky, Modest P., 126, 133, 395
Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus, 300, 335, 388
Mucha, Alphonse, 572
Muckrakers, xlviii, 373-77
Munch, Edvard, xxxi, 432, 503
Murphy, Hermann D., 492, 536
Murray, David, 230
Music League of America, 58
Music Teachers' National Association, 120, 137, 140; and Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, 88, 90; and MacDowell, 36, 41, 42; and Theodore Presser, xxxiv; and Harry Rowe Shelley, 64.
Musical Courier, xxi, xxvii, xxix
Musical fiction, 139, 331-32
Myers, Jerome, liv, 481, 495, 536-38, 592; *By the River's Breath*, 578; *Calicoes*, 573; *The Religious Fête*, 586

Nankivell, Frank, 481
Nathan, George Jean, xl-xli, li, 303-4, 426; and National Institute of Arts and Letters, xxxiii; and *Smart Set*, 247; *Europe after 8:15*, 420-21; *Heliogabalus*, 422
Nation, Carrie, 444
National Academy of Design, lv, 458, 536; exhibitions of, lvi, 480, 484, 575-592; weakness of, 587-92
National Arts Club, 459, 492, 524, 545, 577, 598
National Christian League for the Promotion of Purity, 446
National Conservatory of Music, xxviii, xxxiv, 6, 15, 32, 82, 309
National Federation of Music Clubs, 120
National Institute of Arts and Letters, xxxiii, lii, lxiin
National Society of Mural Painters, 547
National (endowed) theater, xli, 215, 309, 310-11
Neagle, John, 557
Needham, Charles A., 573, 574
Nell, Tony, 574, 592
Neo-impressionism, 565
Neupert, Edmund, 68, 76
Nevin, Arthur, 55, 56
Nevin, Ethelbert, xxxv, 56-57, 64
Newcastle, Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of, 424
Newell, Glenn, 573
New England Conservatory of Music, 6, 55, 81, 119, 140
New Gallery, 497, 516, 539, 541
Newman, Cardinal John Henry, 298, 374, 431, 520
"New Photography, The," lv
New Symphony Orchestra, 20
New Theatre, xli, 109, 110
"New Woman, The," 446-47
New York Chorus Society, 63
New York *Commercial Advertiser*, xxviii
New York Hippodrome, 311-14
New York in fiction, 333, 348, 355, 360, 365, 370-71
New York City in painting, 533, 561, 562, 583. *See also* "The Eight" and Bellows, Glackens, Lawson, Luks, and Sloan
New York *Morning Advertiser*, xxviii, xxix

New York *Morning Telegraph*, xxix
New York music critics, 141-48
New York Oratorio Society, 97, 98, 163
New York Philharmonic Society Orchestra, xxxv, xxxvii, 23, 64, 163-64, 589
New York Public Library, 605
New York School of Applied Design for Women, 500
New York School of Art Galleries, 452, 456, 463, 535, 541; and Henri, 493; and Lawson, 512; and Sloan, 548
New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, 307
New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, 307, 421
New York *Sun*, xxix, xxx-xxxi
New York *Sunday Advertiser*, xxix
New York Symphony Society Orchestra, 58, 97, 138
New York Times, xxxi
New York Water Color Club, 592
New York Water Color Society, 547, 592
New York *World*, xxxiii
Neyer, Ernst, 112
Nietzsche, Friedrich, xxxi, 426, 430, 436, 440; and Mencken, li; and Shaw, 298; and Stirner, 415; and Wagner, 423; and World War I, 425; and Willard Huntington Wright, 372; as poet, 430; quoted, 108
Nijinski, Vaslav, 152-53
Nikisch, Arthur, 98, 141, 162
Nillson, Carlotta, 246-47
Nirdlinger, Charles F., xxix, xl, 304
Nivison, Josephine, 494
Noé Galleries, 538
Nolte, William H., xxv
Nordau, Max, 14, 395
Nordica, Lillian, 105, 114-15, 157
Norris, Homer, A., 15
Norris, Frank, xxi, xxiv, xlvii, liii, 201, 202-3; and Brandes, 360; and Hardy, 362; and Channing Pollock, 247; and Zola, 363, 374; as novelist, 361-63; compared with Crane, 331; *Blix*, 361; *McTeague*, 361, 363; *A Man's Woman*, 361; *Moran of the Lady Letty*, 361; *The Octopus*, 362; *The Pit*, 247
Norris, Kathleen, 363-64
Norris, William, 27
North American Tonalists, 545
Northampton Museum, 546
Norton, Charles Eliot, 411

Oberteuffer, Amiard, 595
O'Brien, Fitz-James, 317
O'Connor, William, 401
Oehme's Gallery, 467
Offenbach, Jacques, 634
Olcott, Chauncey, 115
Olinsky, Ivan G., 535
O'Neill, Eugene, xli, lxiin
O'Neill, Moira, 53
On-Stage, 240
Opera in America, xxiv, 154
Opera in English, 164-68
Opera librettos, 22
Operti's Summer Garden, 9
Orpheus Club of Philadelphia, 87
Ornstein, Leo, xxxv, 57-60
Orth, John, 73
Ouida (Marie Louise de la Ramée), 322
Owens, John E., 271

Pach, Walter, lxivn
Pachmann, Vladimir de, 58, 83, 92, 94
Paderewski, Ignace, Jan, 43, 44, 89, 94, 113, 424
Paine, John K., 73, 119, 140, 141, 146
Palacio Valdés, Armando, 372
Palmer, Walter, 538-39, 585
Pardo Bazán, Emilia, 200, 372

Paris salons, 581
Parker, Horatio W., 64, 82, 83
Parker, James Cutler Dunn, 73
Parker, Lawton, 483, 484, 539
Parrish, Clara W., 573
Parsons, Albert Ross, 49, 74, 137
Pater, Walter, lx, 94, 413, 417, 540; quoted, 293, 416
Pattison, John N., 71
Paur, Emil, 3, 163-64
Paxton, William M., 591
Peabody Orchestra, 388
Peale, Charles W., 557
Peale, Rembrandt, 633
Pearce, S. Austen, 79
Pearl, Cora, 634
Pearson, Joseph T., Jr., 539, 581-82, 591
Pease, Alfred H., 71
Peck, Harry Thurston, 1, 184, 210
Peixotto, Ernest, 539
Penfield, Edward, 574
Penfield, Smith N., 73
Pennell, Joseph, xxiv, 574, 605, 638
Pennsylvania Academy of Art, 530, 551, 580, 582, 587; compared with National Academy, 587-88, 590-91; 1910 exhibition, 592-96; 1912 exhibition, 590-92
Pepys, Samuel, 423
Pérez Galdós, Benito, 372
Perrine, Van D., 539-41
Perry, Bliss, l
Perry, Roland, 585
Petersen, Martin, 541, 572, 574, 586
Petersilea, Carlyle, 73, 74
Peterson, Houston, lix
Peterson, Jane, 592
Phelps, William Lyon, l
Philadelphia Academy of Music, xliii
Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, 109
Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, xxvi
Philadelphia Orchestra, xxxii, 58
Philadelphia *Press*, xxxii
Philharmonic Society of Philadelphia, xxv
Philipp, Isidore, 68
Phillips, David Graham, xlviii, 373
Photo-Secession, Little Galleries of the ("291"), lv, 457, 480, 589, 621; and Brancusi, 616; and de Zayas, 469; and Marin, 470; and Maurer, 527; and Max Weber, 563
Piano in America, The, 70
Picasso, Pablo, 58
Piccirilli, Attilio, 580
Pierce, Alice, 261
Pilar-Morin, Mme., 151, 153
Pinero, Arthur Wing, 189, 210-11, 220, 304; *Iris*, 292; *Letty*, 232; *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, 295-96, 299
Pisanello, Il, 624
Pittsburg Orchestra, 21, 26, 140
Platt, Alethea Hill, 574
Platt, Charles E., 74
Players, The (club), 273
Poe, Edgar Allan, xlii-xliii, xlviii, 91; Americanism of, 311; and Boston, 389-90; and Olive T. Dargan, 382; and Hall of Fame, 633; and New England writers, 389; and public opinion, 201; and Whistler, 601; as literary critic, 425; as poet, 389-90, 460; as prose writer, 402; biographers of, 389-90; Henry Clews's head of, 615; Timothy Cole's head of, 599; compared with Aldrich, 381; compared with Mencken, 425; H's collected essay on, xxiv, 638; Philadelphia house of, 427-28; Brownell on, l; De Casseres on, 317; Europeans on, 69; Stoddard on, 393; stature of, 443
Poetry Society of America, 382
Pollard, Percival, xxi-xxix, xl, xli, l, li; and Brander Matthews, 302; and *Town Topics*, xxix, 439; as fictionist, 364-65; compared with H, xxxviii-xxxix
Pollock, Alice Leal, 20
Pollock, Channing, xxxix, 247-48

Ponchielli, Amilcare, 159-60, 313, 314
Ponselle, Rosa, xxxvi, 116
Popoff, Olga, 585
Popovici, Demeter, 100
Post, Guy Bates, 252
Post-Impressionism, lvi, 476, 525, 628
Potter, Mrs. Henry Codman, 614
Potter, Paul, 196, 234, 265
Potts, W. Sherman, 515
Pougy, Liane de, 323
Pound, Ezra, lxiin
Powell, Gallery, 463, 464, 482, 483, 488, 493
Powell, John, 81
Powell, Maud, 5, 7, 63, 116-17
Powers, Hiram, 633
Praeger, Ferdinand, 146-47
Pratt, Silas G., 74
Prellwitz, Edith M., 586
Prendergrast, Maurice, xxi, xxiv, xxxi, liv, lvi, 542, 563; and Independent Artists' Show, 481; and John Quinn, 542; and water colors, 574; as impressionist, 474, 475; style of, 524, 527; *Marble Bridge*, 572
Pre-Raphaelite painting, 548
Presser, Theodore, xxvii, xxxiv
Preston, James, 455, 481, 542, 576
Preston, May Wilson, 578-79
Prévost, Marcel, 355
Prime-Stevenson, Edward I., 145, 146
Pringle, Lemprière, 168
Proctor, Phimister, 511
Prohibition, 135, 408, 409, 425, 426, 434-37
Prostitutes in fiction, 358
Puccini, Giacomo, xxxviii, 105, 126
Puck, xxv, xxxii, xli
Pulvermacher, Albert, 281
Puritanism, xlii, 244, 423, 424, 447-48, 632
Puvis de Chavannes, Pierre, 507

Quinn, John, lvi, 420, 524, 616

Rachmaninoff, Sergei, 133
Raff, Joseph J., 37, 38, 54
Ragtime, 197
Ranger, Henry W., 545
Rascoe, Burton, lii, 420, 424, 429-30
Reade, Charles, 358
Realism vs. romance, 199
Redfield, Edward W., 454, 576, 583, 595
Reedy, William Marion, xxiv
Reedy's Mirror, xxiii
Reese, Lizette Woodworth, xlix
Reid, Archdale, 437
Reid, Robert, liv, 542, 559; *The Japanese Screen*, 561; *Land of Nowhere*, 555; *The Shell*, 558; *Village Juno*, 581; *Yellow Flower*, 556
Reinhardt, Max, 193
Réjane, Mme., xl
Rembrandt, 606
Renan, Ernest, 34, 111, 122, 227, 405
Reszke, Édouard de, 101
Reszke, Jean de, 87, 100, 101
Reuterdahl, Henry, 585
Revalles, Flora, 152
Reyer, Louis Étienne Ernest, 182
Rice, Dorothy ("Polly"), 481, 542
Richards, Florence, 229
Richardson, Samuel, 180
Richepin, Jean, 433
Richings, Mrs., 166
Richter, Ernst Friedrich, 54
Ritschel, William, 574
Rittenberg, Henry R., 591
Ritter, Fréderick L., 15
Rivé-King, Julia, 72, 73, 79
Rivers, Walter Courtenoy, xliii
Rix, Julian W., 543
Roberts, Mrs. Alice Mumford, 593
Robertson, John M., 199, 297, 324, 411
Robertson, Thomas W., l, 213, 255

Robins, Elizabeth, 267, 368
Robinson, Alexander, 574-75, 592, 594
Robinson, Edwin Arlington, xlix, 477
Robinson, Florence, 573
Robinson, Theodore, 543, 568
Robson, Eleanor, 218, 290, 517
Rockefeller, John D., 611
Rodenbach, Georges, 433
Rodin, Auguste, 404, 617, 618, 632; and George Grey Barnard, 613; and Baudelaire, 613; and Chester Beach, 580; and Brownell, 404-5; and Henry Clews, 615; and Dante, 613
Roeder, Benjamin, 185, 291
Roof gardens in New York, 168-72
Roosevelt, Theodore, lii, 245, 311, 424, 455, 632
Rosa, Carl, Company, 165
Rose, Barbara, lviii
Rose, Guy, 483, 484
Rosen, Charles, 543, 576, 585
Rosenfeld, Paul, 16, 57, 58
Rosenfeld, Sydney, 310
Rosenthal, Albert, 584
Rosenthal, Moriz, 89
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, 326
Roth, Ernest D., 574, 600, 605
Rouland, Orlando, 464
Rousseau, Jean Jacques, 423
Royal Academy of Arts, 581, 589
Royce, Edward, 81, 83
Rubinstein, Anton, 54, 70, 90, 124
Rush, Olive, 572
Ruskin, John, 248, 405, 571, 598
Russian Ballet, The, 150-53
Russell, Lillian, 13
Russell, William Clark, 356
Ryder, Albert P., lv, 455, 458, 511, 544; H's collected essay on, xxiv, 638
Ryder, Chauncey F., 584, 585

Sacchetto, Rita, 481
Sainte-Beuve, Charles A., 405, 415, 619
Saint-Gaudens, Augustus, lv, lvi, 482, 617-19, 632; and Hall of Fame, 633; bas reliefs of, 580
Saint-Gaudens, Homer, 617
St. Louis Art School, 497
St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts, 546, 547, 579
Saint-Saëns, Camille, 68, 117
Saintsbury, George, 476
Saint-Simon, Louis de Rouvroy, duc de, 423
Salmagundi Club, 546
Saltus, Edgar, xlvi, 201, 317, 366, 391; and Balzac, 365; and Edward von Hartmann, 365; and Schopenhauer, 365; as essayist, 430; as novelist, 365-67; compared with H, 366; *The Anatomy of Negation*, 430; *Mary Magdalen*, 264, 366; *The Philosophy of Disenchantment*, 430; *The Truth about Tristrem Varick*, 366; *When Dreams Come True*, 366.
Saltus, Francis, 365, 366, 390-91
Saltus, J. Sanford, 582
Saltus Medal for Merit, 582
Sand, George (Amandine Dupin, Baronne Dudevant), 322, 376
Sanderson, Sybil, 110
Sankey, Ira D., 60-62
Sappho, 387
Sardou, Victorien, 175, 176, 178, 186, 222, 300; Mencken on, l
Sargent, John Singer, lvi, 443, 544, 575, 576; portraits: *Joseph Pulitzer*, 594; *Edward Robinson*, 579; *President Seelye*, 579; *Dr. J. William White*, 594
Sartain, William, 544
Satter, Gustav, 76
Sauter, George, lvii, 633, 634
Savage, Henry Wilson, 165-68
Savage Opera Company, 140
Savannah Museum of Art, 584
Savard, Marie-Gabriel-Augustin, 37
Sawyer, Frank E., 391-93

Scalchi, Sofia, 102, 156
Scharwenka, Philip, 55
Scharwenka, Xaver, 55
Schaus Galleries, 492, 498, 543
Scheffel Hall, xl
Schille, Alice, 584
Schiller, Friedrich, 284-85
Schlaf, Johannes, 400
Schneider, William G., 574
Schnitzler, Arthur, xxviii
Schnorr von Carolsfeld, Malwina, 106
Schofield, Walter Elmer, 579, 580, 582, 583
Schōnberg, Arnold, xxxi, 59
Schopenhauer, Arthur, 300, 327, 365, 430, 549
Schubert, Franz, 43, 92
Schulman, Abram G., 545
Schumann, Robert, 4
Schūtt, Eduard, 91
Schwob, Marcel, 433-34
Scott, Walter, 199
Scribe, Augustin Eugène, 1, 181
Scribner's, Charles (publishers), xxix
Sea-story writers, 356
Seeboeck, William Charles Ernest, 79
Seidl, Anton, 98, 103, 104, 159, 160; and American music, 64; and Edgar J. Levey, 145; and Albert Steinberg, 143; and Wagner, 97, 107; compared with Toscanini, 162
Selbini, Lalla, 171
Senseney, George, 600-1
Serao, Mathilde, 372
Sesnan, Jennie, Gold Medal, 593
Séverin, Fernand, 433
Sewell, Lydia Amanda Brewster, 576
Shakespeare, William, 199, 215, 296; and Belasco, 191; and Olive T. Dargan, 383, 384; Nat Goodwin in, 269; Mansfield in, 276, 277, 278, 279, 282, 283, 284; Julia Marlowe in, 287, 289; Maurice F. Egan on, 408
Shaler, Frederick R., 457, 545
Shannon, James J., 575, 580
Shaw, George Bernard, xxv, xxx, xxxvii, 52; and blank verse, 383; and Fabianism, 298; and sex, 243; and William Winter, xl; as humorist, 422; as journalist, 411; autobiography of, 424; Henderson's biography of, 296-99; George M. Cohan's parody of, 197; dialogue of, xxxix; female characters of, 358; Mansfield in, 284; personality of, 297-99; quoted, 253; *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, 243, 256
Shaw Julia A., Memorial Prize, 582
Sheehan, Joseph, 166
Shelley, Harry Rowe, xxxv, 7, 18, 62-64; and Upton Sinclair, 373; settings of Kipling, 85, 86; *Symphony in E Minor*, 62; *Violin Concerto in G Minor*, 63-64
Sheppard, Elizabeth Sara, 331
Sherman, Stuart P., 301, 426
Sherwood, Edgar H., 72
Sherwood, William H., 72, 73
Shinn, Everett, liv, 474, 479, 481, 545
Shirlaw, Walter, 545
Sienkiewicz, Henry, 429
Sieveking, Martinus, 113
Silvestre, Armand, 182
Simmons, Edward, liv, 547, 554, 558
Sinclair, Upton, xlviii, 373, 375
Skidmore, Lewis, 577
Sloan, John, xxi, xxiv, xxxi, liv, lv, 547; and Independent Artists' show, 481; *The Cot*, 478; *Haymarket*, 578; *portrait of W. S. Walsh*, 578; *Rathskeller*, 548; *Sixth Avenue and Thirtieth Street*, 478
Smart Set, xxi, xxx, li, 247, 347, 439
Smedley, William T., 549, 578, 586
Smith, Francis Hopkinson, 572
Smith, Harry B., 9, 10, 11, 13, 24
Smith, Mary, Prize, 593
Smith, Wilson G., 55, 74
Smythe, Albert, 412

Snarks, The, 240
Snell, Henry B., 483
Socialism, 559, 590, 606
Société des Beaux Arts, 612
Society of American Artists, 458, 547
Society of American Dramatists, 187
Society of Independent Artists, 487
Sorma, Agnes, 265
Sorolla y Bastida, Joaquin, 514, 627
Sothern, Edward A., 190, 272
Sothern, Edward Hugh, 310
Sousa, John Philip, 24
Spanish novelists, 372
Spargo, John, 497
Sparhawk-Jones, Elizabeth, 549, 592, 594
Spencer, Robert, 454
Sprinchorn, Carl, 452-53, 481, 549, 595
Springfield Republican, xxix, 305, 446
Stage, The, 198
Stanley, Albert A., 73
Starr, Frances, 233, 291-93
Stebbins, Ethel, 56
Stedman, Edmund C., 390, 396, 599
Steichen, Edward J., lv, lvi, 564, 621
Steinberg, Albert, 142, 143, 146
Stendhal (Marie Henri Beyle), xxxi, 106, 374, 415, 426, 608
Stephen, Leslie, 87, 296, 423
Sternberg, Constantin von, 78
Sterne, Maurice, 549-50
Sterner, Albert, 501, 550
Stevens, Edwin, 181
Stevens, Emily, 206
Stevenson, Edward I. Prime, *See* Prime-Stevenson
Stevenson, Robert Alan Mowbray, 139
Stevenson, Robert Louis, 172, 277, 293, 349, 350, 406
Stewart, Grant, 255
Stieglitz, Alfred, lv-lvi, 225, 470, 480, 621-22
Stirner, Max (Kaspar Schmidt), xxii, 377, 415, 540
Stoddard, Lorimer, 263
Stoddard, Richard Henry, 393-94
Stoddart, J. H., 277, 281-82
Stone, Fred, 204
Story, Julian, 101
Strakosch, Maurice, 75
Strauss, Johann, Jr., 10
Strauss, Richard, xxv, xxxi, xxxii, 495; and Krehbiel, 134; Finck on, xxxvi; songs of, 124; *Salome*, 19
Stravinsky, Igor, 150, 151, 152
Strelezki, Anton, 78
Strindberg, August, xxii, xxviii, xxx, xxxvii, 426; and Mansfield, 283; and Shaw, 298; *Miss Julie*, 194, 247
Strong, George Templeton, xxxv, 18, 38, 43, 69, 74
Stuart, Gilbert, 557, 633
Subconsciousness in creativity, 223
Sudermann, Hermann, xxviii, xxxvii
Sullivan, Sir Arthur, 10, 32, 139
Sullivan, John L., 95
Sully, Thomas, 575
Sunday, Billy, 60, 435
Suppé, Franz von, 10
Sutro, Alfred, 247
Sweet, Reginald L., 65
Swinburne, Algernon Charles, 94, 96, 412
Symons, Arthur, xxv, lx, lxvii, 405, 434; quoted, 354; *Tristan and Isolde*, 288
Synchronism, 628
Synge, John M., 65, 189, 234
Synthetic Guild, 49, 90, 91

Tagore, Rabindranath, 55
Taine, Hippolyte, 374, 415
Takach, Bela de. *See* de Takach
Talleyrand-Périgord, Charles Maurice de, 426
Tanner, Henry O., 491, 550-51
Tarbell, Edmund C., liv, 552, 554,

559; and National Academy, Spring 1908 show, 575; and "The Ten," 556; equestrian group, 594; *Josephine and Mercie*, 558; *Portrait of a Lady*, 561
Tas, Helen Teschner. *See* Teschner
Tausig, Karl, 92, 113
Tchaikovsky, Peter Ilich, xxxii, 35, 124, 132-33
Teal, Ben, 96, 97
Tempest, Marie, 10, 13
Temple, Gold Medal, 593
"Ten, The," liv, 552-61, 589; compared with "The Eight," 473, 474; weakness of, 484, 559-60
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, 45, 46, 69, 396
Ternina, Milka, 100, 106, 114, 156, 157, 289
Teschner, Helen (later Tas), 517
Thackeray, William M., 180, 352, 374, 376, 404, 405
Thalberg, Sigismund, 57, 71, 75, 561
Thallon, Robert, 63, 79
Thaw, Mrs. Benjamin, 613
Thaw, Harry (murder case), 539
Thayer, Abbott, lvi, 579
Théâtre Antoine, 237
Théâtre de L'OEuvre, 237
Theatre Guild, xli
Théâtre Libre, 309
Thomas, Augustus, xxxix, 208, 212, 238, 248-51
Thomas, Linnaeus, 68, 74-75
Thomas, Theodore, 63, 64, 72, 98, 99, 140; and American Opera Company, 165; and Amy Fay, 120; and MacDowell, 36, 37, 39, 41, 42
Thomas, Walter, 221
Thompson, Frederick, 311, 313
Thompson, Leslie P., 582
Thompson, Maurice, l, 431
Thompson, Vance, xlii, l, li; and Richard Harding Davis, 406; and Brander Matthews, 302; and *M'lle New York*, xxviii-xxix, 226; and Edgar Saltus, 365; and Tchaikovsky, 132-33; as critic-essayist, 133, 433-37; as "Lingwood Evans," 226; as poet, 437; as translator, 433-34; *Drink and Be Sober*, 434-37; *Eat and Grow Thin*, 136, 436, 437; *Ego Book*, 434, 437; *French Portraits*, 418, 432-34
Thompson, William H., 265
Thoreau, Henry David, liii, 81, 413
Thorne, Bella, 30
Thorne, Nellie, 217
Thurber, Mrs. Jeannette M., 6, 165, 166, 168
Tidden, Paul, 5
Timm, Henry C., 75
Tisot, James, 551
Tolman, Albert H., 438
Tolstoi, Leo, 199, 374, 431; and American artists, 540; and Shaw, 298; and Stendhal, 415; compared with Turgenev, 375; *Kreutzer Sonata*, 375; *Resurrection*, 236, 363
Tooth, Arthur, 465
Tooth Galleries, 493
Toscanini, Arturo, 160, 161-62
Towler, Jane, 486
Towne, Charles Hanson, 346
Townsend, James Bliss, 633
Town Topics, xxi, xxix, 235, 439
Towse, John Ranken, 121
Transcendentalism, 403
Translations, 429
Trask, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, 56
Traubel, Horace, xliii, 412
Tréville, Yvonne de, 166-67
Trollope, Anthony, 346
Trumbull, John, 557, 568
Tryon, Dwight W., 468-69, 511, 543, 562
Tucker, Allen, 515, 562
Turgenev, Ivan, 199, 352, 374, 375; quoted, 445, 481; *Fathers and Sons*, 375
Turner, Helen M., 585

Twain, Mark. *See* Clemens, Samuel L.
Twachtman, John H., lvi, 511, 548, 568, 569; and "The Ten," 562; stature of, 557, 563
"291." *See* Photo-Secession, Little Galleries of the
Two-piano duets, 66
Tyler, Odette, 221, 224

Valera y Alcalá Galiano, Juan, 372
Van Boskerck, Robert W., 585
Van Cleve, John S., 90
Vanderhoof, Charles A., 574
Van der Stucken, Frank, xxxv, 28, 31, 117-18
Van der Veer, Mary, 582, 583
Van Dyke, Henry, l, 367
Van Laer, Belle, 586
Van Vechten, Carl, xxxvi, 138-39, 365, 366
Vedder, Elihu, 505
Velásquez, Diego Rodríguez de Silva y, 606, 610, 632
Venth, Carl, 79
Verhaeren, Émile, 418, 433, 440
Verlaine, Paul, 391, 392, 393, 433, 540
Vermeer, Jan, 610
Vernon, Grenville, 128
Vezin, Charles, 577, 586
Viardot, Pauline, 110-11
Vielé-Griffin, Francis, 433
Viereck, George Sylvester, xxiv, xlix, 301, 395; as poet, 385, 394-95
Vincent, Eva, 217
Vinci, Leonardo da, 632
Voegtlin, Arthur, 312
Vogrich, Maximilian, 77
Volk, Douglas, 534
Voltaire (François Marie Arouet), 309
Von Bülow, Hans Guido. *See* Bülow
Vondrous, Jan C., 574
Von Prochazka, Joseph Otto, 79
von Sachs, William, Jr., 142, 143, 146
von Voggenhuber, Vilma, 106
Wagner, Richard, 146-48, 186, 423; and ballet music, 151; and Walter Damrosch, 8; and Finck, 121; and William Mason, 54; and Metropolitan Opera, 154; and Shaw, 298; and scenic art, 184-85; and Whitman, 395; in America, 70; Fremstad in, 104; Nordica in, 114-15; Mrs. Pearl Craigie on, 327-29; F. Marion Crawford on, 331; Finck on, xxxvi; Nietzsche on, 108; piano transcriptions of, 300; *Kaiser March*, 81; *Parsifal*, 153, 159; *Tristan und Isolde*, 55, 104, 126, 130-31
Wagner, Rob, 365
Wainright, Marie, 293
Walcot, Charles M., Jr., 179
Walcott, Mrs. Charles M., Jr., 179
Walker, Edyth, 158
Walker, Horatio, 511
Walkley, Arthur B., xxx, 254, 285-86
Wallace, Lew, 323
Walsh, Blanche, 219
Walter, Eugene, 291, 292
Walter, Martha, 586
Wanamaker, Rodman, 551
Ward, Mrs. Humphry, 322, 323, 325, 409-10
Warfield, David, 231, 232
Warner, Everett L., 578
Warren, George W., 72
Warshawsky, Abel G., 563, 584
Washington Square Players, xli, 314
Watch and Ward Society of Massachusetts, 307
Water colors, 571, 572
Waterloo, Stanley, 317
Waterman, Ida, 222
Watkins, Susan, 595
Watrous, Harry W., 6, 454, 577-78, 586
Watson, Lucille, 204
Waugh, Frederick J., 535, 586
Weber, Albert, 77
Weber, Max, lv, 563-64

Wedekind, Frank, xxxi

Weir, J. Alden, liv, lv, lvi, 511, 549, 564-68; and National Academy, 587; and "The Ten," 559, 561; as impressionist, 560; compared with Willard Metcalf, 531; etchings of, 566, 567; humor, 566; retrospective exhibition, 564-66; stature of, 567, 568; *Danbury Hills*, 556; *Day in June*, 565; *The Donkey Ride*, 565-66; *Driving the Cows to Pasture*, 567; *Flower Girl*, 558; *The Hunter's Moon*, 558, 593, 594; *Laurel*, 579; *Memories*, 565; *New York*, 561; *Pan and the Wolf*, 556; *Ploughing for Buckwheat*, 566; *Pussy Willows*, 561; *Red Bridge*, 565; *The Return of the Fishing Party*, 565; *The Rose Pink Bodice*, 565; *Summer*, 555; *Willimantic*, 565

Weld, Arthur, 140, 141

Welles, Charlotte, 7

Wells, H. G., 320, 411, 417

Wendell, Barrett, 438

West, Benjamin, 633

Westerner in fiction, 342, 361, 373,

Westerton, Frank, 181

Weyman, Stanley, 339

Wharton, Edith, xlvi-xlvii, 325, 367-71; and Henry James, 417; and Stendhal, 415; as artist, 364; H's collected essay on, xxiv, 638; Katharine F. Gerould compared with, 342; compared with Henry James, 369; Frederick J. Gregg on, 343; on Brownell, 1; on H, 368; *The Age of Innocence*, 370-71; *The Custom of the Country*, 358, 370, 417; *The Greater Inclination*, 342, 368, 369; *The Touchstone*, 368-69

Wheelock, Joseph, 250, 251, 258

Whiffen, Mrs. Thomas, 255

Whistler, James A. M., lv, 46, 532, 604, 612; and Berenson, 624; and Cortissoz, lvi; and Hall of Fame, 633; and Poe, 601; and Rembrandt, 604, 606; and "The Ten," 560, as etcher, 597, 601-5, 606-7; as lithographer, 605; as painter, 568, 569, catalogs of, 603-5; H's collected essay on, xxiv, 637; compared with Rembrandt, 606; quoted, 376, 498, 617; stature of, 443, 601, 608

White, Charles H., 574

White, Henry C., 511

White, Stanford, 185

Whiting, Arthur, 26, 65-68, 73

Whiting, George E., 73

Whithorne, Emerson, 16-17

Whittemore, William J., 574, 586

Whittier, John Greeleaf, xliii, liii, 389

Whitman, Stephen French, xlviii, 371

Whitman, Walt, xxxii, xlii-xliv, 65, 81, 94, 242, 373; Americanism of, 311; and American artists, 540; and the common man, 608; and Sadakichi Hartmann, 225, 401; and Puritanism, 423; and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 401; and Swinburne, 401, 412; and the westerner, 632; as homosexual, 401, 412; as poet, xlviii, 395-402; as prose writer, 402; compared with Carlyle, 398; compared with Wordsworth, 397, 398; German translation of, 400; H's collected essay on, xxiv, xli, 637; H's meetings with, xliii, 396, 400; H's recantation on, xxii, 395; imitations of, 387; influence of, 460; John Jay Chapman on, 406; De Casseres on, 317, 386; Europeans on, 69; Henry James on, 411, 412; Lincoln on, 51; Reginald Sweet's setting of, 65; on Poe, 401; quoted, 514, 554; stature of, 443; unpopularity of, 632; "O Captain! My Captain!," 399, 401; "Drum Taps," 399; "Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun," 401; "Rise, O Days, from Your Fathomless Deeps," 399, 401; "When Lilacs Last in the

Dooryard Bloom'd," 398, 399, 401
Widor, Charles Marie, 68
Wiggins, Carleton, 569, 586
Wilde, Oscar, 293, 321, 366, 395, 411
Wiles, Irving, 574, 577, 586-87
Wilkins, Mary E., xlii, 354, 373
Wille, Johan Georg, 609
Williams, Cora, xxiv, 638
Williams, Frederick B., 581
Williams, Talcott, 617
Wilson, Edmund, xxxviii, xxxix, 335
Wilson, Francis, 293-94
Wilson, George H., 25, 140, 141
Wilson, George W., 230
Wilson, Grenville Dean, 72
Wilson, Woodrow, 343
Wilstach, Frank J., lxix, 307, 308
Winniger, Charles, 197
Winter, William, xl, 186, 302, 305-6, 308
Wiske, Charles Mortimer, 7, 63
Wister, Owen, 252-53
Wolf, Henry, lv, 574, 607-10
Wolff, Albert, 94
Wollenhaupt, Hermann A., 75
Women characters in fiction, 358
Women pianists, 89
Women writers, 322, 343, 410
Woodberry, George E., 391
Woolf, Benjamin, 140, 141
Woolf, Samuel J., 577
Woollcott, Alexander, 264
Worcester Art Museum, 552
Worcester Festival, 22, 36,
Wordsworth, William, 397, 398
Wormser, André, 151, 153
Worthing, Frank, 247, 250
Wright, Edith, 261
Wright, Stanton-MacDonald, 628
Wright, Willard Huntington, lvii; and Mencken, 439; and Nietzsche, 430; and *Smart Set*, li, 439; as art critic, 403, 628-29; as editor, 439; as literary critic, 439-41; as novelist, xlviii, 371-72; *Europe after 8:15*, 420-21; *The Man of Promise*, 371-72; *Modern Painting*, 628-29; *What Nietzsche Taught*, 440-41
Wyant, Alexander, H., lv, 543, 569, 633
Wyman, Addison P., 72
Wyman, Julie (Mrs. William Wyman), 43

"Yaddo," 56
Yates, Cullen, 574, 586
Yerkes, Charles T., lxiiin

Zangwill, Israel, 217-18, 290, 322, 396, 517
Zeisler, Sigmund, 88
Ziegler, Edward E., xxiv, lxvii, 105
Zimbalist, Efrem, 15
Zola, Émile, 372, 563; and Dreiser, xlviii; and Frank Norris, 363; Henry James on, 412, 415; influence on Muckrakers of, 374, 375, 376, 377; quoted, 19, 216; *L'Assommoir*, 437; *L'Oeuvre* (*His Masterpiece*), 474, 520; Rougon-Macquart series, 363
Zonism, lvi, 525
Zuloaga, Ignacio, xxxi, 514

INDEX TO THE ADDENDUM

Althouse, Paul, 640
American music, 640

Bell-Ranske, Jutta, 639
Braslau, Sophie, 640
Breil, Joseph Carl, 639, 640
Byrne, Jacques, 639

Cadman, Charles Wakefield, 639, 640
Casino Theatre, 639
Chalmers, Thomas, 640

Dvorák, Anton, 640

Easton, Florence, 640
Eberhart, Nelle Richmond, 639

Gatti-Casazza, Giulio, 639, 640

Hugo, John Adam, 639, 640

Kingston, Morgan, 640

Metropolitan Opera Company, 639-640
Moranzoni, Roberto, 640

Opera in English, 640
Ordynski, Richard, 640

Ponselle, Rosa, 640

Wagner, Richard, 640

AMS Studies in Modern Literature: No. 14

Other Titles in This Series

1. Richard E. Amacher and Margaret F. Rule, *Edward Albee at Home and Abroad: A Bibliography, 1958 to June 1968*. 1973.
2. Richard G. Morgan, ed. *Kenneth Patchen: A Collection of Essays*. 1977.
3. Philip Grover, ed. *Ezra Pound: The London Years, 1908–1920*. 1978.
4. Daniel J. Casey and Robert E. Rhodes, eds. *Irish-American Fiction: Essays in Criticism*. 1979.
5. Iska Alter. *The Good Man's Dilemma: Social Criticism in the Fiction of Bernard Malamud*. 1981.
6. Charles Lee Green. *Edward Albee: An Annotated Bibliography, 1968–1977*. 1980.
7. Richard H. Goldstone and Gary Anderson. *Thornton Wilder: An Annotated Bibliography of Works By and About Thornton Wilder*. 1982.
8. Taylor Stoehr. *Words and Deeds: Essays on the Realistic Imagination*. 1985.
9. René Taupin. *The Influence of French Symbolism on Modern American Poetry*. 1985.
10. Not published.
11. Clifford Davidson, et al., eds. *Drama in the Twentieth Century: Comparative and Critical Essays*. 1984.
12. Siegfried Mews, ed. *"The Fisherman and His Wife": Günter Grass's "The Flounder" in Critical Perspective*. 1983.
15. *Partisan Review 50–Year Cumulative Index: Volumes 1–50, 1934–1983*. 1984.

ISSN: 0270-2983